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# Tips and Downs

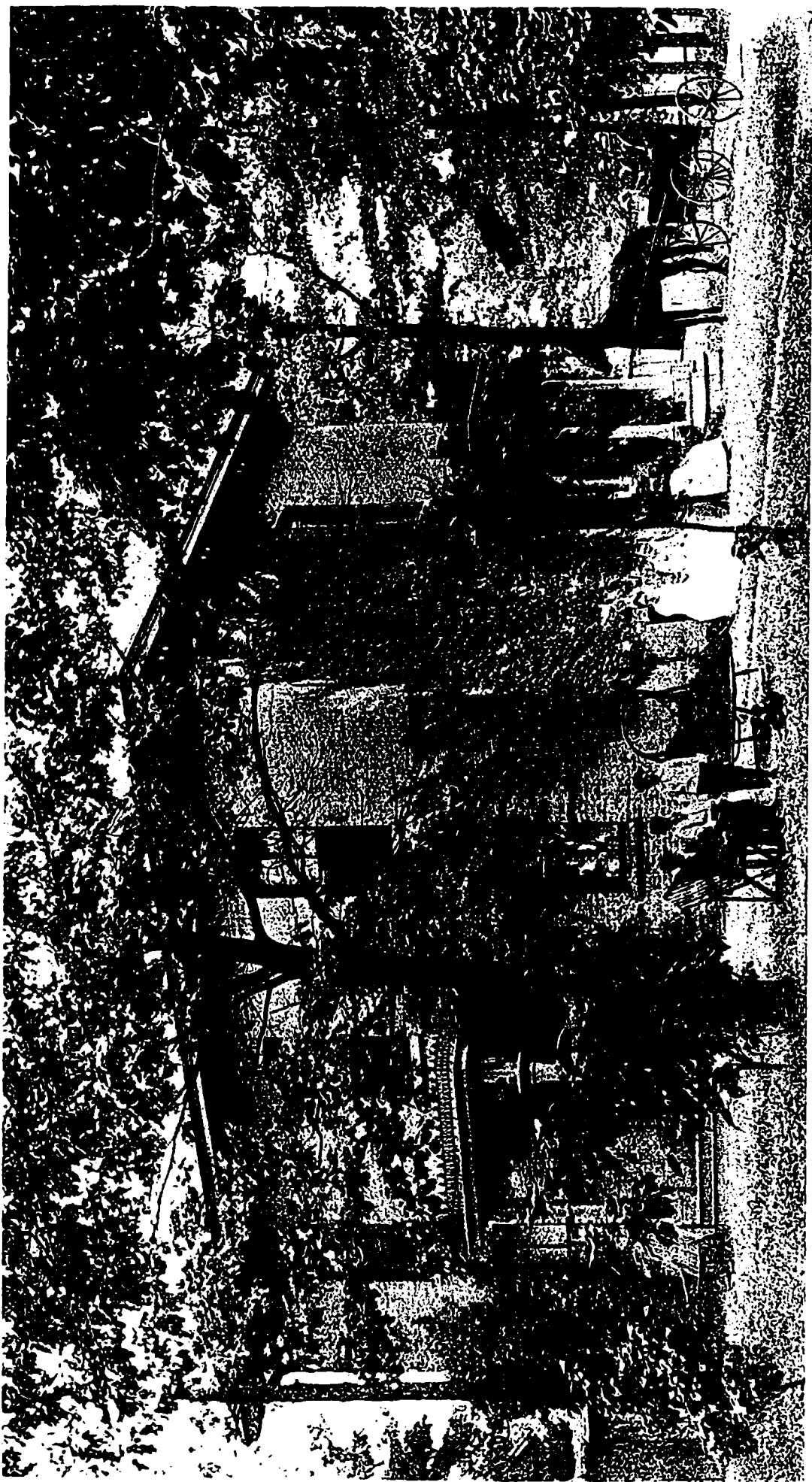


PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES  
OF DR BARNARDO'S HOMES.

Published Quarterly. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION  
214 FARLEY AVE., TORONTO. 25 Cents per Annum.

"DICK WHITTINGTON AT THE FARM"





**The Residence of Mrs. J. W. Bunning, near Sarnia, Ontario,**

The Foster-home of the Trio of "Ours" seen in the Foreground.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

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VOL. VII.]

OCTOBER 1ST, 1901.

[No. 1.

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## Editorial Notes

Better.

WE rejoice to announce that Dr. Barnardo has greatly improved in health since the issue of our last number, and, as far as we can learn, there seems good reason to believe that his recovery is assured, provided that he is able to take reasonable precautions and can avoid the risks and dangers of the English Winter. We write within a week of our last interview with him, and we were greatly impressed by the extent to which he appears to have regained vigour and tone and to have recovered his old energy and elasticity of mind. Deeply and devoutly would we render the praise and thanksgiving of our hearts for this restoration of the one to whom all our readers are so closely attached by the ties of gratitude and respect, and whom many of us have regarded from early boyhood with the warmest affection and admiration. Dr. Barnardo's is a life that could be ill spared in the Christian world or to the cause of social improvement and charitable enterprise, and we pray that many years may pass before he has to leave to others to carry on the immense system of philanthropic activities that he has been the means of establishing and maintaining

The Gathering of the Clan.

THE chief event in our history for the past quarter has been the annual gathering in Toronto of our old boys and girls during the second week of the Industrial Exhibition, and we are pleased to record that it passed off as successfully as we could desire. Although, as compared with last year, the numbers of our guests showed a slight falling off, this decrease was only what was expected, inasmuch as last year we had the attraction of the Doctor's presence, and the wish to see him again brought many who would not otherwise have accepted our invitation. Last year was, therefore, a special occasion, and one that will always be memorable in our annals; but in comparison with former years, our present reunion has in point of numbers, as well as in the pleasure it has afforded both to our guests and ourselves, realized our most sanguine expectations, and shows that our annual gathering, like most of our other activities, is a "live" institution, and serving its purpose in bringing our old friends together under particularly interesting and pleasant circumstances, affording the opportunity for the renewing of old acquaintances and

promoting the kindly and happy relations between our lads and those who are responsible for looking after their interests in this country, which is always our desire to maintain and strengthen.



**The Launch  
of the  
B.O.B.S.**

As the result of the indefatigable labours of the Executive of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society during the week, and the highly successful meetings for which so large an assemblage of our old boys gave the opportunity, the B.O.B.S. is now fairly started on its feet and has entered upon what promises to be an auspicious and honourable career. Every old boy who made his appearance, and not already on the list of members, received a personal invitation to join the Society and was invested there and then with the badge and certificate of membership. Its aims and objects were explained in many scores of personal interviews and conversations as well as at the largely attended meetings, and an amount of interest and enthusiasm was aroused that, besides being highly gratifying and encouraging to those to whom the Society owes its origin, affords the best possible security for its future development and prosperity. The idea "caught on" amazingly, and those who founded the Society and acted as its advocates, succeeded even better than we had anticipated in inspiring their own enthusiasm among their comrades and making even the more thoughtless of our youngsters realize that, as a class of young men growing up in a young country, we have much to gain, individually and collectively, by union and co-operation and by keeping alive amongst ourselves a real spirit of fraternity and loyalty to each other. It had to be explained that at present the promotion of this spirit is all the Society has to offer. To do as yet too early in the day to talk about insurance or sick benefits although these may, and we believe will, grow out of the present small

beginnings: but even apart from these usual attractions of national and other societies, we think it was brought home to the majority of those who donned the insignia of the B.O.B.S. that their membership in the Society is a privilege not by any means to be despised, and that if Barnardo Old Boys are not yet a power in the land, every year is adding to their numbers, their influence and their importance in the community, and that our association may, and will, help us to fill our position worthily and usefully, and draw out from us, as individuals and as a body, our best efforts and our highest aspirations.



**Speeches  
and  
Speakers.**

As for the large and enthusiastic meetings that were held in a hall near Farley Avenue specially engaged for the occasion, and the speeches that were delivered, we could only wish that they could have reached a far larger audience. For he it understood that, with the exception of a few modest words from the writer in acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon him in his election as Honorary Vice-President of the Society—Dr. Barnardo being, of course, Honorary President—a few hints from him in the course of the business discussions, and a short address by Mr. Vipond, the proceedings were conducted entirely by our old boys themselves, and the Constitution, the By-Laws, the drafting of resolutions and the speeches that occupied each meeting were exclusively the production of former inmates of the Homes. We wish those proceedings could have been watched and noted by those individuals in Canada amongst whom it is a fashion to speak of Barnardo boys and girls as beings of an inferior order, from whom nature has in some mysterious manner withheld the ordinary qualifications of body and mind with which she has endowed other sections of the race. We think it would have caused some of our friends to modify their opinions,

and, we hope, taught them a lesson against prejudice and malignity. Certainly, as we compared our lads in general conduct, bearing, intelligence and physique with the native youth as it swarmed about our precincts, attracted by the unusual gathering and by the progress of our festivities, and forced its attentions upon us more or less unpleasantly until dispersed by the chance appearance of a police constable, we admit at once that there are certain qualifications in which our friends conspicuously lack; but as they are qualifications rather for the jail than for any useful purpose in life, we trust the deficiency will never be supplied. For the rest, however, we confess that we felt more than ever cause to be proud of our lads, and we were surprised and delighted at the way in which they bore themselves and addressed themselves to the business of establishing their society on a satisfactory and permanent basis, and discussing and settling the details of organization.

**Men of  
the Right  
Stamp.**

WE could, on the other hand, wish that the speeches at our meetings might have been listened to by many of those who support, sympathize with and love the work of which this is a fruit and outcome. We believe they would have been almost as much surprised as gratified by the shrewd good sense, the spirit of manly self-reliance, the just appreciation of the advantages as well as the difficulties of their position, the grateful acknowledgment of what has been done for them in the past, the strong personal loyalty to Dr. Barnardo himself and affection for the old Home and the Institutions that opened for them the door of hope, that exhibited itself as one after another gave expression to his views, in modest, straight forward, sensible language. Suffice it to add that, looking back over all the incidents that have attended the opening ceremonies

and first meetings of our Society, we can only speak of them as creditable in the highest degree to all old Barnardo boys concerned. The gatherings were thoroughly representative of our boys as they are growing up in all parts of the Dominion, and they showed that, as a body, they possess the elements of upright, self-respecting Christian citizenship, such as will be a strength and benefit to the country and an honour to their origin and to those who have promoted their interests.

**How We  
Know Each  
Other.**

WE gladly and emphatically renew our invitation to every one of our old boys in Canada to join the B.O.B.S. The fee for admission to the Society is the modest sum of fifty cents, and anyone signifying his wish to become a member to the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Alfred G. Smith, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto, and remitting that amount, will receive a certificate of membership, one of the very neat and appropriate little badges that have been devised and approved of by the Executive, and will be entrusted with, in our opinion, the equally neat and appropriate passwords of the Society for greeting and response. The idea of a password may provoke a smile from those who regard secret societies, with all their pompous paraphernalia of signs, grips and passwords, as rather silly and puerile, and who will fail to see why, having nothing to conceal or to gain by concealment, we should have added a password to our machinery of action. We venture to think, however, that in this matter the peculiar circumstances fully justify the Executive in their decision. Our lads meet each other in all sorts of places and under every variety of condition, on railway trains, in mining camps, in the streets of distant cities, in the lodge rooms of other societies, and whereas a blunt question might often be resented, the password at once affords a means of recognition. If any non-members

of the Society are particularly anxious to find out our password, we do not suppose it will place any very severe tax upon their ingenuity to discover it. We impose no solemn oaths or obligations upon our members, and have made no suggestions to them that their entrails will be torn out and offered as a sacrifice to the gods if they divulge the secrets of the Order; but without any of these penalties we believe that our passwords will often serve a useful purpose, and that generally amongst our members the confidence and integrity of the Association will be respected and upheld.



**An Opportunity for Genius.**

AND why cannot something like the B. O. B. S. be devised for the girls? is the plaint that has oft-times reached our ears during the last few weeks. Why indeed? We beg to assure our young lady friends that they have our full and hearty sympathy in their desire for a kindred organization of their own, and we only wish we could suggest something for them on the lines of the B. O. B. S., with as appropriate and euphonious a title, and which will accomplish the same objects for the girls. We must confess, however, that hitherto we have felt unequal to the task of propounding any practicable scheme of organization. Our brains move slowly, and we have many calls on our time and thoughts; but the female wits are proverbially more ready than those of mere man, and let some of our old girls get their brains and inventive faculties to work and see if they cannot suggest something in the course of the coming three months that we can put before our readers in the next number of UP AND DOWNS. We hear of Women's Leagues, Women's Unions, Girls' Guilds, Daughters of this and that, and it is on record that some of these institutions have produced something more than talk and feminine squabbling. The field is open for our girls, and we need only add that correspondence and suggestions

on the subject will be respectfully welcomed by the Editor.



**Labour Troubles.**

As a large and important body of wage-earners having now an organization of their own, our readers have somewhat more than a passing interest in the great industrial conflicts that have been waging during the past three months. In Canada we have seen the trackmen's strike on the Canadian Pacific Railway lasting through many weeks, to the great loss of the railway company, and at the cost of much inconvenience and risk of safety to the travelling public and business portion of the community. The object of the strikers was to obtain somewhat higher pay and a recognition of the Union; that is, as we understand the matter, to force the company to deal with their employees in that department through the officials of the Union who act as the delegates of the men, and as such have power to settle all questions respecting the conditions of their employment, and to enforce their decisions upon the members of the Union. The strike dragged on wearily during the whole of the Summer, the company claiming that there was all the time "no strike," that they had more men offering for employment than they could find work for, that the service was in no way impaired, and so forth; the men, on the other hand, representing that the refusal of the company to accede to their demands was making impossible the maintenance of the road-bed in a safe condition for travel, that the train service was utterly demoralized and the public interests as well as the property of the shareholders being sacrificed to the obstinacy and arbitrary action of the General Manager and his colleagues. It must be admitted that popular sympathy, if not very strongly expressed, was on the side of the men, and in the ultimate settlement, that was in the form of a compromise, they may be considered to have gained some



## Editorial Notes

slight advantage, carrying their point by obtaining for the Union official recognition from the management of the railway company. Individually the men on strike suffered little or nothing, as during the weeks of the strike labour was everywhere in enormous demand, and every man on strike could easily obtain work at wages at least as high, and generally much higher, than was demanded from the railway company. Probably the chief sufferers were the members of the general public, to whom, especially in the West, where almost all transportation facilities are in the hands of the Canadian Pacific, late or cancelled trains, minor accidents and breakdowns, and general uncertainty and irregularity of the railway service were an endless source of annoyance and discomfort.



**A Mighty Contest.** In the United States, what is probably one of the greatest labour wars of the present generation has been in progress between the amalgamated societies of iron and steel workers on the one hand, and the great steel Trusts, controlled by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, on the other, the latter combining all the principal iron and steel mills and factories in the United States. In this case also the object of the strikers has been to enforce the recognition of the Union, and to so absolute an extent as to exclude all non-union labour from the mills, or practically to compel the masters in one of the chief industries in the United States to refuse employment to any man, however otherwise capable and qualified, who chooses to remain outside of the trades union. It has been a battle of giants, and the struggle has been watched with intense interest on both sides of the Atlantic. It must be admitted that our boys, as a class, have very little for which to thank organized labour. The interest attacks that have been made on our work and upon our position in this country, the most scurril-

lous charges against our character and the most determined efforts to create and foster popular prejudice against us, have come from the men who claim to be considered as the leaders and spokesmen of labour interests. But although this attitude has been adopted towards us by the political working men, we have always recognized the value and advantages of trades unionism, and have felt ourselves in sympathy with many of its aims. We believe the great combinations of the workers, both in Europe and America, have done much for the improvement, enlightenment and uplifting of their members, and of the working classes generally, and has secured for them, as no other means could have obtained, a fair share in the profits of industry. It seems to us, moreover, that the great associations of labour are the most valuable, and, indeed, the only effectual, counterpoise against those huge and formidable combinations of capital that constitute the great Trusts in the United States, and which, by obtaining absolute control over the manufacture and distribution of articles that are necessary to the health, comfort and even life of the people, are investing in the hands of a few individuals not only the most gigantic facilities for acquiring wealth but a degree of power that may very conceivably become a danger and menace to the national welfare and progress. The controllers of the great American Trusts possess to-day arbitrary prerogatives over their fellow citizens that in extent and resources are far beyond anything dreamed of by any European potentates or aristocracies, unless it be the authority claimed by the Roman Church to bind and loose, and which disposes of the eternal, as well as the temporal, destinies of her subjects. Against the power of the Trusts the power of the trades unions is the most effectual antidote, but the wrongs do not make a right, or one form of tyranny justify another. We sympathize to the full with the

determined effort of every worker to obtain the best possible value for his labour, and combination in other words, trade unionism--is the most effectual means of accomplishing this object; but the combination must be voluntary, and when we see an attempt made to force men by loss of employment and means of livelihood, and in some cases by threats of personal violence, to join an association that they would otherwise have chosen to remain aloof from, it seems to us that personal liberty is assailed and that trades unionism has embarked on a course in which no conscientious lover of freedom can wish it success. We are bound to say, therefore, that we have witnessed without regret the gradual collapse of the great strike that threatened to paralyze trade in the United States, as we felt that the men were fighting for a bad cause; but in as far as it has even temporarily checked the development of the Trust power, the strike has, we are convinced, done service to the community at large.



It cannot be denied **Concerning** that the returns of the **Population.** recent census have been a keen disappointment to Canadians. We expected that after all the efforts the country has made to encourage immigration, and with the numbers of new comers who are known to have actually settled in the country, our population would have shown a much larger increase. It is clear, however, that the drain caused by the migration of Canadians to the United States still continues and largely counteracts the gain to the population from the immigration from the older countries that Canada succeeds in attracting. While this position of affairs is not very gratifying, we see no cause for discouragement in the outlook for the future. In the first place there are undoubted indications that in the West especially the tide is turning. The vacant lands in the Western and North Western States are prac-

tically appropriated, and there is no longer any land worth cultivating to be obtained on any terms but those of purchase. Canada, on the other hand, is still in a position to offer millions of acres of the most fertile land in the world as free grants to *bona fide* settlers. The vacant lands in the Canadian Western Provinces are attracting increasingly large numbers of settlers from districts South of the border, many of them being originally from Eastern Canada or of Canadian parentage, and, therefore, becoming repatriated. During the next ten years we may expect to see this Northward migration to the Western prairies and the Pacific slope greatly increase in volume, and also the settlement of Canadians from the Eastern Provinces in the Western States largely falling off. In the past, Minnesota, Dakota, Wyoming, Montana or Washington have loomed before the imagination of the small farmer or farmer's son in Ontario, or New Brunswick, or New Hampshire as the land of wealth and promise; but we may anticipate that in future the tide of Western migration will spread itself over Assiniboia, Saskatchewan or British Columbia.



**Compensat-** **ing Features.** IN the second place, we think Canadians may congratulate themselves upon the quality, if not the quantity, of their immigrant population. Not to mention the 12,100 of Dr. Barnardo's boys and girls who have become naturalized Canadians within the last two decades, the class of people who have come out to make Canada their home is of a far superior order physically, socially and morally, to the hordes of Southern European peoples who are pouring into the United States. Canada is generally drawing its supply of immigrants from the hardy, frugal, industrious Protestant races of Great Britain, Scandinavia and Northern Europe. Our climate is too vigorous to attract any but those who are sound and fit and we have no great cities

in which Russian Jews, Poles, Italians and kindred races can form colonies that, as we see them in New York, Chicago and other American cities, are veritable hot-beds of squalor, disease, vice, political corruption, disaffection and anarchy. It is true that large numbers of young Canadians leave their homes every year to cross the border, drawn by the higher wages and wider opportunities for advancement offered in the States; but their places are taken by immigrants who will help to build up the country, support its institutions and develop its vast natural resources, and while this is the case, we think no one need feel despondent as to the future of the Dominion, even though its progress during the past ten years has been shown to be less rapid than was generally expected.



**Our Big Neighbour.** WE are often asked if any considerable percentage of our boys and girls drift across to the United States, and we are pleased to be able to answer in the negative. Undoubtedly a few of the grown-up members of our family have found their way across the border, and we hear of them sailing on the Great Lakes from American ports, working in the Michigan lumber woods, settling on land in the Western States or filling situations in some of the large cities. But the number of these exiles is not large, and we have no desire, in the interests of our lads themselves, to see it grow. No doubt in such a vast hive of industry as the United States, amongst a people so energetic and resourceful, and in a country that is heaping up wealth at so marvellous a rate, there are many rich opportunities for ability and industry; but a restless, intense struggle for wealth, carried on at an ever-increasing pressure and to the exclusion of every other interest, is good neither for nations or individuals, and while we do not admit ourselves to be in any sense pessimists, we believe the United States

as a nation has serious troubles before it. A very intelligent and well-informed New Yorker recently described his native place to the writer as "a city of millionaires and paupers," and there seems to us an unpleasant amount of truth in the description. Every species of business and industry is becoming concentrated in the hands of a small class, whose members, under the operation of the Trusts, are becoming wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice. The luxury, the extravagance, the prodigal and ostentatious display of riches are unbounded. The great industrial chiefs themselves, who, as a rule, are men remarkable rather for financial shrewdness and lack of scruple in business affairs than for high character or public spirit, are generally absorbed entirely in money-getting, living on a species of treadmill that grinds out dollars from which they themselves derive little pleasure apart from the process of acquisition. The money flies, however, in the hands of the female members of their families and amongst the younger generations, who, growing up in the unrestricted possession of wealth without any sense of its responsibilities, are too often vulgar in taste, loose in morals and lacking in the instincts of honour and self-respect commonly associated with wealth and position in the older countries. Political corruption is rife, the millionaires buying and selling the politicians in order to secure the aid of the machinery of government in their financial enterprises, and the politicians buying up the voters, specially the ignorant and alien masses, to keep themselves in power and profit. Underneath all this, and in painfully sharp external contrast, is a huge volume of ignorance, poverty and discontent, recruited by the arrival in many thousands a week of the least desirable elements of population from Europe. The respectable middle class, the small property owners, and men in business of moderate means, find it in other coun-

tries constitute the best element of stability, and which relieves the contrast between the great wealth of a few individuals on the one side and the grinding poverty and wretched condition of the masses on the other, is being almost crushed out of existence in the United States. Dollars are the sole standard of social position and public influence. A man who is worth little financially is considered to be worth little in any other respect, and education, character, integrity and intellectual parts count for nothing as compared with a man's rating in Bradstreet's. Even the churches seem to have caught the infection of Mammon worship, and are more earnest in vieing with each other in the costliness and magnificence of their buildings, the richness of their music and the elaborateness of their ritual, than in holding forth the light of truth and bringing men's hearts and lives into conformity with the teaching and mind of Christ. The great negro population is another grave national problem that is every year becoming more acute. The coloured population is increasing by leaps and bounds, and the present policy of insult, injustice and oppression is only aggravating the evil and making the solution more difficult.



**Troubles Ahead.** WE must not enlarge upon the subject, but we confess that it seems to us that in the United States there are grave elements of danger that almost amount to a threatening of national degeneracy and disaster. The present time is a season of extraordinary prosperity, but the next cycle of bad times, dullness of trade and scarcity of employment will be a serious crisis in American history. Meanwhile the horrible lynching of negroes in the South, the supremacy of Tammany Hall in New York, the general discontent of the farmers in the West, are all symptoms of deep-seated mischief in the body politic, and looking at the present position

of the two countries, and the prospect for the future of their citizens, we do not hesitate in expressing our opinion that a man who leaves Canada for the States makes a change for the worse, and that our lads, as Canadian citizens and subjects of the British Empire, enjoy a greater degree of personal liberty, are governed by better laws, are living under cleaner, healthier, brighter conditions, and are more likely to do well for themselves as they grow up than by transferring their allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.



**The Death of the American President.**

SINCE the foregoing was written the world has been shocked and appalled by the assassination of President McKinley, and every feeling is subordinated to one of deep and respectful sympathy with the American people in this terrible calamity. The perpetrator of the foul deed, Czolgosz, a young man of Polish origin, but born in the State of Michigan, and a citizen of the United States, was a member of one of those societies of Anarchists that are at once a blot on civilization and at the same time a problem that has hitherto baffled its resources. That such dangerous and pestilential human vermin should be allowed to exist as a constant menace to the most valuable and noble lives is a horrible anomaly; but there seems, unhappily, no effectual means of stamping out the evil and depriving these despicable creatures of the power they at present possess of wreaking their crazy vengeance against society by such crimes as the present. As for the martyred President, it would be hard to conceive a public man less deserving of such a fate. A man of singular kindness of disposition, charm of manner and broad sympathies, the elected chief magistrate of a self-governing people, his principal fault as an administrator was the tendency to follow too submissively the popular inclinations instead

of directing, and to some extent dictating, the policy of the nation. Could he have taken a more despotic view of his position and regarded himself less as a delegate of the people and as bound to obey their behests, his administration might have been more brilliant and possibly more successful; but as it is, no ruler of a nation could have done less to merit, either from his private character, official position or public conduct, the animosity or revenge of any section of the people. The writer had on one occasion the honour of a few minutes' personal conversation with the late President, and will ever retain a vivid impression of his genial manner and kindly bearing. The subject of Dr. Barnardo's work was mentioned, and he expressed at once his interest and sympathy. He impressed us as a man of great force and sincerity of character, and although, as an astute and successful American politician and party leader, he must in the course of his career have had to dabble in dirty waters, we believe his public aims to have been honest and unselfish and his personal record as a servant of the State one of uprightness and devotion to what he believed to be the national welfare.



Revisiting  
the Old  
Land.

WE invite attention to the announcement in our advertising columns of the excursion to England, that we look forward to organizing early in November for the benefit of such of our friends as have made up their minds to spend the Winter with their relations in England. Once again we counsel those who have this expedition in view to ponder well and seriously, and count the cost before they start. We predict disappointment for those who take the trip. "I wish I had never gone," "I was a fool to spend so much money," are the sort of things we hear in the Spring when our excursionists are coming back, and those who comprise our party next month will have the same ex-

perience. They will find very little on the other side that is pleasant or attractive, and much that is disagreeable and distressing. Their desire to see and meet relations and friends is very right and very natural, and when a mother is in the case, it is hard to express disapproval; but would it not be far better for our boys who are yearning to see their mothers once again to spend their money in bringing the worthy souls out for a little holiday trip to Canada? Fancy the delight of some poor, toiling, struggling body, whose life is spent in a hard round of ill-paid labour in the East End of London or the vicinity of Scotland Road, Liverpool, to see the green fields, the laden fruit trees, the noble woods, the snug homesteads of Canada! Imagine turning loose in one of the orchards of the Niagara district, with the peach trees bending low under their burden of luscious fruit, and the miles of vines covered with beautiful grapes, a poor soul who has only seen fruit of doubtful quality and often in an advanced stage of decomposition, as exposed for sale on the stalls and barrows of Watney Street, or Salmons Lane! Fancy the health and new life it would give to some of these dear mothers to breathe for a few weeks this fresh, pure Canadian air, far removed from the odour of fried fish or the fumes of the public house at the corner! What good our boys might do with their money if they would really act on our suggestions! We should personally be delighted to organize a mothers' excursion to Canada, much more so, in fact, than we are to organize an excursion of our old boys to England, and we should like nothing better than to have a large contingent of mothers bringing up the rear at our next embarkation. But for all this, we know right well that a lot of our old boys, and we are afraid girls too—the silly genre!

will be getting themselves off this fall to spend their Christmas on the old soil and in order that they may travel as cheaply and comfortably

as possible, we have arranged for the special excursion announced in the present number. Our tourists will have good quarters on a magnificent ship, and we can guarantee that they will be made as comfortable as circumstances will permit and will be well looked after and taken care of. We shall hope to see them off ourselves in Montreal, and on their arrival they will be met by Mr. Cole, the well-known and highly esteemed agent of the Homes in Liverpool. We shall, in fact, do everything we can for them; but again we give those thinking of making the trip Punch's advice to those about to marry, "Don't!"



**Our Royal** WE must be permitted to join in the general outburst of loyal  
**Guests.** and cordial welcome

that is everywhere throughout the Dominion greeting the presence of the heir to the throne and his gracious and amiable consort. Their visit to Canada cannot, we imagine, fail to strengthen that golden link of the Crown which forms the chief connecting bond between the mother country and the young and vigorous

commonwealth across the Atlantic that still owes her allegiance, while our august visitors must, we think, carry away with them a deep and lasting impression of the richness of the country's resources, the vastness of its area, the magnificent possibilities of its future development, the activity of its commercial life, the progressive conservatism—if we may use the term—that governs the spirit of our public administrations and the strenuous loyalty of the people to their own country first, but scarcely less to the Empire of which we form a part and from which we have received the heritage of our civil and religious liberties. The presence of the Duchess of York has an especial interest for our boys and girls, since as Princess May of Teck she was intimately associated with her noble mother, the Duchess of Teck, in the formation and early history of the Young Helpers' League, which for several years past has been so valuable and fruitful a source of support to the Homes, and still holds the office of Vice-President of the League and maintains a warm interest in the work of the Homes.

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## Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since the last issue, and include all contributions received up to October 1st:

B. C. H. J. L. H. \$1.00; B. C. J. \$1.00; Clark, Geo. F., \$1.00; Clark, Wm. F., \$1.00; Colman, R. L., \$1.00; Clark, Wm., \$1.00; Cooper, Hy., \$1.00; Dixon, Alfred E., \$1.00; Folley, Charles, \$1.00; Fout, Percy,

\$1.00; Gale, Wm. Jun., \$1.00; Hodge, Jun. H., \$1.00; Humphrey, Wm., \$1.00; Harley, Thos., \$5.00; Martin, Chas., 75c; Pocock, Jun., \$2.00; Rickson, Robt., \$5.00; Richardson, Geo. (1887), \$1.00; Scott, Chas. Wm., \$1.00; Snow, Samuel, \$2.00; Sykes, S. S. P., \$5.05; Towell, Geo. J., \$2.00; Taylor, Wm., \$1.00; Vival, Thomas, \$1.00; Webb, Jos., \$1.20; Whitnell, Thomas, \$1.00; Walker, John, \$1.00; Wood, George, \$1.00; Wilmett, Wm. Hy., 50c; Wingate, Edwin, \$1.50.



THE old boys of the Farm Home now out in situations or engaged during this delightful weather cutting down the magnificent grain crop with which a kind Providence has blessed the Manitoba and Nor'-West farmer in this opening year of the new century, seated on binders of their own, will no doubt remember that the Summer picnic of the Industrial Farm marks not only Dominion Day, but offers a sort of celebration after the arduous duties connected with seed sowing, road repairing and general Spring work are completed; consequently in the eyes of our rapidly growing colony it is an event of no small importance.

The writer has not often been given an opportunity to join in the Summer holiday-making, and consequently cannot personally say how the July picnic at the Harrowby Crossing corresponds with other like functions in past years, so it is perhaps best to reproduce for the benefit of our friends far away the account of the jollification as it appeared in the local paper, *The Russell Banner*:

#### BARNARDO HOME PICNIC

Although the clouds on the morning of the fourth, the day selected by the boys of the Industrial Farm at Barnardo for their annual picnic, were extremely threatening, the many friends of the Institution who dared the clerk of the weather to do his worst and drove down to Harrowby Crossing of the Assiniboine river report a most enjoyable day. The spot selected by the committee for the booths, tents, band stand and huge awning, is most picturesque, and after receiving a few touches from the artistic master carpenter of the Farm Home, Mr. Wm. S. Lawrence, who hung at every available point appropriate

national flags and bunting, presented a scene, upon the arrival of the visitors, which has seldom been equalled in any part of the Assiniboine valley since its settlement. Promptly on time the wagons containing that already popular organization the Barnardo Brass Band came rolling down the winding ravine road, the bright-faced lads looking particularly smart in their white duck uniforms. Following came wagons heavily laden with supplies for the refreshment booths and tables, where, shortly, those past mistresses in the art of preparing delicacies for the table, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Longmore, were dispensing real ice cream of delicious flavour, lemonade with the lemons floating in the glass, and sand wiches, cakes and pies of their own making fit for the palate of an epicure. Several races on the excellent half-mile track were followed by numerous other sporting events, the brass band, led by Mr. Jackson, filling in the intervals from their rapidly increasing repertoire of fine marches, waltzes and polkas. All things come to an end, and finally, to the great regret of all in attendance, the strains of "God Save the King" swelled through the valley, bringing to a close a most enjoyable picnic.

The programme of sports was ample, as will be noted by the reader, and gave every lad a chance to present to an admiring audience his particular forte. Indeed the list of events was of such an extent that it was not altogether completed, and there are prizes not yet earned which the lads of the Farm hope still to be allowed to compete for when the harvest is gathered safely in. A new feature of this year's picnic was the fact that the cattle and sheep were taken to the grounds so that the herders could be on duty and still enjoy the pleasures of the gathering. The photograph on page 14 shows the Barnardo flock of sheep penned in the lined up with the crowd.

## Ups and Downs

### PROGRAMME. BARNARDO HOME SPORTS BARNABEE, JULY 4TH, 1901.

Event.	First Prize.	Second Prize.	Third Prize.
Half Mile Race.....	\$1 00	50	25
One Mile Race.....	1 00	50	25
Hop, Step and Jump ..	1 00	50	25
High Jump.....	1 00	50	25
Football Match.....	..	..	..
Long Jump.....	1 00	50	25
Egg and Spoon Race..	1 00	50	25
One Mile Handicap ..	1 00	50	25
One Mile Walking Race	1 00	50	25
Baseball Match.....	..	..	..
Potato Gathering.....	1 00	50	25
Hurdle Race—one mile	1 00	50	25
Three-Legged Race...	1 00	50.	25

heavy crops all over the province, has been unprecedented, the writer at times not caring to venture on the street owing to the importunities of the many farmers looking for help. Among the youths sent out we may mention James Hodson, who entered the employ of the proprietor of the Pacific Hotel, Brandon, on July 13th; and Arthur T. Bracey, who was sent on Tuesday, July 16th, to the farm of Mr. John Barsley, Ogilvie, Manitoba.

On July 20th, two lads were sent out, Septimus Thorpe going to the



Sheep at the Picnic.

Putting the Stone	1 00	50	25
Putting the Hammer	1 00	50	25
Boot Race	1 00	50	25
Sack Race	1 00	50	25

Tag of War (twenty participants). Winner, 25c. each; losers 10c. each).

Barnardo Brass Band in attendance.

A cordial invitation extended to all

GOD SAVE THE KING!

### Left the Hive

... (a last) have been ...  
... during the last quarter ...  
... demand for fruit ...  
... to the extent of

farm of Mr. T. Pell, Austin; and John Cope to Mr. John Stewart, a thrifty dairyman of Minnedosa.

Little George Harris accompanied the Manager on August 15th to the farm of Mr. Edwards, of Birtle, where he was engaged as a herder. We are sorry to have to report in this case, however, that George appears to have become very homesick after a few days' service with Mr. Edwards, who, indeed, offers the comforts of a good home and left for parts unknown. This sub-



ject of home-sickness reminds the writer of a very funny incident connected with the Farm Home. A discontented youth had absconded, and, after being brought back by the constable, was undergoing a cross examination by the kindly officer temporarily in charge of the Institution, who said: "My dear lad, why did you leave the farm; are you home-sick?" "Nah, sir, I ain't 'ome-sick, but I am sick of the 'ome!"

John Lewis Schilling, who has been a resident of Ontario in years past and had acquired considerable knowledge of farm work during his early sojourn in Eastern Canada, was placed with Mr. William Dodge, of Wattsvie, on August 20th, and up to date flattering reports only have been received regarding this promising young fellow.

The band boys, on the morning of September 14th, sorrowfully rendered a few farewell pieces to their efficient Drum Major, John Marshall, who was found a remunerative situation in the city of Winnipeg by the management. It is needless to say Marshall is very much missed, not only by the lads but by the management, and the good wishes of all connected with the Farm Home will follow him wherever he may pitch his tent.

### Competition A3.

B.-P.P.

We wish our readers to know that no answers have as yet come to hand in connection with Competition A2. As we seem, however, to have an unlimited number of our old boys enrolled under the command of that clever officer, General Baden-Powell, the writer has decided to place Competition No. A3 before the eyes of our colony, offering as a prize to the old Barnardo boy who first furnishes the correct name of the policeman in question (who, by the way, now writes that he has obtained promotion, and is for the present attached to the hospital staff) a book valued at five dollars.

Address as heretofore: "Manager, Dr. Barnardo's Farm Home, Barnardo, Manitoba."

### B.B.B.

Our old readers well know the meaning of "B.B.B.," but for the information of those who are perusing our columns for the first time, it may be explained that the three letters signify the Barnardo Brass Band, an organization which has gone on and flourished to an extent far beyond the expectations of its warmest and most enthusiastic friends, for since the date of the last issue, namely on July 11th, Mr.



No. A3.

Jackson, the competent leader, took his boys into a competition at Yorkton Agricultural Exhibition, scoring 88 points in a possible 100, beside earning the very highest possible praise not only from the judges but from the large concourse of people from different parts of the West, seated in the grand stand during the afternoon, for their natty appearance and precision in marching, etc.

The Barnardo Band were at first entertained by the Yorkton organization, which is, by the way, composed of clerical and middle-aged

men, and it was rather amusing to hear some of our little chaps canvassing and speaking in the most patronizing manner of the Yorkton boys, describing them as "pretty decent fellows." The outing was much enjoyed by the band boys and those who accompanied them from the Farm Home, and if anyone is in search of an agricultural society, the officers of which are wide-awake and up-to-date in their ideas, the writer does not hesitate in commending the society over which Messrs. Healy, Simpson & Crerar bear the responsibility of control. Yorkton is a go-ahead town and the district in which it is situated is one which presents numberless attractions to the home-seeker in search of cheap, and at the same time first-class, farming land.

The next engagement of the young musicians was with the Russell Sports Committee, the "White Company" taking possession of the streets of our nearest town on July 25th and enlivening the proceedings with the production of some forty numbers during the day, we believe, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Since the date of organization mentioned in the July number, there has been very little change in the personnel of the band, the allotment of instruments at the present time being as follows :

- J. W. Jackson, leader, cornet.
- Robert Dewar, solo B flat cornet.
- T. J. Lyons, solo cornet.
- Conrad Webber, 1st B flat cornet.
- Michael Smith, 2nd B flat cornet.
- James C. Clark, E flat cornet.
- Henry Pettitt, baritone.
- William Walton, E flat tuba
- George Jones, tenor horn.
- Andrew Goodwin, solo alto.
- Arthur E. Williams, 1st alto
- Robert Struthers, 2nd alto
- Albert Armistead, slide trombone
- George Gleaves, snare drum
- Thomas W. Bousfield, bass drum
- James Struthers, triangle

Contributions to the Band  
 We come in freely from the young men, and we have to thank a number of friends who have been good enough to send in handsome

contributions since our last issue, as the following list will show. To no one person or firm, however, are we indebted for a larger sum than to Mr. Francis Wright, of Avening Ranch, Millarville, Alberta, his contributions reaching the appreciable sum of six pounds sterling. That Dr. Barnardo will appreciate this show of generosity goes without question, and we know the boys here feel very grateful to our young friend for his thoughtful kindness.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Thomas Hill, Russell.....	\$5 00
A. R. Tingley, Russell.....	5 00
James Hodson, Barnardo.....	0 50
Arthur T. Bracey, Barnardo.....	0 50
George Gleaves, Barnardo.....	1 00
Francis Wright, Millarville, Alta....	24 00
Total.....	\$36 00

Arrival of July Party.

The residents of the Farm Home experienced great pleasure in welcoming the twenty members of the above party, who reached Russell on the night of August 5th after rather an exciting trip over the Canadian Pacific Railway from Quebec (the trackmen's strike being at that time in full swing), by an entertainment in the mess room on the night of August 6th. The lads of this party came through from Quebec in the most orderly manner, and although considerable annoying delay was experienced on the journey (our train at one time being wrecked by strike sympathizers near Eagle River), the members remained cheerful and appeared to take our mishaps in a most philosophical manner. We give below the names and origin of the members of this company of recruits, and bespeak for them the good wishes of all of those with whom they come in contact :

- John Albert Edward Anderson, aged 16, Poplar, London; Charles Frederick Archer, aged 18, London; Thomas William Bousfield, aged 17, Stockton-on Tees; Herbert Craxford, aged 17, London; George Elwill, aged 16, Liverpool; Albert James Forder, aged 19, Chatham, Kent; Albert Edward Groves, aged 17, Hampstead, London; George William Gomer

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sall, aged 17, Clackhaven, Yorkshire; Robert Henry Hatherton, aged 19, Bermondsey; Francis William Murray, aged 19, Liverpool; William Henry Maltman, aged 17, Birmingham; James William Newcomb, aged 16, Middlesboro, Yorkshire; Henry Benjamin Paul, aged 18, Liverpool; James Stevens, aged 19, Sunderland, Durham; Peter James Smith, aged 18, Salford; Michael Smith, aged 18, Sunderland; Thomas Mather Sadler, aged 19, North Shields; John Lewis Schilling, aged 19, Manchester; Charles Edward Tanner, aged 18, Manchester; Samuel Joseph Taylor, aged 17, Lingan, County Armagh, Ireland.

### Brown—Stobbs.

"Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing."—  
PROVERBS XVIII., 22.

"A good thing? Yes; the Lord bestows it;  
And he that hath it in gladness knows it,  
Come work or rest,  
His lot's the best;  
For high and low, for weal and woe,  
He's blest for life who has a wife."

One of those bright and interesting events that have, during the past season, aroused those bonded under the gentle sway of bachelorhood took place at Barnardo, on Wednesday evening, August 28th, the contracting parties being Mr. John Brown and Miss Catherine Stobbs. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. R. Bartlett. The quaint little chapel being prettily decorated by artistic hands with large and profusely blossomed flowers, was truly a sight worth beholding to lovers of horticulture. The bride, attired in light blue cashmere trimmed with ribbons, was given away by her brother, Mr. John Stobbs, while Miss Laura Setter proved herself a charming little bridesmaid, and the groom was supported by Mr. W. Walton. The beautiful service terminated with the hymn "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden," after which the sweet strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march pealed forth to the touch of Mrs. J. W. Jackson, who ably performed on the organ. Mr. and Mrs. Brown departed, amidst showers of rice and other numerous articles usually discharged by the witnesses of such events, to the residence of Mr. Pettitt, where a sumptuous repast was prepared and justice was done to the good things by his many friends. The following address of congratulation was read by Mr. B. Longmore, who also presented a cheque for \$44:

"We, the members of the staff of the Manitoba Farm, feel that we cannot let the reverse of your marriage pass without in some manner expressing our good will towards you. During the years that you have been connected with the Home you have ever shown yourself ready and willing to bear your part in either work or sport. As a tangible proof of the esteem in which you are held by all who have the pleasure of your acquaintance, not only as fellow-workers but as friends, we ask you to accept this cheque and we pray that you both may be long spared to enjoy a useful and happy life, and that you may have the help and gratitude of

that Divine Providence which ably will bless our lives to a happy consummation.

Signed on behalf of staff,

R. LONGMORE.

The remaining hours of the evening were enlivened by the youthful members of the band with their excellent collection of marches, polkas and other selections. The merry party broke up in the early morning and departed for their different homes well pleased with their little outing.—*The Russell Banner*, September 12th.

### Correspondence.

Numberless letters have been received at the office at Barnardo during the last quarter from young fellows out in situations, but none more welcome to the management than a communication which came in on September 5th from Alfred Raban, whose portrait is shown in these columns.

Raban is now living at a farm situated on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway, a line sometimes known as the McKenzie and Mann road, which is opening up for settlement much good country between the Red and Rainy rivers, and in the territory of which we hope, in the years to come, to place many of our proteges. Raban says:

I am getting along all right. We have twenty head of cattle, have put up seventy eight loads of hay and have a good crop. Owens is four miles from me, and likes his place. I hope the Home crops are good, to make up for last year. Good night and God bless you all. ALFRED RABAN.

To show that the Manitoba farmer's life is not all work and no play, we quote from a letter of Reuben Barnett, who is in the employ of Mr. Gunson Edmonds, of Lippen-tott, Manitoba. Writing us on August 1st, he says:

DEAR SIR, I was pleased to receive your letter of June 25th. I was very glad to hear that the band was doing splendidly. I call it the B. B. B., which stands for Barnardo's Brass Band. I hope it will keep on improving; it has made a good start and ought to keep it up. I hope Robert is doing well, and I think Jimmy ought to be in the band. I am very glad to tell you that I am in the Lippen-tott football team and I am proud of it. On June 26th we had a 3 weeks party at Woodville five miles from Lippen-tott. We played the Woodville team first on a baseball and we a by thirty runs against twenty one then after supper we played them at

football, and made a draw two goals each. On the 2nd of July we went down South to a picnic and played the Antler boys, and won at both football and baseball. I must conclude with best wishes to you all. I remain, yours truly,  
 REUBEN BARNETT.

The interest taken by the old boys in our musical organization has proved a great surprise to the writer, and many are the letters containing words of encouragement and of pride, such as are found in a communication received from Bertie Freeman, of Yorkton, on August 7th as follows :

young men in Ontario who may at times be thinking of the West will read with pleasure and ponder over the facts relating to the extent of the farm upon which our young friend is now employed :

HIGH BLUFF, MAN., July 30th, 1901.  
 DEAR MR. STRUTHERS,—I write these few lines to you, hoping to find you in the best of health as it leaves me here at present. I am sorry I did not write sooner, but we have been so busy with our Summer fallow. We have 300 acres of Summer fallow and 160 acres of hay land. We have 1,300 acres altogether, and we are busy now putting haystacks up. I have learned how to work the mower, and



Alfred Raban.

DEAR SIR, I have been a long time writing to you, but I hope to find you and all at the Home well. I was very sorry I did not see you when you were up at Yorkton at the fair. I have heard a lot of people say that the Home band played better than the Yorkton band and that the boys looked very nice dressed in their white clothes. I remain,  
 Yours truly,  
 BERTIE FREEMAN.

It is very interesting to read each one of your letters full as they are of the detail of his farm data, and we feel sure that

I have been cutting down hay all day. I can harrow and plough, and roll and disc-harrow. I have eighteen horses to look after fourteen working horses, a two-year old colt and three of this Spring's colts; and we also have a few cattle and pigs, and lots of hens and chickens and one dog. You must excuse me for not sending a picture, as I can't get any taken just yet, but if all is well, I can let you have one or two after we get through threshing, as that is the only time I can get some taken. We have very good crops this year; we will need lots of room for our wheat, oats and barley. You can send a copy of this for UPS and DOWNS, as I

don't know how long it will be before I can write again, because we are so busy. I will close this letter now, as it is time to feed my horses before I go to bed. So good night and God bless you all in the Homes. I must say a word or two about the Doctor, who has been so kind to me in bringing me to this beautiful country, and I am very sorry to hear in UPS AND DOWNS of his being sick; but I hope by the grace and help of our Saviour, Jesus, he will get better. So this is all at present,

From your faithful servant,  
RICHARD GREGSON.

A newsy letter is the kind we always get from Peter Pearson, and his last epistle is quite up in this respect to previous communications. He says:

MACGREGOR, MAN., Aug. 26th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I just write these few lines to you, hoping to find you in good health as it leaves me at present. Dear sir, I thought I would write and let you know how I am getting along, also a few of our lads in vicinity of MacGregor, as I know you would like to hear. Well, the first one I mention is W. Gibbs, who is doing well in this locality and was married on the first of July here; and James Ireland is another lad that is a credit to the Home; also Harry Hancock is doing well in MacGregor; and I know that Arthur Jenkins is turning out to be a good lad; and the lad that is at Dave Pogue's is doing fine; also William Taylor and Thomas Smith. I don't need to recommend myself, as I get the name of being the best lad that has come from the Home here yet; but I worked in Carberry last Winter for Mr. G. B. Murphy for \$12.00 per month, and I can go back this Winter again for the same money; and I try to do the best I can. I might mention here that T. P. Malone went to Calgary with a man from here to go ranching. If there is anything you would like to know from me I will write back and answer right away. I have given you all the news this time, so I remain,  
Yours sincerely,

PETER PEARSON.

The writer is well aware that officers connected with our work often regret that there is, as a rule, so little gratitude shown by youths while in residence at the Farm Home for kindly acts and benefits conferred by our thoughtful Director, Dr. Barnardo, upon his *proteges*, and when letters come in from young men who have been out for a time "on their own hook," as some of them call it, showing that this feeling, like the heat in a block of ice, is latent in their organization, the

facts, he thinks, should be made known; and as the following letters are from lads who will themselves hardly claim that they were very profuse in their thanks for "good, kind treatment" received when resident at the farm, their communications are embodied in these notes and will perhaps prove that there is an affinity between gratitude and latent heat:

CLANWILLIAM, MINNEDOSA.

DEAR SIR,—I shall never be able to thank you enough for the kindness you showed me during the short time I was there, and also I have a lot to thank you for the excellent place you sent me to. I will never be able to repay my gratitude to you. No money would ever pay up your kindness. But there is One above who knows everything. Dear sir, I was very much delighted to see by the paper that the band has got on so well as to come second at Yorkton. The Home band deserves the highest credit for learning so quick. I saw also that they had a white duck uniform. I am sure that they would look well in it. Dear sir, I must apologize to you for not writing you before this; I would have, only I wanted to get a clear understanding of all my work. I like my place very well, and I am very happy because I have a good, pleasant man to work for. He gave me a holiday on the first of July, and I went to town to see the sports that were there. Dear sir, my master is giving me a few holidays on Christmas, and I have no place to go to. I would like to go up to the Home; but I would not like to go except you gave me leave, as it would not suit to march up without you knowing. Dear sir, if it would please you to let me know if I could go up on Christmas. I would like, if I had the money, to get the UPS AND DOWNS. I would love to get them. I will, please God, next year be able to subscribe for it, and also be able to volunteer something to the Home. Of course, you don't get so much for the first year as you would the second, as I will be experienced in my next situation. I would like if it were the Home I was working for, as now I can work a three horse team and use the single plough and the gang-plough (the latter is one that turns over two furrows at a time). I can also use the seeder, etc. Dear sir, I must conclude by asking you sincerely to bestow me the favour I have already mentioned. I am, your very obedient servant,  
JOSEPH HOOPER.

CLANWILLIAM, MINNEDOSA.

DEAR SIR,—I just write a few lines to you, and I know I have not forgotten the kindness you showed me when I was up at the Home in the Spring. I am doing fine myself now. I have fifty in and I can

half acres of land broken this Spring, at three dollars an acre, by John Dugan. I could not break myself because my horses were not old enough; but I hope in two more years I can do it myself. I bought a disc-harrow off of Frost & Wood, mower and rake. I sold two cows to Mullins for beef. I am trying to get another quarter on the same section (Section 20, Township 24, Range 29). Dear sir, excuse my bad writing, as my right hand is injured.

Yours truly,  
JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

### An Appreciable Improvement.

If these notes should come under the eye of any of the ex-bakers of the Farm Home—and their number is now extensive—the writer wishes them to note that one of the improvements of the year is the introduction of a Reid portable oven to replace the fixture which has so long done duty in the Farm Home kitchen.

One does not like to speak ill of the dead and gone (and a pile of brick outside the laundry is all that is left of our old friend), but suffice it to say under the circumstances that the baker's oven with which our housekeepers in the past have wrestled was quite one hundred years behind the age, and we feel grateful to the inventor of this compact and easily managed portable oven, which permits us to boast of a clean, roomy kitchen in place of the cramped space, with its always more or less ash-covered floor, from which visitors were religiously kept when *en tour* of the Home building.

### Dairying.

Dairying in the Russell district has met with its ups and downs this season, not through any natural causes, as the feed and weather from the beginning of May were all that the practical cowkeeper could ask, and the three creditable establishments, viz.: Binscarth, Shellmouth and Barnardo, appeared to have before them a satisfactory season. On June 1st, however, the fire fiend visited the Binscarth concern, completely destroying the building, and plant, upon which we understand, there was no insurance. For some five years there has been an opera-

tion in the village of Russell a so-called creamery, with appliances and conveniences which would not do credit to its name if an attempt was made to pass it off for a fourth-rate farm dairy, which has, strange to say, met with a patronage most unwarranted, as the quality of the butter made for the last three years has been reported as anything but creditable to the "Banner Creamery;" and when a fitting consummation to the operations of this "dairy nuisance" came in the form of the disappearance of both proprietor and the season's butter, so that hard-working farmers' wives made a total loss of their whole Summer's work, the business men of Russell who have been bolstering up this concern and helping it on in sharp competition with the two creditable enterprises left after the Binscarth fire, realize that little has been accomplished for their own good or for the good of the district by their policy, and we are glad to know that Messrs. Smellie Brothers have now taken over the concern and will, no doubt, make such improvements as are necessary to insure an output of good quality, at the same time giving their competitors fair treatment in the field of operations.

It is well known to all the creamery men of Manitoba that the great difficulty they have to contend with is the cost of collecting the cream; and when two creameries are occupying the territory which one might easily cover, naturally the cost not only of collecting is doubled but that of making as well. However, our instructions from our Director are to go on and persevere against any odds that may present, and as we found Brown, Smellie & Co. reasonable opponents in the dairy line in 1895, so no doubt we shall find their successors from this time forward; at any rate we will always feel that we have working against us a firm whose cheques are worth face value.

As relates to Dr. Barnardo's creamery, although the management

## Manitoba Farm Notes

have had to contend with difficulties and face a thoroughly dishonest competition which did not stop at falsehood or any other disreputable practice for gaining business, the old reliable Charles Ruddick has gone steadily on marking down his test tubes as he found them, and at the close of the fall season will find he has done a good, safe and, at least, an honest business, regarding which our management will have no cause for shame. Ruddick's biggest day gave an output of five hundred and fifty pounds of butter, and, as regards quality, a letter a few days ago from the Montreal buyers placed Barnardo far in the lead when a carload containing goods from four other Manitoba creameries was opened up for inspection, two of the creameries in question having taken prizes at the last Winnipeg Exhibition.

### Crops.

The fact that Manitoba farmers generally are harvesting this year a banner crop has been pretty well advertised in the press of Canada and the United States; but the "fishermen's" stories relating to yield seem to come from the North-Western district, one farmer of the writer's acquaintance near Minne-

dosa claiming a wheat yield of fifty bushels to the acre, and on the farm of one of our old boys it is claimed that binding twine was used at the rate of five pounds per acre in the wheat harvest. On the farm of Mr. William Setter, north of the Home, a yield of thirty-five bushels of wheat is reported, and on the farm of James P. Laycock, where one of our old friends, Alfred Mowforth, is foreman, a yield of forty-one bushels of wheat and ninety-five bushels of oats per acre has just been threshed out.

As regards the yield of grain at the Farm Home, threshing is not yet far enough advanced to give figures of any value, but with favourable weather our Farm foreman expects to store as fine a crop as was ever harvested from Dr. Barnardo's fields in Manitoba.

### Church Parade 1st Prize Winners.

June 30th, Hooper; July 7th, Bracey; July 14th, Jones; July 21st, Runchman; July 28th, Dewar; August 4th, Armistead; August 11th, Hooper; August 18th, Green; August 25th, J. C. Clarke; September 1st, Tanner; September 8th, Archer; September 15th, Williams.



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## Canadian Trade Returns

The Canadian trade returns for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1906, show that the trade of Canada has been the largest in her history during that period. The value of goods imported amounted to \$181,225,389, being an increase of \$273,955 on the preceding year, and the exports amounted to \$177,241,115, an increase of \$15,320,244. The chief increases are in the exports of raw products, amounting to \$10,500,000, and of manufacturers' goods, amounting to \$3,500,000. The duty collected on imports amounted to \$29,128,562, an increase of \$25,000

# On the Visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to Canada

He comes, the heir to Britain's throne !  
He comes, and every heart expands  
With ardent zeal, in haste to own  
Allegiance to the King's commands.

And with him comes the royal spouse  
Whose radiant beauty, noble face,  
Make joy and sunshine in his house ;  
Who bare him children full of grace ;

Assured the dynasty we prize,  
And made us grateful unto Him  
Who moulds, unseen by mortal eyes,  
Life's underlying paradigm.

He comes ! Hie to the maple tree,  
And plait a maple wreath, entwined  
With rose and lily. Let us be,  
As now, forever of one mind

He comes, the Sailor Prince, so dear  
To Britons, nurtured to the sea !  
Dumb be the knave who will not cheer  
And welcome him right worthily

To bulwarks of the Empire bred,  
Whereto we look for our defence,  
God consecrate his Viking head  
For His supreme inheritance !

For he who comes shall bear the name  
Whereby we knew and loved the son  
Of her who ruled with our acclaim—  
Now King, whose reign hath well begun.

A thousand leagues from Motherland,  
Few in our isolation, we  
Repose beneath the guardian hand  
Which England stretches o'er the sea :

The fist of Jove, whose thunderbolts  
Are swift to succour, strong to smite  
The ingrate that in spleen revolts  
Against restraint both just and light

God save the King ! God keep his throne  
Inviolate to the lineage sprung,  
From Good Victoria, ever known  
By tenderest phrases of our tongue.

We seek no greater good than this  
And privilege to share the fate  
Of that harmonious synthesis  
Of Edward's realm consoling.



## Our Prize Competitions

**B**BETTER late than never ! It is now over twelve months since Dr. Barnardo offered a prize of ten dollars for the best account of a boy's experience in Canada. A respectable number of essays reached us in competition for the prize, but owing to Dr. Barnardo's illness and other causes, a long and unavoidable delay has occurred in making the award. It was hoped that the Doctor himself would have been able to adjudge the prize, but this proved to be impossible, owing to the enormous pressure upon his time and attention, and ultimately the task fell to the Editor. With that modest distrust of his own capabilities which the Editor shares with Moses and other distinguished historical characters, he gazed despairingly at the formidable pile of manuscript that he must read, mark and inwardly digest, with a view to the just and impartial decision of the competition, and his spirit shrank from the undertaking. The demon of procrastination was at his elbow and suggested that the task might well be postponed for some quiet opportunity during his next voyage to England. The voyage came, but so did the necessity for the preparation of copy for the forthcoming issue of *UPS AND DOWNS*. Sad to relate, the essays went to England and returned ; went again, but still the prize remained unawarded. On the second outward voyage, however, the Editor struck up an interesting acquaintance with an eminent London barrister, on his way to British Columbia. This gentleman remarking one day, that time hung heavily on his hands, the happy thought flew into the editorial mind that here was the hand of Providence. On the table in his cabin

lay those appalling manuscripts ; here was an individual highly qualified to perform the task, that he had himself so basely shirked. An understanding was soon arrived at, and with huge satisfaction we handed over to Mr. Attorney Bond the numerous accounts of boys' experience in Canada. With indefatigable industry Mr. Bond read, noted, re-read and meditated, and finally produced his award. Thinking it impossible, under the circumstances, to have too much of a good thing, we piled on not only the essays received in competition for Dr. Barnardo's prize, but those received more recently for the double prize offered by the writer of *Stepney Jottings* in the last number, who undertook to give \$3.50 for the best account from a boy and girl, respectively, of "A Day of My Life in Canada."

James H. Barrett was declared the winner of Dr. Barnardo's prize. The essay of our old friend, John A. Conway, was pronounced to be far superior in style and general literary excellence, but that of Barrett to be the best account of a boy's experience in Canada. We have, therefore, had the pleasure, since our return from England, of forwarding to Master Barrett a ten-dollar bill, that we doubt not will prove an acceptable addition to his financial resources.

The other two prizes have gone respectively to Eleanor Louisa Hall and Robert Whitlow, while the essays of Eleanor Miller and Alice Parsons are highly commended. We publish for the benefit of our readers the production of the six literary aspirants mentioned, and in doing so must offer them our hearty congratulations upon the very creditable results of their labors.

January 6th, 1897

ALFRED R. OWEN, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, -- Having read your announcement in the first copy of UPS AND DOWNS in the New Year and Century for a boy's experience in Canada. Well, I have been out in Canada five years, and I like it fine. I came out in the September party of 1895, and I stayed in the Toronto Home for nine months, and while there I was kitchen and messenger boy. In the latter part of May, in the year 1896, I was called into the office and told that Mr. Griffith had got me a situation in the township of Huron, and about three miles from my brother, Tom, and one and a half miles from Ripley. Well, when it came to the morning that I was to leave Toronto I was pretty fidgety about losing the train, which was to leave the Union Station at half-past eight in the morning. I got to the station all right and was soon on the train safe and sound, and to bid Toronto good-bye. I passed through one of the finest sections of Ontario, where it was well settled and some fine big houses built and farms also. When I was as far as Brussels on my journey, I met Mr. Griffith there, and he told me that if my employer was not at the station, to ask for the agent of the Homes there, who was in the person of H. Chapman, J.P. As my employer was not there, I was obliged to do so. But Mr. Chapman soon got a man to take me there, and as the man happened to be a neighbour of my employer, he was only too glad to do so. We met Mr. Gemmell, my employer, about one-half of the way there, and he asked me for the check of my trunk, which I gave to him. He told me that he would be home in about half an hour. I got there about five o'clock in the evening, and I ate my supper and went right to bed, for I was terribly tired. Next day, as it was Sunday, I walked over to my brother's place to see him, and I found him just getting ready to come to see me. I spent the most of the day there and then went home and got to bed in a hurry, so as I would be rested good for the work that was ahead of me. Next morning I got up and they took me out to milk with them. They gave me a dipper to milk a cow, and I tell you it was pretty hard work for the first time. When I had got the dipper about half full of milk the crazy brute (as I quoted her) kicked the dipper and sent the milk all over me, so I had to quit milking her that day. In about a week or so I was churning, and the lid of the churn flew off and I was one solid mass of cream. This was pretty hard to start off with, but I pulled through all right till harvest time, then I got two or three tumblers. The first one was off a large load of peas, and it shook me up pretty bad, so you see it was not all sunshine with me. The first Spring I was there I dis-harrowed and rolled. Every thing went along pretty smooth for about six months and then the boss got pretty

cranky and kept on getting worse instead of better. Well, I stood it out all right till May of 1898, when I packed my duds and walked off. I walked the road for about two miles, then I took to the railroad track and walked another two and a half miles; then I went into a farm house and asked for work, and as the farmer was building a stone house, I got it without delay. He was also a bachelor, and I had to batch it with him. I done all the cooking and chores while he was getting the house plastered and the carpenter work done and the painting also. Then he thought, as the nest was ready, he had better get the bird, so at the end of June he got married to one of the neighbour girls, and I was at the wedding too. It was a grand sight to see the bride and bridegroom dressed up like king and queen. The next morning they went away for their honeymoon, and I was left to take charge of the 100-acre farm and stock also for about three weeks. When, during that time I kept batch, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Griffith called to see me two or three days before my boss was married, and gave me quite a talking to for leaving my place; but as my new boss was willing to hire me on the terms of the Home, Mr. Griffith let me stay. I have been here two years on June 1st next, and I will have two more years after that. Well, I must tell you that I learned a good many things since I came here, such as ploughing, drawing stones out of the ground, and building fences, and ditching, and all the necessary things that a farmer should learn. My boss and I are at present drawing out some big elm logs to the saw-mill. I have been in the bush quite a lot this last two winters. Last year we had the job of drawing the milk off the 4th concession to the Ripley cheese factory, a distance of ten and a half miles there and back, and I drew it for the biggest part of the season. There were some pretty heavy cans; but I managed by the grit of Johnny Bull to put them on the wagon; my load amounting in all to about one ton and a half. I am just fifteen years old and weigh ninety-two pounds, and I thank Dr. Barnardo very much for sending me out to Canada, for I think it is the best place for a boy, and I find that the Canadians are a very sociable kind of people to live with. I was invited out to Xmas and New Year's, and I never put in such a lively time in my life. I must not forget to tell you that I go to church right along and to Sunday school in the Summer. I think this is all that I have to say, so I will have to bring my letter to a close. With my best respects, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES H. BARRETT

CARE OF MR. ALAN FRASER, Lucknow, Ont.

THE COURSE OF MY LIFE IN CANADA

MR. EDITOR, When one is writing ...  
 about of one's self or one's doings we

are apt to get so many personal pronouns into the affair that it is hard to separate it from the "blow-your-own-horn" kind of writing. If, therefore, I should happen to lay in a reserve stock of I's and my's, I hope you'll be lenient on the ground that it is—well, unavoidable. And now to business. It was with a confused jumble of thoughts that I first sighted Canadian soil on August 8th, 1896. I had a variety of notions as to what Canada would be like, but I must confess to having knocked them on the head as soon as I saw Quebec, and to having buried them for ever before I reached Toronto. Evidently the Toronto Home did not agree with me, for, in about three weeks I found myself in a farm-home, vaguely wondering what was going to happen next (and I haven't quit wondering yet). My first experiences of farm-life were much the same as other "green hands"; the chores would persist (at least, some of them) in obstinately refusing to be "done up" properly. At first I was inclined to blame them (the chores) in the matter, but I have since discovered that they were entirely innocent. In due time I was introduced—with all due ceremony—to a queer concern called a plough, and which I was expected to manipulate correctly in spite of the fact that it was to be dragged along by a team of horses. Well, I went into it, and very soon I got into it. It is queer how ugly a plough can be at times, and my friend was no exception to the rule. It "wobbled," it jumped, it missed, and then tried to bury itself: and the ploughman, "where was he? Ask of the soil, so smoothly turned, like billows on the sea. But the most humiliating part of it was to follow. At night, when my "boss" was complimenting me on my excellent work, he said—amongst other eulogiums—that he would notify all the leading pig-dealers in the district of the fact that I was a first-class "pig-trougher." (There, boys, put that in your vest-pocket as food for reflection). Stung by the sarcasm in the remark, I resolved to do (*i.e.* with the plough) or die, and though I cannot say I've mastered the solution of the problem, yet, I'm "getting thar." When Winter came on I was initiated into the mystery of a "bank-barn," and learned the art of smoothing out a complication of fat cattle, turnips, and a pulper. I might also mention here that it took me the most of the Winter to discover the full eating capacity of an average-sized steer; while the appetites of some of the cows were simply outrageous. Then, when Winter was over, and the Spring work in full blast, I renewed acquaintances with the plough, and learned to distinguish the dull mark from the harrow's scratch. Thus I saw the first crop put in, and, in course of time, taken off again. Perhaps I might record my first experiences in the harvest field for the benefit of those who may be in like position before long. When I entered

a fall wheat field, and was told to set up the sheaves which a Massey Harris binder was energetically throwing out, I fondly imagined I was in for a "snap." Alas! that illusion was quickly dispelled when I started to "follow the binder." I firmly believe (or did) that when a sheaf is determined not to stand up right, nothing can make it. Oh! the sweet recollections of bearded grain caressing a fellow's face and chin. Oh! the memory of those hand-to-hand combats with refractory bundles of No. 1 red wheat. Oh! the futile attempts to make two innocent-looking sheaves recline gracefully towards each other. But it was from those first experiences that I learned the knack of "stooking" grain properly, and a word of advice may not be out of place just here. Never fight with a sheaf; it hurts its dignity, and a sheaf once mauled about will never set up in decent shape again. Above all, boys, never get excited. Just take a sheaf, gently but firmly, under each arm and, by a simultaneous movement, bring both the butts to the ground at once; at the same time bring the heads in together in a firm, business-like manner, and I'll wager your "stook" will easily withstand the average wind-storm. My first threshing is likely to live in my memory for some time. I watched with interest the machine being set; and remember having a vague notion that the carriers were a kind of toboggan-slide, for the amusement of those who felt too tired to work. This idea was strengthened when I was told to go and take my position at the top of that long, smooth affair. But when the "slats" were fastened on, and they started to lay their tribute of straw at my feet, why, then I began to see through a glass darkly (still more darkly when the dust began to fly). I soon found it necessary to move about, not because I was cold, for the mercury was reposing between 80° and 90° in the shade; but I either had to move or be buried beneath the straw. I chose the former, and soon had the pleasure of looking down upon everyone else. I have given a somewhat detailed account of my first year's experiences, because the following years were, more or less, a repetition of the first. Of course, I got on better terms with the plough as time went on, and I also learned the manifold wants and wishes of the cattle, so that both they and the "boss" were satisfied. As time went on, the temptation to eat every other apple I picked grew less strong, and I also found out the difference between oats and barley when sent to feed the hens. It took me some time to discover the varying appetites of our young "porkers," but in time I conquered that obstacle also. On the whole, my life in Canada has differed little from that of hundreds of other lads. We all have to learn to face difficulties and overcome hardships, and those who persevere generally win suc-

ness in the end. In farm life, or any other kind of calling, how urgent is the need of imploring God's help and guidance in our daily toil!

Kirkton, Ont. JOHN A. CONWAY.

DEAR SIR,—It is now evening, and as I sit in my little room, with writing materials before me, my thoughts travel back to the dear old "Homeland," many dear ones there of which, no doubt, I am not forgotten by. I only came out here last October, so can just tell you a little of my experience. I am living with a family of four, Mrs. and Mr. Varey, Fred a boy of sixteen, but still attends school, and Queenie, a little girl of five. Such an active, intelligent child for her age I have not seen for a long time. We are "early birds" in this house; often up at five o'clock with the flowers, which then begin to unfold their glorious petals. Mrs. Varey, being wise and thoughtful, plans most of the work to be in the early part of day, as it is so dreadfully hot during mid-day, which is not pleasant bustling about in such heat. We have a horse named "Silvy." She was a racer once, so you may be sure she is of graceful appearance. Mrs. Varey drives her every day, and is fond of "Silvy," as she belongs to her and her only. We drive sometimes once or twice a week down to Lake Erie, a distance of eight miles from here. It is such a vast expanse of water one cannot see the other side of it, and we enjoy very much the cool, invigorating breeze from its surface after the scorching sun we have just come from. How many a person from crowded London would privilege a day in cool and calm surroundings beside the lovely water! There are also quite a number of chickens here, which are getting very large, considering the enormous quantity of food they eat each day. There is also a conservatory here joined on to the house, which in Winter is one blooming mass of flowers; in Summer they are laid out in the gardens, which make a pretty scene. There are apple trees in the garden, plum trees, currant bushes, tomatoes in abundance and vegetable corn, which I don't think grows in England. After describing my surroundings, I must now tell you my work. Breakfast being over at seven o'clock, I commence to wash the dishes, sweep and dust dining-room, see to kitchen and clean utensils. At eleven prepare for dinner, which is punctual at twelve, and it is always ready the minute the clock strikes the hour and all are at the table. After that is over, wash up again, scrub floor if it needs it, clean and polish gas stove and cooking stove. The stove here is of a new kind, being very nice indeed; it has a thermometer indicating the heat of the oven, either cool, medium, hot or very hot. In the afternoon, I shower the conservatory and keep rooms well equipped with fresh flowers, and then sew or do what Mrs. Varey wants done. Six o'clock

soon comes, and then tea appears on the scene. After that the little girl, Queenie, and her mother go for a drive, while I keep house in case anybody should run away with it, which isn't likely. A Canadian gentleman, when hearing of this offer in the UPS AND DOWNS, and knew I was writing, said I must mention the beautiful buildings over here and the lovely sidewalks. I told him there were nice pavements in England, so there are in South Kensington, where I am acquainted. I told him that, it has been said, the streets of London are paved with gold. He said, "Yes, maybe, but you can't pick any up." That's true.

As regards the books I read, I generally go to newspapers and various periodicals, so as to find out more of what sort of a place I am living in. You see I never get tired of learning. I am very interested in natural science, although I do not understand a great deal about it; for instance, flowers and leaves of a rare kind. I preserve them a certain way and send to people in England, the maple leaf especially. I sent quite a number to different people who have never seen one, and they are quite appreciated. My companions I have but few, and consist of the feminine kind only at present. There are two more girls here in Simcoe who are from Ilford and have been in Canada three or four years. I was at the Village five years, and, of course, have seen you many times, although I don't suppose you would remember me. I often think of the sermons in our little church when you used to preach and the hand would be there. Your text was once "a bell and a pomegranate," you preached from in 1898 or 1899, one Sunday evening. I recall a great many of your sermons when I was there. I go to church every Sunday and to church meetings when there are any, and generally find them beneficial and interesting. There are five churches here in town, namely, English, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Roman Catholic—enough for the inhabitants of Simcoe, I hope. One can notice the difference of writing in this letter, as I could not possibly have written it all at once; but am starting afresh now, the reason being we have had visitors for tea and I have to wait on table. We often have quite a number of people. In one family where I was we had twenty-one for tea, and the Bishop came for confirmation and mean while stayed at our house, and when I spoke or handed him anything, I had to address him as "My Lord," and everyone else said the same. Wherever I am going to secure news more than what I have already written remains to be told. Supposing, then, I tell you what our house is like. It is a new one; Mr. Varey had it built two years ago. It resembles Hazel Brae a little in structure, being of red brick with plenty of rooms, twelve in number, which is sufficient for five persons

## Our Prize Competitions

There is also a nice barn for the chickens and horses, being very modern, and is always kept clean and well ventilated, especially during this weather. There have been some dreadful thunder-storms lately. On Sunday the lightning struck a house at ten o'clock at night. The fire alarm rang, but it was soon put out and no danger happened, I don't think. I am earnestly looking forward to go to the Exhibition at Toronto in September; but am not certain whether I will go or not yet, and as I have not been before, I am of course anxious to be there. No doubt there will be a number of old acquaintances which I would know and be pleased to see again. I wish you were going to be there.

I have not been able to express my gratitude regarding your recovery from so dangerous an illness. News concerning this serious matter did not reach us till you were almost well again. It is now evening again, and it has been very hot and sultry. Someone has just sent a large magnificent bouquet of gladioluses, and they are various colours and simply look elegant. We have lots of them growing in our own gardens, but are not quite out in blossom yet. Apples are going to be scarce this year, especially in this part of Ontario, as the weather has been so changeable and queer that the apples have just fallen down in hundreds. This land does not seem to have any ivy growing here, although it is a small insignificant leaf. After seeing so much of it in Ilford, and not any at all here, seems rather odd, although it is so common. There is a splendid little park here in Simcoe for so small a town, and a band plays three times a week during July and August; also the stores are closed every Thursday after twelve o'clock at noon, and it is a public holiday all round during those two months. I suppose crowded London has felt the heat greatly during the Summer, and many have died, so I hear.

I am now going to describe our locality. Simcoe, the most beautiful town in Western Ontario, is the county seat of Norfolk, the garden county of the Province. It has a population of 3,000 and has splendid railway connections with the leading cities, and is within easy driving distance of a dozen of Lake Erie's popular resorts. Three branches of the Grand Trunk system run through the town and give close connections with the three trunk lines of railway. The Shenango ferry route also gives a water and rail route to American points on the South shore of Lake Erie. It has twenty miles of granite walk, well-shaded streets, handsome residences, two newspapers, three chartered banks, first-class hotels being five or eight in number, central school, high school, good market, woollen mill, shoddy mill, the largest canning factory in Canada, two roller process mills, saw mills, planing mills, foundries, "alligator" warping tug building yards, buck and tile yards, grain

elevator, steam laundry, bottling works, mineral springs and baths, gas works, electric light system, cigar factory, pump factories and splendid water power. The town is an ideal residential spot and offers unexcelled advantages for manufacturers.

On the 19th of this month was my birthday, when I was sixteen, and this is the first year I have been out, and I have grown ever so much more than when I was in England. I would just like to glance over the dear old "Village" again. I do not suppose it has altered much. I often think of my life there and wish I could live it over again; but that is impossible. Before I came here, one of our Ilford girls was living at this same place, and stayed here five years and afterwards returned to England and is now living with her mother. I wonder if I shall stay that long in one place? At present I must wait and see, which is my own lookout. I see to-day in the city papers, "Wanted 25,000 men as harvesters." There are immense crops of grain this year in Manitoba, plenty of work for some of the men in England if they would come out here. I daresay some of them would be only too glad if they had the chance. Now I must say I really cannot think of anything else, which would be of any interest to mention, as so little a time I have spent here; but if this is not as good as some of the other letters you receive from us—which I am sure will not be—I will look for an acknowledgment, or rather an idea of what you think of it.

I suppose now, as time will not permit any more and I haven't any news myself, will now conclude with my very best respects to yourself and to those who read this my longest letter I have ever written. I remain, your dutiful and distant subject,

ELEANOR LOUISA HALL.

Care of Mrs. E. B. Varey, Simcoe, Ont.

CARLETON PLACE, August 11th, 1901.

Subject I.

DEAR SIR,—I will here try my luck on the composition, "A Day of My Life in Canada." Well, Canada, as we all know, is one of England's prize possessions, and a person, on arriving from London or the English farms, is at once struck by the difference between the two countries. The citizen enters the city and he is at once surprised at seeing a street car go whizzing along without horses; he also finds the railway coaches different. He finds the cities' road and pavement made of granolithic, he finds every place lit by electricity (which is just being introduced into that country). The farmer he goes into the country, and he enters the farm yard of a pretty well-to-do farmer. First he looks at the machinery. He says, "Well, that thing, looks queer." He asks the Canadian farmer what that is for. The farmer near splits with a laugh and tells him that's a mow-er. "Well,

he thinks, "that's handy." He looks over all the machinery and thinks how backward England is. Well, he goes home much pleased and wiser. Also Canada is a freer country than England. At home the owner of land forbids people hunting rabbits, birds or anything else. Here you can shoulder your gun, call your dog, and go where you like and shoot anything that is in season. In England the farms are owned by big lords, who squeeze every cent they can get out of the labouring man, and if the labourer gets so far as owning a little bit of property he pays nearly as much in tithes and taxes as the land is worth. In Canada the labourer has his rights. He commands his own pay, and if he gets a bit of land it's his own, not his boss's. So the difference between England and Canada is, in the cities, one is further advanced in modern times than the other, that, being free Canada, the Canadian farmer and workman acting more like brothers than in England.

Subject II.

What sights and sounds meet you from early morn till dewy eve ?

Well, in the Summer a boy sees many sights and hears many sounds. When he gets up he hears the rooster crowing and probably a hen cackling, he hears the birds of all descriptions singing and the old crows cawing. On his way to work he hears a chipmonk chirp and he looks for a stone or stick. He sees him mount a stone or log ; he lets blaze ; the chipmonk gives a chirp and is off, and the boy proceeds onward. He reaches his work and commences. If he has a chum they will talk a little sometimes whatever the subject of the times are, or something around them or the job. He does his work, goes home in the evening, and the scenery attracts his attention more than through the day. At the set of the sun he puts away his tools and walks to the house. On his way he sees the full splendour of country life—the beautiful fragrance of flowers, the birds' evening song, the bleating of sheep, the ring of a cowbell and the bleat of calves. On looking around him, he sees, with mild wonder at the beautiful scenery, the maple groves casting their long shadows on the green fields and making you feel sorry for any lad who yearned for England after being in such a grand country as this. (Note: This is my own personal experience; but I say "he," as so many other boys are under the same influence, and it suits better.)

Subject III.

What is my daily work ?

Well, I get up between 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning, do my dirt and take a morning exercise after my cows. These or the milking begins, there being at present twenty four. As I am a butter-finger at milking, I have the job of turning our Laval cream separator, which used to be my easy job; but I can run the

whole business through now without stopping. This done, we breakfast, then feed pigs, calves, me helping. Then I fix up my bull, which we keep in during the time the boss is cleaning the machine. I then ask what's the fun for the day. That told, I with the hired man proceed to do it, chatting on the way. Noon arrives, I go to dinner. That done, penned animals are fed; probably do an odd chore. If any time is left, sit down and rest. The hour up, I, or we, pull out the team or teams and off we go again till four o'clock, dine again, milk and separate and feed, then to work till sundown, when we come whistling home, let out the horses, then go and have a chat with the folks on the veranda. A joke or two cracked, subjects discussed, when suddenly you hear a clap, and the doom is sealed of a mosquito or black fly. The conversation is cut short by someone saying the flies is nearly eating them, or it's feeling chilly, so in we go, have a bite, and then off to roost, where we are sung to sleep by the song of the crickets.

Subject IV.

How I live.

Well, I live under pretty good circumstances. A fine religious family, who practise what they preach and are English Church people. I attend Sunday school and church regularly. Last Whit Sunday I received the order of confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of Ottawa, and am trying to live up to what they taught me; but I find it is an uphill fight, and sometimes I get a blow from our enemy that knocks me and my religion endway; but I pluck up again and make another charge, so despite all my discouragements I mean to hang on.

Subject V.

What books I read.

Well, I am very fond of reading; and as we have a library in our Sunday school, I get lots of it. I am most fond of history and adventurous tales. I have read "Wolfe in Canada," "True to the Old Flag," "Lion of the North," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Harry Wilde," "By England's Aid," "The Peninsula War," and many others too numerous to mention; also the book we hear of on Sunday.

Subject VI.

What nature is like around me

Nature around me is very pretty. I stand on a hill. I look Northward; I see the golden wheat waving in the gentle August breeze and the rustle of the corn. I look East; I see the church spires of the town, but the rest is hidden by a beautiful pine grove. I look South; I see the stacks of grain and the busy farmer on his binder. I look West; I see our own fourteen acres of corn and our maple bush with the acres of green pasture, which altogether make a beautiful contrast, and nature has really been good to us. This ends my essay.

## Our Prize Competitions

which I hope you will be able to read, as I am a poor writer and my hand trembles. And please, Mr. Editor, would you do me a good turn by asking Mr. Owen or Davis if they would kindly write a note to my employer, if he would be kind enough to let me attend the Exhibition. I am a member of the B.O.B.S. I was there last fall to see the Doctor, but had to coax hard; and I would earnestly like to attend the first meeting of that Society.

I now remain yours respectfully,

ROBERT WHITLOW.

Care B. Hilliard, Carleton Place, Ont.

### A DAY OF MY LIFE IN CANADA.

I was born in London, and when a child of seven years my father died, and my mother, little sister, grandfather and myself were left alone in the world. My mother, who was a tailoress by trade, struggled to support us; but it was impossible to do so, as work was scarce.

After a year had passed, through some kind friends at London, I was placed in the Home at Stepney. After remaining there three weeks, I was sent to Ilford. I was there six months. On August 28th, 1895, I was boarded out at Warminster, a pretty little town, with several hills near. One of the hills are called the "Downs," part of Salisbury Plain. Then there was "Clay Hill," "Cop Heap," and "Battlesbury."

I was boarding at Warminster with a Mr. and Mrs. Smith, two of the nicest old people you could find anywhere.

I attended school until I reached the 5th standard. After school hours my time was my own to play in, or amuse myself as best I could.

On May 23rd I was sent for to go back to the Home. When I arrived there I was told I had to go to Canada. On June 7th 120 girls started for this country. It was a pleasant voyage to most of the girls; but it was not to me, as I was sick all the time and could not go on deck. The girls had races and skipping, and some kind ladies and gentlemen gave them money for prizes.

We landed at Quebec.

I was at Peterborough three weeks, and from then until now I have found there are other things to attend to besides going to school and playing.

On the 7th of July I was sent for, through a school friend of mine, to go to my situation. It was dark when I arrived, so I had to wait till morning to get an outside view of my surroundings.

The next morning I soon found I was placed on one of the most pleasantly situated farms you could find anywhere. It is situated a mile and a half from the village of Madoc, where there is a public school and high school. There are several churches, and Sunday school. I attend the Methodist Church. I generally go to Sunday school in the afternoon, and sometimes I go to church morning or evening.

There is a lake called Moira Lake about half a mile from the house, where nearly all the villagers camp in Summer. Even now the village is almost deserted.

The farm-house where I live is a large frame one with a veranda running round the South and West sides of it. In front of the house, which is the South, there is a small lawn, with two large silver maple shade-trees. They are awfully nice in Summer, but not in the fall, as they keep the sun from the house. Behind the house is the fruit garden, which consists of strawberries, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries and currant bushes. On the West side of the house is the vegetable garden, which consists of peas and beans, cabbage and tomato plants, corn and almost every other vegetable you can think of. On the East side of the house is the orchard.

The first thing that struck me as being funny was that nearly all the houses are built of wood here, while at England they were nearly all built of brick or stone, and a good many of the London houses did not look very nice, while at Madoc the houses look trim inside and outside.

I have to get from my bed at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes I think I would give anything I had for five minutes more sleep.

The first I hear in the morning is the dog barking for the cows to come up for the morning's milking. We have quite a way to go to the milk stand. As we are going up we can hear the phoebe robin and the bleating of the sheep. We have sixteen cows to milk, and my share is five.

While we are milking my mistress gets the breakfast, so it is ready by the time we are through.

After we have had breakfast comes the general house-work, washing dishes, sweeping, making beds and cleaning lamps. After we have that work finished, the morning's work depends on the day of the week. On Monday we wash, Tuesday we iron, Wednesday we do the darning and sewing, Thursday sweeping, Friday baking, and on Saturday we do the mopping.

The afternoon's work depends on the time of the year. In the Spring there is the house-cleaning and churning to attend to. In the Summer picking fruit and putting it away for Winter use, and getting the meals for the hungry men, keeps us busy all the time. In the Autumn there is more churning to attend to. In the Winter knitting and sewing and more time to rest. We have supper at quarter to five and at quarter past five comes the evening's milking. When we are through there is dish washing and sweeping. After that I have to take care of the baby. When she goes to sleep, I have the time to myself. If it is not too late, I take a walk to the lake or down the long lane which runs right through the farm to our sugar bush.

On the 1st of August I was sent for to

trees (there are 113); most of them are sugar-maple trees. Farther out are the grain fields. I often hear the whip-poor-will, in the Spring, which is a bird that calls its own name.

As for means of livelihood, I clothe myself from my wages, which are small; but I do not have to depend wholly on this, as I am treated as one of the family, and have the use of other things that are not my own, and lots of little things are given to me.

I get the books I read from the Sunday school library. These are a few I have read: "Pilgrim's Progress," "Little Fishers and Their Nets," "Twice Saved," "Three Boys in the Wild North Land," "The Vacant Chair," "Making Fate," "Overruled," and others.

Last Winter my master and mistress belonged to a public library, and they let me read some of their books, when I had time. These are some of them: "Doctor Thorne," "The Flower of Knighthood," "By Hand and Sword," and others.

There are two more things I would like to say before closing, that is, although I was treated as one of the family at home, others were not so quick to be as friendly as the English are. But I have made a few friends. There are two of my English friends living in Madoc, and I see them every Sunday at Sunday school, and some times in the week. Their names are, Lucy Fry and Ellen Birt. My best Canadian friend is our little baby I have to take care of. We are like two sisters; she likes me as well as she does her mother, and sometimes more. She is just a year old, and is beginning to walk and chatter. She can say Pa, and Ma, and Nellie. That is what I am called.

Then the climate of Canada is much better than that of England. Here the air is clear, while at England there are fogs and mists nearly all the time, especially at London, where there is smoke as well as fog, which makes it very disagreeable to live there.

As to the temperature, last Winter was much the same as England (it was my first Winter in Canada), while in the Summer it is hotter here than at England.

ELEANOR MILLS.

You can take Canada all through, and I do not think you could find a better country in the world, without the least exaggeration. I was driving home from church on Sunday morning with an old gentleman that lives near us, and he told me he had travelled over the greater part of Canada and the United States of America, and he thought this was as pretty a place as any he had seen, so you would think I ought to be able to give a good description of my life in Canada. I am now living on a farm, consisting of two hundred acres of land, which is situated between a small city and a town. There are two large oak farms and also

other smaller outbuildings on the farm, and the house, which is quite a large one, is surrounded by a number of tall cedar trees, which add greatly to its appearance; and we have quite a lot of plants and flowers growing on the lawn in front of the house, so you see it is a very pretty place. The farmers are very busy now finishing up the harvest and are hurrying to get the grain in before the rain comes. My master has now only a few loads of peas to draw in. The farmers in this country do not stack as much grain as they do in England, but put it in the mow of the barn, and then later on in the fall it is threshed from there and the straw is made into stacks in the barn-yard. We have a lot of mangels and beets and turnips growing for to feed the pigs and cattle in the Winter. We have quite a big apple orchard, but there are scarcely any apples this year and not many plums either, but there are a lot of pears, and we have five or six peach trees and the limbs are actually bent over with the weight of peaches. The wheat was not a good crop this year, but the barley and oats were fair, and the rye is very good. So I think that when the harvest is over and threshing done the farmers will be quite pleased with the result. This has been a very busy day; we had to get three or four more men to help draw in the grain, so we had to be up before five o'clock. I got breakfast while the men were busy getting ready for the day's work. They had the cows to get up from the pasture field and the pigs to feed. Then after they had had their breakfast, they were off to the fields for grain, while I was getting the house in order. There were the dishes to wash first, then all the milk utensils, for we have five or six cows to milk. Then after that the floors had to be swept, and the furniture dusted, then there was baking bread and ironing to do, and about that time I had to start and get dinner ready, for it has to be ready promptly at twelve o'clock, because it does not pay for the farmer's men to stand around waiting for dinner when there is so much to do and he is paying them good wages. First I had to go to the potato patch and dig the potatoes, while my mistresses' little boys got the beans, so you see we grow a good many things we eat. Then everything had to be got ready and cooked, then at twelve o'clock everything was ready so that the men could come right in and have their dinner. They do not waste much time at the dinner hour, for as soon as they have finished they go right to work again. Then I get the dishes washed once more and everything tidied up, and do any thing else that needs doing. But we have a dear little baby boy here; he is about ten months old and is getting his teeth, so he requires a little attention sometimes—but as a rule he is a very good baby. But before I was aware of it, it



was time to get the tea ready for the men, which they came for at six o'clock. Then they went to work again for an hour or two, so as they could get nearly all the grain in. My mistress and the eldest boy milked the cows, while I tidied the tea-things away and fed my calves, and then I strained the new milk into pans down cellar for the cream to rise, which, when it is sour, we churn into butter. Then I watered the plants and flowers, and the work for the day was done. And that is the usual day's work on a Canadian farm. Nothing special happened on this day of which I have been writing to cause any excitement, but in the midst of the morning's work we heard one of the little boys screaming at the barn. We ran to see what was the matter and found he was getting stung by the bees, whose nest he was robbing; but I think it will teach him a lesson never to go near them again. We have five horses and two young colts, and about thirty-five head of cattle, but there are quite a few of them young calves. We keep all the cattle, excepting all the cows we milk, away at the bush, which is over six miles from the farm. You may not understand what we call the bush, but as far as I can tell you it is like a forest, although it has now quite a lot of the trees cut down. It really seems wonderful that when the people first came to settle in Canada it was nearly all bush, and they had to clear it up to make homesteads for themselves; but that was a great many years ago, so the country is nearly all cleared now. I think Spring is the nicest part of the year, after the mud and water is dried up. We have a great deal more snow in this country than you do in England, so when the days begin to get warm, it soon melts and makes a lot of water until in some places it is just like a large pond, the water running all over the roads. Then when it has dried up everything looks so fresh, everything seems to (as it were) have awakened out of its sleep after the long Winter's rest. The leaves begin to show on the trees and the grass to cover the ground, until it looks like one big carpet of green. But what a contrast between the city and the sweet open country. Of course things may look brighter there after the dreary Winter, but nature cannot be seen at its work so plainly. It is so pleasant to awake in the morning and go to the window and breathe the fresh air, and listen to the birds whistling. It is rather cool in the Spring evenings, and in the early Autumn the evenings are cool too, but in the Summer how nice it is to sit down and sew or read; it is so refreshing after a hard day's

work. I am not so fond of reading as I used to be when younger, but when I do read, I read the UPS AND DOWNS or the Sunday school papers. We take an English Sunday paper in our Sabbath school. It is called *The British Workwoman*, and the boys take *The British Workman*, and the little ones take *The Children's Friend*. They are all published by Partridge & Co., at Paternoster Row, London, England. We have a library in our school too, and I take a book to read from that sometimes. They have such books as the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Pansy" and "Elsie" books, and ever so many more. I have read some of the Elsie books, and I think they are very interesting. I go to Sabbath school almost every Sunday, and sometimes to church. The school is right on the corner of our farm, so I do not have far to go; but there are quite a number of the scholars have over two miles to come, and most of them have over a mile, for you see the houses in this country are not so closely built as they are in England, the reason being it is not a thickly populated country. You would think by the hundreds of people who emigrate to this country that it would be quite crowded, but no, there is room for thousands more. Canada is such a large country, much larger than England; but it has not nearly so many people in it. I do not think there is much comparison between England and Canada. We have not near the traffic in this country to what you have in England, so there is no danger of getting run over. In all the cities I think they have the electric street cars, and there are a lot of people who have horseless carriages that are run with gasoline, so you see this is a fast-growing country. There are improvements of every kind. The streets are only paved in the cities, but in the towns they have walks made with lumber. There are a lot of Indians in this country. Canada used to belong to them until the white people began to settle here, then they were driven away and the country taken from them, for the Indians were wild then; but the Government granted them so much land to work and live on. The Indian women are called squaws. We have quite a lot of wild fruit in this country; there are raspberries, and huckleberries, and blackberries. The latter, of course, grow more plentiful in England than in this country; at least they used to at the place where I came from. I think, myself, Canada in everything is a much better country than England, and I think you would too if you were here. I would tell you more if I had time. From

ALICE PARKER.

C. C. M. J. B. L. T. Paris, Ont.

# Dick Whittington at the Pan-American Exposition

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AT the end of the Yanko-Spanko War, Uncle Sam mounted his New-Patent-Anti-Monroe-Expansion Pedestal, lit his cigar and struck an attitude, while the nations of the earth ogled its inscription: "Now what d'ye think o' me? Ain't I great?" Now it came to pass that when the nations of the earth raised their eyes to contemplate the scrawny figure of Uncle Sam, they beheld with amazement that his star-spangled vest was split up the back, and that he was indeed getting stout; and forthwith they went home to discuss tariff reform and industrial geography. Of all the nations; John Bull was the only one to compliment him upon his increase in size and weight; and John was observed to be fidgety as he mopped the perspiration off his brow with a red handkerchief and exclaimed: "The headstrong young beggar! He gets more like his dad every day, he does! Going in for expansion and all that, and he not much over a century! Bless my heart! this begins to look like a partnership — John Bull & Son, Manufacturers of Civilization and Outfitters to the World, with headquarters in both hemispheres. I was bound to see fair play for my boy, though, if he was a trifle too independent when he was young and skittish. Jonathan, not too fast, my lad; go steady, and you're all right!"

If Uncle Sam only knew it, he appears to the best advantage in the eyes of the world when engrossed in some big undertaking that occupies his thoughts and hands in strenuous action, leaving him no leisure for self-admiration. The world can then see for itself,

without needing to be insistently told by U. S. himself, that Uncle Samuel America can be so great in achievement as to make his methods and manners appear, at times, disproportionately small. He does not always choose the line of least resistance, but he "gits thar just the same," regardless of his neighbours' corns or casualties.

Evidently Uncle Sam in his big Pan-American Exposition has "got there with both feet." In whatever aspect the Exposition is viewed, it is an unqualified success. What if the shadow of a big financial deficit looms ominously in the perspective, we all know that Uncle Sam believes in advertising, and is willing to pay for it. If we view it as a big entertainment, the spectacular effects are magnificent and harmonious, delightful alike to the æsthetic sense and the eye for systematic arrangement of detail; while the Midway, that Vanity Fair, with its strange sights and pandemonium of sounds, its blatant "barkers," "ballyhoolers" and "spielers," offers satiety for the senses to those who prefer amusement to instruction. As an epitome of things modern and mundane, it—the Pan-American, not the Pandemonium—offers to the untrained as well as to the technical mind an exposition of the arts and sciences in their most recent phases of mechanical invention. As a review of the triumphs of man over nature, suggestions of his early struggles—his primitive tools, implements and associations—take the archaeologist back to the beginnings of the achievements culminating in twentieth century civilization. Everywhere the Exposition abounds with reflections of

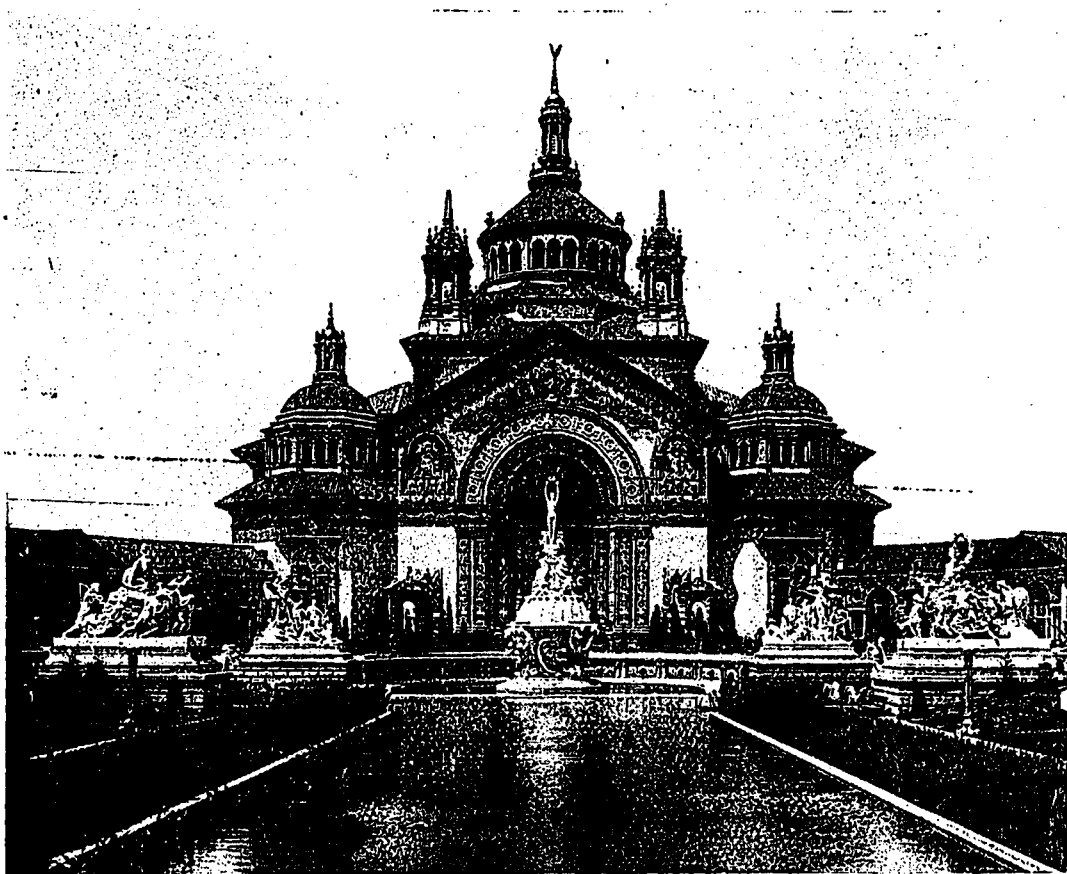
the past, demonstrations of the present and auguries of the future—a museum; a polytechnic workshop; a laboratory; a kaleidoscopic scene of beauty, wealth and splendour, gorgeous in light and colour; a fair, the resort of all sorts and conditions of mankind; or a phantasmagoria of pastime, just as one is disposed to find it.

As I intend to confine myself to its economic, industrial and educational features, let us first consider,

tion system, 400; weight of this wire, 250 tons; area of courts illuminated, 1,390,000 square feet.

Water required for the fountain display, 35,000 gallons per minute. Height of some of the jets in the Court of Fountains, 50 feet. Height of the cascade falling from the Electric Tower, 70 feet; width, 30 feet. Dimensions of the basin of the Court of Fountains, 565 by 225 feet.

Number of pieces of sculpture,



HORTICULTURE BUILDING

Copyright, 1901, by C. D. Arnold.

as descriptive of its extent and appurtenances, a few

#### EXPOSITION FACTS AND FIGURES.

Electric Tower, 410 feet high. Goddess of Light surmounting the Tower, 24 feet high. Number of searchlights in the basin in front of the Tower, 94.

Number of incandescent lamps used in the illumination of the courts and buildings, 500,000; upon the Tower, 40,000, miles of wire used in the installation of the illumina-

tion system, 400; weight of this wire, 250 tons; area of courts illuminated, 1,390,000 square feet.

Cost of the organ in the Temple of Music, \$15,000.

Seating capacity of the Stadium, 12,000.

Number of large exhibit buildings, 20; smaller buildings, 60.

Cost of Exposition, \$10,000,000.

Area of site, 350 acres, including 133 acres of improved park lands.

Area devoted to courts, 33 acres.

Area of Court of State and Foreign Buildings, 15 acres.

Length of Grand Canal, encircling the buildings, more than a mile.

Area devoted to buildings for live stock display, 10 acres.

Federal appropriation, \$500,000.

Cost of New York State Building (a permanent structure, built of marble), \$375,000.

Number of people living within 500 miles of the Exposition, 40,000,000.

Machinery and Transportation Building, 500 by 350 feet. Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, 500 by 350 feet. Electricity Building, 500 by 150 feet. Agriculture Building, 500 by 150 feet. Horticulture Building, 320 feet square. Length of main United States Government Building, 600 feet.

Cost of Midway, \$3,000,000.

Area of Midway, 40 acres.

Length of Midway,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles.

Number of lamps used in illumination of the Midway, 50,000.

#### ITS DISTINCTIVE FEATURE.

The distinctive feature of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, as compared with the World's Fair held at Chicago in 1893, is that the former, as its name signifies, is an exhibition devoted exclusively to the products of the American continent, while the latter aimed to represent the world in its exhibits. On this account, there is an inevitable disparity in size as well as in scope between the two; but not so much as the difference in the comparative area covered would lead one to suppose. While somewhat less in the number and variety of exhibits than the World's Fair, the Pan-American Exposition excels it in several respects, notably in electrical exhibits and illuminations, due partly to the rapid advance in electrical discovery and invention made since 1893 and the fact that the derivation of its electrical energy direct from Niagara Falls makes Buffalo, in fact as in name, "The Electrical City" a sufficient reason why the directors should select electricity as the principal feature and exemplify it in the decorative

illumination of the buildings, fountains and grounds.

#### NIAGARA AT WORK.

In the Electricity Building the Niagara Falls Power Company have a model of their power house at Niagara Falls, whence is derived the 8,500 horse power for running the immense street car system of Buffalo, and the energy that drives every machine in operation in the Exposition, as well as for generating the electricity for the illuminations. It has been computed that the electric current at present transmitted from the Falls to Buffalo and the Exposition exceeds the combined energy of 600,000 men.

The power house is of limestone, 450 feet long, with a wheel-pit 179 feet deep and 19 feet wide. In this wheel-pit are ten twin turbines, each of 5,000 horse power, each connected by a steel tube, 166 feet long, to a generator in the power house above, having a total capacity of 50,000 horse power, which will be doubled next March by the duplication of the plant. As the Exposition consumes 5,000 horse power, one generator suffices for the supply.

The water for driving the turbines is diverted from Niagara River about one mile above the falls into a canal with a depth of twelve feet. This canal conducts the water into penstocks, which carry it to the turbines with a drop of 136 feet, giving a pressure of fifty-nine pounds to the square inch. The water, after passing through the turbines, flows into a brick-lined tunnel 200 feet below the city, finding an outlet into the river in the gorge.

The electricity thus generated is transmitted to Buffalo through bare copper and aluminum cables, a distance of twenty miles, with a loss by leakage in transit of less than twenty per cent. As copper and aluminum wires twenty miles long represent an enormous quantity of material and very great expense, in order to reduce the cost by using small wires, the electrical current is "stepped up" by transformers to a

pressure of 22,000 volts, thus admitting of the transmission along a wire of small capacity of a thin current of high potential energy. At Buffalo the current passes through "step-down" transformers, which reduce the pressure by half and double the volume of current. It reaches the Electricity Building at a pressure of 11,000 volts, where it is again "stepped down" to 1,800 volts and the quantity of current greatly increased. It is then ready for distribution to various points on the grounds, at some of which the voltage is further reduced, as it is for lighting the 200,000 eight-candle incandescent lamps with which the buildings are begemmed.

#### THE BUILDINGS AND SCULPTURE.

The Official Guide informs us that the style of the architecture is a free treatment of the Spanish Renaissance, adopted as a compliment to the South American Republics; and that the colour scheme was designed to represent "the fierce struggle of man to overcome the elements." Speaking as one with little or no technical knowledge of these things, the effect of the architecture was, to my eye, most charmingly picturesque, with just enough quaintness to prevent the boldness of outline from being obtrusive. You may not consider one building or one object of art apart from its surroundings, because one for harmony and proportion depends upon all the others, and to the eye predicates the complete whole of which it is an integral part. Here there is more to induce synthesis than analysis—to comprehend the Exposition as a unit rather than to criticize its parts. And therein to me is its chief artistic merit. Where there is unison of purpose and harmony of effect, there is nothing to allure the eye from the contemplation of the composite idea as an entity, and we can but admire, since there is no asymmetrical part to attract the attention. Thus it is with the Pan-American Exposition. It is a beautiful architectural creation, rich in colour

and subdued tints of brown, in pleasing contrast to the glaring white of the Chicago Fair, and evenly balanced in the mathematical ratios of proportion and effect. The towers of the Triumphal Bridge, each surmounted by an equestrian standard-bearer, are things of beauty, and it is to be deplored that they will not remain a joy for ever.

The many groups of statuary, symbolical of phases in man's social, industrial and intellectual life, and of a bountiful nature that supplies his wants, while in several instances hard to identify without a label, depict in realistic or idealistic form the ideograph they embody. The "Fountain of Nature," "Agriculture" and "The Horse Trainer," are works of art, I should say, of a very high order; and so were many others—so many, indeed, that to mention any and not all seems invidious.

#### THE GROUNDS AND WATERWAYS.

While the floral display of the flower beds was, to me, of a somewhat sombrous hue, the ground plan presents a panorama of landscape abounding with a picturesqueness that is never artificially formal or severe. Beautiful, grand, the climax of good taste expressed in the adaptation of nature to the demands of art, one saunters idly along or reclines on a seat, reluctant to mingle in a throng in too much haste to enjoy the voluptuousness of the scene.

"Ain't that real beautiful?"

"Yes; come on. It's four o'clock!"

And the matter-of-fact Yankee goes on his restless way, debitted with a shattered day-dream. And you follow him, because, like his, your ticket is only good for a definite period.

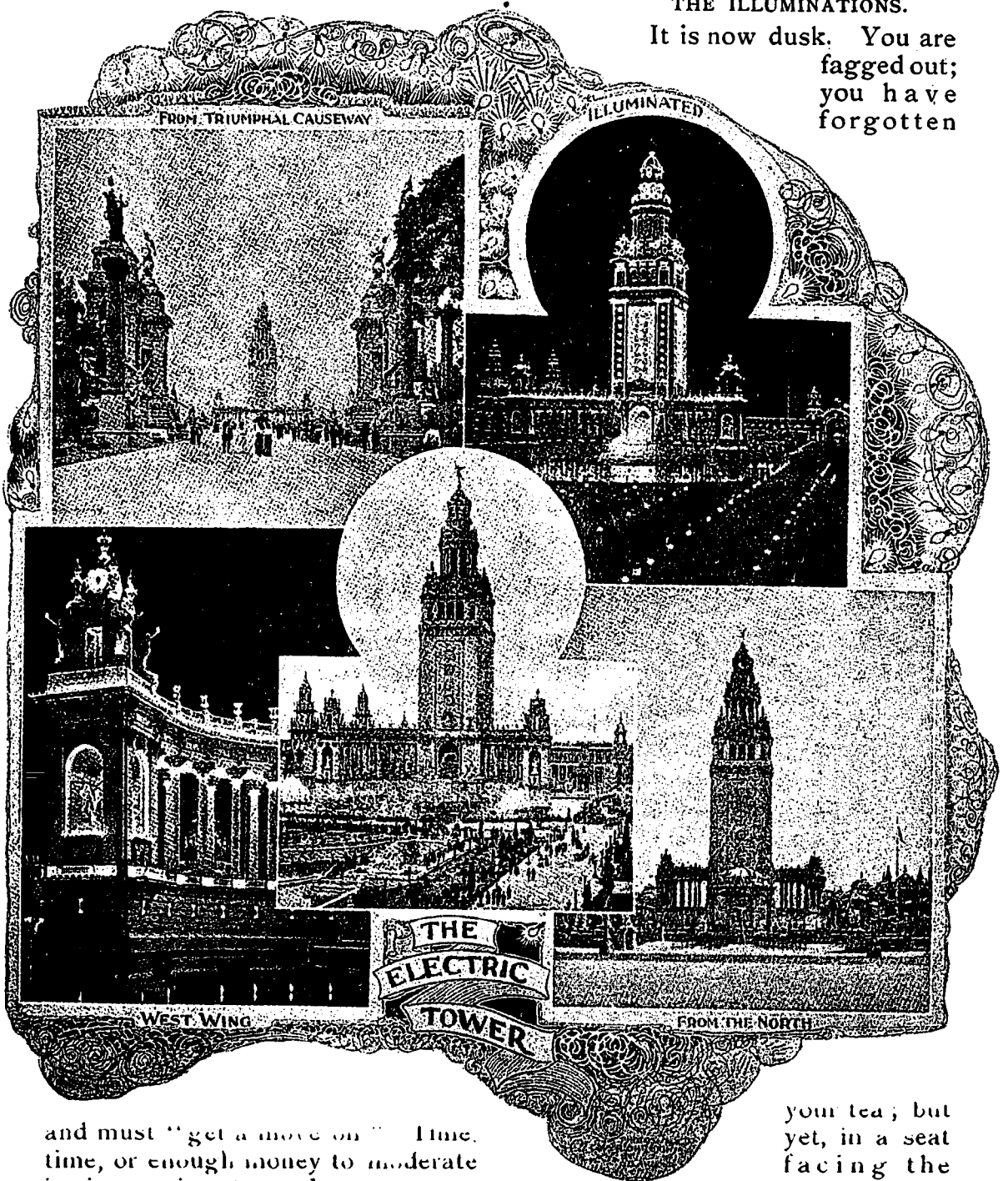
And the waterways, sprinkled with Venetian gondolas and electric launches—how much of that which is pleasant and restful to the eye they impart to the scene! The stately gondola glides along the surface of the canal with a dignity of its own, and for a moment you

fancy that time is of little consequence so long as the mood for enjoyment of your pleasant surroundings is upon you, when along comes an electric launch, making turmoil of the placid water, and then you know you are in America,

invite you to linger, and pass into the next building, where your mind is occupied by so many diverse things that you are afraid you will remember none. So out comes your note-book, and, like an American, you make a task of pleasure.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

It is now dusk. You are fagged out; you have forgotten



and must "get a move on." Time, time, or enough money to moderate its imperative demands upon your exertion, is all that you need in this maze of wonders. But time goes on piling up the minutes into hours, and with a sigh of weariness you locate yourself on the plan, stroll through the Sunkin Gardens that

your tea; but yet, in a seat facing the Fountain of Abundance, you await with impatience the sublime spectacle of the lighting of the myriad incandescent lamps, by which the buildings are festooned and outlined in a tracery of brilliant light against the

dark background of the night. You would not miss that for anything. Your eyes are fixed upon the Electric Tower and the cascade that gushes from its base. You expect a sudden, dazzling gleam—an abrupt transition from night to day. But, no; it is from darkness to dawn. Presently every bulb shows a dim spark, which feebly glows and gradually brightens; so slowly that you are afraid the power is insufficient, and that the lights will go out. But watch and wait. These are not millions of glow-worms or fire-flies that you behold; no intermittent flashes, but steady gleams, which from a faint pink burns brighter and whiter until the Court of the Fountains and the broad Esplanade behind you are deluged with effulgence as bright almost as sunlight, and you find yourself in fairyland, alone, cut off by the magic spell of the marvellous transformation from everything mortal, until you are recalled from fancy to fact by the ejaculations of your neighbours.

And then you wonder at the flippancy of those who try to express the inexpressible in mere commonplace words of astonishment and delight. This, you say, is something to be enjoyed for a brief five minutes in utter silence.

You look and look in speechless admiration. There is nothing suggestive of the transformation scene in a pantomime; it is too grand—too overwhelmingly magnificent. In a word, it is superb! You see architecture expressed in stippled lines of light; you are in a city of light. Everywhere light—mosaics of light; towers, domes, façades and ornamentation embroidered upon the warp and woof of Nature's nocturnal robe. It is beyond speech; almost beyond the compass of thought. Your brain, already fatigued, grows dull and unresponsive. You have had enough for the present, and so you go to tea.

CANADA AT THE EXPOSITION.

The Canadian Building at the Pan-American Exposition

ing to the eye and equal in dimensions to most of the State buildings. It comprises two buildings, each three storeys high, connected by a two-storey arcade, and affords a space of 2,500 square feet, which is used as reception and reading rooms, the main hall, or arcade, presenting a representative exhibit, artistically arranged. It is furnished throughout by furniture made in Canada. Situated between the Stadium and Dairy Building, its location and distance from the various other State and national buildings lead a Canadian to the conclusion that the choice of its site was not a happy one. One Canadian, under the heading of "Remarks" in the register, describes its position as "wretched," and I am half inclined to believe it. The Government appropriation was \$112,000.

This, however, is by no means the extent of Canada's display. Among features not to be missed, Bennitt's Guide mentions the large exhibit of minerals by Canada, whose resources in metalliferous deposits and her wealth of rich quarries, it is admitted, pass all comprehension.

In the first article in *The Cosmopolitan* for September, the writer says: "The Canadian exhibit, in a large building of its own, is very representative and well arranged, and I noticed that the Canadian display of fruit in the Horticultural Building was equally creditable." And I would add to this that Mr. Wm. H. Bunting, of St. Catharines, the superintendent of our fruit exhibit, struck me as being a capable and enthusiastic exponent of this department of Canadian products.

In the Forestry Building, we show twenty-eight varieties of timber for export, varnished and in the rough, together with tool handles and furniture in seven kinds of wood and three stages of manufacture. There is also to be seen a canoe beautifully decorated in pyrography by Miss Hemming, of Hamilton, which is something to be proud of; and a baptismal font, made of

thirty-two kinds of wood from Muskoka, is an interesting novelty. An exhibit of the only dry pulp in the world, made from white and black spruce by the Sault Ste. Marie Pulp and Paper Company, is of immense economic value to Canada. I am informed that Mr. J. H. Clergue, who controls this company, is going to erect steel works at the same place next Summer which will employ 10,000 hands, and will get his iron ore from the Michipicoten district.

In the six months' dairy test to show the best results, of fifty head of cattle Canada has furnished twenty-five, keeping well to the front to date. In cheese we stand very high. Every cheese exhibited thus far has taken a prize.

Some time in October we are going to show wild horses from the plains of the North-West Territories, which will be exhibited by cowboys in a stockade now being built. The live stock is only now beginning to arrive, and of this department we have great expectations.

An excellent bust of Sir Wilfrid Laurier adorns a pedestal among the statuary of the Art Gallery.

Taking the Canadian exhibits as a whole, we have a larger and more representative display than any one State in the Union, and one that no loyal Canadian need feel ashamed of.

#### U. S. GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT.

I think I am safe in saying that the United States War Department has brought together, for the edification of its citizens, the most complete assortment of munitions of war ever placed on exhibition. Four types of sea-coast defence guns are shown. The largest, a twelve-inch rifle, weighing 115,000 pounds, mounted upon a disappearing carriage which weighs 350,000 pounds, will drive a 1,000-pound projectile twenty-five inches into solid steel armour at a distance of a mile and a half. It is charged with 240 pounds of smokeless powder or 490 pounds of brown prismatic powder. The others are a ten inch rifle on a

barbette carriage, a twelve-inch mortar and a five-inch rapid fire gun, all of which I saw worked by a company of artillery. An historical series of cannon, showing the development of ordnance from the earliest times to the present day, was most interesting. The Colt automatic gun was perhaps the most remarkable among the latest inventions of rapid fire field guns. This weapon, consisting of a single barrel fed by a continuous belt of cartridges, fires 450 shots a minute, and has an effective killing range of five miles. The bullets will pierce thirty-eight inches of oak, or six men, one behind the other. It is worked by a trigger, which fires as fast as it can be pulled, or by constant pressure the gun may be made to spout bullets in a stream like a hose, and the gun may be turned in any direction—about the most forcible argument to determine the right of way I know of, and one which few can dispute with impunity.

Here are also seen all kinds of small arms, comprising a curious collection of magazine field pieces in use in the Rebellion; wax figures representing every rank and uniform in the service; models of breakwaters, docks, every style of battleship, and the Holland submarine boat; torpedoes, ammunition, harness and other equipments; signalling, transport, ambulance, hospital and life-saving appliances; a complete exposition of the postal systems of the world; a pedagogical and educational exhibit; life-size groups of figures depicting types of every native tribe of America, its dwelling, clothing and domestic and war implements; coins and coining presses; topographic and hydrographic models, maps and charts; statistics galore; scientific instruments, and a bewildering variety of machines, and archæological, fossiliferous and agricultural exhibits. One could spend a week in this building to give everything due attention. If you want to know what mental dyspepsia is like, try to do the Pan-American in three days.



VOTING BY MACHINERY.

We have heard a great deal about the "party machine" in politics, and, judging from the results of some elections, we have had reason to suspect that somebody pressed the

What the parties seem to want is a machine that can be made to register by hypnotic suggestion when votes are at a premium.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS.

Another interesting item was the Ives system of photography in colours, in which the natural colours of the objects are reproduced by direct photography. A coloured photo-



button, and the "free and independent elector" voted accordingly. Now we have a real voting machine, by the use of which, it is claimed, voting may be done with rapidity, safety, accuracy and secrecy, and the votes counted as they are cast. I don't understand how it works, but, should it be adopted, I have no doubt that the party machinist will see that it is regularly lubricated

graph of fancy sweet meats elicited many appreciative encomiums from the fair sex, and represents one of the recent triumphs of the art that "secures the shadow ere the substance fades." Aspirants for a political career may now prove to a cynical public that they have not yet forgotten how to blush.

THE MUTOSCOPE.

The practicability of a new machine being established, the first step towards its improvement is in the direction of simplifying it. The popularity of the biograph has made its operation familiar to the average man. The Mutoscope—an instrument not unlike the stereoscope in appearance—presents in a very simple form an adaptation of the method of producing moving pictures. In the United States Government exhibits they are employed to illustrate, as in life, various industries, such as fishermen emptying lobster pots and the catching and sorting of fish. They are also to be found elsewhere on the grounds running on the nickel-in-the-slot plan, and in the near future will doubtless have great value as an advertising medium in a country where the greatest art and ingenuity are devoted to the greatest nuisance.

The apparatus consists of a reel of about one thousand cabinet size photographs (interleaved with white sheets of cardboard if driven by a motor), revolved by a crank, the rotary motion causing the figures to appear as if moving, just as in the actual scene. These pictures are obtained from an original film of successive photographs, taken at the rate of forty to sixty per second, portraying every movement of the figures, and is exactly similar to that used directly in the biograph. As the reel revolves in front of a pair of eye-glasses, the picture cards are held back and then released by a stop just above the line of vision, as one would turn the leaves of a book with the thumb. The effect is quite realistic, and the operation so simple that the instrument will not easily get out of order.

PICTURES AND HANDWRITING BY TELEGRAPH.

One of the wonders of recent history is that of transmitting pictures by wire as far as ordinary telegrams can be sent, an invention which ought to be of valuable ser-

vice in newspaperdom. The instrument is no bigger than a typewriter, and may be used at either end of the line as a transmitter or receiver by the use of attachments. The picture to be transmitted is first enlarged on zinc from a half-tone reproduction, and the depressions filled with melted sealing wax—a nonconductor. The surface is scraped smooth and the zinc etching then bent around the cylinder of the transmitter, when a stylus is made to glide over the plate, making or breaking the circuit as it meets the metal or the wax. The movements of the stylus over the metal is correspondingly traced by a steel pen and ink on paper curled about the cylinder of the receiver, perhaps a thousand miles away; but whenever the stylus touches the wax, the electric circuit being broken, no mark is made on the paper. The speed at which the machine works is equal to one inch per minute.

Another wonderful instrument to be seen at the Exposition is the Telautograph, patented this year. This is a perfect imitator of one's handwriting or drawing. Whatever you write, it writes; when you scribble, it does the same; if you think you are a draughtsman, don't be vain—it can draw as well as you. You simply write, scribble or draw on a paper with a pencil connected with the instrument by steel rods, and behold another pencil in the counterpartal instrument at the end of the line duplicates in facsimile on a roll of paper every mark you make. The instant your pencil is pressed upon the writing surface electrical connection is made and the other pencil is drawn down to the paper, where, by the varying force of the current used in the different positions your pencil takes in writing, it is controlled to automatically reproduce your writing. If any mistake is made, it is your own; you cannot evade responsibility, for there it is in black and white exactly as you wrote it. Its chief value is in sending autograph signatures, arbitrary signs and

characters, secret cypher messages and train dispatches.

#### TYPEWRITING BY ELECTRICITY.

Electricity is now applied to typewriting, and by its aid the operator is relieved of many inconveniences that retard speed and make the work wearisome. He can space simultaneously with the last letter of each word, and thereby gain an action a word. The time formerly taken in releasing each key is also saved. Uniform touch is not required to ensure legibility, and the keys are struck more lightly either for single or manifold copies. In the new electrical machine the work is done by an electric current acting through a magnet, spacing, type-bars and ribbon being all operated by it, and manipulation is by keys as formerly.

#### DUPLEX TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE VIBRATOR.

Also a new invention. It may be used for military field service on the bare ground, or along barbed wire fences or railroad tracks, or it can be operated successfully over broken or leaky telegraph wires. It is both a telegraphic instrument or a telephone, as required, and will carry a message by induction over broken wires ten feet apart, if the ends are inserted in the ground.

#### EDISON'S NEW STORAGE BATTERY.

While still in the experimental stage, Edison's new storage battery is so much of an accomplished fact as to warrant the prediction that it is the harbinger of a new era in electrical motive power. Mr. Steiringer says: "It is a revolution. It weighs less than half the present storage battery, can be charged at any voltage, and does not require renewal. The great possibilities of this battery in automobile construction alone are beyond estimate." It is made of iron and nickel, in an alkaline solution, and will give six times the output of current for the same weight of battery.

#### ELECTRICAL PROGRESS DURING THE LAST DECADE.

Among other important discoveries in the application of electricity to scientific purposes, the following may be noted for their far-reaching effects in ushering in a new era of electrical progress:

The X-Ray for photographing through opaque substances, at present chiefly applied to therapeutic uses.

Marconi's system of Wireless Telegraphy, by means of which messages can be communicated without wires, by etheric waves, this method being particularly adapted to marine purposes, and will probably be installed along the St. Lawrence route, which has proved so disastrous to navigation.

The transmission of electrical power by new methods, which has been successfully accomplished over a distance of more than 200 miles in California.

Improvement of submarine cables by the insertion of coils of wire at regular intervals, thereby ensuring a rapidity in the transmission of cablegrams equal to that of telegrams. Telephoning over cables is now a possibility.

The application of electricity to the relief of the deaf and dumb by the invention of the Akouphone, an instrument which makes a shout of a whisper and enables the deaf to hear.

A recent invention of Dr. Pupin, which, applied to the telephone, will, it is asserted, make the human voice audible across the continent.

Delany's system of high-speed automatic telegraphy, whereby it is possible to transmit 8,000 words a minute over a single wire fifty miles long.

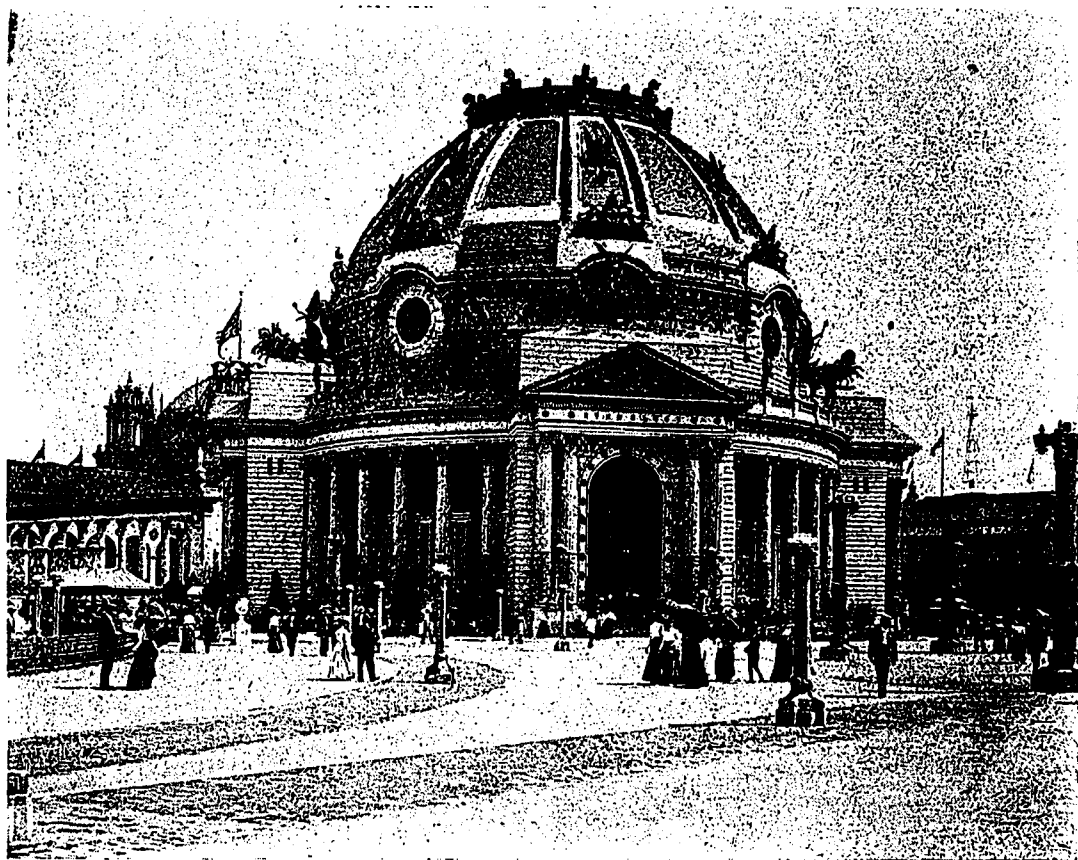
The Thermopile, one of Edison's latest inventions, exhibited for the first time in the Electricity Building, which gathers electricity from heat waves. Its possibilities are beyond computation at the present, and may perhaps include the generation of thermal electricity for domestic purposes from the fuel with which our dwellings are heated.

The Nernst Lamp, a new departure from both the incandescent and the arc lamp, which gives a more brilliant light, requires no vacuum as does the former, nor any mechanism such as is indispensable in the arc lamp.

The researches of Professor Zeeman, of Holland, which have resulted in an important discovery that when a substance is volatilized by extreme heat, and rendered incandescent, it will emit a light which is as characteristic of the substance

in the spectrum of an incandescent body is called the "Zeeman effect;" and this effect is considered possible only under the supposition that material bodies consist of ultimate particles charged with electricity, and that the vibration of these electrified particles is the cause of light emitted by incandescent bodies.

The constitution of matter has long been a problem of profound interest to the physicist. Within the last ten years the electrical discoveries of Roentgen, Thomson,



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ETHNOLOGY BUILDING

as is its molecular or atomic weight. The spectrum analysis of this light shows separate luminous lines of elementary colours, having a definite position determined by the rate of its vibration. When this luminous gas is brought between the poles of a very powerful magnet, some of these lines will split up into several component lines, separated from one another by larger or smaller intervals. The effect of this magnetic process of dividing the primary lines

Becquerel and others have furnished experimental proof of a new theory of the ultimate state of matter. The chemical atom is no longer regarded as a simple, indivisible unit of matter, but a most complex aggregation of smaller particles, about which the only property that may be asserted with knowledge is that they are endowed with force, or electricity. To one un instructed in physics, this may seem of little consequence; whereas it really means the under-

mining of the ground upon which the materialist has stood so long, and tends to show us that matter itself is probably as much an elusive mystery as spirit—that matter, in its last analysis, may be but an expression of spirit in a solidified form. So that we who believe in a soul in man may await with expectation the approach from opposite directions of Religion and Science toward a neutral line of demarcation where both shall clasp hands as allies the one of the other.

PRINTING AS IT IS DONE TO-DAY.

Following the linotype, which put so many compositors out of a job, we now have a type-setting machine with which every editor may become his own compositor. This machine casts individual type from molten metal, sets it and justifies it accurately, so that uniform spacing is obtained. A keyboard, like that of a typewriter, perforates a paper ribbon with a certain mark for the letter struck. At the end of the line, the machine tells the operator what spacing is necessary to justify it, and he simply presses the requisite keys. When he has finished his copy in this way, another part of the machine from the perforated ribbon automatically casts and sets the type, spacing and justifying it as determined by the keys, and deposits the type in lines upon a galley ready for proof-reading. The paper ribbon is really copy, which may be reset if required. Its speed is 5,000 ems per hour, as against 1,000 by hand, to say nothing of distribution, which is obviated in this machine by the type being thrown into the melting pot when done with.

A working model in miniature of a Hoe Sextuple Newspaper Perfecting Press shows what has been accomplished for the printing of a modern newspaper. Composed of over 16,000 pieces, weighing in the full size press 130,000 pounds and measuring 26 feet long, 18 feet wide and 12 feet high, it prints from both sides of three continuous rolls of

paper, and turns out 96,000 four or six-page papers, or 24,000 twenty-four-page papers per hour.

ACETYLENE GAS.

The new illuminant, acetylene gas, possesses so great an economic value that a large building has been erected at the Pan-American Exposition for its exclusive demonstration.

In 1836, Edmund Davy, an English chemist, produced acetylene from a decomposition of water by a by-product to the production of metallic potassium. But, on account of the difficulty of its production, it had then no commercial value. In 1862, Woehler produced calcium carbide, which would also decompose water (water itself being composed of two gases, in the proportion of two parts of hydrogen to one of oxygen) and yield a gas containing acetylene. Calcium carbide and its product, acetylene, did not come into the market until 1892, when calcium carbide was first successfully produced at a price which assured its future as a commodity of trade.

Calcium carbide comes from two of the commonest materials in the mineral kingdom, limestone and carbon, the latter being obtained chiefly from coke. These materials are ground and mixed, and then melted together in an electric furnace at a temperature of 4,500 degrees F. The calcium carbide thus obtained slakes in water like ordinary lime and liberates acetylene gas, through the lime combining with the oxygen of the water and the carbon with the hydrogen. One pound of pure carbide gives five cubic feet of acetylene. This gas is colourless, but has an offensive odour so penetrating that one part of gas in ten thousand of air is distinctly noticeable. Thus leaks can be detected before they become dangerous. It has, however, no odour when burned in a proper jet.

Acetylene, when used through a proper burner, is of all known gases the most powerful illuminant. The

flame is white and of great brilliancy; its spectrum closely approximates that of sunlight, and consequently shows the same colours as daylight; it may be used in photography; and it neither heats or pollutes the air so much as coal gas. In point of economy, it is the cheapest illuminant known, kerosene coming next. It is coming into general use, and the simple manner of generating it by merely pouring water on the carbide, enhances its usefulness for all purposes where a portable gas-works is required.

#### FISH AND FISHERIES.

The centre of the Fishery Building is occupied by an extensive display of fishing gears, models of fish-weirs, and the various apparatus for the propagation, culture, catching and curing of fish, with realistic moving pictures of scenes illustrating every phase of the fishery industry, from the trawl to the market, shown free by the mutoscope. Around the circular walls are thirty-two tanks, containing specimens of fresh and salt water edible fish, and many curious freaks of the funny finny tribe, from the crab hobnobbing with the oyster to the toad fish with goo-goo eyes trying to be neighbourly with a marine monstrosity. Most of the fish looked to be healthy, but many were wall-eyed or afflicted with a fungoid growth that gave them a bedraggled appearance. The corridor was in semi-darkness, and the tanks were lighted from the rear, thus presenting a clear view of the aquatic life within.

#### THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

Transportation on the North American continent, which has an area of nearly eight million square miles, is a matter of prime importance. The improvements in American locomotives and rolling stock are best appreciated by comparing a train in use in 1831 with the mammoth locomotives that stand beside it in the Transportation Building. The antiquated locomotive of this

train looks like an old-fashioned threshing engine, while its tender is nothing better than a flat truck, with a canopy, and barrels for holding the wood fuel. The stage coach familiar to us in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show is a state equipage compared with the coaches, with their waterproof curtains and outside seats.

One of the locomotives on exhibition, of the Lake Shore Passenger type, weighs with its tender 292,000 pounds, holds 6,000 gallons of water and twelve tons of coal, has a total heating surface of 3,356 feet, and the diameter of its driving wheels is eighty inches. The engines of today are gigantic in size and of the compound pattern, having a second cylinder which uses the live steam from the main cylinder before it is exhausted, thus effecting economy in fuel for the extra power gained. In the matter of speed, one train of five well-loaded cars has a record of 173 miles in a little over two and one-half hours, without any special effort being made to make a record. One locomotive works in the United States employs 9,000 men, and last year turned out 1,200 locomotives, an average of about four for every working day. Of this number 363 engines were exported to foreign countries.

Here also are seen an immense steam shovel for railroad grading, snow-ploughs and sweepers, the most modern passenger and freight cars and a thousand-and-one devices for coupling, signalling, lighting, heating, handling mail, switching, braking by compressed air, and what not.

Freight cars, made wholly of compressed steel, are now turned out by a company employing 10,000 hands at the rate of 100 per day, notwithstanding the fact that the first pressed steel car was made but four years ago. They possess the merits of greater durability and increased capacity for the same weight over wooden cars.

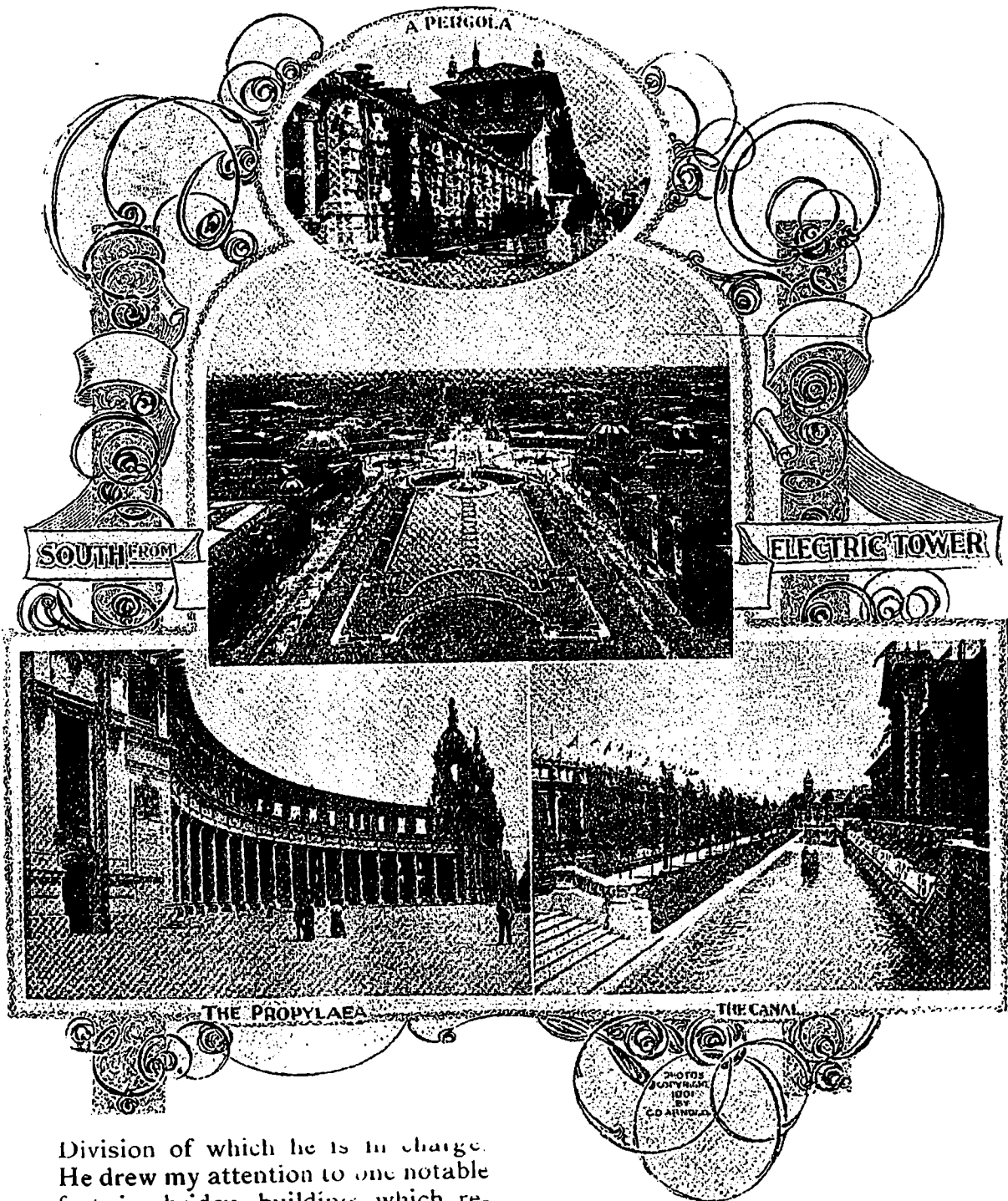
Astonishing progress is also observable in the manufacture of

electric trolley cars for city and suburban service.

YANKEE ENTERPRISE.

Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden, of the U.S. Revenue Cutter Service, kindly showed me through the Ordnance

tractors wanted fourteen months in which to build it, whereas the American Bridge Company had the bridge made and shipped ready for erection in forty days from receipt of final specifications, the entire bridge being made in twenty-nine



Division of which he is in charge. He drew my attention to one notable feat in bridge building which redounds to the credit of Uncle Sam. Kitchener, in his Soudan campaign, found it necessary to throw a bridge over a river at Atbara, which, for three months in the year, was a raging torrent. The English con-

working days, in addition to the work on contracts then in hand. The bridge was of steel and had seven spans of 147 feet each. The same firm has a secret process of manufacturing steel for railroad

work equal to that of Krupp's, at one-quarter the cost, which gives them an advantage over their competitors. This company has now been absorbed by the great Steel Trust.

#### SOME CURIOSITIES.

Ploughs of all nations from primitive times to to-day.

Two cannons, one that fired the first and the other that fired the last shot in the Rebellion.

A model in butter, 7 feet wide, 11 feet 8 inches long and 5 feet high, of the \$3,000,000 capitol at St. Paul, Minn., containing 1,000 pounds of butter.

Petrified body of an Indian woman, weighing sixty pounds, found, with implements of stone, in an old copper mine in Chili in 1899, supposed to antedate the advent of the Spaniard in America.

Dwarf trees of various kinds from Japan, some 125 years old with gnarled trunks and every appearance of old age, yet no bigger than a good size geranium, although trees of a kind that normally grow twenty to thirty feet in height. The Japanese produce these freaks by a special culture little understood elsewhere.

Typical Japanese, Esquimaux, African, Philippine and Indian villages, with a native population in native costume, illustrating their customs, industries and amusements.

Infant incubators, where two-pound bits of humanity, ushered into this vale of tears one to three months before their time, are prevented by a uniform proper temperature and scientific treatment from slipping back into heaven--funny little pink dolls, all alive and kicking in a glass-cased oven, with a lamp for a sun and a thermometer to show when it is Summer or Winter.

The Flip-flap, a switch-back railway, on which the single car, with its occupants, after a fearful descent, is whirled round a circular loop probably fifty feet in diameter, turning a complete somersault, and then rushing up and down some inclines

and declivities steep enough to make a dead man ejaculate. The car is kept on the track when inverted by centrifugal force; but nobody knows how the flip-flappers escape the palsy after such a sensation. As a fool's frolic, it is hard to beat; and how a woman, in her five senses and petticoats, can be induced to take a whirl on it would be a mystery if we did not know to what extent the feminine sense of propriety can be refracted by novelty.

The man who does not make straight for the Midway as soon as he reaches the grounds, and—

The man who, when he gets home, has not more to say about its freaks, fakes and follies than all the wonders of industry, art and science that bewilder the topsy-turvy brain of one who is determined to "see it all" without extending his excursion ticket.

#### WOMAN AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

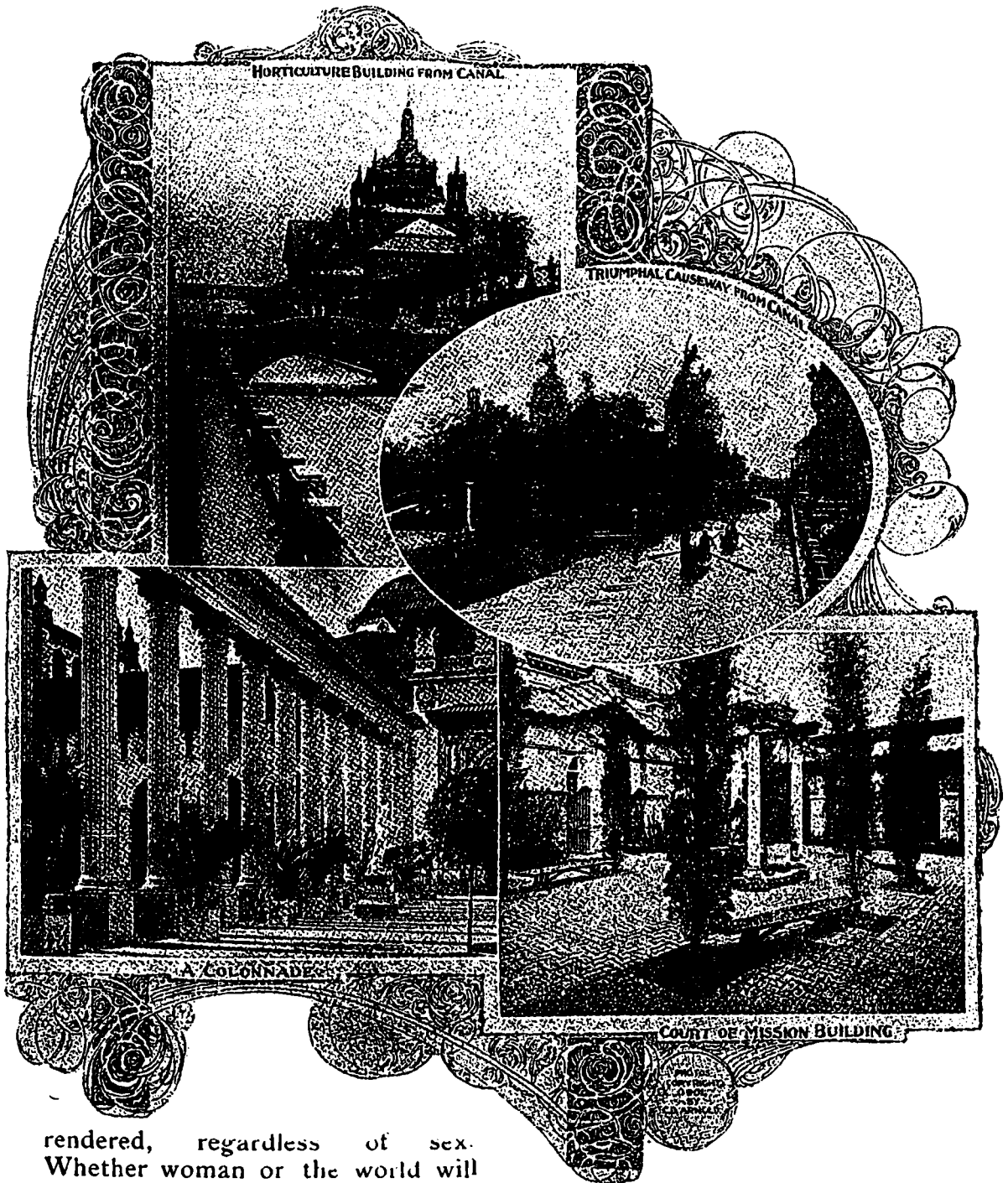
The women have a building to themselves, reserved for their exclusive use. As I was looking for a separate exhibit of what woman had to show as an evidence of progress, I expected to find it in the Women's Building, and was not a little surprised on entering to be informed that I was trespassing on woman's domain. Apologizing, I went in search of the Secretary of the Board of Women Managers, Miss Marian DeForest, a most genial and intellectual lady, who does not believe that the woman behind the man does *all* the work; but who takes the sane position that woman does her share of it, and is entitled to equal status for equal merit. Hence, she says, the Board of Women Managers protested against a separate exhibit of women's work, and succeeded in getting it placed in the department to which it belongs, side by side with that of men's, so that the public may see from comparison the relative merits of both. Here there is no unfair discrimination in the question of sex. The opportunities of art literature and science, together with



the labour-saving devices of the commercial and industrial world, are drawing more and more women, year by year, from the sphere of domestic life, and there is now a movement afoot for the recognition of equal consideration for service

THE MIDWAY.

Did I "do" the Midway? Ah! don't mention it. I was warned by the Editor not to go near it; and if I did, he advised me to go into quarantine for a while before returning to Toronto. Now it hap-



rendered, regardless of sex. Whether woman or the world will be benefitted by her forsaking the domestic hearth for the studio, the office and the factory is something that remains for the future to demonstrate. In the meantime, let us have fair play while she tries the experiment. And good luck to her!

pened that I had been... Press Bureau, and as this was located midway down the Midway, I buttoned up my coat, looked severe and took the middle of the road, turning neither to the right

hand nor to the left, unmindful of the touter or the snake-charmer, charm he never so wisely.

After I had presented my card and got some "pointers," the courtesies of the press were extended to me in the shape of a pass, good for admission to the grounds or any show on the Midway. (Say, you fellows, how would you like to be let loose on the Midway with a pass? I fancy I see you!) Well, it was a temptation, of course; but in going out of the door, I was again resolved to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, and as going straight ahead landed me in Bostock's menagerie exactly opposite, that wasn't my fault. Now, was it?

I had no sooner come out, thinking what a fine collection of animals I had seen (I was not interested in the performance), than a hoarse voice shouted through a megaphone into my ear:

"Yes, you; I mean you! This is what you're looking for!"

"Is it?" said I, giving him a glimpse of the pass, at which his jaw dropped and he exclaimed:

"Beg pardon, sir; mistakes can't be helped sometimes. Hurry up, and you'll be in time for the cannibal feast in Darkest Africa."

A newspaper pass is useful on the Midway in more ways than one.

But the Midway, though a fascinating subject as an exhibition of human nature, is not within the scope of this article; and—I don't want to be quarantined!

#### CREMATION VERSUS BURIAL.

While the crematory is in no wise connected with the Exposition, I thought, while I was in Buffalo, I would not miss the opportunity to see it. The more sanitary and cleanly method of disposing of our dead by burning instead of burial is making slow but sure headway against popular prejudice and sentiment; and when I say that, on an average, one body is cremated at this particular place every week, I think I am justified in concluding

that a crematory will be found in every large city before many years have passed away. What little information I was able to glean on this subject may not be devoid of interest to some of my readers.

First, then, the crematory might easily be mistaken for a little Episcopal church. Covered with ivy, there is nothing repulsive or even strange in its appearance. Entering, one finds oneself in a small chapel, containing an altar in the chancel. Facing the altar, on the left of the chancel there is a small room in which the car is kept, and on the right a door gives access to the crematory—a large oven-like receptacle, where the body is consumed—and below this, in the cellar, is the furnace, which is heated by hardwood to a temperature of 225 degrees.

During the funeral service, the body lies in a casket before the altar, at the conclusion of which the mourners retire, except two, who remain to see the corpse consigned to the retort, or oven. The body is lifted out of the casket and placed upon the car, which has a fire-brick tray with protuberances like mushrooms in shape and of the same material, to allow the intense heat to attack the whole surface of the body. The car is then wheeled to the aperture of the oven, and the top slid into it and the door closed.

In the course of an hour and a half to two hours the body is reduced to about three pounds of calcined bone in size no bigger than a five-cent piece, which is gathered up from the tray, ground to a powder and deposited in an urn, which is then kept on a shelf in the vault.

The flames do not come into contact with the body, which, with its gases, smoke and effluvia, is consumed without contaminating the air. It takes one-quarter of a cord of wood to burn a body, and the cost is twenty-five dollars.

DICK WHITTINGTON

# “The Barnardo Boy”

## A Study.

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“I BID you welcome as an honorary member,” said the presiding officer, emphasizing his official pronouncement with a hearty shake of the hand.

I took the seat offered me on the left of the president; the vice-president, who had been my escort to the dais, returned to his station, and the regular order of business, which my introduction as an honorary member had interrupted, was resumed.

Yes I was an honorary member of B.O.B.S.—Barnardo Old Boys’ Society, in first annual session assembled in the city of Toronto on Tuesday night, September 8th, 1901.

I looked around the hall and took in the scene before me. Outwardly, it was one with which I was by no means unfamiliar. I had on more than one occasion looked down upon an audience of considerably greater numbers than the one I now faced, which was composed of perhaps a little over a hundred young men, all keenly interested in the proceedings. And on those previous occasions the interests which the audiences represented, and the questions which had brought them together, were, on the surface, of a character far more likely to arrest attention and enlist men’s active sympathy than the minutiae of a business meeting of an old boys’ society. But participation in no ordinary public meeting could give a more complete sense of satisfaction, or a greater assurance that far-reaching results would ensue from what was there and then done, than that which I experienced as I gazed upon the keenly interested, listening faces on the side benches, and noted the earnest manner of the executive officers at this first meeting of the Barnardo Old Boys’ Society. My

vision extended beyond the walls of that meeting hall and comprehended more than the one hundred odd young men there assembled. It extended from the Eastern points of Ontario to the distant lands of the Prairie Province, and as it swept this fertile slice of the British Empire, it took in ten thousand stalwart yeomen, leading, some may think, prosaic lives in their daily round of toil; adding by seven figures to the yearly production of Canadian wealth; eating their bread in the sweat of their face:—the heart of each beating in sympathy with the work being done that night in that room in the city of Toronto. I saw each one of those ten thousand enrolled in avowed brotherhood with one another, forming a gigantic co-operative organization, by means of which the members were rapidly becoming owners of their own homes and farms; extending a helping hand to those of their number in genuine distress; and, above all, teaching the people of Canada that there was no higher class of citizenship than that personified in those who years before had left Old England’s shores under the guidance of Dr. Barnardo, equipped for the battle of life in the New World with strong hands and hearts and a well-laid faith that the God of all, Who doeth all things well, would bless abundantly their efforts to lead lives of honest industry. I saw, in the passing of years, another generation, as yet unborn, who should rise up and call his name blessed whose life-work it had been to start their fathers on the road to righteous prosperity.

It requires no great prophetic power to see that these things will, nay, must, be. For, at the outset, in

the very formation of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society, is apparent the fundamental factor of success in all great movements: that courage of conviction which will not quail at self-sacrifice. Let those who fail to see where any great measure of courage and self-sacrifice enters into the establishment of such a society think for a moment of the persistent effort that has been made for years in Canada to stamp Dr. Barnardo's immigration work with opprobrium; to make "Barnardo boy" a synonym for everything that is undesirable in citizenship. The anti-Semitism of France and Russia has not been one iota more morally brutal than the persecution of Barnardo boys by a section of the press and public of Canada. Demagogic devilry has well-nigh exhausted itself in the creation of calumnies which should be as the sting of a scorpion to the hearts of thousands of hard-working, honest lads.

Let these things, so painfully true, be borne in mind, and then measure the courage and nobility of those who, arrived at matured manhood and filling honourable and responsible positions among their fellow citizens, come forward and say: "We will stand before all men united under the name which our enemies have sought to make a byword for shame, but which we will show is a token of honour."

In such a spirit was the Barnardo Old Boys' Society conceived and established, and in such spirit will it be continued and grow until it embrace every lad, youth, young man and old man who at one time received a helping hand from him whose Christian work illumines the pages of the social history of England for over a quarter of a century, and at whose power of achievement governments have marvelled.

And, possessed of the knowledge that these things were, I felt proud, and that the honour was mine that I sat there as an honorary member and wore on my coat the badge of membership of B O B S.

While for a few moments I had my

mind dwell upon the future and the past, there was in the present proceedings plenty to engage one's attention.

The executive committee, Messrs. J. Webb, Geo. Clarke, A. G. Smith, John Withers and Walter Knowlton, had previously drawn up a Constitution, which had been submitted at a preliminary meeting in the afternoon, which had, I understood, assumed something of the character of a committee of the whole. At the evening session, or first annual meeting proper, the president submitted the Constitution clause by clause. The formation of the meeting was largely on lodge lines, and while to some people this might appear unnecessary formalism, it cannot be gainsaid that the appointment of different members to special offices with specified duties, and the observance of certain formalities by all, conduce to the dispatch of business in an expeditious and orderly manner. The president, who, it was easy to see, had wielded the gavel before, laid down the law with commendable impartiality when points of order came up, and was not afraid to express his opinion whenever occasion required. And occasions were by no means rare.

While unanimity on fundamental principles was the characteristic of the meeting, there was no suspicion of that insipid indifference which swallows *holus bolus* all that is put before it. There may not have been a Chamberlain in debate or a Balfour in suavity of eloquence in the assembly, although, by-the-by, the latter gentleman's style had a fair representative in the indefatigable secretary, Mr. A. G. Smith, whose ease of pose, fluency of tongue and comprehensive grasp of detail suggest that should he at some future time seek a hearing in municipal, provincial or national council, he will be ensured an attentive audience. And the characteristics we have referred to are not Mr. Smith's greatest sources of strength. There are others of more lasting kind with which he is well

endowed, and which spell "success" and "honour" wherever you find them. In some respects a marked contrast, and yet no less a pillar of strength, was the vice-president, Mr. George Clarke, more prone to thinking and inward cogitation than to talking; seeking by work rather than by words to give expression to his thoughts; a Briton from head to toe, whose honest, manly face reflects the man within; bearing heavy commercial responsibilities, but always cheerful, reliable and thoughtful of others. May the years be many in which I shall cross his path!

I do not wish to imply that every officer and every member was a paragon of all the virtues and intellectual excellencies. I have not the slightest doubt that the minor sins of mankind were as fairly represented at the first annual meeting of the Barnardo Old Boys as they would be at any similar-sized gathering of respectable members of the community. I could pick out fully a dozen who, of my own knowledge, would be none the worse for a stiff lecture from Mr. Owen. There was a weakness or foible of some kind probably in all, for I at least have not yet met that type of character which is flawless, and I neither expect nor wish to on this terrestrial sphere. But every visitor to the Home during the Exhibition week proved himself possessed of that which invariably makes for righteousness and nobility of character: a grateful heart and a desire to do unto others as it had been done unto him by his old friend and benefactor—help to make the path easier for those lads who will in the future leave congested England, even as they had done, for the wider scope of Canada. For let me emphasize the fact that one of the fundamental features of the Old Boys' Society is to afford moral support to the younger lads already in the country, and to those yet to come, in their struggle against ignorant but cruel prejudice; and to render all assistance in its power,

material and otherwise, to Dr. Barnardo in his God-given work. And when you have a gathering of over two hundred youths and young men entirely unselected, as was that at the Home, every member of which is inspired by such a motive, I claim you have a gathering in which the average type of character is superior to that in any ordinary gathering under institutional auspices, be it of church workers, Sunday school supporters or social reformers of any description. The point of difference between the average well-conducted citizen and those of whom I am treating is this. The ordinary well-conducted, highly respectable member of society may be guilty of no positively wrong act or positive violation of ethical consideration; but his conduct responds to the ethical consideration only as far as it affects him personally in reputation or in moral well-being, or, at the most, his family and immediate friends. He may be, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, a better citizen than my friends of the B.O.B.S. He is generally a Pharisee; the embodiment of civic righteousness, void of ideal; a materialist; and, perhaps unconsciously, an egotist. Speaking with the assurance that comes of close observation under a dozen different conditions, and as one who is not officially connected with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, I assert that the Old Barnardo Boy type of character is superior to this. He has, and tries to live up to, an ideal which entails the hardest kind of self-sacrifice. He may slip and trip frequently on the path of civic righteousness, strewn with obstacles and traps innumerable for his special benefit, but he recovers quickly and, undaunted, pursues his way, moulding his life as best he can to his ideal.

In addition to this characteristic devotion to an ideal of self-sacrifice, he possesses, in scores of cases that I have in my mind, and in thousands of others upon the records, every ethical attribute including the civic

righteousness, of the ordinary well-conducted, highly respected member of society. I have mentioned the names of two or three officers already in whom this type is personified, but mention of them was not made on that account. Such a distinction would be invidious where the type was represented on nearly every seat at the first meeting of B.O.B.S. They were subjected to treatment because of the prominent part they were called upon to play in the proceedings, and of other characteristics that were interwoven in their individuality. And there was no lack of idiosyncrasies among the rank and file.

Hear Joe Lawson express *his* opinion on a point that promises to be settled in a way he does not approve of, and you realize to what great growth Cockney insistence can attain in Canada. Incidentally you may wonder where Joseph got that luxuriant moustache, and *when* he will lose the Bow bells accent.

You won't hear much from Mr. Thomas Crawley, but you will bid him good night with the conviction you have been in the company of a man who spells duty "do it;" and, by-the-bye, you bid him good night rather early—that is, for Exhibition week—for our solid friend has qualms about his good lady being kept up waiting for him.

Another benedict, whose two bonny little girls in their dainty costumes were living evidence of a father's forethought and a mother's care, was Mr. John Withers, one of our vice-presidents, who, well on the sunny side of thirty, has accomplished more than the majority hope for until they are near the half-century milestone. Repose and pluck are the traits written in strong letters on the open countenance of this follower of Caxton.

A vastly different character from any of those we have touched on is George Cheeseman. There are many George Cheesemans—ought I to say Cheesemen?—in the world; in fact, every household has its George, ready to run and carry, and do the

most extravagant and useless things in order to show his good faith; raised to a pinnacle of harmless joy by a word of praise, and cast into the depths of despair if his honest efforts on behalf of others are passed over in silence. The George Cheesemen add materially to the sum of the world's goodness—and long may they flourish!

I take off my hat to Tommy Bishop, now aged sixteen. He came in about the second day of the reunion, and he was bubbling over with enthusiasm for B.O.B.S.

"You are going to join, I suppose," I said.

"Of course I am, sir; who wouldn't? Look what Dr. Barnardo did for us."

"Us" in this case referred to Tommy and a little chap of twelve who clung closely to him.

"Is this your brother?"

"Yes, sir," he replied with an air of almost fatherly pride, "he's my brother."

"And do you keep an eye on him?"

"Yes, sir. The last thing mother said to me when we left Newcastle six years ago was, 'Be sure and take care of Bobbie,' and I have tried to. I'll never forget how mother said it."

Awfully sentimental this, and sloppy, no doubt, to the average sixteen-year-old native of the city of the Western world, who hasn't a father or a mother, but who refers flippantly to "the old man" and "the old woman," and who "knows it all!" But there is more true boyishness and more genuine manliness—I don't say mannishness—in one Tom Bishop than in a dozen of those moral and physical dyspeptics-in-knickerbockers who cross your path at every turning.

What a surprise would Charles Draper be nay, what a freak he would appear to nine out of ten young men in the city, if they had business dealings with him. By no process of reasoning could Charlie be brought to believe that anything less than two cents will make a

dollar, or that, "as a matter of business," he should try to get a dollar for what is worth only ninety cents. Not likely to prove a commercial success? No, perhaps not. But to the end he will be something better, an honourable man, honest in all his dealings, and whose word will be as good as another man's bond.

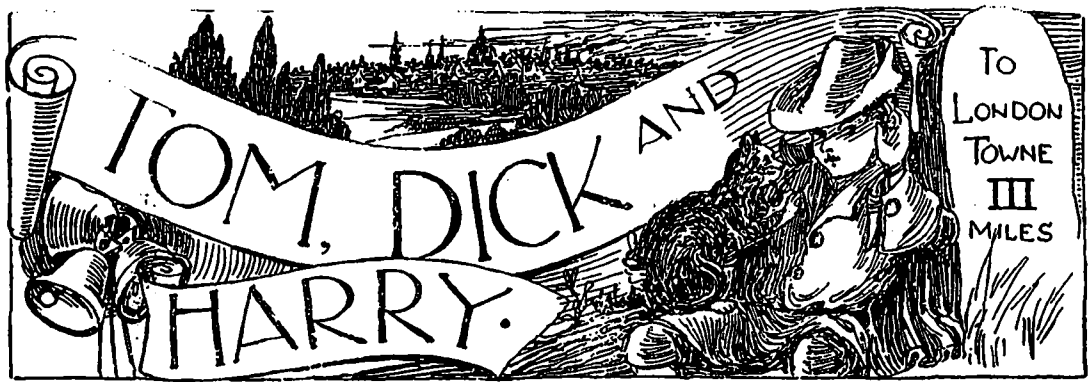
There was one boy who did not join the Old Boys' Society. Count it to him for cowardice, but nothing more. He is only sixteen, and his lot has been an unusual one. Being practically adopted by the good people whose household he became a member of a few years ago, instead of following the usual course of doing the chores and other light work and attending school in the Winter, he is being given a first-class education, attending a high school throughout the year. While I think, and told this boy, that he was guilty of moral cowardice in not showing his colours, I can find some excuse for him. He is not ungrateful to Dr. Barnardo, nor does he wish "to have nothing to do with the Homes;" but, well picture for yourself the misery to which a high-spirited boy would be subjected if it were known to his school-mates that he was a Barnardo boy; young Canada taking its cue, of course, from old-time popular opinion. He is a particularly bright

scholar, a strong, well-set-up lad; by birth and early training the equal of any in the school; incomparably the superior of the majority in manners and demeanour; but misfortune characterized his early years and he was an inmate of Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Therein would the generous and democratic youth of the modern West find its opportunity to make life a veritable hell for the poor fellow. I called him a moral coward because he would not show the Home colours. I should call him a moral Hercules if he did.

I might go on for page after page sketching the characters of those whom I met again at the annual gathering at Dr. Barnardo's Home; but my object has been to present types which should be fairly representative of the whole. In conclusion, let me advise those who would estimate the potentiality of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society not to make the fatal mistake of regarding it as a formal or nominal organization of those who have passed through the Homes. It is an organization pulsating with life, each of the units contributing in active effort and earnestness of purpose to the sum of this concentrated energy and enthusiasm of ten thousand men and youths, all of whom, having received freely, are determined to bear witness.

FRANK VIPOND.





WELL, boys, I have been to the great Exposition at Buffalo, as you will see by an article on the subject in this number of our magazine; and what I saw there has taught me the value of time to anybody who would make his way in the world. Whenever one "of ours" is mentioned in dispatches to headquarters for distinguished services, or some splendid achievement which does honour to the corps, there is rejoicing in the camp, from the Field Marshal down to your comrade-in-arms, Dick. Hence, if I again insist on the right use of your leisure time for the promotion of efficiency, I trust you will take it in good part and follow what may appeal to you as good advice.

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The farmer, no less than the manufacturer and scientific man, finds himself to-day in a progressive age, in which the slow, old-fashioned, go-as-you-please methods of doing things are obsolete and unprofitable. It is brains now rather than brawn that rules the roost. The rapid improvement in labour-saving machinery, together with the application of scientific knowledge to agricultural and industrial pursuits, call for a technical training in order that the best results may be obtained from the least expenditure of money and labour. Let me explain what I mean by "technical." You may know how to plough, harrow and cultivate the soil, and yet may not fully understand why these operations have to be performed to ensure a crop, nor yet what is actually accomplished when these things are done. If you

had a *technical* knowledge of agriculture, you would know all about it—*why* the soil must be turned up to be aerated, in order to supply the plant life with nitrogen, and so forth; and how, in stirring the soil by cultivation, both moisture and air are conveyed to the roots. Knowing enough of the chemistry of vegetable growth, you could get better results by employing the right conditions, besides having the satisfaction of knowing some of the secrets of nature's handiwork. When men are hard pushed by keen competition and adverse conditions, they must exercise their ingenuity to meet the demands of the market or go to the wall. It is the resourceful man always who makes money while others fail. The farmer is no exception to the rule. If he lags behind while his neighbour keeps abreast of the times, he will wonder why his neighbour's goods increase while his own diminishes. The farmer of to-day must realize that to do as his grandfather did before him is to be behind the times. He must read and think: read to learn what others who are more successful than he are doing, and think so as to decide how he may best employ the experience and knowledge of others to his own advantage.

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The management of a farm and the marketing of produce require business ability and a fair knowledge of book-keeping and financing, as well as a thorough technical knowledge of agriculture. The successful farmer of this generation is no "hayseed," but a shrewd,



quick-witted fellow who knows the best end of a bargain at a glance, and in his own sphere is at least the equal of the city business man. The Government, having recognized that agriculture is the mainstay of the country, has done much to encourage the adoption of modern money-making methods, and to foster the tilling of the soil by the founding of Farmers' Institutes, and the dissemination of useful knowledge through the Department of Agriculture and the college. "Profits are better than tradition." The farmer who reaps the benefit of these and other advantages, shows that he is alive to his own interests by putting to a practical use the scientific knowledge gained by scientific men at a great cost in money and experiment, and promulgated by the Government. He, as a reward for his progressiveness, takes more produce to market and more money to the bank than the man who says that what was good enough for his father is good enough for him, thus ignoring the fact that competition lowers prices, while, at the same time, expeditious methods ensure a larger profit at current rates.

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It is an old saying, and a true one, that "you can lead the horse to the water, but you can't make him drink." Notwithstanding the fact that the opening up of the West, with its enormous area of wheat-fields and ranches, has driven the old-time farmer into a corner, many are either too apathetic or prejudiced to turn their attention to more enlightened methods of dealing with their difficulties, and so exclaim that they are being ruined. If such a one is told that there is money in the intensive cultivation of a small farm, and that modern methods will almost "get blood out of a stone," he will shake his head and reply that he has been a farmer all his life, and his father before him, and that the fault of his not being able to make money is not his, but is to be attributed to "hard times." Talk of the facilities for the acqui-

sition of just such knowledge as he needs, and he will declare he has no time to bother with new-fangled ideas; it takes all his time to make a living. The old way is the hardest, the longest and the least profitable; but still he prefers it and will have no other, and so, poor fellow, he plods doggedly along in the tail-end of the procession, a victim to pessimism and patent medicines. He will not buy a patent seeder because it is expensive; but he takes patent pills for the reason that they cost four times as much as ordinary pills. Or, worse still, he will eat cheap, coarse, indigestible food, and then pay out for medicine more than he saves by this false economy. Thanks to education, the pork-and-beans farmer is seeing the error of his ways, and is living as he ought to live—comfortably; for no man better earns good fare and good cheer than the world's provider, the farmer.

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Some of our boys are built this way, and, happily, many are not. Many there are who are laying the foundations of a character that in manhood will make them intelligent, progressive citizens of a country already noted for its progressive intelligence and vigorous, if rugged, manhood; and a few there be who are content to work, eat and sleep, taking no thought for the morrow and no concern in the opportunities of to-day. For the first, there is the prospect of becoming their own masters, with a farm of their own and the energy and brains to make money out of it; and for the second class, what better can the future have in store for them, at the best, than a steady job as a hired hand?

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To one engaged in outdoor work, a book at the fireside ought to be a pleasant recreation as well as a means of instruction; and to prevent that drowsy listlessness into which the farm hand is prone to fall when the day's work is done some mental exercise is necessary, for the mind requires to be used, just as do

the muscles, if it is to grow strong and elastic. Book-keeping is indispensable to any kind of business, farming not excepted. An hour's steady application to this, three hours per week for a whole Winter, would be very beneficial to any young man. And if he is dull at figures, a short course of arithmetic may be acquired in the same way. Books are cheap, and someone may always be found to help an earnest student out of a difficulty. If he finds it hard and tedious, as doubtless he will at first, the very effort at keeping at it and trying to understand its rudiments will brighten his intellect, and sharpen his wits, and strengthen his resolution and character. All things are difficult at first; all difficulties can be overcome by patience and perseverance. Let him try--by all means let him try; and though he fail, let him still try, and try again until he succeeds. That is how great men are made.

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A great incentive to exertion will be found in biography in reading of the struggles and triumphs of others; what they did, and how they did it, and what little they had to start with. Most men who have made their mark tell us how much they were helped and encouraged by the examples furnished by the lives of stress and trial of those who in poverty built up a character that achieved for themselves riches, and honour, and fame. "What man has done, man can do." He who would rise in the world must climb; the level road is always crowded because it is easily travelled; down hill is easier still, but it ends in destruction.

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Robert Burns and John Greenleaf Whittier, two great poets, followed the plough, and not a few of our public men came from the farm. The farm is a veritable nursery of genius, because there a young man has none of the allurement of the city to distract his mind, or cheat his attention by offer-

ing a passing amusement to tempt him from his studies. There is no coming home from the vitiated air of a factory or an office to pore over books and ruin his health for the lack of fresh air and outdoor exercise. He comes in robust health to the task, and while his thews are resting his mind is free for any reasonable demand upon it, and the whole being is better for all-round development. Make no mistake: Now and where you are is the time and place to begin.

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Perhaps you complain of the humdrum life on a farm, which is by no means as monotonous an occupation as working day in and day out forever at one kind of work, like a mindless machine, in a factory. There is always something new and interesting on the farm, and if you have not the eyes to see the many entertaining sights that nature presents to the student, it is because you are ignorant. You ought to get some popular work on natural history, and educate yourself in the observation and comprehension of the habits and peculiarities of animal and insect life that swarms around you. If you have never read about the ants and the bees, you will be astonished to learn how exceedingly interesting and intelligent these little creatures are. Then there are the plants. You ought, as a farmer, to know as much about these as books can teach you. I know of no more entertaining writer on these subjects than the late Grant Allen, a Canadian, who contributed many articles of this nature to *The Strand* magazine. There is a very useful series of little books, published at one shilling by Geo. Newnes, of London, England. "The Story of the Plants," "The Story of Life in the Seas," and many others, each written by an expert and dealing with one particular subject, scientifically but interestingly, which you ought to get, a few at a time as you can afford them. They cost thirty five cents in Canada. Write to me for

a list and where and how to get them, if you choose, naming the subject you are partial to. Then there are books of travel, discovery and adventure, that take you with its author all over the globe, showing you people, animals and plants, and a host of other strange things totally dissimilar to those you are accustomed to. Would not this be a wholesome change of scene for you as well as a fund of information upon which to draw for reflection?

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What of history, fiction and poetry? In history you have the past spread out before you as in a panorama, whereby you may rehearse the events of a lifetime in a few hours and learn somewhat of human vicissitudes therefrom. In fiction, you have the choice of the world's best story-tellers, who will entertain you for an old song, and impart a wider range of the language you speak. In poetry, many a moving tale, told in melodious words, will charm and refine you with the pathos of suffering, the passion of feeling and the beauty of expression. What of the Bible, that compendium of all literature? Abounding in narrative, replete with allegory and the metaphor of Oriental speech, a guide to life for this world and the next, God's word to man, nobody need be lonely or comfortless who will reverently take it up and read it for the good it contains. Sir Walter Scott, himself the greatest of novelists, said there was but one book, and that the Bible. No person is well read who has not read well the Bible, that fountain of English undefiled, valuable alike as a literary treasury and as an arbiter of what is good, and right, and true

"Reading," says Locke, "furnishes us only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours." And Bacon says: "Reading makes a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, have a present wit; and if he read little, have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not." So we see that it is not enough to read without thinking, or think without writing; for by reading we accumulate material for thought; by thinking, it becomes knowledge; and by writing we avoid loose thinking, in that our thoughts are reduced to precise ideas, exactly expressed. It would be of great service if, after reading some noble thought, a scientific explanation, or any theoretical statement worth committing to memory, you then try to express in your written words the idea gleaned by reading. A comparison will show how far short you come of fully and correctly transcribing the original, and at the same time will improve the critical faculty.

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What I have outlined as a course of study for the coming Winter will, if interspersed with an occasional pastime by way of variety, provide beneficial recreation that one can look back upon with satisfaction as time well spent. How many of our boys will take it up? I shall be glad to be of what assistance I can to those who resolve to do so.

*Dick Whittington.*

## Home Chat

WE do not happen to have heard in the course of the past three months that any one of our lads has been created a bishop, a bank president, or even an alderman, and these distinctions are still in the future for the majority of our readers. But meanwhile we hear of them working steadily away in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, and in shade and sunshine, heat and chill, following "the daily round, the common task," and assisting to make the earth bring forth her increase, and give seed to the sower and bread to the eater.

Here is our tried and trusted friend, Emille Collard, for example, with a record of over thirteen years in the same neighbourhood, and about a dozen of them with the same employer; one of the steady-going, plodding, persevering sort, who make very little stir in the world, but are the backbone of any community, and the best kind of citizens for a new country or an old one:

I would have liked to have been with you at the time of the Exhibition, as I understand it was to be a meeting of the B.O.B.S. Do not think that I am taking no interest in that society; my name is not enrolled yet, but I hope you will be kind enough to put it there, and to take the premium out of my account. The people around here know I carry a good character and am making headway in this world, and I am never ashamed to let them know that I am a Home boy, for I would like for them to know that a Home boy is not always a bad character. It would be an impossibility to gather some thousands of lads from anywhere and not be able to pick out some bad ones among them. Dear Sir, my insurance is due this month, so would you be kind enough to send me \$30 out of my account, and oblige? Yours truly,

E. H. COLLARD

We are not going to make any disclosure of our friend's business affairs; but we may say that after the \$30 was paid, there remained well enough, say to buy up a few

score of New York votes at an aldermanic election.

The following letter relates to a lad of very different type, but of equally sterling worth. Our friend, Randall Fox, is a youth whose future we look forward to with highest expectations, and we believe that his abilities, energy and high principles will carry him to a good position in the world. The writer is his employer, Mr. Michael Stoskoff, of Carlingford:

I am sorry to report that Randall is going to leave me by next Spring, his intentions are going West. Randall has an excellent character; he has given me the greatest of satisfaction and pleasure; he has made good progress for the time he has been on the farm; he is a gentleman wherever he goes; he is a credit to the country and Home.

Among our Exhibition visitors we had the pleasure of welcoming Thomas Preen, who came over from Rochester, N.Y., to spend the holiday with us. Tom is a fine, steady young fellow, and evidently doing thoroughly well. He is the American representative on the executive of the B.O.B.S., and we think the Society is to be congratulated on the selection.

Our Exhibition week festivities would have been incomplete without the genial presence of our esteemed and old-time friend, Nehemiah Garnham. He arrived looking as beaming and as much at peace with all the world as ever; but we have our misgivings as to his having left in the same placid frame of mind, and if we are not greatly mistaken, our eyes beheld the unique spectacle of Nehemiah in love—or at any rate badly smitten—and, sad to relate, the young lady was another's. Never mind, we all wish better luck to Nehemiah next time. Some young woman will, ere long, discover what a jewel is being passed over, and we trust we may live to welcome a Mrs. Nehemiah and a string of little

Nehemiahs, whom we hope will at least inherit all their progenitor's good looks and good qualities. Incidentally, we may add that our thrifty friend improved the occasion of his visit to add fifty dollars to the credit of his account in the savings bank.

One little circumstance apart, we were greatly delighted to welcome among our visitors our old standby, Richard Petley. Dick was looking well and hearty as ever, and family cares and responsibilities at present sit lightly upon him. But, friend Richard, a word in your ear: Satan digs deep pits for the feet of those who walk unwarily. The descent is steep and slippery, and at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

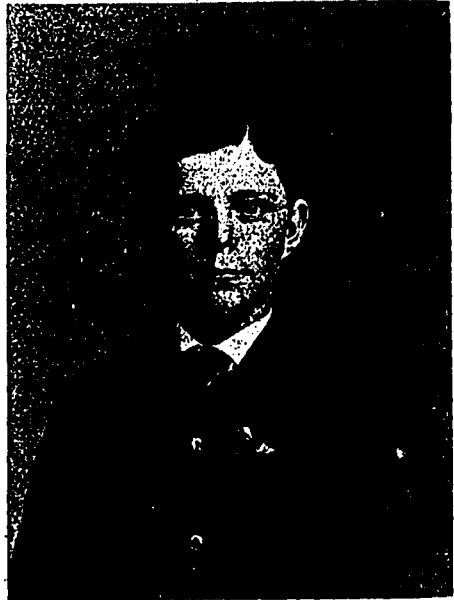
Needless to say we extended a hearty greeting to John E. Walker, erstwhile an old Stepney boy, now a prominent citizen in the town of Milton, secretary of the Forester's lodge, shining light in various other organizations, and no doubt rapidly advancing towards the mayoralty of the town, if not county member. With that quick recognition of worth and ability that has characterized the B.O.B.S. in all their appointments, our friend John was early nominated as a member of the executive committee and unanimously elected, and already he has shown himself alive to the responsibilities of this position. Before he left us, we gave John, at his own suggestion, a list of the younger boys in the vicinity of Milton, that he might give these little chaps a look up as he found it possible to spare the time. The following letter shows that John lost no time in the fulfilment of his mission:

MR. A. B. OWEN,

214 Farley Avenue, Toronto.

DEAR SIR AND BRO., I had the pleasure of calling at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Griffith, to have a chat with Sidney Muir. I found Mr. and Mrs. Griffith at home, but Sidney had gone to church, as they have church in the forenoon. I told them my errand and where I came from, etc., and they seemed very pleased to see me, and we soon were into a very interesting conversation in regard to Sidney. They seem to be very proud

of him. Their only fault is that he is not quite as strong and as big as they would like him, but they think he will get over that when he has been out a little longer. They say he is very willing, and Mrs. Griffith said he would not let her lift an ounce if he was anywhere around and was not busy at anything else. He is very truthful, and, on the whole, they say he is a good-behaved boy, has good manners, and they can't complain in the least. I then waited around and met him coming from the church. He was in the company of William Tomblinson, who lives with Mr. Chas. Fetherston. They both seem well pleased with their places, and like the country, and were pleased to see me. They appear to be in good health and to be well treated by their respective guardians. I will try and get around to see



William J. Bell.

the rest of the boys whose names you gave me. I remain,

Yours fraternally,

JOHN WALKER.

P.S.—How would "I remain yours in R.G.F." sound?—Remembrance, Gratitude and Friendship.

We extract the following from a huge bundle of memoranda respecting Exhibition visitors, for which we are indebted to the indefatigable zeal and industry of Mr. Griffith:

Thomas Ward, working for Mr. John Kneal, of Holbrook; looking well, getting \$115 for the year. Is working for the third year with same employer.

William Stables, a smart looking, intelligent young fellow, still with Mr. S. Roadhouse, earning \$150 a year with board, etc. Engaged till January next.

James C. Lindsay, of the March party, of 1890, and therefore over eleven years in the country, an able bodied young farmer who seems to have his heart

screwed on the right way and to be getting on well in the country. Is making \$16.00 a month during the present season, with board and lodging.

Richard Rist, who had brought some thoroughbred Southdown sheep for exhibition at the show, gave a very satisfactory account of himself. Wages \$18.00 a month.

Samuel Walker, going to work next week for Mr. George Goebell, of Guelph. To receive \$18.00 a month for the next three months, and \$15.00 a month for the Winter, with board. Deposited some money to the credit of his bank account.

We missed from our present year's gathering the substantial person of Samuel Hadnutt, but Samuel was otherwise and well employed in preparing to receive his dear old mother, whom he had arranged with us to bring out from England with our next party. The good lady has since arrived, and we have had a letter from Sam. expressing his grateful thanks for what we were able to do for her comfort on the journey. He says: "You do not know how glad I was to see her here so soon, and she likes the country well."

It rejoiced us to receive the following little note among the budget of manuscript waiting our recent arrival from England:

TO MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I sign your agreement. Leonard Salter has been with me two months, and if he continues to be what he has been in these two months, I have one of the best lads that ever came from the Home. We all love him, and he is learning farming well.

Yours sincerely,

MARTHA McMURRAY.

From what we know of our little friend, Leonard, we have very little fear of Mrs. McMurray having reason to change her opinion; but we believe that she will find him, like some other good things, improve with keeping.

We were well represented in the various harvest excursions to the North-West that drew such an exodus of young men from Ontario to the great wheat-fields in the West. A good many of those who went are already decided to stay, among others our two friends, Geo. T. Garrod and Benjamin Piercy. George writes us as follows:

SALTOUN, ASSA., Sept. 8th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—Just a few lines to let you know we are still alive and well, and to ask you to send me \$50.00 of my bank account, as my friend Piercy and myself have purchased two homesteads about a hundred miles from here, at a place called Milestone, and I would like some to pay for them, as we are not able to obtain any from our masters until they sell some wheat; and I would like it as soon as possible, to pay for them before they are taken up. We both like the country fine now, and think about settling down here. They have a splendid harvest here this year, the heaviest ever known. It is a grand sight to see the stooks everywhere you look. It makes a fellow feel mad for not being out here sooner and have some of his own; but better late than never. I think this is the country to start all right; it may seem a bit outlandish, but it will soon be settled like Ontario. Our place is seventy-five miles south of Indian Head, but only seven miles from a railroad. We took 170 acres apiece to homestead, and want to try and buy the other half-section this fall when we get our pay, and think of starting next Spring to break. We will be busy threshing right away now. I think this is all this time, hoping it will find you all well, as it leaves me the same.

I remain, your sincere friend,

G. GAROOD.

Another George—George Keene—is a landed proprietor in a very different section of country, owning 400 acres of land near Dorset, Muskoka. The land itself is poor and stony, but George tells us that he has some valuable timber on his property, and he is evidently a man of affairs who knows how to turn his possessions to good account. He is one of the old-timers, being labelled in our books as 2 '87; in other words, having helped to comprise the second emigration party of the year 1887, and thus lately completed his fourteenth year in Canada. We were very pleased to see him during the Exhibition week, and hope it will not be his last visit to the Home.

Thomas Wilkins seems to be making things go very satisfactorily, and gave us a cheerful account of himself. He is working during the present season near Victoria Corners, making \$14 a month and his board.

None of our Exhibition visitors was more welcome in our midst than Robert Holmes, and we shook hands with him feeling that by



Charles Minchin.

goners have been long since by-gones and that we were greeting a young man of sterling parts and honesty and uprightness of character.

We can say the same of Frank Stevens, who came in from Warwick to spend a day or two with us. We believe both these young men are not only respectable, thoroughly deserving members of society, but followers of the Master in sincerity and truth, and Christians in practice as well as in profession.

Charles Minchin, whose photograph we have reproduced in the present number, is a little lad who has lately been recalled from boarding-out and has now gone out to earn his living independently and carve out his fortunes for himself. His record in his foster-home gives us every reason to look forward hopefully to his proving himself in every way a credit to the training he has received from his good foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Briese, of Bardsville.

Another excellent foster mother writes thus of her young charges :

MR. A. B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, - Enclosed are the receipts for the two cheques, which I received safely, and I thank you very much. Both boys, Robert Chadwick and Charles C. Pilson, are quite well. Robert is a splendid boy and is going to make a good farmer.

He is very proud of his garden stuff, and he certainly should be, as he has bestowed a lot of pains on it and kept it clear of weeds. To-night he brought some of his potatoes to show me, good sized ones, too. Charlie, of course, is too young to know much about a garden, but another year he will remember to weed it. He is a very good little chap and always willing. They both attend Sabbath school and church regular.

Little Frank Abrams, who has favoured us with his photograph for publication, is a lad of whose general behaviour and conduct we have always heard favourable accounts, and who, we believe, is making good use of his opportunities in this country. He is living with a first-class dairy farmer in the County of York.

Francis D. Radcliffe, of the April, 1894, party, writes us as follows from Deloraine, Manitoba :

September 10th, 1901.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR, - I now take pleasure in writing you these few lines, hoping all are well at the Home as I am at present. Well, Mr. Owen, it is quite a while since I wrote to the Home, but I was in Elsinore then, Bruce Co. I came out to Manitoba this Summer. I am getting \$30 a month, and I have a good place and I like the country fine. Well, Mr. Owen, as I drew out my money out of your bank last Winter, I think I will start another account. In this letter you will find enclosed \$60 I want to deposit, and the \$130 I drew out last Winter.



Frank Abrams.

I shall put that back as soon as I receive it. Well, Mr. Owen, I intend to put more in this fall if I can. I intend to pay the Home a visit when I am returning to Elsinore, as I have not visited the Home since I came out, nearly eight years now. Well, I am sorry I cannot send any donation now, but I will give you some in the fall. So no more at present, and may God watch over you and help you in your good work. I remain, your sincere friend,

FRANCIS D. RADCLIFFE.

Deloraine, Man.

Mr. Griffith has lately sent in some very encouraging reports of the boys visited in the County of Bruce, the scene of his latest activities.

Thomas H. Barrett has never been sick a day since he came to Canada, is doing very well, taking an interest in his work, has a comfortable home and "the best of treatment." The report of master James, brother of Thomas, is not quite as satisfactory in that portion of it that relates to his conduct and behaviour, but a suggestion that the engagement could be speedily concluded if desired met with no response, so we hope that James is perhaps not so bad as he is painted, and we may hope that his having carried off Dr. Barnardo's prize for the best account of a boy's experience in Canada will serve as a stimulus to him to devote his remarkably good mental abilities to the faithful performance of his duties, rather than to concocting devices for shirking them or excuses for their nonfulfilment.

Charles Hampson was visited by Mr. Griffith on September 12th, and lately returned the call, looking in upon us in all the splendour of his regimentals, on the occasion of his coming to Toronto with the 33rd Battalion to take part in the great military review that formed one of the most attractive features of the visit of the Duke of Cornwall and York. Physically Charles is a fine specimen of young manhood, and we believe is proving himself a credit to the Homes.

Henry Hambly, living with Mr. David Falconer, son of Lucknow, is described as "a smart, active, nice-looking lad very agreeable in

manner, and bears an excellent character." Getting \$75 for seven months' work, with board and lodging. Is looking forward to bringing out his brothers from England, and will probably write us later on with a view to arrangements being made for their accompanying the first party of next year. Henry's brother, Charles, is working at present for Mr. Frank Stanley, of Purple Grove, and Mr. Griffith found him in charge of the farm during his master's absence in Manitoba. Mrs. Stanley spoke of Charlie in terms of the highest praise, saying that every reliance could be placed in his faithfulness and attention to his duties.

The brothers, Albert and Harry Street, seem to be making very creditable progress, and Harry especially is doing remarkably well. They have both good homes, and are contented and comfortable.

Sidney Hewitt is a well-grown, useful boy, and evidently making a success of himself. We are pleased to hear of Sidney being quite at home among his new friends, and evidently adapting himself to his surroundings in the new country. He is a little lad who knows very little of his earthly kindred and belongings, but we hope he will find kind friends and warm hearts in Canada, and that, above all, he will learn to know and prove the richness and the sweetness of that love that is above and beyond all earthly affection, even the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.

Mr. Griffith tells us that in his quest for Charles Chappel, living with Mr. James McDonald, he had an extra drive of ten miles, owing to there being four James McDonald's in the Township of Huron; but he was repaid for the extra trouble when he finally located our friend, Charlie, meeting a fine, promising young fellow, doing well in every way, and pleased to see a visitor. Is earning \$16.50 a month for a seven months' engagement.

We hear that our old friend, Charles Fisk, and the brothers, Charles and Albert Taylor, have



made up their minds to migrate next Spring to the North-West with the intention of taking up homesteads for themselves. If they carry out their intention, it will mean the acquisition to the Western Provinces of three very eligible settlers, who will undoubtedly give a good account of themselves should they get a foothold in the country.

Christopher Scott, of the April, 1898, party, is a small boy for his age, but none the less capable of a good deal of work, and evidently very useful. His employer thinks we have asked too much in the shape of wages, and wishes for an alteration in the conditions of the engagement. With all due respect to Mr. Alexander McMurchy, we differ from him on the subject and can offer him no reduction in the present terms. The enormous demand for boys and the rapid and general rise in the rate of wages does not dispose us to regard favourably suggestions for reductions of pay or extensions in the length of engagements, and we are afraid it is a case of pay or part, of which alternatives we think, if Mr. McMurchy is wise in his day and generation, he will choose the former.

George Beadle is said to be "a splendid boy," happy and contented in his home, living on a fine, well-appointed farm, and in thriving circumstances generally.

We hope to have some nice things to say about our young friend, Henry Cater, another year. It would be a grievous disappointment to us if an old Stepney boy, and one of whom we formed such a favourable opinion, were to turn out otherwise than well. We trust that Henry will bear always in mind that we are looking to him to keep up the good name and reputation of the Homes, and that he will watch against anything in his conduct that will discredit us and injure his own prospects in the country. We respect a lad of independent spirit, but rudeness in manner, defiance of authority and neglect of duty are a very poor way of showing independence and

pride, or what the wise man calls "an haughty spirit," goes before a fall.

Alfred Wright, who began life in Canada in July last, has made a good start in the country, and already has won golden opinions. We look forward to his future with confident expectation of seeing him acquit himself worthily and well.

John Oswald Hind, whose protrait we publish in the present number, has kept his situation in a very creditable manner and gives every promise of developing into a good citizen.



John O. Hind.

Richard Rayner is another lad of excellent promise. He has no lack of ability and lots of ambition. His present employer gives a very favourable report of him, and we expect in the future to class Richard as one of our conspicuous successes.

Abdullah Ahmid is, we are told, haunted with misgivings that the Home has dishonest designs upon his money, and that his savings are in some danger of being appropriated. Apart from these unworthy suspicions, put into his head, as Mr Griffith remarks, by "outsiders," Ab is doing well and working faithfully. We cannot, unfortunately

close up the apertures in boys' heads through which these lamentable ideas find an entrance, but it seems sad that a boy should harbour such thoughts of those to whom he owes, humanly speaking, everything that makes his life worth living. We are sure that any lad of ordinarily right feeling must look back in after life with regret and shame upon having allowed himself to be so influenced; but meantime we cannot put old heads on young shoulders, and we often have to do our duty in the face of a good deal of ingratitude and opposition.

John Wm. Rogers is, we are told, a faithful worker, short in stature



William G. Rayner.

but stout and strong. Lately bought a bicycle, but is an indifferent wheelman and often gets "ditched." How often out of the "miry clay" must John have reflected bitterly upon those hard-earned dollars that might have remained in the bank, and he himself on *terra firma*, had he but hearkened to the word of advice.

George Britnell, we hear, returned lately from his trip to Toronto, and has come back with the determination to begin at once to deposit his earnings in the Home Savings Bank. We have not as yet seen any tangible

result of this wise resolution, but we hope something will materialize before long, as, with all respect to our friend, George, we have an idea that for the next year or two we can take better care of his money than he can.

Frederick C. Castle is a gentle, affectionate little lad and very good and well behaved. He is not very robust and seems to have various aches and pains, but we doubt not that another year or two of good Canadian air and abundant farmhouse fare will build up his constitution and make a man of him, as it has for so many others of the weaker members of our flock.

Henry William Hunt is earning good wages and seems to be climbing the ladder of life with a fair measure of success. We hear he has invested his savings in a twenty-year endowment insurance policy, which a score of years hence will place our friend in possession of a handsome capital. We are not quite sure of the desirability of these endowment policies as investments for our lads. Undoubtedly the necessity for keeping up the quarterly or half-yearly premiums makes some boys put away their money that otherwise would slip through their fingers, but if they would compel themselves to put the same amounts in the bank year by year until they accumulated the capital to start on land of their own, they would the sooner make themselves independent and masters instead of men.

Ernest Pullen is now able to plough and take almost a man's place on the farm. Mr. Griffith remarks that his master has a bargain in Ernest, a fact that Mr. Morgan is beginning to realize.

Frederick Chaplin has a thoroughly comfortable home, where he is well and kindly treated. There is some little dissatisfaction about wages, but our opinion is that Fred. will go farther and fare worse, and having done well for so long, we sincerely hope he will complete his engagement and give us the pleas-

ure of recommending him to Dr. Barnardo for one of his silver medals in reward for good conduct and length of service.

We hear nothing but what is good of William G. Collacost, and Mr. Griffith's visit was evidently a very pleasant one. Willie is described as "truthful, attentive, kind to stock, able for farm work of any description."

The following is a verbatim report of Mr. Gaunt's visit to the brothers, Henry and William Hurrell, living on their own farm near Redwood, Muskoka :

Visited these young fellows to-day, and was very pleasantly received. They took me over the place, and the work and the improvements they have done on their little farm speaks well for their thrift and industry. Last fall they paid \$50.00 off their mortgage, and this year they expect to pay another \$50.00 or \$60.00. In addition to this they have spent considerable on material for improving the place, and have the lumber, etc., on hand for the erection of a large barn this fall or in the Spring. They raise a large quantity of vegetables, which, together with the milk of three cows, they find a ready sale for among the tourists, who all seem anxious to encourage "the boys" as far as possible. They tell me they have already as many orders for firewood, and ice houses to fill, as will keep them fully employed during the coming Winter. Are too busily employed to avail themselves of the invitation to visit the Exhibition, though they would much enjoy the holiday. Highly spoken of by all who are acquainted with them.

The name of William E. Moule has, if our memory serves us aright, appeared before in our columns, but we are now proud of the honour of presenting that young gentleman's expressive features to our readers, and to be able to introduce him as one who we believe to be in every way a credit to Dr. Barnardo.

We have to acknowledge with many thanks a donation of \$2 from our friend, John Pocock, visited by Mr. Griffith on Sept 18th. John is as well spoken of as ever by the family of Mr. Angus McSween, of Eskdale, with whom he has lived so long, and, in fact, is the same old John—not very swift, but honest, faithful and pains-taking as a man could be

Joseph E. Portbury has gravitated into the useful, if not pretentious, position of section man on the Grand Trunk Railway. Joseph's religious opinions have, owing to certain circumstances which we need not recount, been always a subject of considerable interest to us. We hear that he now attends, alternately, the services of the Methodist and Roman Catholic Churches, although professing himself to be an adherent of the Church of England. We confess it seems to us a pity that Joseph can-



William E. Moule.

not compromise between these extremes by attaching himself definitely to the grand old Church of his native land, that combines in her noble liturgy and articles the purity of gospel truth taught by John Wesley and the founders of Methodism, with the antiquity, historical associations and ecclesiastical authority of the Church of Rome, without the doctrinal errors and preposterous claims of that venerable communion.

Thomas Latchford, living with Mr. John Dundas, of Leadbury, has sent us the following cheerful little review of his eighteen months' experience in Canada :

LEADSBURY, Sept. 10th, 1901.

DEAR MR. OWEN, I write these few lines to you, hoping to find you quite well, as this letter leaves me at present. I like this country fine. I have just got through with my hard work and will not have much to do all Winter. I have been out here about a year and a half now, and I think it was the best time I ever had. The hot weather is about over now and the Winter will soon be here. I like my master and mistress; they are very good to me. Sometimes my master gets pretty mad at me, but they all do that, so I have nothing to grumble about. I have lots of friends around here and there is lots of fun in the Winter. I had a great time last Winter sleigh-riding and snowballing. When I first came out here I was as green as grass. Some people used to say it was a wonder the cows did not eat me; but I am a lot better now, and can do all I am



Thomas J. Perry.

wanted. I can drive a team now. I was going to come down to the Exhibition in the fall, but I have always been used to the city, so I don't think I will come down this year. There are lots of concerts and parties around here all Winter. My master says that if I could get a few dollars it would be better. It is getting late now and I am getting tired, so I must try and bring my letter to a close, not forgetting to thank you and Dr. Barnardo for being so good as to find me such a good place. I remain,

Yours truly,

THOMAS LEADSBURY.

We had the pleasure of entertain-  
ing, during the Exhibition week,  
both Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buckley

We should say that our friend, Arthur, in finding a wife, found, in the words of Solomon—who must be admitted to be an authority on the subject—"a good thing." They are both thoroughly German, and we doubt not will succeed as well in the country, by dint of thrift, industry and perseverance, as the great majority of the German race who form such an important section of the population of both Canada and the United States.

A short time ago we received from Charles Walton a very cheerful and encouraging report of his experiences in Manitoba, where he is located at Wawanesa on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. He informed us that he had hired for the Summer at a wage of \$160 with board and lodging, liked the country, and was doing well. We have now much pleasure in publishing Charlie's portrait, and we doubt not that his features will be recognized by many of his old friends in Ontario, where we think we may say that he was liked and thought well of by all who knew him.

Thos. J. Perry, whose portrait appears opposite, is now putting in his fourth year's service with Mr. John Grant, of Kinburn, is earning good wages, conducting himself respectably, and a regular and generous supporter of the Homes.

Among the second 1899 lads who registered their names at the Home during the holiday week, were William Henry Trim and Alfred J. Craddock. William was escorted by his master, our old friend, Samuel Snow. He has grown prodigiously since his arrival in the country, and although a short time ago some demon of unrest appeared to have entered his head, it seems to have been exorcised, and he has come to the sensible conclusion that it will be better for him to settle down to business and put in his time. If he does so, and thus makes a good start in the country, we have no fears but that he will do well. Alfred Craddock had just completed his engagement, but anticipated no

difficulty in hiring for a substantial increase of wages. We were very pleased to see Alfred again, as we know him to be a lad who will always do credit to the old Homes.

News lately reached us of our stalwart friend, William Savory. We are told that Will. is doing a first-class business in his blacksmith shop, and has lately purchased a fifty-acre farm in the neighbourhood. We learn that he himself and his wife and two little ones are in the best of health.

Our Exhibition gathering brought in a very old friend in the person of Frederick Floyd. We hardly like to mention the number of years that Fred. has kept his situation, as it might suggest that he must have passed the flower of his youth; but suffice it to say that we can ourselves bear testimony to seventeen years of honest, faithful service, and without our ever having had to hear the slightest suspicion of a complaint.

Mr. Henry Hall, of Cobourg, the employer of Charles Moss, reports of him as follows:

I am very pleased to tell you that Charles Moss is growing to be a big, strong, useful boy. He has been working in the brickyard all Summer, and he likes it well, and he is getting very handy.

Charles J. Bransgrove, of the first detachment of last year, is a little lad whose lines have evidently fallen in pleasant places. His mistress—or we might almost more correctly describe her as his foster-mother—writes of him: "Charlie is a grand boy, so industrious and obedient. He is growing finely."

Mr. Reazin has sent us some splendid reports during the past few weeks of boys whom he has visited in the territory throughout which he acts as agent of the Homes, and which includes the counties of Ontario and Victoria and part of Durham.

Thomas Palmer is said to be a first-class farm hand and a lad who will make a good citizen. Was found busy in the harvest field and working like a lion.

Edmund W. Lucas was found to

be very happy in his home with Mr. John McGill, of Janetville. Spoken well of by the whole family.

John F. Palmer has formed the ambition to educate himself with a view to becoming a Methodist minister. Is a studious, high-minded young fellow. Attending high school at present and supporting himself by his labour during the vacation.

George T. Bould is described as a quiet, steady lad. Employed with a respectable farmer. Conduct and behaviour said to be "excellent."

Herbert Frank Huntley, a little lad recently transferred from his foster-home in Muskoka to Mr. J. B. Laidley, of Omeme, is, Mr. Reazin



Charles Walton.

remarks, "sure to get on." Is a bright, sharp boy, likes his new home and has, so far, created a very favourable impression.

William Waterer, who dates his arrival in Canada from the early part of 1889, is said to be working part of his employer's farm on shares and to be prospering in his undertakings, and a young man of excellent repute in the neighbourhood.

Arthur and Walter Peck are little lads who have lately been

placed in the neighbourhood, seem to have dropped into good homes. Walter is a fine little worker and will make a man of himself as he grows up. Arthur is described as "a good specimen of a boy," and although not free from boyish faults, is a little fellow who we believe will give a good account of himself as he grows up.

Charles and William Moore are another little pair of brothers who have lately been recalled from their boarding-out homes and placed in situations where they are close to each other and where, we are pleased to say, they have so far conducted themselves admirably well and done credit to the training of the foster-homes. Charles is with Mr. Robert Balfour and William with Mr. Edward S. Morgan, both of Omemeé.

John William Fletcher is said to have a fine home, where he is well treated and bids fair to do well.

Sidney Shaw Mr. Reazin describes as a tall, well-built, fine-looking young man, for several years past working in the same situation, making high wages and saving every dollar.

Robert Mills, a promising young man and first-class workman, is earning \$18 a month with board.

Fred Osborne, highly spoken of by everyone, especially by his employer, Mr. W. C. Switzer, who is himself a prominent man in the neighbourhood, a member of the County Council, etc. We hear that Fred. has a considerable sum of money in the bank, to which he will be able to make a substantial addition from his present year's wages, and we hope that the time is not far distant when we shall hear of our friend starting in business for himself.

We were glad to extend a cordial welcome to Albert Henry Lancaster, who came to Canada in 1891, and is now in his ninth year with Mr. Roger Ross. As a curious reminiscence of his early days in the country we recall the singular fact that, while many lads have too

much to say, Albert, although by no means of a sulky disposition, was transferred from his first situation because of his habitual silence. It did not, however, require a corkscrew to elicit the information that he has \$175 in the bank, some money out at interest, and that he would have more had he not paid a visit to England. He has the reputation of being quiet and well-behaved, and that he is thrifty is plain to be seen.

The influx of visitors at Exhibition time afforded us the pleasure of meeting Charles E. Morris, now in a situation at Beaverton, to where he was transferred to be near his brother. We were recently assured by a member of the family from whom he was transferred that he was much respected by them, and that they would have been pleased to have kept him in their employ.

Frederick Williams is doing well with Mr. Thomas Reynolds, Thompsonville, and is well spoken of.

Henry Brooks, a steady young fellow, has branched out into the nickel mining industry. Commencing at seventy-five cents per day, he now earns \$1.50, and says there is plenty of work in the district for active men at good wages.

Our old friend, Charles Hill, one of the second party of 1889, has turned out a very intelligent, capable, shrewd young fellow. He is now working for Mr. Wm. Grant, Bridgnorth P.O., at \$18 per month.

Frederick H. Nash is the right-hand man of the leading storekeeper of the village of Cheltenham, and when he partook of the hospitality of the Homes his face recalled no unpleasant memories.

Arthur Sherwood, an old boy of 1887, dropped in to renew old acquaintances. He is still employed at Jamieson's clothing store, in this city, where he is in receipt of ten dollars per week, which represents an increase of four dollars in his weekly wage during the past twelve months—a long stride in so short a time, which looks very much like promotion as a recognition of merit.

# The Barnardo Old Boys' Society

**W**E have received for publication the following report of the proceedings of the two sessions of the first General Meeting of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society:

The first annual business meeting of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society was held in the Temperance Hall, Bathurst street, Toronto, on Tuesday, September 3rd, the president, Mr. James Webb, being in the chair at both afternoon and evening sessions.

The afternoon meeting, at which over sixty members were present, was opened by the singing of one verse of the hymn, "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

The president gave a short address on the objects of the Society, being followed by vice-president George Clarke, who gave a short account of the founding and progress of the Society.

Bro. Perry, of Norland, who, we are pleased to note, is farming on his own account, spoke on behalf of the Society, and gave a short account of his connection with the Homes eighteen years ago.

Vice-president George Clarke read the auditor's report to September 2nd, 1901.

Bro. Thomas Harley, of Hamilton, who is doing a prosperous business in that city, spoke on behalf of the Society.

Bro. Bray, of Burnt River, also addressed the meeting, saying, among other things, that he was proud of being a Barnardo boy.

Bro. Hy. Page, of Pine River, spoke on the subject of a suitable password, which, after some discussion, was finally adopted.

Several brethren spoke on behalf of the boys coming into the country, urging the need of the members of Dr. Barnardo's big family standing by each other.

It was moved by Bro. Thomas Harley, seconded by Bro. Walter J. Dickason, of Dungannon, "that the Secretary receive the sum of five cents per member per annum for the ensuing year." Carried.

The question of nominations for office for the ensuing year was discussed.

A set of proposed by-laws to govern the Society was read by the president.

The meeting then adjourned until 8 p. m.

(Sgd.) THOS. E. HARLEY,

Secretary

The evening session was called to order by the president at 8 p. m.

The minutes of the afternoon session were read and approved.

After the reading and adoption of the

president's report, which treated of the work of the Society since its organization and its objects, the president suggested that Mr. Alfred B. Owen be made honorary vice-president of the Society, the suggestion being received with acclamation, and, on being put to the vote, was carried unanimously.

At this point Mr. Owen came into the hall. Addressing the Society, he said that he appreciated the honour shown him and had very great pleasure in accepting the office. He congratulated the Society on the progress it had made, and was pleased to see the way in which all had taken hold of it. He had for some years past devoted a great deal of thought to devising some means of holding the old boys together on the lines of mutual interest, and his desire had led to the publication of UPS AND DOWNS, which had served its purpose in promoting a spirit of union and good fellowship among Dr. Barnardo's great family. He was happy to see the old boys taking a step forward with the idea of improving their social standing in the country, and for the purpose of forwarding the interests of the Homes. He thought that if anyone had reason to hold up his head before the world the old Barnardo boy had. We could claim to be an industrious, law abiding body of young men, and worthy and respectable citizens of a great country. We have our failures here and there, and there have been black sheep in our flock, and although too many are ready to judge the whole by isolated cases, he knew of no class more worthy of respect, or making greater progress, as a body, than were our boys. Idleness accounts for most failures in life, but the great mass of our boys are anything but idlers. They realize that they must succeed, if they succeed at all, by perseverance and hard work, and that the responsibility for success or failure rests with themselves. He would impress upon the members of the Society the great responsibility that rests on all old Barnardo boys to maintain their own reputations and the good name of the noble Institutions from which they had derived such great benefits.

The president then read a set of proposed by-laws to govern the Society which, after amendment, were adopted.

The secretary's report for September and 1901, was then read as follows:

Sixty nine members outside of Toronto received into membership on payment of fees.

Fifty nine members of the Society were received into membership on payment of fees.

## Ups and Downs

Twenty Toronto members.  
Total membership to date of reunion 104

### FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

DR.	
To fees received .....	\$52 75
CR.	
By Stamp account .....	\$15 65
“ Printing and stationery .....	16 23
“ Badges.....	15 00
“ Sundries.....	1 00
“ Balance in hand.....	4 87
	\$52 75

The secretary's report was adopted.

It was moved by Bro. Thos. Crawley, Toronto, seconded by Bro. Thos. Harley, Hamilton, that :

“The members of this Society, in first Annual Session assembled, do hereby place on record their deep sense of gratitude to their old friend and benefactor, Dr. Barnardo, and assure him that the passing of years and the responsibilities of manhood have in no way diminished the affectionate regard and esteem with which they learned to regard him when boys in the old Home in England.

“The members of this Society further desire to place on record their deep regret at the serious illness which recently overtook their old friend, and an expression of their fervent hope that the Father and Ruler of all will restore him to health and strength, that he may be spared for many years to carry on his much blessed work for humanity.”

Carried by standing vote.

The secretary was instructed to forward a copy of the foregoing resolution to Dr. Barnardo.

The election of officers and an executive board for the ensuing year resulted as follows :

Honorary President, Dr. Barnardo.  
Honorary Vice-President, Mr. A. B. Owen.

President, James Webb, Toronto.  
1st Vice-Pres., John Withers, Toronto.  
2nd Vice-Pres., Thos. Harley, Hamilton.  
3rd Vice-Pres., Geo. Clarke, Toronto.  
Sec.-Treas., Alf. G. Smith, Toronto.

#### EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Walter J. Dickason, Duncannon, Ont.  
Thos. Preen, Rochester, N.Y.  
Jno. Walker, Milton, Ont.  
W. E. Scully, Peterboro, Ont.  
Geo. F. Medland, Campden, Ont.  
Thos. Crawley, Toronto.

Alfred Johns, Lindsay, Ont.  
James Clarke, Palmerston, Ont.  
Geo. Cheeseman, Halifax, N.S.  
Alf. E. Payne, Toronto.  
Wm. Smith, Bracondale, Ont.  
Hy. Page, Pine River, Ont.

Mr. Frank Vipond, whose presence at Farley Ave. had so much to do with the success of the gathering, was elected an honorary member of the Society.

Mr. Charles Clarke, editor of the *Comber Herald*, who has displayed much interest in the Society, was also elected honorary member.

It was moved by Vice-President Thos. Harley, Hamilton, seconded by Bro. W. J. Dickason, Duncannon.

“That the hearty thanks of the Society be tendered to Mr Owen and his associates for the hospitality shown the members.”

The secretary was instructed to prepare a journal of proceedings for publication in the next issue of *UPS AND DOWNS*.

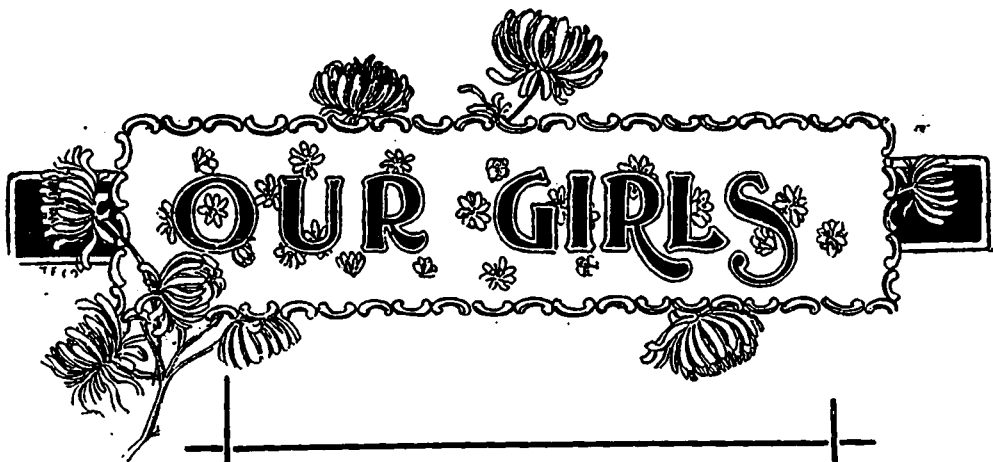
The meeting then adjourned.

A. G. SMITH, Sec.-Treas.

In making the foregoing report I have to add that the enthusiastic way in which the whole of the business was taken hold of by the members was a surprise to those primarily responsible for the organization of the Society. We certainly expected that we should gain considerably in numbers, but did not expect that practically every one visiting the Home would become members. Our membership at the time of writing is 243, and steadily growing. The concerts and entertainments held during the week were uniformly successful, especially the concert held on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, when we were favoured with the presence of a number of old Barnardo girls (or do the girls ever grow old?) A number of excellent songs by some of the members, a reading by one of the ladies of the staff, some phonographic songs, and an old-fashioned Punch and Judy show all helped to make the evening a most pleasant one, and one long to be remembered.

A. G. SMITH





# FOUR GIRLS

Motto for 1901.

“A new commandment I give  
unto you, That ye love  
one another.”

## Notes and Comments

SUMMER days are over! The early beauties of Autumn are making our loved Hazel Brae quite gay. Inside painters have been busy and the dormitories are as sweet, neat and pretty as the outside. The beds are all full now, and when the dinner-bell rings, the sound of many feet can be heard, and young voices make quite a strong chorus as they sing their grace; for the third party, which arrived at the end of September, is not yet altogether dispersed. But day by day parties of variable size say their trustful good-byes at the door, and go forth to face the new duties and the new life. Dear children! we follow them with earnest prayers and warmest good wishes, and trust this new venture forth into the world will be for their lasting benefit, and that the old girls will also find each year fitting them better for the battle of life, with all its temptations, joys and trials.

Hot Weather. THE hot weather seemed to have many trials of temper in its make-up this year; for girls got cross and left their places so suddenly that sometimes as many seemed to come in as went out; but perhaps they will be the better settled when Winter comes, and be spared the suffering of long drives and cold tramps through snow and bitter frost, which are as sure to come as day follows night. The good friends at Hazel Brae make the best of these emergencies as they arise; but, girls, it would be well for you to bear in mind, it is always a disgrace for a girl to leave her place in this sudden way, nothing short of positive evil should be admitted as an excuse for such conduct. If your home is not good and the work beyond your strength, and the general atmosphere of an uncongenial nature, let notice be given in the

regular way; not when you are angry, but when your anger has had time to die down and you can calmly write and give clear reasons why you wish for a change. We know quite well that sometimes a change transforms a girl: she finds people who want just her kind of work, also work that suits her mind, and companionship in the household, and it makes all the difference in all our lives when we are with people who appreciate us; our best qualities come to the front and we grow quite amiable and sweet. Girls should always be amiable and sweet; but there are a good many who forget this, who go to sleep with such cross, disagreeable thoughts that deep lines come where dimples ought to lie, and frowns instead of smiles make young faces old before their time. Banish all thoughts of gloom at bedtime, dear girls; leave care and fretfulness behind when you have knelt and put yourselves in God's hands for the night, and let thoughts of peace and rest lull you to sleep. Then you will wake with new strength to meet the trials of another day, and carry forward no grudges or worries into the morrow.

**Dr. Barnardo.** ALL will be glad to hear that our dear friend has recovered, in a large degree, his wonted health. Have we not all been praying for this, unitedly and continually? Let us then unitedly thank God He has heard and answered our prayers, and let our thankfulness take a substantial form by liberal gifts to the Girls' Donation Fund. Do your share.

The fact that our dear friend has been in Canada since our last issue is going to be a great disappointment to many of our readers, and fancy pictures the tones in which not a few voices will exclaim, "Why did not I see him?" We are very sorry you did not, and can only assure you

he has not altered a bit, but is just the same in appearance and thoughtful care for the dear girls who have claimed him as their best of friends for so long. Of course, the first object of his visit was to see Miss Mabel, who enjoyed to the full this great pleasure. She would willingly have shared him with you all had it been possible, but his visit was short and he found it out of his power to be in two places at the same time—not that he came here to make that discovery. No doubt in another issue he will have something to say to you all about his Canadian visit, so wait for the Christmas number.

**Miss Pohle.** WE had a very pleasant visit from this Village friend, who looked much as of old, and was so bright and lively she did us all good. She enjoyed the visits she was able to make among her old cottage girls, and we hope has carried away with her pleasant impressions of our Canadian life and work

**The Duke and Duchess of York.** A GOOD deal of thought and interest are just now gathering around our royal guests, whom we are most happy to see on our side of the Atlantic. Miss Gibbs has had the pleasure of seeing them both in Ottawa, and seems to have had her loyalty strengthened and deepened by their kindly and gracious bearing. We trust they will pass safely on their way, and have no reason to regret their visit. The sad and untimely fate of President McKinley shows how many dangers circle around the highest positions in the world. His Christian forbearance and submission to God's will leave a lasting lesson for each of us, which we shall do well to treasure as a remembrance and guide.

**Miss Carter.** HAZEL BRAL would seem strange without these two friends, yet they have sometimes to take a little variety and rest, so

between the parties they have been each of them for a visit, and are back again once more as busy as ever and as unfailingly cheerful and kindly.

**Sick Ones.**

ONE or two cases of slight sickness have been nursed into health again, but dear Rhoda Griggs is not so easily winning back her strength. She has had a bad attack of pleurisy and bronchitis. She seems to be gaining a little daily, and bears all with sweetest patience.

**Fire.**

LAST UPS AND DOWNS we heard of the terrible death that befell one of our dear little girls, Julia Howell. Dear child, she lost her presence of mind and did not roll herself in a rug or mat, as she might easily have done, and escaped with a few scars. Try and remember always in case of fire to smother the flame with something heavy, and do not use your apron to lift saucepans or kettles from the fire; a

small hold on the wall will do much better.

**Names on Letters.**

It seems strange to have to ask girls to sign their letters, but really it is necessary; so many forget that valuable time is lost in hunting up the post office, or other sign, before we find which Mary, Julia or Edith has written to us.

**Civility.**

GIRLS, it seems as if you have no idea what a valuable commodity civility is. The girl who never forgets to say "Yes Ma'am," and stands out of the way for her mistress or members of the family to pass, is worth at least three dollars a month more than the girl who habitually forgets these little pieces of good behaviour. Besides, dear girls, you lower your dignity when you give way to any forward, bold, or uncivil conduct, and do both yourselves and your Home friends a discredit. Be well behaved, polite and womanly, and you will win golden records for all.

S. OWEN

**Good News From Philadelphia.**

The following interesting letter is from Edith Vincent, a girl from one of the early parties of 1886, who has seen and known a good deal of Canadian life, and who has finally gone across the line and thrown in her lot with our neighbours in the republic. We wish her all happiness in her new life, and offer warmest congratulations :

DEAR MISS GIBBS, I hope you are still at Hazel Brae; at any rate I am going to write to find out. I suppose I am almost forgotten; it was four years last April since I came to Philadelphia. I have enjoyed myself a great deal, but I have not forgotten Canada. I had always cherished a hope of returning until I became engaged; even yet I hope to return for a visit some time. I suppose you will be surprised to hear that I am to be married next Wednesday, Sept 25th. Mr. E. is a watchmaker and jeweller by trade, but has been in the insurance business for

some time. I have a photo of myself taken last Spring, which I have kept for you.

Philadelphia is all in mourning for the late President; all the public buildings were draped in black yesterday. Every mill, foundry and store, and every place of business, even the saloons, were closed in honour of Mr. McKinley. The power was turned off at the depots and every street-car stood just where it happened to be. A friend of mine was on one of the cars when the power was turned off. It was about the time he was to be buried, and someone started to sing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and everybody joined in. My friend said there was not a dry eye on the car. On Sunday funeral services were held in all the churches, and every creed sang the late President's favourite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer, my God, to Thee." It was certainly a very pathetic scene. If the man who started it could have seen for himself, he would no longer ask, "What do the people think?"

I will now close, hoping to hear from you soon. I remain yours, sincerely,  
(Signed) EDITH VINCENT.

## Chit-Chat

WE have had a few visitors this Summer, and all were most heartily welcome, even if the presence of workmen in the house made the room more cramped than usual.

Annie Mann, an 1888 girl, has won for herself the respect of the neighbourhood in which she has spent so many years of her life. She has now a responsible position, where she is her own mistress; but, feeling the need of a rest, came to her old Home to take it, and was a very welcome guest. All admire the bravery which has enabled her to overcome physical disability and win her way to esteem and respect.

Ellen Bowers came from her first place, to which she went in 1896, for a rest and change. She had only spent one night in Hazel Brae previous to this visit, so had no memories of the past to renew; but we trust she has been refreshed and strengthened, and has lots of pleasant memories now.

Alice Bryant and her sister came and spent a day together, and had a general good time.

Violet Smith was another of our August visitors, whom we were glad to see looking so well and happy.

September brings Edinburgh Fair, when we always expect to see a good many of our older girls, and this year was no exception to the general rule. Marilda Brown, who has only had one place since she came to the country, was looking bonny and well. Then there

were Florence Pannons, Ellen Terry, Jane Scales, Minnie Mortimer, Louisa and Ellen Daley and Violet Ramsay, all well, bright and hopeful. Come again, dear girls, next Fair, and bring good records of work done and victories won.

Our girls are beginning to feel as if they have a share in UPS AND DOWNS, and the number of letters written for its pages seems to increase rapidly. We are glad to insert all we can, and if some have to be cut down a little for want of space, girls must not mind, but write again another time.

The mistress of one of our girls says:

I write to thank you for sending me a child with such pleasing manners as little Muriel. She is doing very nicely for us, and seems quite happy. Our little ones are quite fond of her, and I trust Muriel will do well.

Annie Curtis wrote her letter on birch bark. We would like you to see what nice note paper it made, but can only tell you a few things she said:

We have been here two weeks; it is just lovely. We are not staying at an hotel; it is so much nicer to have a cottage. I have learned to row and paddle a canoe, and want to learn to swim; but that seems harder. I wish you could come to see me, and stay a day or two. I am sure you would enjoy the rest; you must feel the heat in the city. I was out in a canoe all alone. It is rather dangerous, they tip over so easily. There are four canoes, three rowing boats and a sailing yacht.

Another of our new girls writes very cheerfully from her Canadian home.

I want to tell you that I am very well, and I shall



Mabel and Margaret Sullivan

stop as long as I can. I often hear from Mrs. Pleasant, my boarding-out mother. She told me in her last letter of Alice P. C. Parsons and Polly Robinson: I wish they were near me. If Alice or Polly left their places, you might ask them to come near me, for I feel so lonesome. I did not like to leave Mrs. Pleasant, as I was there from January, 1892, to May, 1901.

Our visitor heard from Bertha Hawkes' mistress how carefully the child has been trained by Mrs. Pleasant, and how good these frequent letters are—so tender and helpful.

Beatrice Thomas writes a note which many girls will know how to sympathize with:

I am very sorry to see that Dr. Barnardo has been so ill. I hope by this time he is very much better. The prayers of a thousand hearts rise to Him who doeth all things well, that the beloved Doctor may be restored to health and strength, long to do the noble work our good Lord has entrusted to him. We should all be very thankful for what Dr. Barnardo has done for us; and I see nothing to be ashamed of. I am very proud I came from the Home.

Ada Miall writes quite happily, and though not perfect, we hope she will try with all her might to overcome the faults that give trouble, and be a noble woman:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,— You will think I have forgotten you altogether, as I have only written once. I like my place very much, I feel as if I have a home now. My work is steady, and not too hard. My mistress is just lovely to me, and as careful as if I belonged to her; but I am sorry that I give her trouble sometimes, and after I have done it I feel so sorry and say to myself, "I will try and do something to please her." I try to get interested in my home. I do not go out much; I could go out often if I wanted, but I am not fond of the streets, and hope I shall never be. I was telling you about my sister. She went to England in May, 1899. She did not like Canada as much as I do. I would not go back to England to live for anything. We have been home from camp a month to-morrow, and how glad I was to get home. I enjoyed myself very much, and used to go in a boat by myself and row out to the island. It seemed to do me good to be on the water.

One of our girls who has lately gone back to England is most anxious to return. She writes to her friends in Simcoe quite pathetically home sick letters. In one she says:

I could hardly read your letter for crying. I do not like England. How often I wish I was back in Canada! Oh, how often I wish I could see your dear face again.

Poor Bella Hastie, perhaps some one will send for her to come back. There is quite a possibility of this; but let her regrets, which are by no means singular, have due weight with restless longings to return to the Old Country.

One of our older girls has sent a generous gift to the Donation Fund, and says:

I hope you will pardon my negligence in not sending some before this; I had not forgotten this, but "procrastination is the thief of time," and was the cause of my de-



Jane Clayton

lay, and I felt very guilty when I received the paper a few days ago and read your little talk to the girls in regard to the matter. You see you stirred my conscience, and I decided to act at once. It is so little we can do to help on this great work, and I think we should count it a privilege to be allowed to contribute to it. I am a little disappointed that the donations were not more; they should increase rather than decrease. Dr. Barnardo must have quite an army of girls in Canada, and I think if we were to put our shoulders to the wheel, we might be quite a help in the work. Surely we owe him *something* in return for what he has done for us. I was shocked and very much grieved to hear of Dr. Barnardo's illness. I did not know anything of it until I received *THE NEWS*. I do hope he has improved and that the treatment has been quite effectual. I am sure there are many anxious ones and

many prayers for his recovery. Such men are so scarce the world can ill afford to lose one.

Jane Rose Boulwood writes from her new home, telling of her life and pets :

I have four pets—two cats, one chicken and a horse. Their names are Topsy, Dolly, Dandy and Bell. I got your letter quite safely, and was very pleased with it. I milk a cow now, and I have learned lots of things. Give my love to Miss Gibbs and tell her I have not forgotten her.

One of our little boarded-out girls writes :

I go to school every day only when it is raining. I have not had a letter from my sister, Ada, for a long time. I have been getting my picture, and I am sending you one.

Edith tells us of her life and pets. We are always glad when girls can speak of three years in a home :

FENELON FALLS P.O.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—As this is my first letter to you I will try and let you know how I have got along since I came to Canada. I came out in 1896, and this is my second place. Thank you for sending me the UPS AND DOWNS. My mistress was reading it, and she said she did not see my name there, so I made up my mind I would write and ask you to put this letter in the next number. So I will be looking for it. I guess some of the girls will remember me when they see my name at the end of this letter. I have been in this place nearly three years, so I will try and tell you something about it. We have a cow and a calf, and some chickens. I am sending the money for the UPS AND DOWNS. I am sorry I did not send it before. I would like to take a trip to Peterborough to see what it is like now. I often think of the good time we had in the Village Home, and was sorry I did not see Dr. Barnardo. I had better close now before I take up too much space, so good-bye, with love to all the girls. Your sincere friend,

(Signed) EDITH NEALE.

Minnie Neville is enjoying having her little sister near her, and will be a safe companion and guide for her :

CHRISTIA P.O.

Dear Edith—You will, no doubt, find that I have been a long time answering your kind letter. But the truth is that I have been waiting to see how Nellie (my sister) liked her place. I think she is happy. She says she is well. When I go up to see my mother always out feeding the chickens and turkeys. I suppose you have forgotten the time I came to Canada, but I have not a book back with pleasure to July 24th, the day I left

England, although I did not feel happy at the time; and it was August 12th that I arrived at Mrs. Fisher's. I stayed there two years and then I came to Mrs. W—. This is my third year here. I see by UPS AND DOWNS that Dr. Barnardo has been ill, and I am glad to see that he has his good health again. I was thinking of paying a visit to the Toronto Exhibition, with the expectation of meeting a lot of my girl friends at Mrs. Owen's; but I have not quite made up my mind yet. I never see any more riddles in UPS AND DOWNS. I like to answer them; but I am no good at making them. Mrs. Owen was here to see me this Spring; I was so glad to see some one from the old Home. We are going to have our garden party July 30th. My sister and I meet at church almost every Sunday, and she often comes down to spend the afternoon with me. I think the B.O.B.S. is just a great idea; it will show that they are not afraid to say they belong to the Home. A party asked me the other day why I always spoke of the Home so nice. I did not try to offend them or be saucy, but for a moment I had to hold in; so I just said, "Why do you always talk so nice about your mother?" They did not say one word. I think I shall have to close now. With love from your little friend,  
(Signed) MINNIE NEVILLE.

Our old friend, Kezia Smart, is not very aged. She has been so steadily in one home, she seems like a fixture there, and we are very glad of it :

HIGHFIELD P.O.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I guess you think I have forgotten you altogether. I was just looking at our *Bubbles* when it came into my head about writing. Will you kindly tell me how Dr. Barnardo is progressing? We saw in the daily paper he is very sick about two or three weeks ago. I would have written before, but we have been so busy. I was in to the Exhibition, but I did not get up as far as Markham street; I had not much time. I would very much like to have a trip and see you all once again. How much would a return ticket cost? I guess it is quite a difference by now. I found some of the answers of the Scriptures, and I have sent them on, as you see. I would have tried for the prize if I only had time. I am getting on very well, as happy as ever. Of course, everyone has dark clouds sometimes. I am getting six dollars a month. I think this is very well. I wish there was a girls' directory in the UPS AND DOWNS the same as the boys. It is a long time to wait for them, three long months. Mary Taylor sends her love to you, and is getting on fine; she is growing like a weed. We are getting a lot of wet weather. I can't go to church because it is so wet. I was to Sunday school. We are going to have our anniversary the first Sunday in October, so we are busy practising. I have



MINNIE NEVILLE



ANNIE BRYANT



BLANCHE POYSER



MARY J. CLARKE



ROSE COOK



NELLIE BRETLAND



ALICE BRYANT

## UPS AND DOWNS

got a prize every year yet, and I expect me this year. Now I must draw to a close. I remain, yours affectionately,

(Signed) KEZIA SMART.

Mary Scott is another girl who never changes her place, and is a good friend to her sister and all the younger girls near her :

HAMILTON P.O.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I think it is quite time I wrote to the UPS AND DOWNS. I came out to Canada two years ago and have been in my situation ever since. Now I must tell you something about my situation. I have a very kind mistress, who is teaching me to be as good a cook as herself, which will be something to be proud of. There are three very nice children in the family. I spend some very pleasant evenings in the Summer playing croquet, and my friend comes to see me, and we go out for a walk. I must tell you about my visit to Winona Park to see my sister. That is where they stay in the Summer. Well, I started on Saturday afternoon and arrived there about tea-time, and stayed till Monday morning. I enjoyed the change very much, and also more to see my sister. I am so glad that she is in Hamilton; it is such a comfort to know we are so near each other, and also makes my mother feel less anxious. Dear Miss Loveday, I did not tell you I had a visit from Emma Baker since she left Hamilton. I was so pleased to see her, as I thought when we parted in Hamilton we might never see each other again. My mistress' sister came to stay with us for a week, and before she went away, she gave me such a nice pin for my belt, which was very kind of her indeed. We are just beginning our fall house-cleaning. Dear Miss Loveday, I will send twenty-five cents next month for UPS AND DOWNS. I must close my letter now, or else there will be no space for it; hoping it will not be too late for UPS AND DOWNS. Yours truly,

(Signed) MARY J. SCOTT.

BURFORD P.O.

DEAR MADAM,—My mistress said that she had written to you, and she told me to write also. I am writing to tell you that I like being in Burford very much, and I like being in my place. There are only three living in the house besides myself. There is my mistress and her two brothers, and they are all very nice people, and they are very kind to me. I do not think that you could have got me a better place than you did. I have been for a lot of buggy riding, and I like going in the buggy very much. I would like you to tell me where my little sister, Alice, is, so that I could write to her. I have written to my other sister Olive, in Harrisburg, and she seems to be getting on very nicely. Her mistress bought her a brooch on her birthday, July 25th. She was thirteen. D. at Miss Loveday. Will you please tell Mrs. Owen that when she comes to see me my mistress

says I may cook her dinner. I am going to cook her potato soup and blanc mange. I would like her to tell me what day she is coming, so that I can have it all ready for her. My mistress told me to tell you that I am getting on very nicely. I made some tea-rolls once for tea, and somebody came to tea and had some, and they said that I was a very clever little cook. I have spent about sixty cents that I have had given me on treats. There is going to be a picnic Sunday school party, and I am going. I go and collect the eggs every afternoon. I have written to my mother in England, and she has answered it. I received the letter to-day. She addressed it to Olive, and Olive sent it on to me, and I am going to send it on to Alice. I think this is all I have to say this time.

I remain, yours truly,

(Signed) BEATRICE TILBURY.

THISTLETOWN P.O.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I now take the pleasure of writing a few lines to you, hoping this will find you quite well, as I am glad to say it leaves me at present. I am going to send you my picture, as I hope to see it in UPS AND DOWNS, and a letter to tell you about my place. I have got a good kind mistress and master; they could not use me any better if I was one of their own. I will soon be here a year. I am improving a lot now, and I am going to try to get on and be a credit to the Home. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I am growing very tall and fat, so the folks tell me. We have got nine milking cows and five horses; the cows are very nice and quiet. I was glad to see Mrs. Owen, and I think she heard good news about me. I think I have told you all the news this time, from

(Signed) ROSE BAYLIS.

IROQUOIS P.O.

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—I am so pleased to hear that you are home again, and hope that you have had a pleasant time in our native country. I am sorry to hear that Dr. Barnardo is sick, for he it is that has kept us, clothed us, fed us and given us a home. I received the UPS AND DOWNS this morning, and thank you very much for it. I was fourteen last month, and received many presents, and altogether I spent a very pleasant day. I am glad to say that this is the only place I have been in, and have a very nice home which I would be sorry to leave. I have not begun any baking yet, but am going to try and bake a cake some day. My mistress says I can iron very nicely. I try to do better every time. Sunday I was sick, so was not able to go to church and Sunday school, which I have not missed for a good while. Our Sunday school class had a picnic, which we all enjoyed very much. We had it by the river, where many waded; but I should think the stones would be very rough. We played quiet games, such as



"Bright Idea" and "Proverbs," lying and resting under the cool green trees. The weather has been very hot and sultry here, but we may get cooler weather later. I had a very pleasant visit with my sister, Eva, last Christmas. She was well when I was there, and we both enjoyed ourselves. Our Sunday school has decided to have an excursion to Brockville and Alexandria Bay. If I go I will write and give you a description of it. My mistress' sister was telling me she was going to get a girl from this party, and said I must get acquainted with her. We have a peach tree in our garden, which is an unusual thing around here. Last year it was loaded, and they were lovely; but this year we have none. I am just reading the book called "What Would Jesus Do?" which Mrs. Owen mentioned in UPS AND DOWNS. I live in the town of Iroquois, which is on the River St. Lawrence. I look after a little boy, who is nearly six years old and will soon be able to look after himself. My master is a carpenter who has two colts. The one we can drive, and we often go out driving in the evening.

I remain, yours sincerely,  
(Signed) ROSE BOWLES.

One of our lady visitors writes:

I found Emma Mackrill looking so neat, prettily dressed and well, that I had no need to ask many questions about her home and surroundings; but when her mistress came, and assured me that she was the best girl the Home ever brought to Canada, had been the main-stay and comfort of the family in a time of sorrow, and was at once so capable, industrious and kindly that they hoped to keep her always with them. I must say I felt very proud of my girl.

Martha Griffiths has grown into quite a big young woman. She looks a very capable woman too, and I heard from her employer that I was right in my surmise. I hope that soon she and her sister will find themselves near each other, and have good times together and be real helps to each other in all that makes for life's best interests.

I had an invitation last Autumn, which I accepted with great pleasure this, and saw Mrs. Gunton, *nee* Hornblower, in her sweet, cosy home, and heard what a very good husband she had found.

Olive Holmwood is little, but her mistress thinks an old adage will speak of her. Guess what it is, girls, and all you little ones try and deserve it too.

Alice Hastie is another bright young girl, who is beloved by an affectionate and kindly grandma. It is so lovely to see this sweet home life, where our dear young ones are being gently and tenderly led on to learn life's duties, as they are able to bear them, and we do feel truly thankful for every home where our girls are thus nurtured and prepared for the future.

Dorothy Lait, one of our new girls, has a dear baby boy to care for, and is spoken of by his mother as the "dearest little thing." She looks happy and good.

Ellen Morris and M. A. Smith are such near neighbours they can always share each other's joys. I hope no evil spirit will come between them, but that this Winter they will have good times together. They have good homes, where they are well cared for and highly esteemed, so they ought to be happy.

Ada and Daisy Beresford are 1901 girls, who are quite near together. Their employers both feel they have good girls to help them, so I hope they will often earn the treat of spending a day together.



Minnie Hawes

Jane Fenwick is still among the grand old trees of Niagara. She loves to be out in their shade, and is well pleased to have a little gardening to do. Her mistress has learned to love her well, and is patiently teaching her to become that best of women - a good housekeeper.

Ethel Wickham and Alice Hayes are sharing a home, which seems like a relic of the past in this new land. Whether from natural formation or the hand of man, it is surrounded by a moat, now a beautiful and ornamental vale covered with flowers and graceful trees. Alice is only just out from the Old Country, and still feels a little home sick. Ethel will no doubt soon cheer her up, and as they share the abundant fruit that falls to their lot, they will rejoice together over the goodness of God in bringing them into such a land of abundance.

Dear little Daisy Baker, just out from her new home a few days ago, had

knew if she liked it. But I know how kindly and gentle are the hands that will guide her, and expect to find her all smiles and joy next visit.

Clara Boase, who began her life in Canada by breaking her wrist and a sojourn in the Children's Hospital, has forgotten which wrist was broken. She is so busy and ambitious about school life, and with advances from book to book, everything else has to take a secondary place. Her kind friends share her ambition and want her to have a very good education, one that she can use for her livelihood in the future. Fortunate Clara! learn all you can.

We have felt anxious about the health of Lizzie Walker, but she has a home now on the brow of a hill, overlooking Lake Ontario; and the pure atmosphere has



Josephine Livingstone

had such a magical effect on the dear girl, she is now well and strong. Her employers are so well pleased with her work, they assured me they mean to keep her always, and, as I knew it would only be for her good, I advised her to stay.

Alice Mitchell is one of our sweet singers, she is the leading soprano in a city choir, and is willingly spared by her mistress to be present at the services.

Little Margaret Lawson is such a bonny, bright, happy little lassie, it is always a pleasure to see her, especially as her record is so plain and true, and though not perfect, she is on a fair way to become a wise and sensible young woman.

Miss Johnson, who is a very good singer, and who is one of our best, and that she is well and happy, she is

definitely has the power to please her employers, and the family look upon her as one of themselves, and she has found a true home feeling with them, so we may begin to look upon her as a Canadian.

Eliza Cogley came out to Canada in September, 1895, and has been nearly five years in her present place, where she has earned a good name in the small town of Aurora. Her sister, Annie, is working in Toronto and is, I believe, also a good, steady girl.

Alice Speller, a little girl of the July party of last year, has not been very settled as yet, and we hope she will soon have a happy home and by obedience and good behaviour win for herself friends who will have a real interest in her.

Lilian H. Harris and Clara Vallins are together in one home, where they are very happy and being trained in useful work.

Mary Wagstaff has had a year's experience in Canada, and has lately gone to a new home, where she is quite happy and is very fond of the two little children. Her mistress seems to have a kindly interest in her, and we hope Mary will have a good home here for a long time to come.

Mary J. Clarke (better known as Molly by some of her old friends who came out with her in November, 1894) is in a good farm home, and is honoured and esteemed for her good, upright character. Her picture will be seen on another page.

Elizabeth A. Bishop, of August, 1896 party, for two years has lived near Molly in the neighbourhood of Lloydtown, and anticipates returning to England in the near future.

Beatrice Woodford and her sister, Mary, living near together in Schomberg locality, are both good girls, a credit to themselves and to the Home. They came out in October, 1896.

Amy Davis, a bright little girl of the June party last year, has a good home with kind people and seems well cared for, and, we hope, will do her part by being obedient and useful.

Martha Whittaker, the eldest of three sisters who came out last year in July, is on a farm, and makes herself generally useful. She gets on happily with all the six children and takes her place as one of the family.

Lily Scott, one of the same party, has also a good record and is in a happy home, where we hope she will always try to do well.

We have received the following for publication, and are delighted to give our readers the benefit of Alice's adventures, not in Wonderland, but in Toronto, which some people fancy is a land of wonders and queer things.

Wednesday, August 28th, 1901

DEAR GIRLS,—As there are several girls from the "Home" that have the same name as me, I must say that I came to Canada with the July party of 1897, so that I have been in this country just four years. I am now at my third place, this being the second place on a farm, and I think Canadian farm life just agrees with me. This is a very nice place where I am now living. There are four boys, the youngest being eleven months old, and really, girls, I think that if any of you had the slightest love for a baby, and saw this one, you would say this was the sweetest you ever saw. I was in Toronto a little while ago to see my sister. I had a very nice time, and my sister told me where Mrs. Owen lived, so I made up my mind, the next day, which was Sunday, to go down and see her. I told my sister I would just stay a few minutes, but, girls (I mean you who go there) will naturally know what I did. Well, instead of staying a few minutes, it was a few hours. Of course, I had never seen Mrs. Owen before, but she was so nice that I immediately felt at home. I met several girls that I knew; I recognized every one of them as soon as they came in, but not one of them knew who I was. Mrs. Owen read us a very pretty story called "Little Dot," and we had singing, so altogether we had a very happy time. But, girls, I will tell you I was a little jealous to think the Toronto girls have such a kind friend as Mrs. Owen, so I think they ought to be very thankful. Well, I got home after ten and found my sister crying and anxiously wondering what had become of me, so then I had to feel sorry for what I had done. I visited Simpson's and Eaton's departmental stores. I think Toronto is a very nice place, but I would not like to live there. Now, girls, you will be quite tired before I finish the most important part of my letter, but don't you think we could coax Mr. Owen once more into letting us have our paper monthly; it is such a long while to wait, and surely all of us can afford \$1.00 a year, so girls (and boys too) all who are in favour of that let us send in our names to Mr. Owen, and I think after all that he will do it. And then most of us could contribute something to make it more interesting. I would like to hear more of the North-West and about the Home in England; but perhaps I ought not to be so dissatisfied. I could write a little more about something else, but you will be getting tired; so good bye for this time.

I remain, yours sincerely,

ALICE PARSONS

1000 Mrs. Moyle, Paris, Ont

**New Council**

... below the na ...  
... comprising the three ...

that have arrived from ...  
during the present season:

**June, 1901.**

- |                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Baker, Catherine     | McArthur, Catherine  |
| Barlow, Elizabeth    | McEarchen, Edith M.  |
| Bell, Elizabeth      | McMahon, Alice       |
| Bilbow, Rachel       | Neville, Nellie      |
| Bilke, Eva           | Newton, Barbara      |
| Boultwood, Jane      | Polley, Mary Jane    |
| Boultwood, Lily      | Pratt, Lilian        |
| Bradley, Annie       | Roberts, Beatrice    |
| Brinksworth, Alice   | Roberts, Ethel       |
| Buckle, Minnie       | Rangecroft, Sarah    |
| Bilson, Norah        | Rigby, Alice         |
| Brookfield, Edith    | Robb, Martha Jane    |
| Burfoot, Louisa H.   | Robshawe, Annie      |
| Clarke, Lily         | Rodway, Ellen M.     |
| Cooper, Ethel F.     | Rolfe, Annie E.      |
| Cooper, Fanny E.     | Rowell, Elizabeth    |
| Cotter, Mabel        | Russon, Phoebe L.    |
| Curry, Maggie        | Russon, Alice        |
| Curry, Mary Jane     | Russon, Eunice M.    |
| Dodd, Florence       | Sapsford, Bessie L.  |
| Duckham, Blanche     | Shaw, Jessie         |
| Edmondson, Sabina    | Sillitoe, Daisy      |
| Gamble, Beatrice     | Smith, Violet Maud   |
| Garrett, Edith M.    | Smith, Ethel Mary    |
| Gillespie, Maggie    | Smith, Sarah         |
| Granville, Amelia    | Spearen, Florence B. |
| Griffiths, Gertrude  | Srawley, Florence    |
| Hannaford, Ellen M.  | Stokes, Ellen Louise |
| Hargrave, Amy        | Stevens, Rose        |
| Hayes, Alice         | Stewart, Isabella    |
| Hird, Ellen E.       | Summers, Ethel K. C. |
| Hawkes, Bertha       | Tait, Dorothy        |
| Hibbert, Kate        | Thorn, Mary Eliza    |
| Hyland, Eliza        | Tilbury, Beatrice A. |
| Jarmyn, Ada M.       | Tilbury, Olive       |
| Jarmyn, Kate A.      | Tilbury, Alice       |
| Jones, Mary Ellen    | Tipton, Caroline     |
| Jones, Florence L.   | Tipper, Alice        |
| Kenny, Florence      | Troy, Louisa         |
| Kerr, Maggie         | Tysall, Florence     |
| Kerr, Mary           | Tessier, Marie       |
| Leonard, Kathleen    | Underwood, Grace     |
| Lincoln, Beatrice M. | Wells, Elizabeth     |
| Leech, Nellie        | West, Rose           |
| Long, Beatrice       | Whalley, Elizabeth   |
| Martin, Florence     | Widdicks, Rose       |
| Masters, Amelia      | Williams Rachel      |
| McAdam, Henrietta    | Willmot, Mary        |
| McAdam, Jane         | Worth, May           |

**August, 1901.**

- |                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Atkinson, Florence | Bruce, Margaret    |
| Baker, Bessie      | Bunn, Mary Ann     |
| Bales, Clara I.    | Carter, Dorothy M. |
| Barrett, Maud      | Copeland, Ethel J. |
| Bates, Beatrice    | Davie, Macy        |
| Beadell, Mary J.   | Davis, Francis     |
| Beresford, Ada     | Davies, Violet C.  |
| Beresford, Dai     | Deacon, Henrietta  |
| Biddlecombe, E.    | Dell, Edith Lily   |
| Bailey, Fanny      | Dyer, Elizabeth    |
| Bailey, Maud M.    | Elliott, Matilda   |
| Baker, Annie       | Farrell, Isabel    |
| Bradstreet, M.     | Foot, Beatrice     |
| Broom, Lamb        | Foot, Lily         |

Garner, Annie L.  
 Gallard, Florence  
 Gill, Emmeline  
 Gill, Martha J.  
 Godson, Jane  
 Grant, Lilian  
 Hamlet, Ann  
 Hamlet, Ellen  
 Hammond, Lottie  
 Hanshawe, Phoebe  
 Harper, Elizabeth  
 Harper, Maude R.  
 Hart, Nellie  
 Hawtin, Mabel  
 Hendrickson, Jane  
 Hooke, Maude  
 Hooke, Dorothy  
 Houseman, Mary A.  
 Houston, Jane W.  
 Humphreys, Carline  
 Hutchingson, Mary  
 Iveson, Lily R.  
 Jowett, Ethel A.  
 Jowett, Cecilia  
 Kent, Rosina M.  
 Kernaghan, Rose  
 King, Lily Kate  
 King, Christina P.  
 Lee, Edith G.  
 Long, Marion L.  
 Makin, Janet  
 McGillan, Lily S.  
 McKenna, Margaret  
 Mitchell, Ada  
 Morrish, Julia A.  
 Mottison, Ethel L.

Nethersoll, Ruth A.  
 Newman, Bella  
 Newman, Rose F.  
 North, Frances L.  
 North, Edith Theo.  
 North, Mary Sybil  
 Norris, Alice  
 Osborne, Muriel M.  
 Phillips, Edith  
 Place, Emily  
 Pope, Daisy  
 Pover, Ellen  
 Pring, Sarah A.  
 Raybold, Annie  
 Reason, Amelia  
 Riley, Elizabeth  
 Ringer, Alice A. E.  
 Scott, Martha  
 Slocombe, Eva  
 Smith, Sarah Ann  
 Smith, Alice M.  
 Stannett, Edith M.  
 Stevens, Catherine  
 Sullivan, Maud  
 Sulvean, Decima  
 Swales, Christina  
 Taylor, Beatrice M.  
 Taylor, Mary  
 Tooth, Mary Ann  
 Turner, Frances  
 Turner, Emily  
 Voss, Edith M.  
 Warren, Kate  
 Warren, Annie  
 Welch, Lily  
 Wright, Edith S.

Oakden, Grace F.  
 Osborne, Jessie E. E.  
 Pankhurst, Maud E.  
 Perkins, Annie E. J.  
 Phelps, Sarah Ann  
 Porter, Lilian May  
 Pring, Esther A.  
 Pring, Emily J.  
 Parfitt, Nellie C.  
 Parfitt, Rose C.  
 Ranzan, Annie  
 Readhead, Eliza. A.  
 Readhead, Mary E.  
 Reeves, Caroline  
 Rollick, Lily  
 Rogers, Bessie  
 Rose, Elizabeth

Richards, Susan  
 Rumble, Fanny  
 Sanders, Elizabeth  
 Sawyer, Emily  
 Sharp, Catherine  
 Simmons, Gertrude  
 Spencer, Amelia  
 Strickland, Margaret  
 Strickland, Mary E.  
 Thorner, Lily  
 Tidy, Mary  
 Vallins, Florence  
 Weeks, Alice F.  
 Willcox, Sarah  
 Workman, Olive Eva  
 Young, Beatrice

October, 1901.

Adams, Maud  
 Ackerman, Martha R.  
 Allen, Amelia  
 Alford, Mary Ellen  
 Altria, Dorothea  
 Ansley, Violet  
 Ashby, Alice Ada  
 Ayers, Annie E.  
 Barrett, Mary Ann  
 Beaton, Margaret K.  
 Berry, Cincetta  
 Bignell, Kate  
 Brown, Julia  
 Buck, Annie  
 Bunn, Amelia  
 Bunn, Daisy  
 Bean, Mary Ellen  
 Chapman, Florence  
 Cheshire, Martha  
 Cheshire, Louisa  
 Claredge, Martha  
 Claredge, Lily  
 Clyde, Tri. G.  
 Clements, Alice  
 Cavill, Alice B.  
 Corate, Isabella  
 Crouch, Emily F.  
 Crowther, Emma  
 Dann, Harriet  
 Davenport, Susan  
 Dove, Alice  
 Duncan, Lily  
 Feltham, Margaret  
 French, Alice

Foster, Rose M.  
 Foster, Alice B.  
 Foster, Ada  
 Foster, Margaret  
 Glastonbury, Minnie  
 Graham, Clara  
 Green, Sarah  
 Green, Rosina  
 Griffiths, Elizabeth  
 Griffiths, Margaret  
 Houseman, Eliza.  
 Hullyer, Norah  
 Hines, Mary Ellen  
 Hoare, Mabel E.  
 Jackson, Alice Maud  
 Jackson, Florence G.  
 Kent, Frances Dora  
 Lakes, Alice Maud  
 Lingard, Gertrude  
 Locke, Rose  
 Long, Jane  
 Madden, Ethel  
 Mellers, Phoebe  
 Marks, Kate  
 Marks, Julia  
 McDowell, M.  
 McWaters, Maud  
 Middleton, Amelia  
 Middleton, Emily  
 Mills, Doris  
 Mills, Rosa  
 Mum, Emil  
 Nordass, Ph.  
 Nordass, Mary

Something for Sunday.

Four of our girls have taken the benefit of our last Bible search on sewing and baking. Mary Hannah Smith was the most successful ; she answered correctly every question. Lizzie Bryden ranks next, with one slight mistake. Kezia Smart answered seven of the twelve questions, and Maud Hume six. We are not going to give the answers yet, because the rainy, cold Sundays are just here, and others will like to have something for Sunday, and those who have succeeded so well in baking and sewing can try their hands on nursing.

1. In what family was there a nurse called Deborah ?
2. Where was Deborah buried ?
3. What foundling was nursed by his mother ?
4. Who was lame because his nurse let him fall ?
5. What little prince was hidden with his nurse six years from his cruel grandmother ?
6. Why does it seem certain that this nurse was a good woman ?

Last year a knitting and sewing contest excited some competition. This year it seems advisable we should change the work, so we propose a prize for the best specimen of darning done on a piece of woollen stocking about eight inches square.

Also a prize for the best piece of crochet, suitable for the neck of a child's dress, done in 40 cotton and eighteen inches long.

Let the work be at Hazel Blue by December 18th, on which day the decisions will be made.

## Toronto Topics

THE first traces of frost on the windows, and the white walks when we open the door to the milkman remind us forcibly that Summer has come and is fast leaving us only the remembrance of hot days and beautiful evenings and delightful holidays, when it seemed hardly possible it could so soon be cold and we should once more be taking up the various branches of work that fall to our share. So many of our girls have been away to Muskoka and Stoney Lake, Lake Simcoe and many other holiday resorts, and very bright and cheery have been the letters received from them. I would like to let you read them all, but can only put in a few of the most interesting this time. Some cannot say much about resting, although the change of air and scene have been most enjoyable, and I hope we have all come back to our posts refreshed and brightened up. Some have returned to the mistresses they left for the Summer, and one or two gone to fresh ones; but most have been away and returned with their own mistresses, which is very much better.

Among a few of the girls left behind a little restless spirit has been at work, and some new addresses have had to go into the big book; but the weather has been hot and trying, and when things have gone wrong the hasty word has been spoken only to be repented of too late. There is always something not just as we would like it; but let us turn our backs on the disagreeable and keep looking at the bright things, and it is wonderful how small the unpleasant ones seem; and unless they can be cured, it is best to try and forget all about them and make the most we can of the many good things that surround us.

Then we have quite a number of new names to add to our family, girls from each of the last two parties, as well as some from the country, who have joined us. Some little sisters and some big ones, but all equally welcome to our circle, and we hope very soon to become fast friends and that old and new girls will always remember that there is a hearty welcome for them here on Sunday afternoon, and during the coming Winter we look forward to very happy gatherings and talks together. Among our newcomers is Jane Lingard, who came to this country some years ago and is, I believe, a "long-timer," just as I want all my girls to be. How proud I am of some who have been in their places for years; and it is quite possible that all, or very nearly all, will do the same and become valuable and valued servants to their mistresses. Quite a number of girls who changed last fall are still in the same places, and, we hope, likely to stay till next or even the following fall, at least.

Charlotte King has come to us with a grand record and splendid recommendation, and is pretty sure to get on well, as she is so bright and so willing to do all she can to help.

Mary Sweeting came to be near her brother, who is stationed in Toronto with the "C" School, and we hope she will do well and be a credit to us all.

Annie Farrell has taken a situation in the city, and with the reputation of being "a very good girl," has every prospect of succeeding here.

Little Frances Williams is to try her fortunes with us, and if she is obedient and truthful, has every chance of getting along nicely in a very good home, where her chief

work will be to play with two little babies and take them out.

Charlotte Wilson has moved with her mistress to live in Toronto, and we are glad to welcome her too.

We have only three gaps this time, fortunately. Alice Sparrow has returned to an old home at Mariposa, and Catherine Abram has deserted us to try how she likes life in Brampton. Catherine has been a steady worker and been much liked in her places, and it seems a pity to have lost her; still if she is doing better for herself, we must not grumble. Jessie Jepson has had to be sent to a home in the country, and I do hope she will do better there than she has managed to do here.

We ended our Summer gatherings by having a picnic to Lambton Park, which seemed to be very much enjoyed by all who came to it--about sixty-three; but I have asked some of the girls themselves to tell you about it, and Mabel Williamson and Lizzie Wilkinson have done so.

ROSS STREET, TORONTO, Sept. 25th, 1901.

DEAR GIRLS, It is just about three months ago to-day since we Toronto girls went to the loveliest picnic that I ever had the privilege to go to. We were invited by our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Owen, to go to Lambton Park, a beautiful place out West. We all were to gather at Mrs. Owen's house at twelve o'clock, as we were to leave shortly after on a private car for Toronto Junction, where we were to be met by another car which took us to the Park. There were about fifty girls present, although about a hundred and ten were invited; some of them could not get away, and others joined us later. Well, I suppose you' would like to know what we did. First of all we had to wait at the Junction for our car, so those who had money made for the candy stores. Then as soon as the car came there was a run for seats, and all the way down to Lambton we had to look out for banana peelings and peanut shells; they were going pretty freely through the car. As soon as the car stopped, off we jumped and up the hills like a shot. Some of us had races to see who would get up first, so instead of walking we simply lay down and rolled to the bottom. And then when we got to the top, of course, everybody made for the swings, and then those who could not get a swing played games until we were called for ice cream and cakes. You may be sure how glad we were to get them, it was very warm, and we were all

very thirsty after running about. We had some more games after that, and some of us went for a walk down by the river Humber, which runs through the Park, and then came tea. And such a tea!--all the good things you can think of we sat down to enjoy. We were as hungry as a lot of young bears, I believe, and we kept Mrs. Owen and Miss Gibbs and Miss Kennedy pretty busy for some time pouring out tea. After tea, the ladies joined us and we had "Chase the Stag" nearly all the time until it was time to go home. We left at eight o'clock, after having spent one of the loveliest days I ever had. Such fun we had on the car, too, coming home! We gave three cheers for everybody, and for the Doctor, too, and we sang all the old Village songs and the ones we have learnt since we came out here. We dropped off each girl as we passed the street she had to get off at, and cheered her, too. I think I have told you about all, so you see what a good time we girls have. I am sorry a good many more of you are not able to enjoy them. And now I must close, with love to the girls who remember me.

I remain, yours with love,

MABEL WILLIAMSON.

TORONTO.

DEAR FRIENDS,-- I thought you would like to know how I like Canada. Well, I came out here June 16th, and I stayed with Mrs. Owen till the 21st, when she got me a situation as cook. I had only been in my place four days when Mrs. Owen invited me to a picnic. It was the first one I had ever been to. We started, sixty in all, to go to Lambton Park, where the picnic was held. We had a lovely day. Through the kindness of Mrs. Owen, ice cream was provided, and then we had such a lovely tea. In fact, everything went off beautifully. During the afternoon we went through the forest and gathered wild flowers, and we visited an old farmhouse there with a watermill, and we had swings, etc., while some of the girls had a ride in a wagon; and then at eight o'clock we started for home. We had two electric cars to take us back to our situations, and we were singing and cheering Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Dr. Barnardo for the treat they had given us. I met an old friend there, a Miss Gibbs. She was so pleased to see me, as it is a good many years since I saw her last.

Now about my place. I am getting on nicely, and my mistress likes me very much. I have got a fellow servant as housemaid. Margaret Buck is her name. Do you know her? She is such a nice girl, but she is better in health than she has been; the holiday in Muskoka has done her good. She has been here one month to day, but I hope she will stay a good many months more. I suppose you have all heard of the Exhibition. There were a good many girls from the country up to see the Exhibition. I was there and



Annie Easton



Daisy Easton



Lizzie Bryden



Lilian Mabel Bird



Lizzie Steele



Rose Steele

enjoyed myself very much. I thought everything very nice.

I have enjoyed the Summer very much; had such delightful trips to the Island; but alas, I think that the Summer is drawing to a close, as it is getting much cooler now. I hope this will not be too late to be published in UPS AND DOWNS.

Good-bye, with love to all.

I remain, yours truly,

E. WILKINSON.

Louisa Mackay writes from De Grassi Point :

I have been here since June 20th, and like it very well, but it is rather lonely. It is very pretty round here; the lake is just in front of the cottage, and I go in bathing sometimes. Once I was trying to swim and went under, but some girls who were near came and pulled me out. If they had not been near I am afraid you would not have seen me again.

And very sorry indeed we should have been to lose such a steady, constant little friend as Louie has been all along. She continues :

I have learned to row, and go out rowing whenever I can. There are thirteen cottages along the beach, and all the people are Toronto people. All the cottages have boat-houses and gardens and some of them have tennis courts. There is a caretaker to look after all the cottages. He lives here all the year, and the post office is at his house. The village of Lefroy is two miles from here. The butcher and the grocer come in every day. Just across the lake is Roach's Point. We are going there to church some Sunday, but I have not been to church since I came here.

Alice Elson writes from Stoney Lake :

There are no amusements of any kind here. I can row, however, and take the children out in the boat sometimes, and I go bathing every day.

Margaret Buck went to Muskoka, but you will read her letter telling of the time she had there :

128 ST. PATRICK ST., TORONTO  
Sunday, Sept. 22nd, 1901.

I am writing to tell you a little about the time I spent the Summer. Quite unexpectedly I had an invitation to go to Muskoka. First, I must tell you who gave the invitation to me; it was Mrs. Owen. I had not been very well all Winter. I think it was very kind of her to ask me. I am sure you will say so too. She took a great deal of interest in me; in fact, I think she likes all the girls in Toronto.

It was on June 28th we met at the Union Station and took the train which was going to the Muskoka Wharf, or rather the train

took us. Mr. Owen came to the station to see that we got off all right. We had to wait there quite a long time, it seemed to us, until the train left the Station at 11 a.m. We started off in very lively spirits, as you may guess, thinking of the good time we expected to have, which we did. We enjoyed ourselves very much on the train talking and reading funny bits. When we had gone quite a distance, we stopped, and, looking out of the window, discovered that the engine had gone on in front quite a piece, and left us standing still, and then it had to back up and join on to the train again. We started off again, looking at the beautiful scenery as we went along. When we got to Allandale station, the train stopped again, which gave us ten minutes for refreshments. We reached Muskoka Wharf about 3 p.m., and found the Nipissing boat waiting for us. It waited about thirty minutes longer for the next train to come in. Then we sailed off and found it very pleasant on the boat after being in the train so long. It was so very hot in the train. It reminded me of the day we sailed for Canada, as it was the first large boat I was on since I came to Canada, though it was nothing compared to the boat we girls came on. We changed boats at Beaumaris to the Muskoka; this took us right to Bala, but stopped at several places to let the passengers off. We were very anxious to get to our destination. We had a good view of the Muskoka Lakes. It was very pretty to see the cottages built on high rocks, and to watch the Bala Falls. We arrived at Bala about 9 p.m., and were delighted to think that our journey was nearly ended. The place was all strange to me, as it was my first time on the Muskoka Lakes. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip and the visit. When we got off the steamboat at Bala, Mrs. Owen got a row-boat to take us home, which was about two miles up the river to the cottage, which was built on a large rock, and the name of the cottage is Glen Owen. We did not feel much like going out to look around then, as we were very tired. Mrs. Owen and Miss Carey prepared supper for us all, and then we retired for that day. We started to put in a good time the next day. We went for the water about a week after we landed. We had to get used to the place before jumping into the water. We all used to go in bathing nearly every day, without it was too cool. We enjoyed the water very much. We sat on the sands in the sun and watched the waves coming in, and we used to go out rowing, also picking flowers and berries in the woods, and running over the high rocks. I cannot tell you one half that I should like to, there is so much, and it might take up too much room. I would like very much to have this letter put in with the Toronto Topics, if there is any room.

I am much better after my visit, and hope to be able to stay at my place for a



long time to come, as I like it very much. I feel very thankful to Mrs. Owen for her kindness in taking me to Muskoka, and, indeed, in all the love she has shown in every way. A friend in need is a friend indeed. We must also thank Mr. and Mrs. Owen for the picnic they gave so many of us girls to Lambton Park on June 26th. We had a very pleasant time that day. And I think the way we can show our love and gratitude to both Mr. and Mrs. Owen is to try our best and keep our places and come and see her sometimes, with smiles and not cross looks. I am sure she likes to see smiles on our faces, especially at the Sunday evening gatherings. I think I will conclude for the present, and hope I have not taken up too much room. So good-bye. With my love and best wishes, I am, yours truly,

MARGARET L. BUCK.

On August 1st a few of our "stay-at-home" girls had a big treat in the unexpected pleasure of a talk with their old friend, Mr. Godfrey, from the Village Home, and very real indeed was the pleasure it afforded us to have with us, even for the little while he could spare for his girls on this side the Atlantic, one who has always been such a kind and true friend to them. Then a month later we had a visit from some of our country friends, for Exhibition week. It was a new idea, but a very nice one, as so many country girls, who do not have half the advantages or treats the city girls get, had an opportunity given them to come and see the wonderful sights at the Exhibition and have a little holiday at the same time. About thirty-three took advantage of our invitation and seemed thoroughly to have enjoyed it. Charlotte King writes a very interesting account of her experiences:

September 23rd, 1901.

DEAR GIRLS, -Having a little spare time I thought I would write a letter for the UPS AND DOWNS, telling how I enjoyed myself during the week I spent in Toronto at Exhibition time. I started from Cobourg early Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock, on the steamer *Argyle*, arriving in Toronto at 12.30. I enjoyed the trip immensely; the lake was so smooth - not a ripple on it - and it was so nice and cool. After I had had dinner, I went with Mrs. Owen's little girl to the Exhibition, which I enjoyed very much, more so as it was the first I had ever seen. We only stayed there for about four hours, as we got pretty tired and hungry, and did not stay to see the

fireworks, but we saw lots to amuse us. There were about two dozen girls at Mrs. Owen's when I arrived. I was very glad to see Daisy Compton, as I have not seen her for four years, since we came out. Alice Lawrence was up here from Cobourg, which I was very glad of.

On Wednesday evening all of us girls went to the Boys' Home, on Farley Avenue, to a concert that the boys got up themselves, which was simply delightful, more so because it was so very English. There were recitations and solos and a quartette, all by the boys, most of them old boys. We were very much entertained and amused by a gramophone, and also by a regular Old Country Punch and Judy show, which was very good and so very comical. I forgot to tell you that Miss Mabel Godfrey and Miss Gibbs were there, and I was delighted to see them. It was just like being in the Village again to see Miss Godfrey; and they were both there at the boys' concert. I do not think that the boys who got it up have cause for complaint about the audience, for it was quite a large one, and it was well appreciated (the concert, I mean, not the boys), and it was a great success, and we ended by giving three cheers for Dr. Barnardo and Mr. Owen, which were very heartily given, and I must say I spent a very enjoyable evening. Those girls who did not accept Mrs. Owen's invitation missed a great treat. We had the greatest fun. I know we made an awful noise; I expect Mrs. Owen was glad to get us out of the house. I believe I was the noisiest and merriest of them all; but I came up meaning to have a good time, and I had it, too, and the most enjoyable part of it all was that Mr. and Mrs. Owen made us all so welcome, and were so good to us. We did lots of shopping and explored everything we could, and made the most of our time. I had to leave Thursday afternoon at five o'clock, but I had a lovely trip on the lake going home, and arrived there about half-past twelve at midnight, very tired and happy, yet sorry for having to come back; but I think my two days' holiday did me good, because I felt so encouraged when I started to work again. I consoled myself when going away by thinking I was soon coming to Toronto again, and I just arrived Thursday, the 19th. We had eight girls in to tea last night, and as there are five girls staying here in the house at present, we had quite a party and we spent a very enjoyable evening. I think I must bring my letter to a close now, as I am afraid if I write too long a one the Editor will not find room for it, so I will now say good-bye, hoping to see this in the UPS AND DOWNS.

I remain, one of the girls,

CHARLOTTE KING.

It is a very good idea to have a place for the UPS AND DOWNS.

ever made since I came to Canada. I thought the Exhibition was so nice," writes Mary Anne Smith. Emily Griffiths writes: "I didn't know when I enjoyed myself so much before. It was so nice to meet all the girls, and I met so many I knew and had not seen for a long time. Give my love to any of the girls who know me and come to the Sunday gatherings. How nice it must be to meet once a week; it makes me almost jealous to think I cannot be there."

One thing struck me very forcibly about all these girls, and I cannot help speaking of it to my own special girls: they were all getting small wages, such as our city girls would not look at, and yet they were all nicely dressed and had money to spend besides a very decent bank account. Comparisons are always odious, but I am afraid there are a good many of our city girls who have something to learn from their country cousins in the principles and practice of saving. There are girls in Toronto who are earning double and treble the ordinary wages paid on the farms, but, alas! where are the bank accounts? Ask of the millinery shops, candy shops, dressmakers! There are a few of our Toronto girls who are built the other way, and save their wages like any old miser; but there are too many who need to take a big leaf from the country girls' books. It is such a pity, girls! The more I see and know of it the more in earnest I feel in trying to persuade my girls to put if only a

dollar a month by against a rainy day; and really you would never miss it. If girls earning from two and a half to six dollars a month can show a balance of two or even three figures in their bank books, what ought not girls earning from six to fifteen dollars a month to be able to do? Let us brace up and see if we cannot beat the country girls in this matter.

In our picture gallery this month we have two pairs of sisters: Lizzie and Rosie Steele, who have been living together as cook and housemaid in one family, and, so far, have done well, both girls being spoken of as splendid workers in their different departments. Rosie is now intending to try her hand as a nurse, and we hope she will like the change and find it to her good.

Annie and Daisy Easton have both been good, steady girls, working hard and well, and are now to be together in the one house. They should get along nicely, and we all hope they will.

Lilian Bird has a very happy home, and is very well cared for and particularly kindly treated. She is growing so fast and looks very fat and rosy.

Lizzie Bryden is a thoroughly conscientious, steady girl, keeping her place for four years and doing splendidly in it; but now she feels she wants a change, so will try how she prospers amid fresh surroundings, and we wish her every success and hope she may succeed far beyond her expectations.

EMILIE G. OWEN.

## Girls' Donation Fund

Donations for the month of June.

Constance Taylor, \$1; Edith Archer, \$2; Rose Webb, \$1; Emily Sanders, \$1; Minnie Moyes, 25c; Matilda Brown, \$1.00; Lily Walker, 30c; Mary Matthews, \$1; Lizzie Pleas, 50c; Alice Bryant, \$1; Minnie Mortimer, \$1; Minnie Hawes, \$1; Emily Griffiths, \$1; Alice Willmot, \$2; Emily Barr, \$2.

Emily Robinson, \$1; Florence J. Roberts, \$1; Emma Roberts, 50c; \$1.50; Constance Taylor, \$1; Edith Archer, \$2; Rose Webb, \$1; Emily Sanders, \$1; Minnie Moyes, 25c; Matilda Brown, \$1.00; Lily Walker, 30c; Mary Matthews, \$1; Lizzie Pleas, 50c; Alice Bryant, \$1; Minnie Mortimer, \$1; Minnie Hawes, \$1; Emily Griffiths, \$1; Alice Willmot, \$2; Emily Barr, \$2.

OUR ROLL OF HONOUR. (Continued.)

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Gee, Ernest	Mr. Homer Graham	Portland, Ont.
Hawkes, George	Mr. John Wright	Mohawk, Ont.
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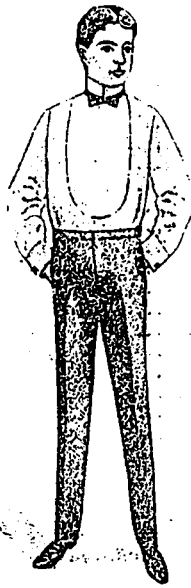
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