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UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. I.—No. 9.

TORONTO, APRIL 1ST, 1896.

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ANDREWS, FREDERICK.....	Meaford.....	Grey.....	July, '95
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BEASLEY, FRED H.....	Port Rowan.....	Norfolk.....	June, '90
BUCKHAM, JNO.....	Lombardy.....	Leeds.....	April, '94
BUTT, CHRISTOPHER.....	Andrewsville.....	Lanark.....	April, '95
BOWSER, GEORGE.....	Ridgetown.....	Elgin.....	July, '92
BROOKS, GEO. V.....	Wardsville.....	Middlesex.....	Nov., '91
BRAS, FRED'K.....	Oil Springs.....	Lambton.....	June, '93
BUSH, ALBERT.....	Crampton.....	Middlesex.....	March, '92
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CRANE, HARRY.....	Campbelton.....	Elgin.....	Sept., '94
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COLEMAN, ROBERT.....	Port Hope.....	Durham.....	June, '91
DEWBURY, W. H.....	Harriston.....	Wellington.....	June, '90
DORAN, JNO.....	Waubamick.....	Parry Sound.....	April, '95
DENTON, WALKER.....	Masonville.....	Middlesex.....	July, '92
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HOOK, PERCY F.....	Box 4, Clinton.....	Huron.....	April, '94
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HEATH, JNO.....	Leaskdale.....	Ontario.....	June, '93
HOLLIFIELD, WM.....	Uxbridge.....	Ontario.....	Sept., '94
HEYWARD, HENRY.....	Leadbury.....	Huron.....	July, '95
HEARN, GEO.....	Carlingford.....	Perth.....	April, '94
HUNTER, JAS. H.....	Warwick.....	Lambton.....	March, '92
HAUGHTON, HY. H.....	Reeve Craig.....	Carleton.....	March, '92
HARRISON, HUBERT.....	Powassan.....	Parry Sound.....	March, '93
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JONES, ERNEST J.....	Milton.....	Halton.....	July, '92
JOHNSON, JAS.....	Dunnville.....	Haldimand.....	July, '92
ING, JAS. A.....	Teeswater.....	Bruce.....	April, '89
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LASHMAR, THOS.....	Macton.....	Wellington.....	July, '95
LEONARD, ROBERT.....	Furbrook.....	Ontario.....	July, '95
LEES, JNO.....	Winger.....	Welland.....	March, '93
MAY, STEPHEN.....	Leadbury.....	Huron.....	June, '93
MAYES, ARTHUR.....	Redwing.....	Grey.....	April, '95
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MANNING, SIDNEY P.....	Vine.....	Simcoe.....	March, '93
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UPS AND DOWNS

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

VOL. I.—No. 9

TORONTO, APRIL 1ST, 1896.

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ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

HEAD OFFICES.

18-26 Stepney Causeway,
London, England.

OUR readers will share with me in the thankfulness and pleasure with which I am able to record that on reaching London I have found our beloved friend and chief, Dr. Barnardo, apparently in excellent health and vigour and entering upon the thirtieth year of his work with undiminished zeal and activity. The year that has passed has been in many ways one of severe strain and anxiety, and the burden resting upon the shoulders of the Director of these immense and far-reaching philanthropic agencies is one that few men living could support; certainly no one who had not been specially endued with a burning zeal for the welfare of his fellow-men, and a capacity of a rare order for appealing to the sensibilities of others and awakening their sympathies and making them share somewhat of his own enthusiasm in the work of rescue and mercy. And this Dr. Barnardo has done for thirty years, amidst evil report and good, with ever increasing success and enlargement, until he is now able to present a record of accomplished work such as the world has never seen the like before.

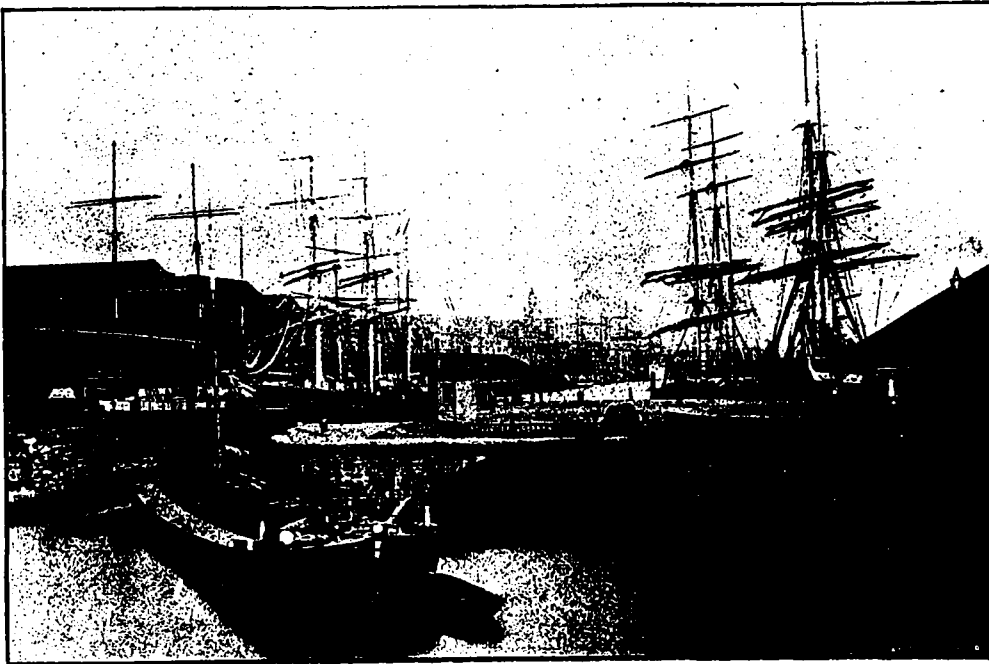
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From the beginning of the work in 1856, to the 31st December, 1895, no fewer than 28,491 boys and girls have been rescued from poverty and suffering; cared for; trained; and started forth into life. During 1895, 11,861 separate cases were dealt with and aided by the Institutions. In addition to these, lodgings were provided for the homeless to the number of 52,246, and 99,526 free meals were given within the course of the year. 733 young people were emigrated, bringing up the total number placed out in Canada and other colonies since the commencement of the work to 8,043. The vast amount of good done to humanity at large, the suffering relieved, the vice and crime that have been prevented, the extent to which the world's burden has been lightened, by Dr. Bar-

nardo's efforts, as shown by these facts and figures, will be realized only in that day when "every man's work shall be made known," and when, we believe, indeed that there will be found a great army to arise "and call him blessed."

* *

This thirtieth anniversary of the work is to be an eventful year in the history of the Institutions. To begin with, the Prince and Princess of Wales have graciously signified their intention of marking their sympathy with Dr. Barnardo's work by being present at the great annual meeting in the Albert Hall on the 24th of June, where His Royal Highness will preside



ALEXANDRA DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

and the Princess will distribute the prizes. No man in England knows better than the Prince of Wales how to gauge the force and direction of English public sympathies or is more ready to serve as their exponent in a worthy cause; and the fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales have offered to identify themselves in this public manner with the work of Dr. Barnardo speaks volumes for the extent to which he has established for himself and his work a place in the hearts of the British people by the noble labours of the past thirty years.

* *

Besides the specially interesting event of the appearance on our behalf of the Prince and

Princess of Wales, this thirtieth year is to be commemorated by the putting forth of a strenuous effort to raise a large sum of money for the establishment of a Reserve or Foundation fund to extinguish liabilities that have been incurred in the purchase of properties and the erection of buildings for the necessary purposes of the work, and to provide a margin for contingent expenses so that the yearly income of the Home, at present grievously hampered by fixed charges arising from these liabilities, may be set entirely free for the object of aiding the needy and suffering. The sum required is a formidable one, £150,000, equal to \$750,000, but Dr. Barnardo's hopes are great that a generous response will be forthcoming to this special appeal; and his old boys will wish God-speed to his efforts to draw forth from the wealth of England and from the lovers of children the wide world over this sorely-needed addition to our funds.

* *

Apart from these special features commemorative of the thirtieth anniversary of the inception of the work of the Homes, there seems little of striking interest to record. The heads of the various departments, whom our boys will remember with interest and kindly regard, are still at their old posts. Mr. Odling, Mr. Page, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Lintott, Dr. Milne, and others, are "holding the fort" as of yore, and there are but few changes in the staff of any of the branches of the Home. Mr. Anderson looms large as life before the eyes of the present generation of Stepney boys in much the same way as so many old boys will remember him. Mr. Armstrong seems to have his big lads at the Labour House well in hand, and Mr. and Miss Armitage are still exercising their kindly sway at Leopold House. The Band and Mr. Davis, the bandmaster, are as much as ever a credit to themselves and the Home, while from Leopold House there are now three complete musical parties discoursing sweet music in all parts of the kingdom, where they accompany Mr. Wookey, Mr. Mayers and other members of the large staff of able and gifted men who are lecturing throughout the length and breadth of the land in the cause of the Homes.

The good work at the Edinburgh Castle still goes forward, and the services there during the past winter have brought immense numbers within the sound of the gospel tidings and many to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. The work of the Deaconesses of the Copperfield Lane Schools, of Her Majesty's Hospital, of the Coffee Palaces, and in the many and various other directions within the wide scope of Dr. Barnardo's energies, shows nowhere any sign of abatement. Everywhere the watchword seems to be "Forward," and calls are to be heard to more vigorous and self-denying effort. We feel ourselves to be members of a vast living organization ever pressing onward, having accomplished grand achievements in the past, going forward to wage still more determined warfare in the future against the forces of degradation, poverty, and vice.

Our party is fixed to leave on April 2nd, sailing from Liverpool by the steamship *Scotsman*, of the Dominion Line. We shall not be a very large contingent, probably not exceeding 200 all told, and the supply will, as usual, fall far below the demand. There will be another party a few weeks later, and we are in hopes that most of our "clients" whom we shall be unable to supply with boys from the present party, will allow us to hold over their applications till then. As far as we can judge at present, there is a fine collection of "material" ready for us, and the selection and preparation of the party, which is now going on, is being conducted on the usual close and carefully drawn lines, so as to exclude anyone who does not give good promise of doing us credit in the future.

Alfred B. Owen

OUR MANITOBANS.

It is with great pleasure that I accept the invitation of the Manager of *UPS AND DOWNS* to furnish copy for a page of our popular organ, and, as it were, become the editor of the Manitoba Department. I may say, however, that I would not have taken the responsible post of press representative of Dr. Barnardo's Colony in the Great West had I not felt positive that I can count with perfect assurance on assistance, in the way of letters and general information from the many capable writers among our young men and lads scattered through the country; and I believe this department can be made of great interest to the members of what I may be permitted to designate as Dr. Barnardo's Eastern Colony, if the information referred to is carefully collected and placed in readable shape before the many young men in the East who are looking for new worlds to conquer. I therefore urgently request all the Manitoba lads to send me letters containing descriptions of the conditions of farming in their particular section of country; the chances for securing free home steads or employment; and lastly, but not least, a full account of their progress in the past and chances for the future.

We have always realized that few countries in the world offer such opportunities for the poor man who has some knowledge of farming as Manitoba, but we were not prepared for the figures which an examination of our Home register brought forth, in relation to the number of lads who have become land owners since their adoption of Canada as their home; and as the question has been often asked by people interested in the settlement of the country, as to the numbers of our Colonists who have established

themselves on their own land, I purpose giving in the next issue of this magazine as complete a list as possible of these fortunate young men who are fast placing themselves in positions of comparative independence.

Among the first to avail themselves of the offer of Dr. Barnardo to assist the worthy young men of his "Oversea Colony" to set up for themselves, was Mr Henry Pettitt who was for a time employed on the farm of Andrew Taylor, Carlingford, P. O., Ontario. Mr. Pettitt, whose portrait we have great pleasure in presenting to our readers, already bears the stamp of the well to do Manitoba farmer. For a few years he worked on shares a



quarter section belonging to the Industrial Farm; managed, beside getting some stock, furniture and implements about him, to procure and carry a good policy in the New York Life Insurance Company; lay up a nice little bank account, and last year he began the opening up of one of the finest quarter sections of land to be found in the County of Russell. Mr. Pettitt's motto has always been "Nulli secundus" (Second to none), and even his breaking, which was last fall carefully looked over by the writer, carries the impress of the motto given and when his little cottage, to be built in the Spring, is occupied by himself and a cheery helpmate, we look for the rapid development of one of the model farms of the Province.

George Fisher, who will be well known by many of the Ontario lads, and who last worked in Ontario at the Farm of Mr. F. Rundle, Leskard P. O., has made even better progress in Manitoba; and, although he has not yet selected his land for purchase, we know that his bank account is coming close to the four figure mark, and we promise our readers a description of his material advancement in some future issue, and when he has been good enough to furnish us with his portrait.

An extensive list of young men of our "clan" could be named to-day who have set up for themselves. I however, as stated before, propose in a later issue to deal more fully with this question and will now devote myself to giving a short account of affairs on the farm.

FARM NOTES.

Lads who have resided at the Manitoba Farm will know that just at this time of the year the Manager and his staff are kept busy arranging for situations for the lads who are ready to go out into the world, but even they scarcely realize the difficulties which attend the selecting of these situations. There is rarely at this time of the year any want of applicants for our lads. Quantity, however, is not by any means all that is necessary; quality must be considered, and even with the safe-guard of a certificate from the nearest magistrate or clergyman, I fear our boys' sometimes get into pretty "hot boxes" and have to put up with considerable annoyance. In such cases, and where there has been apparently gross carelessness on the part of the officials recommending the applicant, we always

trust the unfortunate lads will at once notify the Home so that a change for the better can be promptly made.

The old hands will, I know, be glad to hear that no better winter was ever passed at the Farm. There has been very little bad weather; fuel and feed stored up in abundance, a fine supply of water; and, best of all, perfect harmony has been the order of all the year 1896 so far passed.

Those who have handled the pure bred bull Trophy, sent out from Scotland some years ago, by Lord Polwarth, will be pleased to know that he still flourishes. The Ayrshire bull, Lord Lorne, however, has not been so fortunate, for letting his angry passions rise one evening last Summer, he engaged in a most fearful combat with old "Baron," and was so seriously injured that it has been decided to butcher him. If he finds his way to Charles Andrews hands, who is, by the way, very much of a Chef' now, he will no doubt make some pretty sweet beefsteak pies and cause a broad smile of satisfaction to run from one end of the long table to the other. On the 21st of the month a car load of fat cattle, which have been scientifically fed by Gledhill Harper and his staff, will be on their way to England. Among them is the ox, Bright. Poor old chap; what an end to be eaten by Englishmen!

Mr. Blythe is now looking forward for the lambing season, and if his expectations are realized, and, as you all know, they generally are in this line of stock, about the middle of April, or by the time most of my readers are looking over this paper, he, and a few of the lads, will have their hands full looking after and nursing on to life and strength, scores of those beautiful little animals which have so fitly been set up as an emblem of purity and innocence.

Large quantities of wood have been got out from the ravines leading down to the Assiniboine this winter. Some seventy tons of ice have been stored in the Creamery Icehouse and very soon the great work of drawing out the large quantities of manure to the fields will begin.

It is plain to see that the people at the farm do not believe in all work and no play and we find they have persuaded the Rev. Mr. Gill, of Russell, who is now filling the post of Chaplain to the Home, to give one of his Lantern Exhibitions. We judge from the bill it will be of rather an amusing turn, as the ancient John Gilpin, of London town, is to be shown mounted on "Baldy." There are very few of the Manitoba lads who have not made the acquaintance of this cranky pony, bought, we should say, by the Manager for the purpose of testing the patience of the boys on the farm. Well, lads, he still exists and is expected at the show on Thursday, March 19th.

A great many letters from old lads have been received this month, nearly all written in a happy vein; and although we should like to publish a large number, we regret that typographical exigencies compel us to defer this until our next issue.

On or about April 15th, we expect a small party of recruits, some forty in number, and will try and embody in our next notes, not only a description of the party, but if possible their impressions of the Country.

A. H. Spenters

THE GYMNASTIC TRAINING OF TOMMY ATKINS.

AMONG the many extremely interesting articles in the last number of that excellent English magazine, *The Strand*, is one entitled "Gymnastics in the Army," and written by Charles Knight. Knowing what ardent admirers of Tommy Atkins most of our



"ESCALADING" PRACTICE.

boys are, and how interested robust youth always is in all matters of an athletic nature, we are taking the liberty of reproducing a portion of the article, "Gymnastics in the Army," together with some of the snap shot photographs with which it is profusely illustrated. The article commences with an expression of the author's opinion, that "it is not too much to say that the brilliant reputation the British army has attained throughout the world, as an efficient fighting force, is due, in great part, to the splendidly complete and scientific course of gymnastics through which every individual recruit is required to pass. True, the raw material is of the finest, but this does not obviate the necessity for careful, persistent handling and working up towards perfection."

A wholly extraordinary improvement is always noticeable in the "setting up" of the men after they have completed the regulation course, which, by the way, extends over a period of ten weeks, with compulsory practice lasting an hour and a half every day; this, however, is often supplemented—such is the enthusiasm of the men—by the voluntary attendance of many recruits during the evening.

Virtually from his enlistment, the recruit (who commences drill at the depot of his regiment) has ample facilities given him for physical exercise in the well appointed military gymnasium; and the fact that elaborately-fitted establishments of this kind are now also to be found at all depots, as well as at regimental headquarters, is plain proof that the authorities are perfectly sensible of the immense importance of this part of a soldier's training.

It would be difficult, indeed, to find a more complete military gymnasium than that at Parkhurst, where Mr. Knight procured his photographs, all faithful snap shots.

The first reproduction in this article depicts what is known as "escalading practice," which he witnessed at the east end of the Parkhurst Gymnasium. Here we see a series of planks, 9in. wide and 1½ in. thick, built on to the wall from floor to ceiling. These pitch-pine boards are placed parallel to, but at intervals from, one another, in order to admit of all the men obtaining a grip and foothold. In the picture, eight men

are seen escalading this wooden wall with apparent ease, keeping perfect time with hands and feet as, by word of command, they ascend what does duty for one of the defences of an enemy.

During all the exercises which were witnessed, it was noticed that the men were continuously exhorted to keep their bodies and their chests well thrown forward, an exhortation with which most of our boys were familiar in the old drilling days in England.

At the back of the gymnasium at Parkhurst is a very large drill field, and the drill-instructor has lately been furnished with a series of obstacles, more or less difficult of negotiation, and altogether constituting a very novel and desirable addition to the more ordinary apparatus within the building itself. The first of these "obstacles" consists of the half a tree trunk placed horizontally about three feet from the ground, and this the men are required to clear without touching. Having done this, and "negotiated" a second obstacle, the panting pupils, still advancing, are presently confronted by the bridge-like structure, the photograph of which we reproduce. There is a bit of tight-rope business about this and the men have to walk across on split tree trunks, of which the convex, barkless part is uppermost. When the photograph was taken these recruits had already received four weeks training, and yet their frantic endeavours to accomplish this slippery peregrination reminded the spectator forcibly of the scene on certain festive occasions, when eager rustics attempted to travel along a hori-



ANXIOUS MOMENTS—CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

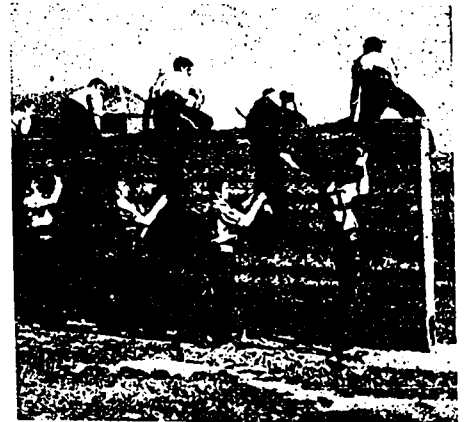
zontal greasy pole, in the hope of winning an indifferent joint or a purse containing a wholly inadequate sum. In this illustration it will be seen that one recruit has fallen through—gone under, in fact; yet his fellows are so intent on looking after themselves that no hand is outstretched to help the man below, who, no doubt, is wondering where he is and how he got there.

The other obstacles which the recruit has to face, and overcome, if he can, before the "exercise" is over are, a realistic water pump, lacking only the water, and, last and most formidable of all, a solid wall more than 8 feet in height, and with no foothold worth mentioning. In the photograph the right files are being helped up by their comrades below, then on being pretty firmly established on the top, they extend a strong helping hand to the left files below. The expression, "a strong helping hand," is mild and euphonious. We regret to say that that same hand is almost invariably applied to the scruff of the neck of the man who is to be helped up. Naturally, then, there is considerable competition as to who shall be first to sit astride the wall, for clearly it is not a pleasant thing to be dragged up by the neck, or even by the hair, on to a wall eight feet high.

In descending the only thing to be avoided is reaching the ground too soon, when probably a companion will incontinently descend upon your neck.

* * *

"After a brief rest, the full squad went through the dumb-bell exercises, this being the

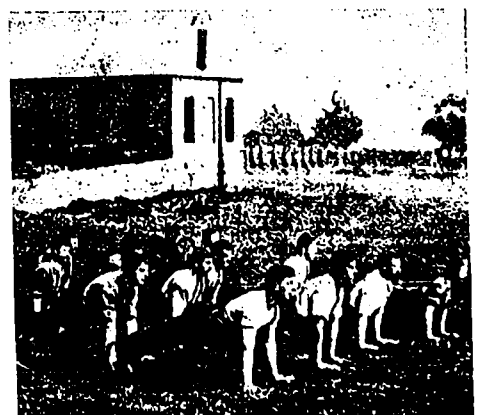


SCALING THE WALL.

merest child's play after the "up hill and down dale" career they had just completed. The standing exercises with dumb bells held in each hand are mainly designed to strengthen the recruits arms. These are very varied, but we imagine it would be difficult to arrange any exercise better calculated to strengthen the arms than the one shown in the next reproduction. The men all appear to be looking anxiously ahead, probably awaiting the command to assume another posture; for this kind of thing is not pleasant, especially if the man in front extends himself at great length and places his feet upon the hands of the recruit behind him. It is equally obvious that the most advantageous position during these exercises—as also during a real, lively battle—is in the rear rank."

The dumb-bell, however, is requisitioned for strengthening other parts of the body, including the back and stomach. In the exercise for the latter the recruits are laid out in rows, like so many dead men. They are very much alive, however, and are provided with dumb-bells, which, while in this prostrate position, they manipulate in such a way as to strengthen the stomach. Here, again, there is some risk of the dumb-bell slipping from the grasp of one man and alighting upon the nose of his fellow.

The horizontal and parallel bars play an important part in the physical training of the recruits of the British Army and we regret that lack of space will not allow us to give our friends the benefit of Mr. Knight's graphic description of the wonderful feats he saw performed and many of which are made additionally realistic to the reader by the snap shots taken at the most exciting moment.



EXERCISE FOR STRENGTHENING THE ARMS.

Ups and Downs

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

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 214 FARLEY AVE.,
TEL. 5097. TORONTO, ONT.

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

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

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

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

TORONTO, APRIL 1ST, 1896.



IF we had nothing else to remind us of the rapid flight of time, our journal would keep the fact ever fresh in our memory. We are on the eve of sending our ninth number to press, and it seems as if but a few weeks had passed since UPS AND DOWNS first went forth with its words of greeting, and, we trust, of encouragement, to our boys scattered throughout this large country whither they had come at various times during the preceding fourteen years, prepared by careful training to do their duty alike to themselves and to the land of their adoption; and here let us reiterate the statement we have more than once made, and of the truth of which we have so much tangible evidence, that this steady performance of duty has been a marked characteristic of the careers of a preponderatingly large proportion of the young people who have come to Canada under the auspices of Dr. Barnardo.

During the last eight months the columns of UPS AND DOWNS have contained a mass of solid, incontestable facts, which one would be inclined to think would have done a great deal towards removing the erroneous conception of our boys which existed in many quarters previously; and we have reason to believe that not a little error has been corrected in this respect by the publication in our journal of letters from, and reports of, a large number of our boys. It could hardly fail to be otherwise, considering that each of these little personal histories is so easily capable of verification or refutation, and that UPS AND DOWNS goes every month into over one hundred newspaper offices, as well as to the public libraries, Young Men's Christian Associations and kindred institutions in all parts of Canada. Canada is not a country of large cities; these are few and far between; and in all they contain but a mere handful of our lads. No less than eighty-five per cent. of the latter earn their living on the land in country districts; and, as our readers well know, even a farm-labourer's reputation, particularly if it be an indifferent or a bad one, is known to the rest of the community.

It therefore follows that even if we were willing to make statements, eulogistic of boys, whose names and places of residence we give, whose lives did not bear out our words of praise, it would be the height of folly to do so, as evidence of our lack of good faith would be quickly forthcoming, and eagerly seized and made the most of by

those who love us not, and who are ever on the watch for the slightest excuse for inveighing against a work which, in its far-reaching effects on the uplifting of humanity and in the unselfish devotion of those directing it, is as incomprehensible to them as any honest labour is to the life-long pickpocket.

There is a class of men in all countries who live only for *self* and in *self*. Just as an honourable man is predisposed to regard his fellow-creatures at large as being as honourable as he is, so will a man of this class nurse the conviction that the whole living world moves in response to desires as debased as those which possess his own soul. To such a fellow, love of mankind, self-sacrifice, and disinterested effort in behalf of the needy are mere phrases, to be conjured with when an end is to be attained. He knows nothing of the forces within the human—and humane—heart which transform those phrases into living principles, under the influence of which lives are ennobled and good works carried on. And—here is the rub—the good works go on and flourish, notwithstanding all that is done to thwart their advancement by these self-lovers.

To these men the splendid records of the bulk of Dr. Barnardo's young people in Canada come as personal grievance; having an effect very similar to that of a red rag on a bull.

In his insensate fury the baffled demagogue adopts tactics remarkably akin to those of the infuriated beast. He bellows, splutters, lashes out right and left, bespattering with mud all and everything within reach, and, finally, exhausted by his battle with the air, he sneaks away, the object of very little sympathy but of considerable contempt.

This number of UPS AND DOWNS will reach our friends at a time when there is a general awakening of activities which have been more or less dormant for the last few months. A winter long enough to satisfy the pride of the patriotic native-born Canadian, and yet not long enough to weary those born in other lands, is quickly passing away. Two weeks ago those—and their name is Legion—who were eagerly looking for the first indications of a spring supposed to be close at hand, received a severe shock. A short spell of fine, balmy weather was most unexpectedly followed by a series of storms which paralyzed traffic of all kinds, converting railway cuttings into immense snow drifts through which for three days it was impossible to penetrate. Letters which ordinarily would have reached their destination within a few hours of their despatch were now almost as many days in transit.

The experiences of Mr. Gaunt and Mr. Griffith travelling through the open country of South Ontario, on their work of visiting the boys, were such as neither gentlemen is desirous of again encountering. A sleigh drive of thirty miles is a common occurrence in the round of duties which a visitor has to perform, and that in sections of the country where habitations are few and far between, and the roads, under the most favourable conditions, bad. What they would be like under the conditions which prevailed during the first two weeks of March, we leave our readers to imagine. All's well that ends well, however, and we must admit that we enjoyed hearing Mr. Gaunt tell of some of the incidents which *enlivened* the monotony of the long, lonely drives in localities where boys are living many miles away from a railway station. Upsets were anything but rare, and one in particular is remembered by Mr. Gaunt with some resentment.

It was one of those disagreeable days not unusual in February and March when the wind, snow, and cold form a combination essentially hostile to the comfort of the traveller. A blinding snow storm, through which nothing beyond the horses' heads could be seen, compelled Mr. Gaunt and his driver to depend upon the instinct of the horses to keep to the track. But the animals were considerably affrighted by the buffeting they were subjected to from the elements, and after much plunging and stumbling they eventually rolled down a low embankment, at the bottom of which they lay on their backs, their legs frantically pawing the air.

Emerging from their snow plunge-bath Mr. Gaunt and his attendant essayed to right the cutter and free the horses. This was only accomplished after the shafts had been badly smashed. A cheerful predicament, indeed! There was nothing for it but to lead the horses, or be led by them, to the nearest farm house, over a mile away, where they would be able to borrow a pair of shafts or materials for providing a makeshift. With fingers, faces, and feet half frozen, they arrived in time at the farm house, only to find that the farmer was away from home and that the farmer's wife would not allow them to warm themselves by the stove or in any way assist them in their difficulty, even sending word that she refused them permission to borrow a rope that was hanging in the barn, whither they had gone for shelter.

Fortunately such instances of lack of charity are very rare in the households of Canadian farmers. It is an exception that a storm-bound traveller is not accorded a right royal welcome by every member of the farmer's family beneath whose roof he seeks shelter from the tempest.

The fears of a fresh lease of winter, engendered by the unusual severity of the weather of only a fortnight ago, have, however, been dissipated under the genial influence of the bright, warm days which have been very much in evidence more recently, and preparation for the coming season's work is the order of the day alike with nature and mankind.

"In the Spring" is an expression that figures very frequently in the letters from our friends. Naturally they regard Spring as the starting point for another year of actual, active effort. They are feeling the benefit which is derived from the bracing tendency of the clear cold winter and its period of comparative ease. Reinvigorated, full of health and good spirits, they are ready to "pitch in" and take their share of the hard work which falls to the lot of all on the farm during the Spring and Summer.

The spare hours of very many of our boys during the past winter have been spent in a most profitable manner. Their letters tell of well-sustained interest in various kinds of church, mission and kindred works, efforts at educational improvement, and so forth.

While much of the active work on these lines must necessarily be curtailed during the busy months, we very earnestly trust that the effect of what has been attempted and done will remain with our friends for all time, and we would no less earnestly urge them to keep continuously in touch, so far as they can do so without neglecting their duties, with those agencies, which, they have learned by experience, will add to their strength, mentally, morally and spiritually.

We have been particularly pleased to notice the great influence one of our boys has acquired over a number of lads stationed in the same locality, and whom he visits individually as

often as he can, proffering counsel and encouragement, both of which he is competent to give, for by his own efforts he has placed himself in a good position. He is very actively identified with the mission work of the church to which he belongs, and is recognized by all who know him as a thoroughly upright Christian man, unostentatious in his piety, but ever ready to help others to the path he himself is travelling.

* *

If in each locality where a few of our lads are stationed the eldest among them would but feel that on him lay the responsibility of an elder brother, that to him the younger ones were looking for example and counsel, much permanent good would be accomplished for all. We have evidence of this in the instance we have been alluding to, as well as in others, where boys have striven to exercise in a quiet way a brotherly watchfulness over those more recently arrived in their midst.

* *

In a letter recently received from Thomas H. Newton (of the April, '88, party), we learn that Thomas, who attained to man's estate four years ago, has been doing a considerable amount of travelling in various parts of the United States. The result of his observations in the land of the Stars and Stripes is that he returns to Canada with a higher opinion than ever of this country. Thomas intends to settle down here, and has a comfortable balance in the bank, as well as considerable experience, with which to face the future.

* *

Peter Eppy is another boy of the '88 party from whom Canada receives warm commendation. Peter is 18, and working steadily at Dalston.

* *

Cornelius Albone recently made a trip to England to see his friends. He is back again, however, in his old situation, at Carp. Our friend, who is 19, has made good use of the nine years he has spent in Canada, and has received the long-service good conduct medal.

* *

After speaking of the journal, Paul Stargratt, 18, says:—

"I have had some ups and downs myself, but they were my own fault, and I am trying to do better."

We very earnestly trust that Paul's efforts may be crowned with success, and that the "ups" without the "downs" will prevail in future. Half the battle in life lies in realizing one's own mistakes. Paul does this, so our hopes for his future prosperity are high.

* *

Richard H. Hallam, 16, writes from Redwing:—

"I read with joy of my friends' success, and I intend to succeed myself. I have heard people say we are a shame to the country, but in good time they will say different; there are now five boys from the Home here, and they are well liked and doing well."

Very earnestly do we hope that God's blessing will fall on Richard as he manfully strives to climb upward. Those who now say that such boys are "a shame to the country" will undoubtedly "say different" in "good time"; but that time will not be until the hearts of the evil-speakers have been cleansed from the "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" which at present possess them.

* *

This is perfect contentment, surely! "I guess I have got about the best place for boys like me." So writes Wm. Davies, who, we are pleased to see, possesses the cheerful, hopeful spirit that a healthy boy of fifteen ought to

have. He is indeed very comfortably situated at Norwich, and his employer, Miss. Carroll, speaks in warm terms of William's desire to do his best. From our young friend's letter, we perceive that he takes a keen interest in his various duties.

* *

Fred Page, 15, writing from Port Hope, speaks of some happy days spent in England with Wm. A. Farr, Jacob Singer, and Thomas Newell, who were fellow-boarders of Fred before they came out to Canada in June, '93. Fred has located his old chums, through UPS AND DOWNS, and is greatly delighted thereat.

* *

Fred Evans' three years' work in Canada has resulted in a balance of \$75.00 recently being placed to Fred's credit in the bank. We have other evidence of our friend's steadiness and perseverance, his employer informing us that he has engaged him for another year.

* *

Henry Offord, 18, in sending a dollar for the Homes, says:—

"I would be willing to work for the Home until I was 21 years of age, and give all I earn to the Home, if you will only say the word. There is one thing I shall always remember, and that is that the Home was the means of making a man of me. I shall have been here a year to-morrow, and by God's help I hope I shall serve my time faithfully, that I may win a good name for myself and the Home I came from. . . . and I am always proud to say I came from that Home."

We will not say "the word," for which Henry asks, but we do say, and say it very earnestly, that his letter is a source of intense gratification to us. It tells how tully "faith, hope and charity" have entered into the heart of our friend, and to all so minded we know that the Almighty Father will ever extend His richest blessings.

* *

Herbert Ransom, 16, a boy of the year '93 party, writes cheerily from Brampton:—

"I like my place all right. I am going to school for four months this winter."

* *

A chatty epistle reaches us from William Wood, a little thirteen-year-old lad, who came out last summer and is now at Thomasburg. We are told a great deal about the depredations of four dogs, who have a weakness for mutton and seek every opportunity of providing a supply for themselves out of the sheep owned by William's employer. We also have the comforting assurance that if we were on the spot with William "you would have all the apples you could eat."

* *

Thomas Greenwood, 14, writing from Kirby, expresses his pleasure at the receipt of a copy of UPS AND DOWNS. He is much concerned to know if Dr. Barnardo has recovered from his illness. Thomas was not a subscriber to UPS AND DOWNS until recently or he would have read Mr. Owen's statement at the end of the fall that he was thankful to say that Dr. Barnardo had so far recovered as to be able to again assume the direction of affairs in connection with the Institution. Late as the information reaches our young friend we are sure it will be eagerly welcomed by him. We are hoping it will be supplemented by a report of Dr. Barnardo's further advancement towards perfect health and strength, in "Echoes of the Month," for the arrival of which from England, where Mr. Owen is at present engaged in connection with this year's first party for Canada, we are very patiently waiting.

* *

There is something of the philosopher about Alfred Gouge, 18, who writes:—

"I am glad to read in the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS how well boys and girls are getting along. I have not done very much to blow about myself, but I hope in a few years to do better."

It isn't always the boys who "blow" most who do the most. In fact, "blowing" is rather suggestive of wind, and wind only. We are sure that Alfred's reputation for good purpose is, and always will be, of a more solid character.

* *

We have an interesting letter from William Pickering telling how affairs are prospering, not only with him, but also with Charles Mott and William Abbott, two '95 boys, aged 16 and 17 respectively, who are fellow-workers of William. Of Charles Mott, our correspondent says:—

"He is getting to be a regular stock man. He can feed every 'hoof' in the stable, and he is getting to be a sturdy young man."

Of William Abbott we learn he is getting along very well. Their friend says little of his own capabilities, but we know from other sources that William Pickering has used the time he has been in Canada (4½ years) wisely and well. He has been in one place all the time and has recently received the long-service and good-conduct medal. His present engagement is a yearly one, and considering that a reduction of wages is the rule, William is not dissatisfied that his remuneration for the year is \$125. We are sorry to learn of the loss, of the little finger of his left hand, occasioned by being placed in too close proximity to a cog wheel. William informs us that the wound has healed all right now, and he does not suffer much inconvenience.

* *

From Ullswater comes a bright, cheerful letter from Edward C. Domaille, 17:

"I am quite well and contented in my place. I am having it pretty easy this winter, doing nothing else but eating and sleeping and going to school. . . . I thank Dr. Barnardo for taking good care of me in the Home and sending me out to Canada where I can start up in life. I am in a good home, . . . and I calculate to stop as long as I can. I go to church and Sunday school, and I am learning all I can."

Edward's lot has fallen on pleasant lines, and he evidently appreciates the fact and is determined to make the best of his opportunities. With his letter came one from his employer, Mr. John Young, in which warm praise is bestowed upon Edward. "In fact, we think 'as much of him as of our own son,'" says Mr. Young.

* *

We are glad to hear again from our friend, George Gilderson, who is still at Strathroy, in the same situation to which he went five years ago. "And I believe I shall continue here for another five years," he writes. George is enthusiastic about the Literary and Mutual Improvement Society, and we hope to find in him a constant supporter of that feature of our journal. Incidentally he mentions that the day on which he writes is his 24th birthday. Though rather late in proffering him our wishes for "many happy returns," we do so none the less heartily.

* *

Charles Griffin (April, '88 party) sends an interesting account from Oil City of the duties he has to perform. The winter has been anything but a season of idleness for Charles, who has been busy chopping, cutting, and hauling wood most of the time. He says:

"I thank Dr. Barnardo very much for giving me a start in life, and when I am well up in years, so that I can earn my living easier, I would like to help others, to give them a show."

After nearly four years' experience of the country and its advantages, William Henry White writes from Uxbridge:



"I like Canada and I am going to try and stop here, which I think I can do. I thank Dr. Barnardo for bringing me out of poverty, and planting me in a fine country where there's lots to do; and I intend to do my uttermost to do what is right, and earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, and to be honest in the sight of all men, and trustworthy."

Fortified with these good resolutions and a four years' trial, which he has met manfully and bravely, William, who is 16, has a future full of bright promise.

**

From Alfred J. Watkins, 18, of June, '91, party, we hear of an engagement at Mono Mills for the forthcoming summer, with which our friend seems well satisfied. In the fall he is to return to his previous employer, and has arranged to attend school during the winter.

AN EMPLOYER'S OPINION OF FRED. W. PURKISS
(APRIL, '91 PARTY).

We have before us a letter from Mr. Darius Conkey, of Adelaide, which is as follows:—

"The boy you sent me is getting along nicely. I like him splendid, and I have found him so far to be a smart, truthful, and honest young fellow. He says he is satisfied, and I have engaged him for a year; and if he continues to do as well for the year, there is no fear of him ever being out of a home."

How exasperating it must be to our vindictive traducers that those who know our boys and have them in their homes will not join in the hue and cry against them. But, then, honourable, right-minded people don't indulge in that kind of pastime.

**

Edwin Rose (July, '94) sends us word from Napanee that he is getting along well, and that he often drives over to see his brother Charles, who came out in 1886, and is working about ten miles away.

**

Nathan R. Stringer says many kind things of UPS AND DOWNS, and tells us that he has acquired a fair knowledge of practical farming, which we can well believe, as Nathan, who came out in June, '92, and is fifteen, has put in three years of steady work in his present situation at Chesley.

**

Many of our older boys will remember Henry Jos. Scates, whose portrait we present herewith. Henry has been a very determined worker from the first and enjoys in an unusual degree the confidence of his employer and of others with whom he has come in close contact during his nine years in Canada. He is still in the same situation at Bethany to which he went upon his arrival in Canada in March, '87, and, it is almost unnecessary to add, has received his long service and good-conduct medal. Despite two prolonged visits to the hospital—a serious drawback to any man—Henry is the fortunate possessor of a substantial balance in the bank.



George Careis, 15 (March, '93, party), is very enthusiastic about his place, UPS AND DOWNS, and things in general. He says:—

"I am very glad you are printing some of the girls' names, for I am looking forward to when I shall see my own sister's name."

This portion of George's letter will doubtless meet the eye of Miss Code; and then—who knows what may happen?

**

It is very evident that a large number of our boys take a keen interest in the portion of UPS AND DOWNS devoted to our girls, which indicates a proper spirit of appreciation on their part. Each month from twenty to fifty boys send in answers to the puzzles which form a feature of "Our Girls."

**

Fred Baker, of March, '87, party, is glad to see accounts of so many boys prospering, and sends hearty wishes for a safe and comfortable voyage from England for Mr. Owen and his party.

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Of Wyndham H. Fitch, who came out June, '95, we hear the most encouraging reports. He is alluded to as a "good-looking, healthy, growing lad." But of greater import still is the announcement that he is "truthful, trusty and generally well-behaved." We have considerable pleasure in publishing the portrait of our little

friend who, although only fourteen years of age, has already done so much to establish for himself a good reputation.

DO NOT LET US FALL BEHIND.

There are two paragraphs in this issue to which we specially wish to draw the attention of our boys. One is in "Echoes of the Month," where Mr. Owen tells most interestingly of the tremendous effort that is being put forth by workers in England to raise a large sum of money, to be devoted to wiping out existing liabilities and to the establishment of a fund for a special purpose.

The other paragraph forms a part of the article "The Girls' Donation Fund," in which Miss Code speaks of the loyal manner in which Dr. Barnardo's girls in Canada are supporting that fund, and of her hopes of being able to forward a sum of \$150 to Dr. Barnardo very shortly.

Let us point out that there are over four times as many of Dr. Barnardo's boys in Canada as there are girls. What, then, should be the amount of the donations from "Our Boys?"

We are sure our boys would be sorry that this should be less than usual in the year which members of all classes in England, from Royalty downwards, are striving, by united, active effort to make the most successful in the history of Dr. Barnardo's work for suffering childhood. If such a regrettable contingency is to be avoided, a large number of our friends must be heard from within the next few weeks.

Since our last issue, the following donations have been received:—Bowles, Jas. F., \$1.00; Folley, Chas., \$1.00; Kibble, Jas. R., \$2.00; Offord, Hy., \$1.00; Orpwood, Francis, \$1.00; Press, Benj., \$1.00; Ransom, Herbert, \$1.00; Rowe, Alf., \$1.00; Sandiford, Wm., \$1.00.

AN EASTER MORN ON THE GASPE COAST.

(Specially written for UPS AND DOWNS by Faith Fenton).



HE fishing season had opened earlier than usual down on the Gaspé coast. Already the ice in bay and inlet had disappeared, and the gray, cold tide of the Atlantic swept up in icy washings on the beach of the little fishing village of Percé.

The sun fought strong for victory over the bitter winds in these early April days; the snow had resolved into pools, submerging the village roadways; but Mount Ste Anne still wore her garment of winter whiteness, save where the clustered pines stood out darkly upon her steep sides.

The Patron Saint of the Gaspé villagers is this Mount Ste Anne. It rises in its steep ascent of thirteen hundred feet behind the little strip of level land, half a mile in width, on which the cluster of cottages constituting the village stands. A brave little storm-beaten settlement is Percé, as are many of the villages upon the Atlantic coast. The steep mountain guards it in the rear; the grey ocean waves lash upon it in front, broken only by the famous Percé rock, which stands out like a giant wall in the waters—a relic of pre-historic times.

Lonely is little Percé village also, save for the brief summer months when the fishermen are busy, and night and morning sees the shacks spread with fresh, drying cod; while the fishing smacks come and go, and twice each week the coastal steamer pauses to drop a boat and send the mail, or perchance some rare passenger, ashore.

Ay, the summer days are fair and invigorating with their sea breeze and sense of wild, remote beauty; but they are soon past, and autumn brings boisterous winds that beat the sea into great breakers and wrap the clouds in low sullen masses over the mountain top, hiding the tall statue of their patron saint which the villagers have erected, and to which they climb in many a toilsome pilgrimage, for petition and thanksgiving on the momentous occasions of their simple lives.

The open water had come fully two weeks before its usual time, and activities had begun in the big fishing establishment which gave employment to the population of the village. Seines were being mended, shacks repaired; the cutting and drying houses cleansed, and the boats freshly painted. There was an odor of tar, the sound of hammers, and a general stir in the little white settlement on the shore, albeit the wind whistled keenly down the mountain side, and the waves washed broken crusts of ice up on the beach.

It was Holy week and the fishermen account it an auspicious omen for the season's success if they were able to start out upon their first "catch" on Easter day; while to see the sun shine upon the water on Easter morning is the best possible omen of good luck. Very anxiously therefore they watched the grey sky and greyer waters, and busily they made ready to start out.

Peter Duval, the bravest lad in the village, and a member of the poorest family, was especially eager; for this season he was to go out as one of the men—in receipt of a full days wage for his work. Certainly Peter was young, as the "master" said, but he was strong, active, and fearless—steady too, and with thorough knowledge of his craft.

Peter could run a boat ashore, or come alongside of the coastal steamer better than most men twice his age, he knew how to take advantage of every rise and fall of the waves, every turn of the wind; and many a school of storm-tossed craft had he guided skillfully into the shelter behind the great Percé rock, that

would else have been dashed to pieces against its outer wall.

So now this slender lad of fifteen was promoted to man's place and man's pay in the cod-fishing.

Good Friday was observed as a holy-day and fast-day in the village. The bells of the two little churches—Roman Catholic and Protestant—rang out through the roar of wind and wave, and the population turned out for the services, joining in the petition uttered alike by the white-robed priest and the black-coated minister for the safety of "these Thy servants who go down to the sea in ships," and beseeching a blessing on the season's labours. Afterwards the men stood about the shore in groups, smoking and casting an occasional glance up to the mountain top.

"Ste Anne has her night-cap on," remarked one, as he noted the low grey clouds enveloping her brow. "That means foul weather, I take it."

"Not for long, lad; not for long" said an old veteran, after a keen look from the blue deep-set eyes, in his weather-beaten face. "Her night-caps on, but she's no' tied the strings. When she does that it means three days of storm, sure. But from the shape of it," indicating the cloud upon the mountain top, "I think she'll not be tying 'em this time. We'll yet be seein' the sun dance on Easter mornin'."

All day Saturday the work of preparation went busily on, and towards evening the grey cloud on the mountain top lifted, showing a rift of blue, and a glimpse of the white woman-statue. It was only for a brief moment, then the grey-ness dropped again, but the veteran fisherman had seen it and nodded in satisfaction. "It'll be a bad night; but the sun'll dance in the the mornin'," he said.

Peter Duval lived with his mother and three young brothers in a time-defaced cottage at the far end of the village. The Duvals had lived on the Gaspé coast for several generations. Peter's great-grandfather had been a signieur, and twenty-five years ago the Duvals owned the largest house in Percé and the fishing establishment at Bonaventure—that large island which lay nine miles across from the mainland. But for two generations the men of the family had been shiftless; sickness had come, and misfortune, until within Peter's remembrance at least, cold, and often hunger had beset them. True, the neighbours had been kind; but none of them were rich, and each had his own household to supply. So the delicate mother and little brothers had often gone without the necessaries of life, although Peter had striven hard to secure them.

All the odds and ends of work, hard and toilsome and poorly paid, that might be gathered up about the village, Peter had done. In summer he had watched and turned the drying cods and washed out the fish sheds; in winter he had cut wood on the mountain side; yet all his young earnings were insufficient to keep the look of hunger from the faces of the little brothers, or bring the color to his mother's cheek. It was not to be wondered at that he waited impatiently for his man's place in the boats, and counted exultantly upon the success of his first "catch."

It was early in the afternoon that he remembered the splendid new seine lying in the fishing shed over on Bonaventure island—a seine that had been left there by a couple of wealthy young sportsmen from Boston, in the late fall, who had told him that they might send for it within a month, and if not he could keep it "to use when you're a man," one of them said laughing, all unaware how early manhood comes to poor fisher laddies. They had not sent for it; the seine was still safely locked up in the drying shed on Bonaventure;

he could see the island with its dark pine tints; he could almost see the fishing sheds.

The ice was well broken on either shore, and the day was early. Peter thought he would venture across. He resolved to take Jacques—the sturdy little brother of ten—and to tell no one of their going, since the older men might try to dissuade him; and his mother would be sure to worry.

Peter went up to the shabby cottage

"Mamman," he said in the French, half-endearing speech, "Jacques and I are going out for awhile; we'll be back before dark."

"Well, don't stay up the mountain too long," answered the mother in calm unconscientiousness. "I like you home early. Did you get your father's old seine mended, Peter?"

"Yes; at least, not very well," answered the boy, confusedly. "But I'll manage somehow."

He paused a moment. He was devoted to his frail, slender mother. Then he paused beside her chair, and put his large, muscular young hand on her grey hair. "We may be a little late, but don't fret, mamman," he said. And whistling for Jacques, who followed him about like a faithful spaniel, the two went out together.

The afternoon waned, darkness came; and Madam Duval, having given the little boys their supper and put them to bed, stood by the window looking up the mountain road for her sons. The wind had risen to a gale, and the night was filled with blackness and scurrying clouds; but she was not alarmed. "Thank God, my boy is not on the water to-night!" she murmured. "They are late, but I suppose they have stepped in at widow Lamont's on their way down, an' she's sure to keep them. I shall not wait up, for I want to be bright to-morrow."

The mother stirred the fire, put the tea-pot on the hob, and covered the plate of fried cakes. Then she stepped again to the window and looked out and up to the mountain outlined in formless mass against the background of night.

As she looked, the scurrying winds drove the enshrouding clouds apart, and she saw stars sharking in a narrow band of blue above the canopy, beneath which stood the statue of Ste. Anne.

"Protectrice de voyageurs," she said involuntarily, clasping her hands; "ora pro nobis"; and then she went peacefully to sleep.

And out in the open waters—wild with icy waves,—out where the wind whistled in bitter hurricane force, wedged between loose ice floes, was a boat that seemed, amid the angry elements, like a delicate shell in the grasp of an angry giant.

The boys had made their way safely across to Bonaventure, the wind being in their favour. There was more ice about the island shore than Peter had expected, but skilful steering had brought them in. They had secured the new seine, had a warming meal at the one inhabited house on the island—that of the caretaker of the fishing sheds and shacks—and started on their return journey.

But the wind had changed; the ice had shifted and packed, the currents were hard to find, and it was growing dark.

Little Jacques got numbed with the icy wind. Peter wrapped the child in his own coat, and worked with set muscle and straining nerve to pilot the boat through the floating ice masses. He accomplished it at last, and passed out into the open.

But here the fury of the wind beat upon them; the great waves washed across their bow, their was no landmark to guide them; and Peter could only keep his boat righted and long for light. Suddenly the rushing wind lulled. The wild grey clouds were borne apart,

and there in a rift of blue upon the mountain top stood the white image of Ste. Anne.

"Protectrice de voyageur, ora pro nobis" cried little Jacques fervently. It was but for an instant, yet it was sufficient to show Peter his bearings. He righted his boat, put back toward Bonaventure and lay in a sheltered cove that he had noticed in the early afternoon free of ice.

They were shielded from the worst fury of the wind, and fortunately the boat held a stock of tarpaulins which the boys used for coverings.

But the night was bitterly cold and little Jacques, who fell asleep, moaned piteously, when his brother fearful of results, roused him.

After midnight the wind fell, the evil grey clouds dropped towards the western horizon; and with daybreak a yellow gleam flashed across the heaving waters.

Presently, with benumbed hands, Peter again roused little Jacques.

"Look," he said, "it is Easter morning, and the sun is dancing on the water."

Half an hour later, a second boat manned by six strong fishermen put out from the little village and came swiftly across in search of the missing boys; "not that we looked to find ye after such a night," said the veteran, as he rubbed little Jacques numb limbs and poured liquor down his throat. "Its by the favour of Ste Anne ye weren't driven out to sea, or smashed like an egg shell between them ices. But," with a glance at the water, now sparkling with reflected sun rays, "its good luck for you that the sun's dancing on the water on this blessed Easter morn'."

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

IT is now our duty to "report progress," to adopt a parliamentary phrase. Not infrequently this expression is decidedly misleading as a tale of going backward instead of advancing is told under the heading of "reporting progress." We are thankful to say we are not called upon to perform such an unpleasant task.

"Considerable progress made, and the prospects for the future bright." This, in brief, is our position at the end of the first month in the existence of our Mutual Improvement Society.

The evidence of our progress is found in the number of boys who have already entered into the work with considerable zest, and the still larger number who have written expressing their eagerness to participate, but who, with—shall we say?—the bashfulness of youth, are waiting for others to lead the way. Of those who have "screwed their courage to the sticking point," and told in an interesting manner "What I Remember of My Native Land," or "What I have Seen and Done in Canada," there are nearly a dozen—a very respectable number for a commencement, especially when we remember what a bashful lot of fellows most of our boys are! Let all bashfulness now vanish, however, and let each of those who have said they would "wait for others," as well as all who feel an interest in our venture, fall into line with the active workers.

For the essays that we have received we do not claim the highest degree of excellence attainable, or even that degree of excellence which will be attained by these same contributors during the next few months; for we are confident that we are going to make progress, not only as a whole, but individually. But we do unhesitatingly say that every paper reflects credit on its writer. Some are better than others, but all are good. In not one single instance is there any sign of hurried, careless work. On the contrary, there is abundant evidence that our pioneer contributors have gone

very earnestly to work, and have done their best in all respects, and for this they are entitled to be warmly commended. There are occasional inaccuracies in spelling, violations of grammatical regulations, and sentences inclined to be ponderous; but to expect there would be none of these would be unreasonable. If there were no shortcomings there would be no need for improvement, and "improvement" is our watchword.

The "youngsters" for whom, it will be remembered, special provision was made, are well represented in numbers and in quality. They as well as the older boys show that they possess excellent memories; scenes with which they were acquainted in England, incidents which occurred some years ago, when they were quite little fellows, being very interestingly and connectedly described, often with considerable detail. It is somewhat remarkable that in choosing one of the two topics selected for this month, our essayists have been almost unanimous, only two choosing "What I Have Seen and Done in Canada," the others preferring "What I Remember of My Native Land."

Sir Walter Scott wrote:—

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand.

Such an individual certainly does not exist among Dr. Barnardo's boys in Canada, although neither they nor we regard this country as a "foreign strand"; nor are our boys wanderers; they are here to stay, to become a source of strength to, and power for good in, Canada; and this not the less so that their hearts do at times turn towards England, and burn with the thought that

This is my own, my native land.

This, however, is leading us away from the work we have immediately in hand. It is obvious that we cannot undertake to publish all the essays we have received or shall receive. Such a course would soon leave us without space for other purposes. This month we publish three, with the names and ages of their respective contributors, whose work we present free from any "doctoring." Among the contributions which are not published, but which, did space permit, are by their merit entitled to publication, and which, be it remembered, will bear fruit when we come to the end of the session, are those of Harry E. Cooper, Frederick G. Bennett, Albert E. Young, Fred. Broster, Harry Bobbins.

Our circle of friends and well-wishers comprises others besides our boys. One of these friends, evidently of the gentler sex, has recently gone to considerable trouble to send us several carefully selected extracts from the writings of leading men of various epochs, of which we hope to make use from time to time. We extend our very sincere thanks to this lady who subscribes herself "M. A. V.," and beg to assure her of our appreciation of her kindly interest in the welfare of our journal, and, it is no less evident from the nature of her selections, of our boys.

* *

WHAT I REMEMBER OF MY NATIVE LAND.

ALFRED JOLLEY; Age, 19 years and 6 months;
Party, June, 1890.

My native land is England. I was born at Denford, a small village of about five hundred inhabitants. It is situated on the river Nen, in the County of Northampton. The people are mostly farm labourers and shoemakers.

I removed from Denford to Rushden, a larger town, of about ten thousand inhabitants; it is in the same County as Denford. The greater part of the people are shoemakers, there being eight large shoe factories in operation. It is a very pleasant place to live; the

country around is studded with woods, where hazel nuts grow in plenty. It was at Rushden that my mother died. I was then seven years old.

Soon after my mother died we removed to Bedford. It is the County Town of Bedfordshire; it is a large town situated on the river Ouse. There are some fine buildings at Bedford; among them are St Paul's Church, the Grammar School, and Bunyan's Statue, and several others. There are several large market gardeners on the outskirts of Bedford, who employ a large number of people; it is a pretty sight to go and visit these gardens in the summer time. During my stay at Bedford, I had the pleasure of visiting Elstow, the home of the great John Bunyan. It is a small village situated about two miles from Bedford. After staying at Bedford a few months, we removed to Woburn Sands, a small village situated a few miles from Bedford. This place is noted for its fine white sand. There is also a fullers earth well here. There is a large estate close to the village; I always liked to go and pick huckleberries in the woods on this estate. The public were allowed to go through the woods as long as they did not shoot any game or injure the trees.

From Woburn Sands we removed to London, the great metropolis of the world. My father could not obtain employment in London, so he decided to place my brother and I under the care of Dr. Barnardo. It was on the 10th of December, 1880, that we entered the Home at Stepney Causeway. During our stay there we went to school, and on Saturdays we were allowed out on leave, from 1 o'clock p.m. till 6 p.m. On these holidays we had an opportunity to see the city. I visited the Tower of London, also the British Museum, and other places of note. After staying at the Home for seven months I decided to go to Canada, under the care of Dr. Barnardo. We sailed for Canada on the 20th of June, 1890. Since that time I have been in Canada, but I shall never forget that England is my native land.

* *

WHAT I HAVE SEEN AND DONE IN CANADA.

SAMUEL RELF, Age 18. Party, July, 1894.

I have been out in this country a year and eight months, and in that time I have seen and done a great many things; which would take a great deal more than five hundred words to tell them in. The first piece of work I undertook to do was to hoe a patch of turnips consisting of about an acre; I was a long time over it, but my master told me the job was done well. One day I was sent to hoe potatoes, and among the potatoes were planted pumpkins, which I pulled up for weeds, not knowing they were anything but weeds. From hoeing I went on to learn haying, but the first year I did not do much at it, only just driving the wagon around to the cocks of hay and helping on the stack a bit. The second year I loaded, and run the sulky rake. Of course harvest is the next important thing after haying is over, and in that I shocked the grain, pitched it on the wagon at drawing in time and mowed it. The first year, after harvest was over and the fall wheat put in, my master went to the Exhibition for three days leaving me to gang plow. I did not make much of a job at it, so my master set me plowing with the big plow. When I had been at it about a week, I began to get on fine, and that fall I did the biggest part of the plowing on the farm; I had just been at my place about three months when I started to plow. Last fall I did all the plowing, except one day which my master did. The first winter I was at my place I just did the chores, split wood and helped in the bush a little, but this winter I have done quite a bit of teaming such as hauling wood to Stayner, which is eight miles from our place. I also hauled rails and stakes from a place three or four miles distant. I have done a little sawing at logs and a little skid'g out. Of course all these things I have seen done are all new to me, for I never saw a farm implement before nor lived in the country till I came to Canada, and I think farming is first rate work, and I also think mixed farming is the best kind of farming to go in for, because if a man farms at one thing only and fails at it that leaves him in a pretty bad fix, whereas, if a man goes in for mixed farming he is not so likely to fail in everything. In conclusion farming is made very easy to what it was many years ago by the wonderful machinery that has been invented during late years.

* *

WHAT I REMEMBER OF MY NATIVE LAND.

ALBERT E. GREEN, Age 14, Party, July, 1892.

I was born in Northampton in the year 1881. This town is situated about 68 miles from London. It is greatly noted for boots and shoes. When walking along the streets about every 50 yards you see a large shoe factory. Just come along with me for a visit into one of these factories. The first thing that we hear is the ring of hammers. Here we find the main part of the work going on. Get on the elevator, go to the next floor, here we find the offices where young men and women are busy keeping track of supplies that are being sent to all parts of the country. Take the elevator again, go to the

next floor, here again we find young girls busy sewing the tops of boots. These tops are then sent down to the machine sewers, where they are securely fastened to the soles. Then they are sent to the finishers and there made ready for use. Then the boots are handed over to storekeepers in large hampers. Then they are taken out, put up in pairs, put in small cardboard boxes, and then put up for sale.

Also in that town are large buildings where a great deal of drapery, crockery, grocery, and tailoring business are going on. We can take the tram car and go to a beautiful green spot called the race course, about six miles in area, where, at a certain season of the year great races take place, which last two or three days. Quite well I remember a beautiful place called Market Square where every Wednesday and Saturday a great market is held. Also in the middle of the square stands a large fountain where once a week the firemen of that town come to practise by turning the hose upon it. The firemen were jolly fellows, and we used to have fun with them by running under the hose, and letting them squirt the water upon us, and then go home like drowned rats. Then used to come the worst part of the fun, waiting till mother got the strap.

* *

We are sure all our friends will join us in congratulating the writers of the foregoing essays on the way they have acquitted themselves in their first efforts. We shall, nevertheless, look for improvement each month.

One point, in particular, to which it is desirable to call attention, is the arrangement of paragraphs. The writer, either of an essay or, an ordinary letter, should aim at imparting his information in such a manner as to enable his readers to grasp the full meaning of his remarks without being compelled to submit them to a tedious process of dissection. This requires not only care in the selection of words and their proper arrangement into sentences, as was pointed out last month, but also the arrangement of sentences into paragraphs.

A paragraph is a series of sentences relating to the same subject, and *no sentence should be admitted into it which does not relate thereto.*

The opening sentence should *indicate*, though it need not formally announce, the subject which is more fully explained in the following sentences of the paragraph.

As all sentences in a paragraph relate to the same subject (or division of a subject), they should be arranged so as to carry the mind naturally and suggestively from one to the other. Upon this the excellence of a paragraph mainly depends.

Our friends might test their mastery of the foregoing points by noting where the essays we have published are weak in the arrangement of paragraphs, or in fact in any feature. They can then send us the results of their observations.

TOPICS.

The topics of the next two months are:

For	{ "The kind of books I like to read; and why." Or, "The part of my work I like best; and why."
May.	
For	{ "My favorite animal or animals." Or, "How I like to spend my leisure hours."
June.	

NOTE.—ESSAYS ON TOPICS FOR MAY MUST BE POSTED NOT LATER THAN APRIL 20TH, THOSE ON TOPICS FOR JUNE NOT LATER THAN MAY 20TH.

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

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

When no letter accompanies an essay, the manuscript will be carried through the mail at a rate of one cent for four ounces, provided the package is not sealed. The envelope should be endorsed "MS. only," and addressed Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

Do not send two months' papers together.
A paper or essay must not contain more than 500 words. It need not necessarily reach this limit but *it must not exceed it.*

For other particulars and conditions we refer our friends to their copies of our last issue.



“COMING events cast their shadows before them.” In a letter from Florence Frances, lately received, she writes: “Why don’t you write to Mr. Godfrey and ask him to send you a picture of the dear old village, which I love so much, to put in the UPS AND DOWNS? It would help to make it brighter, and also to tell us a great deal of what is going on in the village now. I am sure he would willingly.”

Well, Florrie, here is the letter from Mr. Godfrey, and as we cannot give all our good things at once, we have some pictures of the village, which we shall hope to present at some future date. We think our minds must run in the same direction, for long before this letter came, we had sent over our request to Mr. Godfrey, and also had asked him for pictures of himself and Mrs. Godfrey, as we felt sure our girls would like to look on the faces of their friends again.

GIRLS' "VILLAGE HOME"

ILFORD, ESSEX.

To all "Ilford Girls" in Canada:

By the kindness of the editor of UPS AND DOWNS, Mrs. Godfrey and I are permitted to send you in this way our hearty greetings, and a message of loving remembrance and earnest good wishes which we hope each one of you will accept personally for herself.

Specially we would like to thank the many girls who have written to us, and to whom, not for lack of will but for lack of time, it has been impossible to send a separate reply.

We trust there may be room in UPS AND DOWNS occasionally for a picture or two of the village which will help to remind you of scenes and times that are past—but by many of you never to be forgotten.

If you could take a peep at us now most of you would find comparatively little altered here. The trees and shrubs have grown bigger, and the people have grown older since you saw them; but the general aspect of things remains almost unchanged, and I think you would easily find your way back to the cottage where you “belonged” in the by-gone days, and where in many cases you would still find the “mother” whom you remember and who remembers you with such loving interest and prayer.

There have been, however, several important additions to our buildings lately, and to some of you the most notable would be our new church, which is, indeed, a boon and a blessing to us after the many years of crowd-

finished in a month or two. Mossford Lodge is also being rebuilt and greatly enlarged.

I wish there were room to mention the names of all your old friends amongst us, of whom I know you would like to hear.

Miss Fargie still reigns paramount at school, labouring hard to fill the heads of a new generation of girls with the knowledge which once she did her best to get into yours, and none of which I hope you have yet forgotten!

At the laundry, which has been considerably enlarged and improved, Miss Ottaway still holds sway and keeps all in order as of old. Miss Westgarth is as active as ever in searching out likely girls for Canada, and speeding them on their way thither.

Space would fail me to tell of all the “Cottage mothers,” but for the interest especially of those girls who have been long away from us I must just mention Miss Clayton, Miss Southgate, Miss Loveys, Miss Patterson, Miss Parker, Miss Clarke, all of whom, with many others whom you know, continue in the village where for so many years they have laboured.

You would also like to know that Philips still drive, his donkey round the village with the “stores”; Barker does his daily journey to Stepney; Mr. Church presides over the machinery, and Hawkins guards as vigilantly as of yore the sacred precincts of “Mossford Garden” from lawless marauders!

I know that if I were to ask for them I should have a host of loving messages to send to you from here, but you must take them all for granted, and believe me to be, always your sincere friend,

J. W. GODFREY.

**

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.



MR. AND MRS. J. W. GODFREY.

ing in the school-room. I am sure you can recall the school room services, and I trust are not altogether forgetful of the truth you so often heard there; but I wish you could join us in one of our services now in our spacious comfortable church, where you would hear us still praying for our girls who have left us and who, we feel still belong to us though they have passed beyond the sea.

The old school rooms will soon be superseded, even for week-day purposes, as a fine new school is being built close by the old one, and we expect to have it

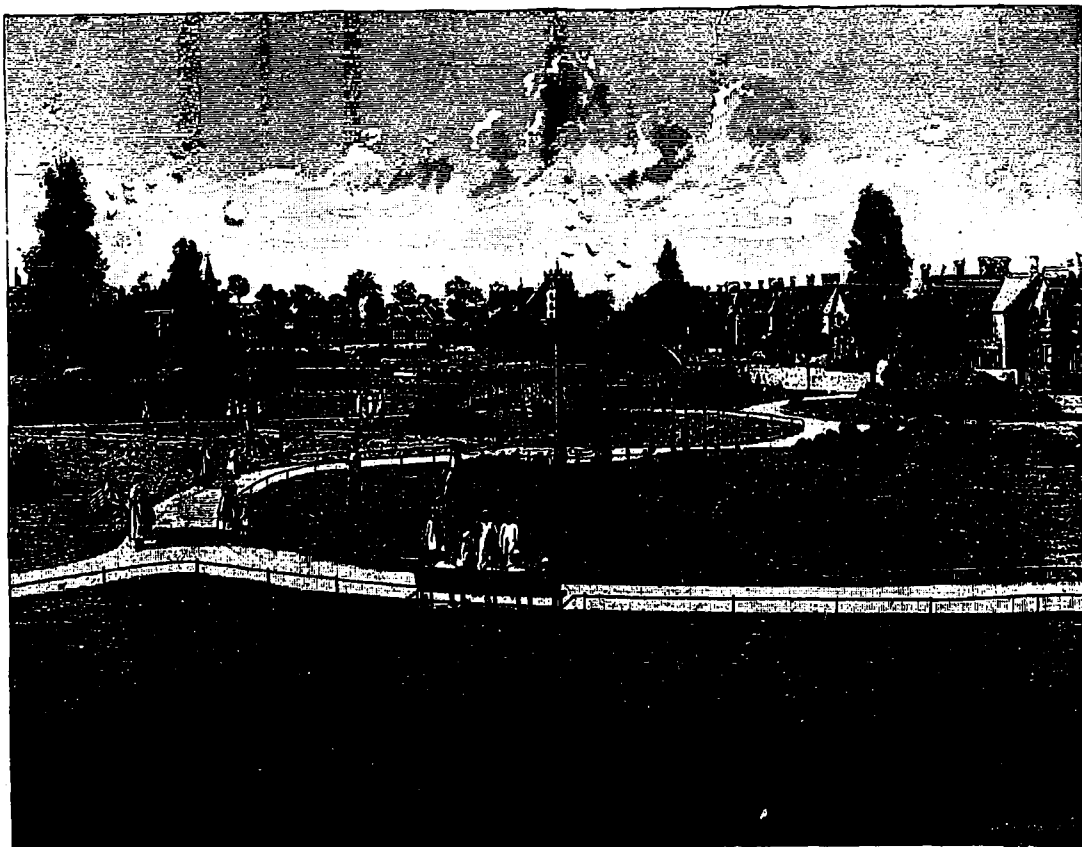
You will remember what we stated in our March number about the people being restrained from bringing their offerings. When we wrote that we had hardly expected our words to be as literally fulfilled as proves to have been the case, although, as it happens, it was before our March issue was published that we received the following from Emily Griffiths:

“I am so glad that Dr. Barnardo’s picture is in the paper, I was hoping it would be in it some time, I did not take the paper when it was in before. It is so nice to see Dr. Barnardo again, even in a picture. I hope he will come to Canada some day. I like the paper very much. I see some of the girls I know, and I am so glad we can hear about each other so easily. I like Miss Templeton Armstrong’s story very much and would like her to continue. I like reading if I can get nice books and papers to read, and I think Miss Armstrong’s will be very helpful to us girls. I think the girls ought to do as the boys do, and give a dollar a year to Dr. Barnardo. It is not very much for all he has done for us, and we would not miss it at all. I have been out here three years, and I want you to take \$3 out of my bank book and send it to Dr. Barnardo, and I will send him \$1 every year now.”

We wrote and told Emily how kind and warm-hearted it was of her, but we hardly liked to take advantage of such generosity, and just took the \$1 for the G. D. F.

We now give the list of contributions already received: Annie Morrish, \$2; Jessie Steers, \$2; Emily Norris, 75 cents; Mrs. Galbraith, Port Hope (Mary Twist’s mistress), \$1. The rest are all gifts of \$1 from our girls: Louisa Goulding, Sarah Speller, Mary Mills, Gertie James, Marion Prentice, Ellen Ventress, Eva Sherwood, Ruth Adams, Lizzie Hatcher, Annie Ware, Emily Griffiths, Jane Lingard, Ellen Noke, Annie Addison, and Emma Sharpe.

We are waiting for our list to be increased; the sooner the better. We are very anxious to make up the hundred and fifty dollars during the month of April, and as the ocean consists of single drops, so this sum has to be composed of single dollars! Don’t put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day.



VILLAGE HOME, ILFORD.

RAILWAY CONDUCTORS.

A VOTE OF THANKS TO THEM.

We have a very friendly feeling for the railway conductors, because they are so kind to our girls. We were very much struck by it lately. We had sent off a little girl, Wilhelmina Buckham, to Thornbury, and shortly after had occasion to go down another morning to the Grand Trunk station, Peterborough. Here we were greeted first by one and then by another conductor on the 8.25 a.m. train, and heard of the anxiety that had been experienced on behalf of our little lassie. Very carefully she had been looked after and directed when changing trains at Toronto, and yet she seems to have been lost sight of afterwards in some way; giving even the station agent himself, at Toronto, some anxiety, so that he went to the trouble of despatching a telegram on her behalf. As it happened we had heard of our little girl's safe arrival, so that when we were told of this we were not troubled, for "All's well that end's well."

The incident, however, impressed us more than ever with what we had already realized, the extreme kindness of the railway officials to our little girls, and we would like to say to them, one and all, "Thank you, very heartily."

It must be a trying life, sometimes, through snow and cold, up and down, round and round, on the railroad, but it has not frozen the kindness out of their hearts.

There are differences of opinion as to the various excellencies of old-fashioned and Old Country trains, and New Country "cars"; for ourselves, without a doubt, we prefer the long open cars of the new country, for our little girls. We believe it is infinitely safer for them in travelling, and the conductor, as he walks up and down his cars, is "monarch of all he surveys," and takes a personal interest in his precious cargo of living souls. Indeed, we hardly think we could send our little ones unattended the same distances, were not travelling arrangements such as they are.

**

A "little bird," tells us that the boys have been taking an interest in our "Puzzle Corner" which we are very much pleased to hear. For ourselves, we are much interested in reading the boys part of UPS AND DOWNS. How well some of these boys are doing! We have noticed, too, their boy-like, and at the same time chivalrous, remarks, about our corner of the paper, and appreciate their approval.

We must confess we are feeling a little envious over their Literary and Mutual Improvement Society, so much so that we are hoping by our next month's issue some scheme may be set on foot for the girls. For we do not quite agree with the old rhyme about woman:

"Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues ever kind,
Let all her ways be unconfined,
But clap a padlock on her mind."

**

NURSING.

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made,
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

We are glad to see some of our girls turning their thoughts to that, to our minds, most womanly of all woman's occupations, nursing. In these days when so many doors of employment are open to women, there is a diversity of opinion as to the suitability of some for "the gentler sex," but we should think, here, at least, all men agree that woman is in her proper sphere.

A woman should have a patient mind, a tenderness of heart and gentleness of hand; all of these are invaluable in nursing. It is, we might say, pre-eminently a mission of doing good; and it is one of the most likely to develop the unselfish part of the character.

Therefore, we say to those girls who have already entered, or are contemplating entering, on this path of work, we bid you God-speed. Of course, it would be a signal mistake for any to think of undertaking it who would be totally unsuitable, but we think there need not be any undue exercise of mind in this direction, as surely in the rules for admission to the training schools for nursing, the entrance of applicants is so wisely fenced about, that we have a right to conclude those who enter through the honoured portals of the hospital, must be examples of "the survival of the fittest."

We think of one of our girls, now head nurse in a hospital. We think of another nurse, a bonnie Irish lassie, with rosy face, who left the hospital finally, however, to take up another vocation, that of wife, and who shall say she did not make all the better wife from the fact of her previous calling? We know of others who are contemplating the same profession, and, always providing they are going to be the right girls in the right place, we wish them all good success.

**

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"God setteth the solitary in families."—Psalm lxxviii, 6.

There was a lady once, very rich, and in a good social position. She had one little boy who died, but still her husband was left to her; and then he died, and the broken-hearted widow went and lived out the remainder of her days with a family to whom she was much attached, leaving her nice house and grounds unoccupied, for they gave her no pleasure now that her loved ones were gone, but rather stirred up sad thoughts. This was the text she so pathetically spoke of as just suiting her case. Alone as she was, yet living with a family, where she seemed to feel God had opened a home for her.

But solitary does not always mean lonely; it may just mean being alone, or being, as it were, just one, and that is the way we are going to consider our text this month. Some of us are alone, in that sense, in this country, and is it not very true we are set in families? And is it not sometimes said, "She is just like one of ourselves?" That of itself is something to be thankful for.

Some people when they get older do live alone, but one feels sorry for them, for it does not seem a happy way nor a good way, for it is rather apt to make people cranky and selfish. Let us learn the good it may do us solitary ones, being set in families, and also the good we may do in that position.

If we throw in our interests with those of the family with whom we are living and do our very best for them, how, after all we are repaid ourselves, by the respect and even love we may win by feeling we are valued and by the consciousness that we have a little corner in the world to fill, and where we are wanted; and don't forget every one of our girls should be able to do this.

It is something worth considering, too, that we may be real blessings in the families in which we live, or we may not be; we are adding to the happiness of the family or taking away from it. Shall we not determine by God's help to be real helpers and blessings? for it would be sad, indeed, to be living in a family and not be this.

Sometimes when things go wrong we feel inclined to say, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest,"

but, after all, may not the daily rubs of life do us good if we take them aright? Is there any one reading this who has the care of silver? Don't you know that rubbing it makes it bright? Let us take the rubs of life in that way as intended to do our characters good, and also to rub off corners.

Finally, let us remember, as we think of our text, "No man liveth to himself;" and no girl either.

Maud Smith has sent us a nice packet of papers ("Happy Hours") for the girls. We thank her very much for her thoughtfulness. We have one or two invalid girls at the Home just now, and hope some of the papers will be specially cheering for them.

Maud mentions being pleased to hear that her little friend Isabel Jones has got a home; and Emily Adcock, who came out in September, 1895, asks about two of her young friends of the same party; we, therefore, think that some will be interested in hearing of the following little girls who have left us for new homes during the course of this month:

Janie Langford, Alice Hornsby, Lizzie Hamblyn, Polly Robinson, Matilda Brown, Sarah Butt, Keziah Smart.

Tell any nice people that you may see that we still have some nice little girls ready to go out, ages under 14.

B. Codes

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WILD THYME.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows."

How perfectly delicious these words are! How full of suggestion of happy golden days!

Somehow as our "Wild Thyme Girl" speaks to us again, these old, old words from England's great poet come to our mind almost involuntarily, and English country days, and green grass-covered hills and banks rise up in our memories, and a fresh, sweet, healthy breath of the fragrant wild thyme seems almost wafted on the air.

Even so healthy, fragrant and bracing let the words of our young friend be.

FRIENDS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

One of the most important things in the choosing of our friends is to select only those who we know will be true to us; those who will help us on in our efforts to live good, pure lives. We cannot have those who are coarse and vulgar for our friends, and not be influenced in the same direction, any more than we can have good, true friends and not be influenced by them to be good and true also. We are all judged by the company we keep; how careful this should make us in our choice!

Perhaps you might ask, What is a friend? A friend in the truest sense of the word is one who loves us and seeks only our good, one who can see faults in us, and in a loving, friendly way point them out to us and help us to overcome them. There are many of us who do not like to have our faults told us; but if we love our friend and know we are loved by the friend, I think we would thank that one afterward. Then we, too, should deal with them in the same manner.

When we think of the mighty influence friends have over each other for good or evil, it should make us very careful about those with whom we form friendships. We all know that many a good, pure girl has been dragged down, down, down, by those whom she once thought were her friends, and many a boy has been led into a life of sin by so-called friends; but it is better to turn away from that side of friendship and look on the bright side, and think of the friendships that have helped us upward and heavenward. There are many examples of true

friendship in the Bible, which we can study at leisure, and let us ask the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" to guide us in our choice of friends, and above all let us all make a friend of Jesus.

P.S.—I was so glad when I read William Ryan's letter, to know my last letter was a help to him, and I pray that God will help Will to keep his noble resolution.

A WILD THYME GIRL.

WHO IS THE OWNER?

Did you ever play at forfeits, when you had to kneel down with closed eyes and answer the question,—

"Here is a thing, and a very pretty thing.

What is to be done to the owner of this pretty thing?"

Instead of that we would say about the picture here given, "Who is the owner of this"—shall we say?—"very pretty thing?"

Some time ago we had a photo., from which



WHO IS IT?

this cut is taken, sent to us. We *must* be very stupid—indeed, we feel we must appear so—but think and think as we will we cannot evolve out of our memories nor out of our imaginations, who the owner of it is. We wish anybody who recognizes the face would just write and tell us, for we feel we must appear very ungrateful as we have never even been able to write and thank the kind donor for her gift. The photo was taken by Mr. P. H. Green, Peterborough. It is just possible that it is so long since we saw the original, that she has changed so that we hardly recognize her.

Dear me! it is just wonderful how quickly the promising bud unfolds into the summer flower! Like Mildred Collings, whose portrait comes



MILDRED COLLINGS.

next! Although Mildred has quite a warm place in our heart; and we were very familiar with the little girl, Mildred, of some years ago: still we really must confess that if left to our unaided ingenuity we think we should have been baffled in tracing any connection between the little friend of old days and the young woman before us. For, indeed, before we know,

"Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

Mildred is living in Bowmanville now, and we have heard of her as an Active member of the Christian Endeavour Society.

GOOD WISHES FROM A "BURWELL PARK" GIRL.

Annie Hubbard, who writes the following, is adopted by a kind Christian farmer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, of "Maple Brae" farm, of Maple Valley. Here she has been carefully brought up and well trained in her good, comfortable home, which we are glad to know she values:—

"I have received a few copies of the Ups and Downs, and am just delighted with it. I feel since I got the paper like a different girl; it makes me feel like trying to be such a good girl, and a credit to the Home. I am very pleased to see the picture of our dear friend, Dr. Barnardo; and also one of the girls, Adelaide Hutchings. When I read the paper it makes me feel as if the boys and girls ought to try and be a credit to Dr. Barnardo for his kindness to us. I have got a good name myself, and I mean, by God's help, to strive to keep it. I have been in Canada more than six years; I have been living on this farm for nearly four years, and I hope to stay another four. I always look forward to getting the paper. I am greatly in favour of having Miss Armstrong write pieces for our paper, for I think she would write some good pieces; it would be nice to have them to read.

"That the Ups and Downs may prove a great success, and be as much help and comfort to all my brothers and sisters as it is to me, is the true wish of an old 'Burwell Park' girl,

ANNIE HUBBARD."

FROM A "LITTLE ONE"

The following letter is interesting as being written by a *very* little person, Selina Harris, aged nine years:—

"I send you my best love, and all the other children. I got the 24c. I am going to school every day. I will enclose my reports so you can see I am getting along well. Mr. Bovair is getting better, but he is not able to work yet. I go to Sunday School, and I was at a tea-party at the church. The two boys were there, and we had a good time. I have not been to church for two Sundays. I have a cough, and so has Ma. One little girl goes to the same Sunday School as I do. I go out for a drive sometimes in the cutter: it is Pa's own, and we can go when we like. I have a cap and a boa for Sunday, and a new cap for every day school, and you would think that I was a Canadian. The folks think I am the prettiest little English girl in Bracebridge.

"Please excuse all my mistakes. Hoping to do better next time I am, Yours truly, SELINA HARRIS."

We have before us Selina's school report for the two months of January and February: she has only missed two half days in that time.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE AND SUNDAY TRAVELLING.

"Oh day most calm, most bright,
The week were dark but for thy light!"

One of our older girls, who has lately gone to the States, writes regarding her feelings on the Sunday question. We think her words should make us thankful for our privileges in this land:

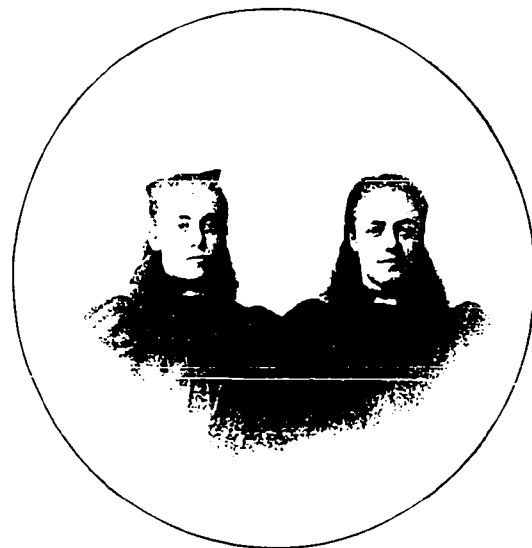
"Perhaps many of you know about city life, and the constant hurry and bustle and noise there is on entering a city. Oh, so much difference from that of a town! but on Sunday you find that the hurry and noise is all stopped. I must tell you that the Americans give Canada great credit for their respect of the Sabbath Day. And I often wish as I sit and think, on a nice Sabbath morning, and look out of my window and see the cars going, and the boys selling papers, and the noise. 'Oh, I wish I was in Toronto to-day, how much I would like to see Sunday!'

But no Sunday comes to a Canadian who is in America. So I hope that my sister girls who read this may think of one stray member of the flock of Dr. Barnardo's large family, who is often thinking and wishing for one Sabbath like those our good Canadians only know. So, girls, always appreciate the Sabbath, and remember one, in this busy city of liberty, who tries but cannot.

"A MYRTLE COTTAGE GIRL."

ANNIE AND GERTRUDE LAW.

It is very pleasant to see two sisters together in this way. Annie Law started in her present place near Brampton on August 15, '91. Gertrude went to visit her sister on May 14, '92, and finally it was arranged that she should stay on, too; so both have been in one home ever since, and both are doing well. Miss Gibbs



says of them, after her last visit in November, 1895: "Of these two girls I hear no complaints, and they are, no doubt, thought a great deal of." Then she tells us about Annie having a nice little sum of money saved in the bank, and of Gertrude still attending school, and both sisters having had a visit from their brother who is also in Canada.

A PROPER ART.

Every girl should be taught to darn, with all the dainty stitches of the art. There should be instilled into her a sense of the disgrace of wearing a stocking with even a broken thread, while a darn well put in has a homelike, respectable look that in no way deteriorates from the value of a good stocking. Darning is a lady's occupation, akin to embroidery in deftness and gentleness of touch. It requires skill and judgment to select the thread, which should be but a trifle coarser than the web of the stocking, or, in case of cloth, than the thread of the goods. Where a cloth may be easily raveled, it is better to darn it with the ravelings, unless it is in a place where more than ordinary strain comes on the goods. Thick cloth should be darned between the layers, and, when done by a skillful hand and well pressed, the work becomes practically invisible. A darning case, fitted out with a pretty olive-wood egg to hold under the stocking, a long, narrow cushion of darning needles, cards of various colored wools and cottons, and all the necessities for the complete outfit of a darning, is a useful present for a girl, and one that she should be instructed to use faithfully.—*Central Presbyterian.*

"Think that to-day shall never dawn again."—*Dante.*

"Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy."—*Emerson.*

ROB'S SISTER JEN; OR, SHINING FOR JESUS.

"Jen! I say Jen!" shouted Bob, as he rushed indoors.

His mother always said Bob's voice was enough to rouse the seven sleepers.

"Jen, I want you here; come, quick!"

Jen had just put baby into his cradle, after walking about with him for nearly an hour, trying to get him to sleep.

"Hu-sh!" whispered Jen, watching the cradle for signs. Baby threw up his arms with a cry; he was wide awake! Poor Jen burst into tears, she had so much to do, and it depended on baby's sleeping, whether or no it would get done, and here Bob had awakened him for the afternoon.

"Be off, you horrid, useless boy!" cried Jen.

She felt defeated: everything seemed to have gone wrong to-day, while yesterday had been such a happy, successful day. She had heard such stirring words from the minister about living every moment for Christ and working for him in the commonest of every day duties. Before she went to bed that night she had settled in her own mind that, by God's help, she would begin to-morrow; early on Monday morning she would get the children ready for school; then she would help her mother with the mending for the wash, and she would rock baby after his bath and get him into his first morning sleep.

"Oh, morning make haste and come!" said the poor child.

But when the morning came it brought disappointment.

"I will see to the boys this morning Jen," said her mother, "you must attend to the beds, because Mary has had to go to her brother who is ill; and then I want you to go out."

Jen had said nothing, but Oh how she disliked bed-making! and when she had had to go into town for her mother, it seemed as if her good resolutions were melting away.

"It is hard" said Jen to herself, "after I've planned out things so as I can help, to have to give them all up!"

Conscience had not yet told her that in doing cheerfully these new duties she was still serving the Lord Christ.

On reaching home she had found her mother suffering from neuralgia: there was no mending. The breakfast table had still to be cleared and she did that, but all the time her mind was pushing on to those self-appointed duties. Baby was fretful and she had to go now and then to soothe him. But the morning wore on at last and the boys came home to dinner.

"I shall have the afternoon" said Jen, "then baby is asleep."

And now Bob had started him out of his sleep, and there were the dinner table to clear, the dishes to wash, the dining room to be put to rights, for Mary might not return for two days and Jen's mother was lying down, in pain and could not bear the noise of the baby's crying. Was this how all her fine resolves were going to end? Jen asked herself. No, she must not be conquered like that. She took baby out of the cradle and, with a humble little prayer for patience, she sat down and prepared to rock baby for another hour.

But he was tired and in twenty minutes was fast asleep. Jen bravely set to work and soon finished all she had to do. She heard Bob and Lulu talking outside. Lulu was saying, "Bob don't you wish mother had no pain and could come down stairs? I do; Jen's cross enough to eat us this afternoon."

"Yes," agreed Bob, "she calls herself a Christian, but she's not much of a one. See how she flew at me because baby woke up! I didn't know he was asleep and I was going to tell her I was sorry, but she looked so I

couldn't. I don't believe real Christians get into such a wax for a trifle like that."

Poor Jen! she felt broken-hearted. Bob's words haunted her; that her own brother should have to think such things of her was terrible; she had wanted to show she was a Christian and Bob had said seriously, "But she's not much of a one!" "Oh dear," cried the poor child, "only yesterday it seemed so easy and I did want to shine for Jesus! There, it's no use trying; I may as well give it all up, for I do more harm than good. "But I dare not," she thought, "Bob would make open fun of me then, and there's Jesus—Oh, I can't give it up!"

"If the light has gone out," whispered a little voice within, "let Jesus light it again. He is the light of the world; you can only shine as you walk in His light."

She looked round at her completed work and then, being tired, she went up to her own little room.

"You know what you ought to do," whispered conscience. "Oh, I can't; he would make such fun," answered Self. But after a struggle Jen rose from her knees and went at once down to the children. Baby was awake, and Bob and Lulu were making him crow with delight; they were indulging in the forbidden pleasure of tickling him to make him laugh. Jen would not notice this.

"I know I was cross to you Bob," she said putting her arm round his neck, "I'm sorry and want you to forgive me."

Bob had expected a scolding but he felt masterful now. "There are other things besides this morning's temper," he said. "Well, dear, I want you to forgive me everything, if you can," said Jen simply. "I know I've been cross with you often and I'm sorry; I asked God's forgiveness and help before I came down to you, Bob."

Bob began to look ashamed; he felt uncomfortable. "Oh, as to that I've been horribly mean to you," he said. "I've teased you lots of times to get your wax up."

"Well, Bob, let us all pull together, shall we? Let us try to follow in Jesus' steps. Things have turned out to day differently from what I had planned; but I had no right to make plans: we've to do our duty as it comes to us, or we shall not be shining for Jesus."

Bob held out his hand, "You're a brick, Jen!" he said. "Now then," said Jen, "I'm going to give you a treat before you go to bed, I made some hot biscuit for you: here it is."

As they went quietly to bed, Bob said to Lulu, "I was wrong: Jen must be a Christian, or she couldn't have begged my pardon—a cheeky chap like me!"

And Jen, before she slept, prayed from her heart, "Dear Lord, help me in Thy light to see light, and to shine for Thee!"

When adverse winds and waves arise,
And in my heart despondence sighs—
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals—
Grateful, I hear thy kind decree,
That as my day, my strength shall be!

M. B. GERDS.

A PRESCRIPTION FOR THOSE SUBJECT TO FITS.

The following prescription has been sent to us by Annie Boulton. We do not know where she found it; but it contains some singularly good, sound advice:

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR FITS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

Though no doctor, I have some prescriptions, and I charge you nothing; so you need not grumble at the price. We are all subject to fits; I am visited myself with them.

First, for a Fit of Passion—Walk out into the open air; you may speak to the wind without hurting anyone.

For a Fit of Idleness.—Count the ticks of the

clock. Do this for an hour, and you will be ready to pull your coat off and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Folly.—Go to the workhouse.

For Fits of Despondency.—Think of all God's mercies and how many good things He has given you, while others are poor and needy.

For Fits of Doubt and Fear, whether they be of the body or the mind, I would give you what I have taken from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, for He careth for you."

IN LEISURE HOURS.

Daisy Baker sends correct answers to our last month's "Buried Cities," except the 4th. Answers to Buried Cities in February number:—

- 1.—Leamington
- 2.—Brighton.
- 3.—Dover.
- 4.—Bath
- 5.—York
- 6.—Leicester.
- 7.—London.

Hannah Saxton gives the answer to our first puzzle:—"I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking."

Annie P. Ware and Maria Spencer send the answer to the second puzzle, beginning, "Within a marble dome confined, etc"—An Egg

PUZZLES.

1.—What is that from which, when the whole is taken, some will still remain?

2.—The beginning of eternity, the end of time and space.

The beginning of every end, and the end of every place.

3.—In my first, my second sat, my third and fourth, I ate. What's that?

* * *

WHAT IS IT?

Written expressly for UPS AND DOWNS by Mrs. Haultain, Peterborough.

If you lose it in the morning,
Pity mistress, pity maid,
For without a word of warning,
See the trouble it has made.

We can do without our butter,
Without spoons or knives and forks,
But we're quickly in a flutter,
And how fast the loser talks.

If she has not kept this treasure
Sweet and cool, yes, all the time;
It will spoil her every pleasure,
Can you guess my simple rhyme?

She may say she does not mind it,
And is sure to say too much,
While she takes no pains to find it,
Or to keep it within touch.

I may tell you, little maiden,
If you keep it, life is sweet,
But when lost, you're heavy laden—
Tired hands and tired feet.

But I want you now to guess it,
If you have not guessed before;
And may Heaven's sunshine bless it,
While you guard it more and more.

[Owing to an oversight, which we very much regret, the above contribution, and answers to the puzzles which appeared in the February number, were omitted from last issue.—Ed.]

Here is a puzzle for some of our younger friends. It is specially interesting, as being written by a very young lady, aged only eleven years, living at Cardinal:—

My 1st is in little,
But not in big;
My 2nd in orange,
But not in fig;
My 3rd is in vizier,
But not in Czar;
My 4th is in stage,
But not in car;
My whole, they say,
Makes the world go round,
And I hope in everyone's heart
Will be found.

UPS AND DOWNS.

NURSERY RHYMES.

AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN BY DR. BARNARDO'S BOYS AND GIRLS AT THE ALBERT HALL, LONDON.

"Sing a song o' sixpence,
A pocket-ful of rye,
Four and twenty black-birds,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the King?"

Some of our readers know about the Young People's League, an association of children to help Dr. Barnardo's work among children; we believe they will be greatly interested in reading the following extracts from *Night and Day*, telling of a meeting held in London, England, when Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls gave an entertainment in connection with the League. Should we not have liked to have been there? and to have seen the little boys, or rather the "Four-and-twenty black-birds" when they jumped out of the pie?

It is no small task to turn the great Albert Hall into a Coliseum; yet the "Young Helpers' League" did it on Saturday, 11th January, 1896. It was their Fourth Annual Entertainment. There were "no speeches," and the Press has assured us that there was not a dull moment from beginning to end.

We had a choir six hundred strong (the boys in white sailor suits and the girls conspicuous by their straw hats with ribbons of military scarlet) whose bright faces and pretty dresses lighted up the great Hall like flowers in bloom. It was a small choir compared with the crowd of choristers at our Annual Meeting; but the voices were sweet and tuneful, and the young people were more manageable under the careful conducting of Mr. J. Frank Proudman, F.R.C.O., who, together with Mr. J. C. Turvey at the organ, was responsible for the musical part of the programme. Boxes, stalls, balcony, and gallery were well filled with spectators and auditors, and the appearance of the House spelled not success merely, but enthusiasm.

On the platform, our gracious President, H.R.H., Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, was represented by Lord Rookwood, while our Chairman of Council, Rev. Canon Fleming, presided.

The opening hymn, well sung by the choir, struck the dominant note of the Young Helpers' League: love to the children because of Christ's love to them. And then the tide of song and of spectacle flowed smoothly along.

Ninety little lads marched bravely into the arena, and, led by the bugle, did all sorts of wonderful things under the name of battalion drill. It was but a small detachment, and its display was a special one as an object lesson on the value of an ordered life. In reality it meant the arts of peace, and not the rigour of war, just as much as the extensions, and bending, and leaping of Mr. Gelling's young gymnasts later on. The girls from the Village Home emulated their brothers in a pretty flag drill, in which the notable point was not so much the smartness of the little maidens, as their healthy faces and fine physical development. Then ninety young blue-jackets, commanded by an exceedingly self-possessed comrade, went through their paces so as to show how

safe will be Britain's navy and mercantile marine in the near future. Verily, the best use of a boy is to make a man of him!

Our Chairman struck the note of patriotism in an admirable recital of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade"; and later on he charmed the children by the laughable story of "The Bootblacks," in which we hardly knew whether more to enjoy the fun of the short history, or to admire the careful elocution which could steer safely through such verbal pitfalls as were involved in the refusal of the bootblack to black the other boot of the white bootblack, unless the white bootblack, whose boots he, the black bootblack, had undertaken to black, should pay another halfpenny to the black bootblack.

There was an "Atalanta Race," in which the little girl contestants had to pick up a trayful of wooden balls, which would fall down. There was a first-rate game of Association football, seven aside, in which both Blue and White did wonders. There was a splendidly bustling game of Bell the Cat, in which the blindfolded girls fairly succeeded in wearing down Mr. Gelling, one of the most agile of cats. What was there not?

But there were two very special items. One was a series of "Nursery Rhymes of the Olden Times," in which, to our delight, we had the co-operation of some of Dr. Stephenson's children from the Home in Bonner

King counted his money in state; the Queen ate her bread and honey with mighty gusto; and the maid prepared to hang up the clothes. At this juncture, who should come in but Father Christmas, armed with a yard-long knife and fork? Slowly he proceeded to the pie, mounted three steps, and cut it. At once, from the inside came the sound of singing, and then, with absurd gravity, out hopped one by one, flapping rudimentary wings, four and twenty blackbirds. Very deliberately, after circling the huge pie, they flapped across the arena and disappeared; all save one who stayed behind to snap off the maid's three inches of nose. Meanwhile the choir was singing the old song with spoken comments to a fine swinging tune. And so, "God save the Queen," and a bustling stampede out of doors.

UNDER THE ROSE.

"Goodness me!" cried the Violet to the Sunflower, "I wish you would move!"

"Why so?" queried the Sunflower.

"Because," replied the Violet, "you cast me completely in the shade."

"Hello," cried the Pink, as a Hyacinth burst out from the ground, "where did you come from?"

"I'm an old resident," said the Hyacinth proudly. "I was planted here three years ago." "Is Mrs. Four-o'clock very exclusive?" asked the Daisy of the Rosebush.

"Yes," was the answer; "very. In fact, she closes now at half-past three."

"When do you bloom?" inquired the Crocus, who had three flowers out of a tiny spray that had just appeared.

"I never bloom," retorted the spray, "but I'm the champion sprinter of the garden. I'm a Running-vine, and made twenty feet last year in eight weeks."

"Well," remarked the Daisy to the Johnny-jump-up, "you're not very particular as to your neighbours. Look at that thing next to you."

"S-s-sh!" said the Johnny-jump-up; "don't speak so loud. That was planted as a Sweet-pea

and has come up an Orchid, and everything will have to give precedence to him."

"I like the Pansy very much," whispered the Gladiolus.

"I don't know," growled a weed masquerading as a Violet; "there are too many varieties of them"

"Well," said the Gladiolus, "I like them very much—they always have such a pleasant smile on their faces."—*Selected.*

SHORT SAYINGS.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

"Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work."

"Better the feet slip than the tongue."

"A cheerful look makes a dish a feast."

"Think of ease, but work on."

"He that riseth first, is first dressed."

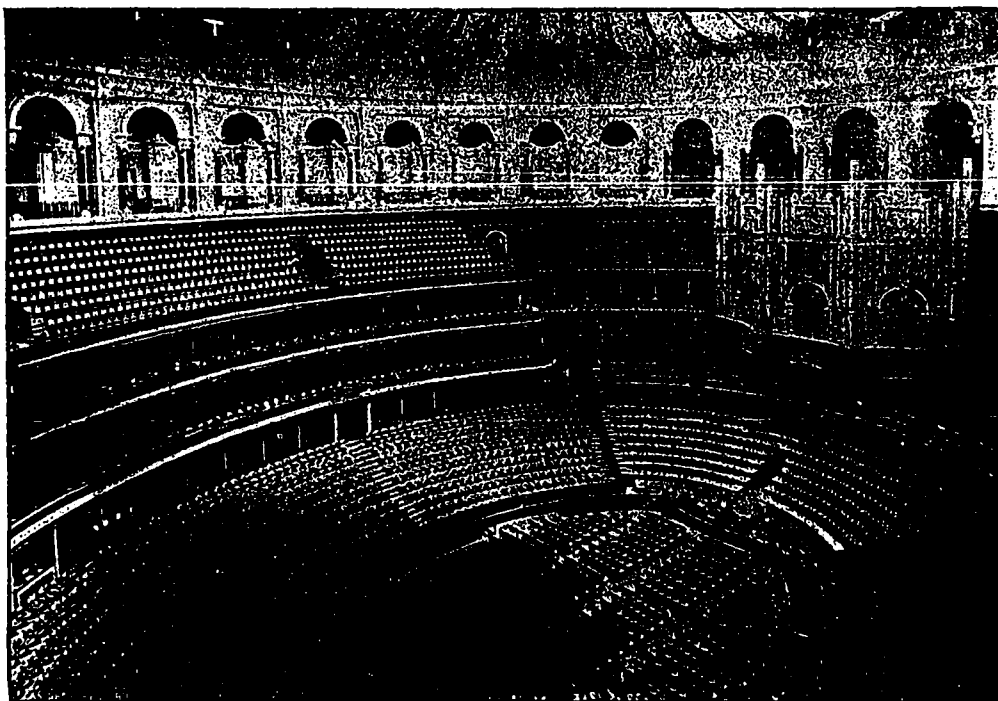
"The river passed, and God forgotten."

"Jest not with the eye, or with religion."

"A child's service is little, yet he is not a little fool that despiseth it."

"Gossips are frogs that drink and talk."

"Loving well is the best revenge."



INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL, LONDON.

Road. It was a pleasure to listen to their fresh young voices, admirably trained, and accompanied by their own orchestra. Each rhyme too was illustrated in the daintiest fashion in the arena. We had "Ride a Cock-Horse"; "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"; "Jack Horner"; "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat" (with "Miaow" obligato); "Simple Simon"; "Jack and Jill"; "Little Bo-Peep," and "Little Miss Muffet," who did run when her indispensable spider made his appearance. Finally in the little series came "The Little Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," a Brobdingnagian shoe, which was dreadfully overcrowded.

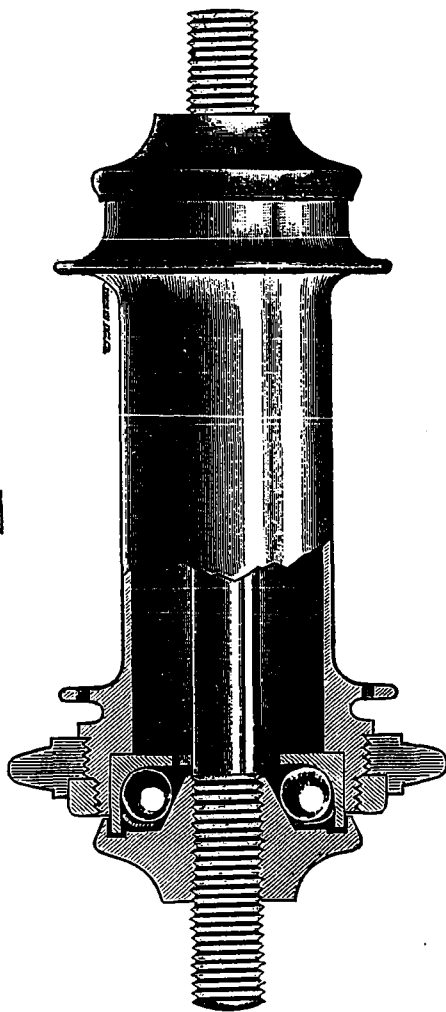
And then came the *pièce de résistance* of our own children. This was an illustrative setting of the old rhyme, "Sing a Song for Sixpence." In the middle of the arena was placed a pie, a pie of immense and glorious proportions, made in a willow-pattern dish, a pie which, in two gigantic halves had been tantalising the audience all along by its mystery. At one side a table was set covered with money bags and account books; on the opposite side was a table laden with honey, and on the third side was stretched a clothes line. No sooner were these preparations made than beheld the King, and Queen, and the Maid, each proceeding to perform his or her historical duties—the maid, be it known, having a nose three inches long, the very thing to tempt a blackbird. The

Superlatives are useless in Bicycle talk these days.

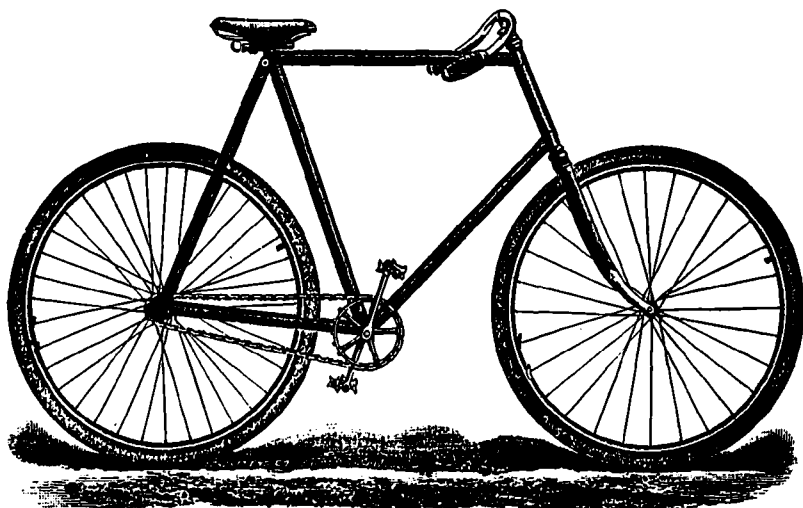
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THE Exchange and Mart is instituted for the benefit of our subscribers, as a medium through which they can make each other acquainted with what they may have to exchange or sell or wish to procure.

NO REGULAR BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted in the Exchange and Mart except on payment of our ordinary advertising rates, and indications will be given that such advertisements are business notices.

NO CHARGE, however, will be made to our subscribers for advertising their personal wants, whether buying, selling or exchanging, when the advertisement does not exceed twenty-four words. Over twenty-four words we shall make a charge of five cents for each additional line of eight words.

Subscribers using the Exchange and Mart may have REPLIES ADDRESSED to our office if they desire, but in that case stamps should be sent us to cover the cost of forwarding any letters we may receive.

It must be distinctly understood that we assume NO RESPONSIBILITY in regard to the articles which may be advertised in the Exchange and Mart, but we shall always be glad to give all information possible as to the reliability of the individual to an intending purchaser residing at a distance from an advertiser when his address is known to us, and vice versa. When information of this kind is asked for a stamped envelope should be enclosed for reply.

REPLIES TO ADVERTISEMENTS when sent to the office of UPS AND DOWNS should be addressed "UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto." ON THE TOP LEFT HAND CORNER must appear the words "Exchange and Mart," or abbreviation, together with the reference number given in the advertisement.

To ensure insertion, advertisements for the Exchange and Mart should reach us not later than the 20th of the month prior to publication.

CAUTION.—Never send any goods on approval unless the individual you are dealing with is known to you or supplies references.

FARMERS PRODUCE wanted in large or small quantities. Best value given. Peoples Wholesale Supply Co., Toronto. [Bus.]

FIFTY GOOD LAYING HENS. One year old. Wanted this month. State price, delivered in Toronto Junction. "B 10," Ex. & M., UPS AND DOWNS.

WANTED COCKER SPANIEL. Dog. Not more than two years old. State colour and marks. B. 20, Ex. & M., UPS AND DOWNS.

WANTED—Typewriter, Printing Material, Photographic Apparatus, etc. Will exchange Violin (\$5), Violin Cello (\$10), Banjo (\$7.50), Concertina (\$2), Books, etc. E. B. SUTTON, Whiteside P.O., Muskoka.

FOR SALE—or exchange for Carpenters Tools—a Zimmerman Autoharp—16 chords—catalogue price \$40. Will take \$12 cash (Second hand). Address, GEO. NASH, Gravenhurst P.O., Muskoka.

FOR SALE—First class (strad model) Violin, with case, music stand, bow, chin-rest, resin, etc., complete, \$16.00. Address: "UPS AND DOWNS." M. 24.

YOUTHS willing to canvas the farmers and neighbours, to take orders for field and garden seeds, can have illustrated catalogues of prices sent them; a pleasant and easy way of earning additional pocket money. Address: E. O. White, 448 Albany Avenue, Toronto, Ont.



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or we will give ample time on payment of interest at six per cent.

There is no humbug about the Piano or about the price. The quality of the Piano is undoubted and the price is fixed. It is the same to the "cash man" as to the "time man," except that the latter pays small interest. This does away with the humbug of catalogue prices.

The Piano is made in SOLID Walnut oil finish.

IF you want a bargain in a second-hand Piano be sure to write us. We have first-class uprights at \$200 and \$225. We have good Organs at \$35 and upwards, and excellent Square Pianos from \$75 to \$200. Liberal terms of payment.

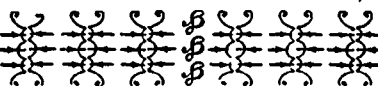
Writing letters isn't a trouble to us, so write and ask information.

Whether you want a grand Piano at \$1,000 or a practice Piano, be sure to write US before deciding elsewhere.

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