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UPS AND DOWNS

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

Vol. I.—No. 10.

TORONTO, MAY 1ST, 1896.

PRICE, PER YEAR, 25 Cents
SINGLE COPIES 3 Cents.

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS
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On Saturdays from Halifax.

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At low Prices. . . .

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OUR OLD FRIENDS' DIRECTORY.

In this column we publish each month the names and addresses of one hundred subscribers, together with the dates of their arrival in Canada. Unless otherwise stated the post offices are situated in the Province of Ontario.

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AGURS, JASPER	Port Ryerse	Norfolk	June, '93	LUMLEY, JNO. W.	Calder	Middlesex	July, '91
BARKER, WM. D.	Monck	Wellington	April, '94	MARTIN, SIDNEY G.	Beamsville	Lincoln	April, '91
BATES, ALBERT	Leadbury	Huron	July, '95	MORRIS, ALFRED G.	Perch	Lambton	April, '89
BAILEY, OLIVER	Palgrave	Peel	July, '94	MARTIN, GEORGE H.	Dunnville	Haldimand	March, '93
BROSTER, FRED'K.	Dundalk	Grey	March, '93	MESSINGER, HERBERT	Marshville	Welland	Nov., '91
BEARD, ERNEST H.	Belmont	Middlesex	Sept., '94	MESSINGER, ARTHUR	Marshville	Welland	Nov., '91
BURTON, GEO. F.	Aurora	York	March, '93	MARSHALL, ROBT. L.	Hazeldean	Carleton	July, '95
BLAKE, HENRY	Byng	Haldimand	June, '83	MATTHEWS, THOS. D.	Simcoe	Norfolk	June, '86
BOWLES, JAS. F.	Crown Hill	Simcoe	April, '90	MERRILL, FRED'K.	Orono	Durham	March, '93
BAKER, FRED'K.	Burnham Thorpe	Peel	March, '87	MCLAUGHLIN, HENRY	Dutton	Elgin	March, '92
CROWTHER, WILSON	S. Monaghan	Peterboro'	Aug., '93	NASH, GEORGE	Gravenhurst	Simcoe	June, '86
CHEESEMAN, WM.	Marathon	Lanark	April, '95	OTTAWAY, HAROLD	Winger	Welland	March, '92
CAREIS, GEORGE	West Flamboro.	Wentworth	March, '93	PAY, THOS. G.	Duncreif	Middlesex	March, '93
COLBORNE, FRANK	Pickering	Ontario	April, '94	PAGE, F. W.	Box 60, Port Hope	Durham	June, '93
CROUCH, SIDNEY J.	Cairngorm	Middlesex	Sept., '92	PRIOR, CHAS. A.	Enfield	Durham	April, '94
CARLEY, GEORGE	Rutherford	Lambton	July, '92	PARSONS, HENRY	Sunbridge	Parry Sound Dist.	April, '94
CAMBRIDGE, JAMES	Attercliffe St'n.	Haldimand	April, '90	PAULEY, WM. J.	Cowal	Elgin	Sept., '94
CALISE, HORACE F.	Terry P.O., Lawrence	Co., S. Dakota, U.S.	April, '91	PICKETT, FRED'K.	Blenheim	Kent	June, '93
DAVE, ALBERT	Pakenham	Lanark	Sept., '95	PICKARD, CHAS. G.	Findley	Manitoba	Aug., '87
DAVIS, HENRY	Orono	Durham	June, '89	PINCHIN, HENRY	Rocklyn	Grey	March, '92
DEFEW, WM.	Chatsworth	Grey	July, '94	PRIDHAM, ALFRED R.	Box 47, Allandale	Simcoe	Aug., '93
EVANS, FRED'K.	Little Britain	Victoria	March, '93	POW, ROBERT	Dalston	Simcoe	July, '94
ELDRIDGE, SAM'L.	Tuscarora	Brant	July, '95	PARKINSON, JAS.	Mt. Forest	Wellington	March, '92
ERWOOD, FRED'K.	Eganville	Renfrew	June, '93	RESDEN, WM. F.	Apsley	Peterboro'	July, '94
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FARTHING, REGINALD	Lakehurst	Peterboro'	July, '95	RAYMENT, E.	Solena	Durham	March, '93
FLETCHER, JAS.	Theford	Lambton	July, '95	READ, JOHN	Aurora	York	June, '93
FLORY, EDMUND C.	Cashtown	Simcoe	April, '91	RYAN, WM.	Campbellford	Northumberland	March, '93
GILLINGWATER, ARTHUR L.	Aldboro	Elgin	March, '93	RAMSEY, DANIEL	Byng	Haldimand	March, '93
GREENWOOD, THOS.	Kirby	Durham	July, '95	REED, FRED'K.	Newcastle	Durham	April, '95
GREEN, F. W.	Tyrone	Durham	Nov., '95	RAVEN, SAM'L J.	Enfield	Durham	March, '92
GRIMSHAW, JNO.	Bowmanville	Durham	Sept., '92	SESSIONS, THOMAS	Dunrobin	Carleton	March, '92
HILL, CHAS. W. D.	Whittington	Wellington	March, '93	SABALINE, FRANK	Paris	Brant	April, '94
HOLLIDAY, WM.	Merlin	Kent	July, '92	STUBBS, JNO. T.	Bolton	Peel	Aug., '93
HOLLWAY, WM.	Purbrook	Muskoka	April, '95	START, WM. G.	Valentia	Victoria	March, '93
HALL, CHAS. E.	Ridgetown	Kent	June, '93	SMITH, ABRAHAM	Glencoe	Middlesex	July, '95
HART, STANLEY G.	Jura	Lambton	July, '94	SONES, ROBERT	Verschoyle	Norfolk	April, '94
HARWOOD, JNO.	Woodville	Victoria	Aug., '93	SWAIN, HENRY	Elginfield	Middlesex	Sept., '94
HOPKINS, E. I.	Sonya	Ontario	Sept., '91	STOCKHAM, FRED W.	Drumquin	Halton	July, '92
HAWKINS, ROBERT	Norwich	Oxford	Nov., '91	SMITH, GEO. W.	Alma	Wellington	June, '90
JACOBS, HY. GEO.	Upper	Haldimand	April, '95	STORTON, WM. H'V.	Oxmead	Grey	July, '92
JONES, WM. J.	Tilbury	Kent	July, '94	STIRRATT, DAVID	Tara	Bruce	Oct., '93
KING, GEO. WM.	Harriston	Wellington	March, '93	SEIRL, ALFRED J.	Barrie	Simcoe	June, '91
KAY, JNO.	Windfall	Essex	April, '94	TURNER, GEO.	Smithville	Wentworth	July, '95
LINES, ALFRED	Port Albert	Huron	June, '93	THOMPSON, PERCY	Hoath Head	Grey	March, '93
				TURNER, FRANCIS F.	6413 St. Lawrence Av.	Chicago, Ill., U.S.	April, '89
				THOMAS, SAM'L P.	Box 374, Port Hope	Durham	Sept., '94
				WOOD, SIDNEY	Kinburn	Lanark	March, '92
				WHITAKER, J. W. C.	Oxford Centre	Oxford	March, '93
				WHITE, FRED'K.	Dumblane	Bruce	March, '93
				WAUGH, ALEX. T.	Walkers	Middlesex	April, '94
				WRIGHT, GEO. B.	Puce	Essex	March, '92
				WELSH, FRANCIS	Ayr	Waterloo	June, '93
				WILLIAMS, BERTRAM C.	Glenallan	Wellington	July, '92
				WYATT, W. T.	Rockwood	Wellington	April, '94

...ABOUT ADVERTISING...

A factor of considerable importance in determining the ultimate success of a journal is the advertising patronage it is accorded.

We are acquainted with one or two cases in which a journal has attained a most desirable measure of success—not only in its literary status but from a commercial standpoint—without having received one dollar from advertisements.

Such cases, however, are extremely rare, and constitute the exception which proves the rule—that the interests of the advertising department have to be as carefully nurtured and as zealously championed as those of any other part of a successful journal.

With two more issues UPS AND DOWNS will complete the first year of its existence. This first year we may regard as a term of probation. Our position in the journalistic field has been and is a decidedly unique one.

For this reason it was at first a matter of some difficulty to secure recognition of our claim that UPS AND DOWNS would be a profitable advertising medium to those who desired to reach the farming classes.

There was no precedent in connection with any similar institution to which our representative could point in order to justify his contention, that an advertisement in UPS AND DOWNS would prove more profitable than an advertisement in any ordinary journal with the same circulation.

Our ground for this belief was our knowledge of the keen personal interest all our friends would take in ensuring the welfare of *their own* journal, and also the interest which those farmers of whose households our friends were members, feel in the Homes and the work thereof.

That this strong bond of personal interest would react to the advantage of the advertisers in our journal we had not the slightest doubt, and on it we had to base much of our claim to consideration as an advertising medium.

With our first number we were in a position to guarantee a circulation of 2,000; not very startling, perhaps, in comparison with the figures which are used to represent the circulation of many journals, but it was a *bona fide* circulation, and whether it seemed large or small we left for the merchants whose advertisements were requested to determine.

We could and did give expression to the belief and hope that our circulation would increase, but, at the outside, we could not expect to exceed 6,000, that being the number of Dr. Barnardo's "boys" in Canada.

As a matter of fact, our circulation has increased by nearly 1,000 since last September, and we are not without hope of reaching 4,000 before the end of the present year.

(Continued on page 3 of Cover).

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VOL. I.—No. 10

TORONTO, MAY 1ST, 1896.

PRICE PER YEAR 25 CENTS
SINGLE COPIES, 3 CENTS.

ECHOES OF THE MONTH.

THE event of the month has, of course, been the arrival and distribution of our first detachment for the season. The party was composed of 63 lads from the Youths' Labour House, 49 from the Stepney Home, 17 from Leopold House, 8 from Jersey, 5 little chaps from Sheppard House, and 37 from boarding-out homes in the country districts of England. The Stepney contingent included several apprentices and non-commissioned officers, and a great many amongst the party had been for many years under Dr. Barnardo's care.

Our sailing date from Liverpool was Thursday, the 2nd, and on the morning of that day we took our leave of the old Homes, and steamed out of Euston station at 10.45 to the good old tune of Auld Lang Syne. The London and North Western gave us a special train and a fine "run" and by 3.30 we had pulled up in the Riverside station at Liverpool. This was our first experience of the recently constructed Riverside station — bringing us close alongside of the ship, and saving us the long, troublesome march through the streets of Liverpool. The new station adjoins the Landing Stage, so that we had only to cross the stage to be at the foot of the gangway. The great Dominion Liner *Scotsman* was moored to the stage ready to receive us, and a magnificent ship she looked, towering above us out of the water. She is the second largest cargo ship in the Atlantic trade, her dimensions being only exceeded by the huge ship *Georgic* of the White Star Line. The *Scotsman* is 490 feet long and 49 feet in width or beam, and has a carrying capacity of over 10,000 tons. We soon passed the Board of Trade Doctors and

the various surveyors and inspectors who watch against the embarkation of unhealthy or unsuitable people, every boy being sound in wind and limb, and without an ailment or blemish that the most lynx-eyed examiner could detect, and in a few minutes after our arrival we were safe on board and rejoicing in finding ourselves as well off for space, light and air as we have ever been in any of our trips across the Atlantic. The Dominion Line had evidently resolved to treat us well, and nothing could have been

"baby" from Sheppard House, I am proud and pleased to be able to say that the conduct and behaviour of the party was a credit to themselves and to Dr. Barnardo.

Our voyage was not an eventful one, and the time soon began to pass rapidly. Of course a good many of the party felt very unhappy for the first day or two, and Neptune exacted his tribute from all but the "old sailors," but the *Scotsman* proved herself a splendid sea boat, and despite a good "lump" of a sea, and strong westerly breezes, there was very little disagreeable motion. After the first two or three days, appetites began to revive astonishingly, and the excellent fare so abundantly provided received the amplest justice. We cannot speak too highly of the kindness shown us by all the officials of the ship, from the captain downwards, and constantly was it impressed upon us that if we wanted anything it was "our own fault if we didn't get it." From Sunlight soap to plum pudding there was enough and to spare of everything, and whatever befalls them in after life our boys can look back upon "good times" on board the *Scotsman*.

Late in the day on Saturday, the 11th, the lights of Halifax harbour were in sight, and before midnight we were alongside the

wharf. We don't believe in disorder or confusion on arriving in port, and "all hands" were in bed and asleep long before the ship was made fast, ready for an early breakfast and a start to business in the morning. Those in charge, who had to be up all night getting ready for the next day, didn't feel quite so lively, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that Halifax doesn't come very often. The Labour House lads, destined for the Farm Home, Russell, Manitoba, were the only members of the



THE BOYS' HOME BAND.

better than the accommodation provided.

Before nightfall the shores of old England were fading in the distance, and we were "out on the ocean sailing"; but no one seemed at all homesick, and we venture to say that a jollier party never left the old world to seek their fortunes in the new. We dropped into our daily routine, and the rules and regulations of life on board ship, with very little trouble to anybody, and from the first day to the last, and from the biggest Labour House lad to our five-year-old

party to land in Halifax, where they were met and taken in charge by Mr. Struthers, who was on hand to meet us. The landing of this contingent with their baggage was accomplished without hitch or difficulty, and before midday we had seen them off comfortably stowed away in a Canadian Pacific tourist car, victualled for their long journey of six days and nights. They started off in the best of spirits with ringing cheers for the good ship and her genial commander, Captain Maddox, who had made himself enormously popular with us and took leave of the lads in the car with a few cheery, kindly words of advice. Mr. Struthers is, we believe, to be congratulated on his present contingent. "The proof of the pudding is of course in the eating," but we shall be greatly surprised if the lads who have just gone up to the Farm Home do not, with very few exceptions, give a good account of themselves in the future, and turn out to be useful men and the right sort of settlers for the great North West.

At Halifax also landed a party of 175 girls and boys, who had also come out on the *Scotsman*, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace of the Marchmont Home at Belleville. These children were recruited from the Manchester Homes and from various other Institutions throughout England, and from what we saw of them we must congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Wallace upon having brought out a very fine body of young people.

The departure of the Manitoba contingent, 63 strong, reduced our numbers to 147 and with this "little lot" we turned out in the afternoon for a good long walk, climbing up to the citadel at Halifax and enjoying the magnificent view of the City and Harbour. In the evening we went to church, where a most kindly welcome was extended us and when special prayer was offered for these little newly arrived strangers in a strange land, that the way might be opened for them and that the guidance and protection of the All Father might be about and around them in the New Country as it had been in the Old. On Monday we remained still in Halifax and again marched ashore and had a turnout about the town and common. In the evening the ship proceeded on her voyage to Portland and all next day we were making our way through hazy, disagreeable weather, across the Bay of Fundy and along the Maine coast. From Halifax to Portland we took round with us one of the United States Immigration Commissioners, one of the six "watch dogs" who, assisted by a large staff of inspectors, protect the United States ports from the landing of undesirable immigrants; halt, maimed, imbecile, pauper or otherwise unfitted for useful citizenship. This gentleman, who has had an immense experience in his business, spent a great deal of time amongst our boys and was quite enthusiastic in his praise of them as a fine, healthy, well-trained body of young people. Such testimony is invaluable to us and although we do not anticipate having to find homes for our boys beyond the dominion of the "Union Jack," it is pleasant, in face of the prejudice so industriously fostered against us in certain quarters, to know that one who knows whereof he speaks, to the extent of a United States Immigration Commissioner, is thus highly favourable in his opinion of us as a class of immigrants. On arriving at Portland our boys had to pass an examination at the hands of three American doctors with the verdict "most satisfactory" and not a single case in any way taken exception to. Everything went swimmingly in Portland and by 11.30 a. m. Wednesday morning a Grand Trunk special was spinning us along to the West at the rate of 40 miles. West of Montreal a few boys left us for situations, according to arrangements previously made with the parties we were sending them

to, by which they were dropped off on the way to save the double journey to Toronto and back. The remainder of the party arrived in Toronto on the afternoon of Thursday, the 16th, all in good health and no one a whit the worse for the long journey by sea and land. Since then the distribution of the party has been actively progressing and there are now only about a score of the youngest boys to be provided for. We have had to refuse a great many applications for bigger boys and the demand has been most satisfactory. In fact all has so far gone well with our first party for 1896 and the report that we have been able to send Dr. Barnardo will be such as cannot fail to cheer his heart and give him cause to "thank God and take courage."

Mr. Davis has had his hands full of work at the office during the past few weeks and the huge stack of letters that lie in front of us means a stiff task to read, to say nothing of weighing and considering their contents and sending replies to these many hundreds of correspondents. We only hope that our friends will bear with us if their letters do not receive quite as prompt attention as we should like to give them, and not think hardly of us if some little time elapses before we are quite "up to date" with our work.

Alfred B. Owen

OUR MANITOBANS.

THE weather for the month of April has been most unfavourable for farming operations—cold, stormy, and overcast—most unlike the regulation Manitoba weather, with its bright sunny sky and clear bracing air. We expect, however, that rude Winter will in a day or two release his grasp, and Spring will burst upon us in all its wonted joyousness. The beautiful ponds and lakelets on the farm are fast filling up with the rapidly melting snow, and the artificial pond kept in place by a high dam constructed by the lads in 1889, and which has become of late years such a popular resort for enthusiastic swimmers and bathers, is overflowing its banks, and we trust some enterprising resident will this year place a boat on this water.

We mentioned, in the notes for March, that a party of recruits was expected to arrive about April 15th, and although, owing to unforeseen delays and difficulties, we did not get in quite on time, we managed to march from the cars and draw up in line on the railway platform at Russell on Sunday, April 19th—a party of as fine, bright-faced lads, fifty-seven in number, as ever crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of laying out a better line of life in this great and promising Dominion.

As regards nationality, a glance at the roster for this party will show how extended our worthy Director's field is becoming in the United Kingdom; Aberdeen, Dundee, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Newcastle have each their little section in this party, and one hardy Welshman stands out in relief among the jolly company. To the young people who have never made a land journey by rail taking up nearly one week's time, it may be of interest should we describe this particular trip and the general nature of the country along the route from Halifax to the Russell Farm, in the far north-western corner of the fertile Province of Manitoba.

The staunch and powerful *Scotsman*, of the Dominion Line, began pouring forth her hundreds of steerage passengers on the dock at Halifax early on the morning of Sunday, April 12th, and after the purchase of tickets had been completed, the Customs officers assured that nothing contraband was being landed, baggage

checked and supplied with those wonderful little "brasses," the word was given, and up from their quarters marched the Labor House party into the neat and convenient tourist cars supplied from the perfect equipment of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. Being old campaigners and filled with the doctrine that battles cannot be won by powder, shot and shell unless these requisites of the smoking field are well backed up by a goodly stock of hard tack, pork and beans, we first saw placed on board the front coach supplies for 60 people, to last over a period of ten days; took good care that the spacious watertanks of these convenient coaches were filled to the brim; and, while calling for three cheers for Mr. Owen, who was to reach his destination by another route, we were rolled out of the docks and were soon rapidly leaving behind us the interesting old city of Halifax, with its magnificent harbour and impregnable fortifications, the citadel of which towers some 260 feet above the sea.

Stewards and waiters are now selected from the lads for the purpose of preparing and distributing the food at stated intervals to these ever hungry tourists, and that the selection for Chief fell upon Samuel Hill, no one of the party regretted to their journey's end. By the time the first meal was despatched the train was speeding along at fifty miles an hour into the town of Truro, which is situated in a most picturesque district, and said to be a popular resort for hunter and angler. At Moncton, all our lads were ordered out for a walk, and we here heard interesting accounts of the remarkable tidal movements incidental to the Bay of Fundy and other parts of this coast. A very rapid run brought our "Special" into St. John, N.B., about 10 o'clock, p.m., and here we parted with an interesting little negro boy whom Dr. Barnardo is restoring to his distressed parents in Wilmington, North Carolina.

At St. John we enter upon the first section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the lads having all taken to their beds for a night's rest to be awakened in the morning and informed that our progress was stopped by one of those annoying land and rock slides, and while waiting for the line to be cleared all hands were ordered out of the coaches to perform their ablutions in the clear snow water which was coursing along the railway ditches.

A breakfast of cornbeef and bread was served about 8 o'clock, and we ran on through some of the wildest parts of the State of Maine till the afternoon, when we again returned to Canada, striking the Province of Quebec in what is known as the Eastern Townships.

Just at this time of the year this part of the country is one great maple sugar camp, and we do not think our lads will soon forget the sport they had among the sap buckets of a camp in which our train was stopped while the damaged track was being repaired.

At 10 o'clock, p.m., our "Special" rolled into the Windsor station at Montreal, having accomplished 756 miles of our journey. Re-stocking our supplies, we glide out of Montreal at an easy rate of speed, running to Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, there to await the regular express train which is to carry us on to Winnipeg. While waiting at Ottawa nearly all our lads visited the government buildings and the beautifully situated Houses of Parliament, some of the more fortunate even getting into the House of Commons to have a look at our wise legislators, who were wearying away valuable time over the much belaboured school question.

At 2.30 p.m., our two cars were attached to the regular transcontinental train and we thundered heavily along up the Ottawa valley, still noted for its wonderful output of fine pine timber, past the interesting village of Mattawa, reaching North Bay some four hours late. At this point a large contingent of Ontario people going West to cast their lot with the native

Manitobans, were added to our train, and it was found necessary to cut us into two sections, in which manner we ran to Winnipeg without mishap, reaching that city at eight p.m. on Thursday evening, two thousand one hundred and eighty miles from our starting point. At Winnipeg everything possible is done for the comfort of the newly-arrived colonists—a fine large building, kept beautifully clean by one of the most trustworthy Scotchmen, is open for the free use of arrivals, excellent baths are placed at their disposal, and a general air of "Welcome to Manitoba" pervades the place. In our case we were permitted to occupy the cars given us and the lads were well and economically fed at the Salvation Army Shelter, which is doing a great work in the Province of Manitoba.

We are now in the land of plenty, and although it was dark and none of our party saw the great storehouses, as we passed through Fort William we ran alongside of elevators stored with magnificent hard wheat to the volume of between four and five million bushels. Leaving Winnipeg on Saturday, 18th, by the Manitoba and North-Western Railway, we duly reached Russell and finally the Manitoba Farm, two thousand four hundred and two miles from the dock of the huge steamer at Halifax, and here received a right royal and hearty welcome from the lads of last year who are now looking forward to going out into the world on their own account. This little itinerary of our trip illustrates and brings clearly before us the extent of our great country, for at Russell we are but little past the centre of the continent and nearly the same time would be required if we desired to dip our hands into the waters of the grand old Pacific, to reach her coast, as was consumed in reaching the present scene of our labours from the shores of the sister ocean.



NOW AND THEN, OR FARMING MADE EASY.

Written for UPS AND DOWNS by George Ward.

"**N**OW," of course, may mean this minute; *then* may mean half an hour ago, or less, or it may mean what the Quaker meant when he hired a boy to do odd jobs. "*Fack of all trades*," as we say in England; when in Canada we use the strange word "*Chores*."

Among the Quaker's "*chores*" was the item of helping to milk the cows, and when this item in the account was reached it nearly upset the coach, as *then* it was deemed womanish work; and but few young men tall enough to reach fourteen or fifteen years of age, can endure the thought of doing anything considered girlish or womanish. The boy in question, however, was prudent, so before closing the bargain, though he wanted the place, he asked whether he would always have to milk; or only now and then? "Now and then" was the satisfactory reply;

In due time Jack was installed in office, and all went on well at first. But when every morning and evening, week in week out, he had, like the merry Swiss-boy in the song, to

"Take his pail and away to his milking, away,"

he was disgusted at having been "taken in," and charged Mr. Broadbrim with a breach of faith.

"When you engaged me," said he, "you told me I should only have to milk *now* and *then*."

"Did I tell thee so?" "You did."

"How often hast thou to milk?"

"Every morning and night ever since I came."

"Then," said the Quaker, "thou hast only to milk now and then; *now* in the morning, *then* at night." My now and then will not be of the same cunning class as this, but of a more distinctive character.

Then ploughs consisted of tails, beams, jigs, etc., strong, heavy, clumsy things. To regulate the depth of the furrow to make even work, there were holes in the beam at regular distances. By this means a chain, about two feet long, was fixed to the iron top of the jig, with a bolt at the end; the beam was raised or lowered, and with it the *share* to meet the case. The jigs ran upon two wheels; one of larger diameter to run in the furrow to keep even balance. Ploughs had single and double tails, the latter for heavy land. A good ploughman preferred one tailed ploughs. Some of the tails would stick out straight as a "yard of pump water," while others were nicely carried and easier to handle. The shares, cutter and breastplate were much the same then as now. With his long whip—specially made to reach and tickle up the "lag-gards"—over his shoulder, no king swaying a sceptre over his subjects ever felt half so happy or so completely a monarch as I have known the English Ploughman, nor had subjects so ready to obey him. His cheery "Haw-gee-wo-o-op;" his lively whistle, or plaintive song at the plough then in dear old merry England and bonny Scotland—cannot be surpassed by anything heard now, here, there, nor any where else on the face of God's beautiful earth.

Then harrows and rollers, like the ploughs, were as unlike the present as the song of the lark is unlike the "to-wit-te-wo-o-o-ing" of a barn owl. The harrows were generally of strong, heavy wood, with iron bracings, with thick iron prongs or "tines;" the rollers were of oak and, like the harrows, of varying weights to suit soil, etc.

Now we have steam—it may be electric—ploughs and improved harrows and rollers, such as my grandfather never dreamed of.

Then the sowing and seeding was done in a very primitive manner, in most cases sowing broadcast; so far as wheat was concerned this had been supplemented before I can remember by "dibbling." But this, though considered superior to sowing broadcast, both on the score of economy in seed, and superior yield on threshing, was much more costly; and many farmers could not or would not afford it. The "dibbles" consisted of an iron shank. The top like the "cot" or handle of wood like a spade; the bottom, or dibbles proper, was solid iron, egg-shaped; with these the holes were made into which the wheat was dropped. The labour was divided between the dibblers, mostly men, using two dibbles each, and the "droppers," women, boys and girls; each dibbler employing two droppers. Altogether these made very picturesque groups.

Now we have the drill, or seeder, which, long ago, supplanted the "dibble," though not the sowing broadcast. I am just old enough to remember the early history of this and some other machinery introduced into my native county of Norfolk, England, which caused the first and only riot I ever knew in connection with farming in that County, or indeed in England. The riot was soon quelled, and the leader, a large but mischief-making farmer, was sent to jail for six months, and three other notoriety hunters for shorter periods. Drills went ahead from then till now, improved and still improving in Old England as well as in her fairest daughter land—Canada.

From seed-time to harvest may seem a long bound, but for my purpose it is quite natural.

Then we had sickle or reaping hook for wheat, and the scythe for barley and oats; but when I was a very little boy the scythe began to be used for wheat as well, only in a short time to give was to what was considered the wonder of wonders—the reaping machine, when everybody said, "There, dash my buttons if that aint as far as ever they—the inventors—can go!" But one sage old farmer replied, "I don't know what to say. I think the minventors are up to anything, and nobody knows what they can and will do?" And he was right.

Now—that is, soon after we get the first somewhat rough and ready reapers—we have the "combine" machine for hay as well as all sorts of grain. Need I say improvements upon old or inventions of new machinery did not stop here? The old drag-rake was a clumsy device drawn by a strong strap over a man's shoulder. This has given way to the horse dragrakes.

Thrashing naturally follows harvest.

Then the grain used to be trodden out by oxen. "Thou should not muzzle the mouth of the ox which treadeth out the corn," is a Divine command. I have myself seen unshod colts used for the same, but when I was a boy the flail was the universal thrashing implement. This consisted of two parts. The shaft about 3½ feet long, and "swingel" one-half length of shaft, the latter having a swivel at the top and the swingel a strong leather cup through which the coupling—supple leather thongs—eelskins preferred, but not always to be got. The shaft was generally of ash, the swingel of white thorn, because it is very heavy, smoothed and rubbed with sand-paper. Thrashers were divided into wheat-barnmen and barley and oat-barnmen; the wheat-barnman having precedence of all the other men, and was always called "My lord" as leader in the harvest field.

The size of the farm regulated the number of thrashers, as it did of horses. The flails were solos, duets, trios or quartettes, as the case might be. The two first were easy enough as soon as the thrasher had learned to swing his swingel round so as not to thrash his head instead of the grain, as I well remember doing mine with a little flail, my dear father made for my amusement when I was of the venerable age of five years. The trios and quartettes required a good deal of practice to acquire the necessary skill to enable the flails to play on the same sheaf without coming in contact, which might have been as dangerous as an Irishman's well knotted blackthorn at Donnybrook fair. Having become skillful the blows fell on the sheaves with the regularity of clock ticks, if not as musically as a quartette on the village bells.

The next step forward was a thrashing machine on the model of the "tread mill" for the punishment of criminals. The fact that it was made after such pattern made it unpopular. Men who were honest, or wished the world to think so, would not work on the tread-mill as they called the machines. I recollect watching the men the first time my father used one of them, and wondering why it was the men appeared always to be going upwards yet never got any higher.

Now we have the horse-thresher much on the same principle as the originals which followed the tread-mill pattern. These have been supplemented—almost superseded—in England by the steam-thresher, which at the same time not only threshed out, but winnowed the grain, filled the sacks, and conveyed the straw to the stack.

Comparing—in many things, contrasting—*then* and *now*, if we find, in some instances, the charm of simple rusticity, the picturesqueness of the groups of men, horses and ploughs, with the merry songs and whistles of the men, the gangs of equally lively and still more numerous dibblers and droppers; and far exceeding these in interest and picturesqueness, the gangs of harvest-men with sickle or scythe, reaping or mowing down the corn, with the still larger gangs of merry-hearted, laughter-loving gleaners,—I say, if we miss all these rustic charms and more, I think I am justified in saying the sentimental loss—the loss to the eye and the ear, however much to be regretted—is, from the practical point of view, more than balanced by modern inventions and improvements by which, so far as man's part is concerned, farming has been made comparatively easy.

Ups and Downs

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TORONTO, MAY 1ST, 1896.



SINCE our last issue our constituency has been increased by 210, that being the number of boys who left Old England, in charge of Mr. Owen, on April 2nd, and arrived, safe and sound, two weeks ago. What bright, healthy-looking fellows were those constituting the Ontario contingent, and we are safe in saying that those who proceeded to Manitoba, under the care of Mr. Struthers, were no less so. Doubtless we shall learn of the impression they created in the distant Province from Mr. Struthers, when that gentleman's "copy" for this issue comes to hand.

It did one's heart good to see these lads, fresh from the Old Land, march into the Home yard, and line up at the word of command, presenting an unbroken phalanx of sturdy forms and bright, rosy faces. There was not one whose appearance would not have brought the blush of shame to the faces of those who are in the habit of declaring that our ranks are being constantly recruited, if not from "the maimed, the halt and the blind," at least from a class but little superior. We are speaking, of course, of those who hold this belief through ignorance of the facts, and who honestly believe that our lads are "a bad lot," morally and physically.

Of the professional politico-industrial agitator we expect nothing so manly as a blush, or any sense, of shame, upon discovering that he has been propagating falsehoods to the injury of a large body of harmless, well-conducted young citizens. But we should have dearly liked to have seen our latest party pass in review before a jury composed of any number of honourable Canadians.

There could have been but one verdict. Well can we conceive of such an impartial body of men, with the best interests of their country at heart, crying out against so much more of the same wealth of intelligence and sinew being allowed to go to waste in England, while their country's acres by the million are but waiting the care of such farmers, as those before them would be in a few years, to be transformed from profitless prairie stretches into well-tilled, nation-enriching homesteads.

What a marked contrast, too, was noticeable between the new arrivals' respectful, yet boyish, demeanour, when spoken to, and the impertinent flippancy of the average lower middle class youth of Toronto and other Canadian cities, and who, forsooth, it is alleged, will be contaminated if the influx of "the English emigrant boy" be not restricted!

It was this phase of the anti-Home boy cry that not very long ago drew forth strong terms of condemnation from men so prominent in Canadian public life, and so well qualified to speak, as His Honour Judge McDonald, the late Mr. W. H. Howland, of Toronto, and Mr. Massey, at the time warden in the Central Prison. Mr. Massey declared that "what the average Canadian-born city lad does not know of vice and immorality, the immigrant boy cannot teach him."

We wonder if those who talk so glibly about restricting the immigration of what they are pleased to term an "undesirable class," realize the difference there would be in Canada's annual yield of wealth in the shape of agricultural and kindred products had the country been denied the labour of those who were enabled to come here by means of the assistance accorded them from various sources.

Take our own case for an example. There are in round figures 6,000 of Dr. Barnardo's "boys" working on the land in Canada; some in possession of their own farms; the large majority in the capacity of hired men. Of these there are, of course, many to whom the term "hired man" is applicable only as a phrase of common usage for youths as well as for men. They do their share manfully, but to count the work of a youth of 17 or under as equal to that of a fully grown man would be absurd. Making a generous allowance for these more youthful workers we can at least claim that the united efforts of Dr. Barnardo's 6,000 agricultural workers are equal to those of 4,000 average farm labourers.

The cultivation of 30 acres is but a moderate estimate of the work of an average farm labourer. $4,000 \times 30 = 120,000$ acres made productive by those who were "assisted" to Canada by Dr. Barnardo.

The yield of 120,000 acres in, let us say, wheat, at 25 bushels per acre, is 3,000,000 bushels. At 70c. per bushel this represents the enormous sum of \$2,100,000—the amount by which the wealth of Canada is increased by one year's work of 6,000 "Barnardo boys." Despite the noisy ravings of a few agitators who have their own interests to serve, no statesman worthy of the name would for one moment entertain the suggestion of depriving Canada of the much needed help it receives from those, the head and shoulder of whose offending is that they come to Canada poor, very poor, in pocket, but well stocked with those attributes which always make for success alike of the country and of their possessor.

While to our more recent arrivals and younger lads the domestic political questions of Canada are at present a sealed book, there are a large number of our "boys" who have not spent several years here without evincing an intelligent interest in these matters, and who have secured for themselves the full rights of citizenship including that of voting for parliamentary representatives. By virtue of this and their numbers and their intelligence they become

a factor capable of wielding considerable influence in the days when politicians are seeking promises of votes on every hand.

The responsibility of the enfranchised citizen is not, or should not, be treated as a thing of little account. It behooves all who have the right to vote, particularly those who have previously never been called upon to exercise their privilege, to very earnestly consider what they are voting for. Because a man with a plausible manner and pleasing personality asks you for your vote that is no reason why you should promise it him. His plausibility and geniality may cover principles the supremacy of which in the halls of legislature would work very disastrously for the country. You may say, "Oh, well! mine is only one vote." Not only is this wrong and indefensible in principle, but a single vote will often turn the scale in an election and bring about a result which the careless voter least desired.

We know nothing of party politics in UPS AND DOWNS and we do not seek to influence our friends against their own opinions on the way they should vote next month, but we do wish to urge upon them the importance of realizing that they, one and all, have a personal responsibility to discharge at an election, just as they have a personal interest in the welfare of the country with which their own prosperity is bound up. As men of intelligence, and observers of what is going on around them, they have learned something of the efforts of the party that is in power to develop the resources and increase the welfare of Canada. Similarly they are acquainted with the promises of the Opposition in this respect, if the people of Canada will entrust the government of the country to their hands.

Let our friends satisfy themselves which of the two parties is the more capable of carrying on the work of development and advancement which have been so remarkable in Canada hitherto, and, once satisfied on this point, let them cast their votes accordingly, with the knowledge that they are doing their duty to the country in which they have made their homes and in which they have acquired no small measure of comfort and prosperity. We are sure that our friends, trained as they have been in the broadest spirit of toleration, will allow no such considerations as those of difference of race or religion to inspire their course of action.

Is there one among the friends of UPS AND DOWNS who read the daily or weekly newspapers to whose cheek the blood did not rush in exultation as he read only a week ago of the latest example of the pluck, daring, and thorough unselfishness which characterize the British soldier in whatever part of the universe he may be called upon to fight in defence of the flag dear to Britons the world over?

Between two and three thousand white people are practically shut up in Buluwayo, an isolated town in South Africa which cannot be reached by rail, and is a three weeks' journey, by waggon, distant from the nearest centre of civilization, between which and the inhabitants of Buluwayo are gathered over 15,000 armed Matabele warriors seeking the destruction of those in the town, who have neither food nor ammunition to withstand a long siege.

The fighting force of the beleaguered whites numbers barely 700. The Matabele are a warlike tribe, not altogether unacquainted with the methods of European warfare, having been

taught a severe lesson four years ago in what is known as the Matabele campaign, and from which the Matabele, after a hard struggle, emerged a conquered and apparently subdued people, having in the time that has intervened quietly adopted many of the ways of civilization, and devoted themselves to the cultivation of the land. That the reformation was very superficial is evidenced by the avidity with which they have seized what appeared to be a good opportunity to wipe out the white people, and re-establish themselves as monarchs of the country.

Profiting by experience they have sought to make success more certain by adopting some of the tactics and weapons of their conquerors, but without discarding any of their original barbaric tendencies. They have already massacred several families living in isolated parts, and are now encircling Buluwayo, prepared at an opportune moment to rush in and by sheer weight of numbers destroy all within the ill-fated town, the defences of which, however, have been strengthened to the greatest extent possible, with a hope of offering successful resistance, until the arrival of the forces which are said to be on their way to the relief of the threatened people.

* *

The small army of defenders have already given the besiegers a taste of what the latter may expect when they make their final assault.

On the morning of the 25th of April, it was found that the Matabele had drawn so near to the town at one point as to make the position of affairs very ominous. A sortie was at once ordered, and a party of 300, of whom 100 were whites, left the town to engage and drive off the enemy whose force numbered 3 000. The engagement which ensued was a hot and desperate one, black leaping bodies seeming to jump up as quickly as they were mown down by the guns of the small British column. Eventually, however, with odds of ten to one against them, the latter repulsed the Matabele who left a large number of dead on the field.

Of the British three were killed; and these met their death as a result of their generous and successful efforts to save comrades who had been wounded, and to whom they insisted on giving up their own horses.

It is such deeds as these, of which every campaign presents its quota, that thrill the hearts of Britons everywhere; and with the sorrow which the death of the brave fellows occasions, comes a feeling of intense gratitude, almost of joy, that the heroes who fell at Buluwayo, have once again taught the world that the British soldier, be he officer or private, is still, as he was in the past, and will be in the future, fearless for self, and faithful unto death to flag and friend.

* *

It was during the last Matabele war that an incident occurred that will live long in the memory of the nation. Major Wilson and a small party of officers and men were caught in ambush by several thousand Matabele warriors whom they nevertheless kept at bay as long as their ammunition lasted, but the party, small as it was at first, had been fearfully reduced, barely a dozen being alive when the last cartridge was fired, and everyone was more or less wounded.

The cessation of the firing was the signal for which the fierce blacks were longing.

Over a thousand strong, they rushed in glee upon the little band of white men bravely and calmly awaiting their fate.

As the Matabele warriors drew nearer Major Wilson and his few followers stood up, and, taking off their helmets they sang together "God Save the Queen," and, singing, they fell, pierced by the assegais which rained upon them from every side.



Many of our readers will remember that we alluded in our November issue to the departure to British Columbia of John Bodger, of April '90 party. At the time we expressed the opinion that we should soon hear excellent accounts of John's efforts in the new Province. Our prediction has been fulfilled and we are in receipt of a very interesting letter from John in which he has much to say of the country in which he has made his home, of his prospects for the future, and, in a modest way, of what he has already done.

"I have bought ten acres of land in Longley, half a mile back of Mr. Harris (his employer). I hope to have soon one acre well cleared up, except for the stumps, that I can plant fruit trees. I have made a good start and have cleaned half an acre and piled the brush very snug, just as Mr. Walter Clark, my first boss in Canada taught me to do. Folks say I am making a good job of it. In this country people just chop the trees and let them lie where the fall and then set fire to them in the summer and pick up what is left and burn again. . . . I was never so happy in my life as now since I have been working for myself; I never took such interest in any work as I do for myself.

"I was a steady worker for other people but I am better for myself."

We can and do very heartily corroborate John's statement that he has been a steady worker for other people, and we are sure that his perseverance and industry, added to the natural enthusiasm of ownership, will be productive of much material prosperity to our friend in his new rôle.

* *

Alfred Trickner 12 (April, '90), informs us that he is about to proceed to Washington to join an uncle who is doing well there and who is anxious that Alfred should make his home with him. Alfred has done well in Canada and will carry with him to the U. S. capital an excellent reputation.

* *

George F. Medland writes us at length about the paper and the pleasure of seeing the girls accorded a place therein. George, who is 21, and may therefore be regarded as old enough to know something of such matters, stoutly maintains that our boys when they desire to marry should seek wives from among the girls "that come from the same old home and land," but he adds that the "girls should look before they leap." Some day we shall expect to find George carrying the principle for which he contends into practice.

* *

John Moulden (Aug., '91) is four years younger than George Medland but he too can pay a pretty compliment. He says:

"There is nothing makes the paper look better than our girls; they look better than the boys."

John speaks feelingly of the debt of gratitude he owes to Dr. Barnardo.

* *

Of Thomas and William Whitnall, 17 and 13 respectively, who came out in Nov., '91, we hear good news in a letter from the former. Both

like their places and are steady workers. They attended school at Lindsay during the winter, and are making satisfactory progress in their studies.

* *

Sidney Head, 17, of the March, '92, party has just hired for a year for \$100, with Mr. Higgs of Masonville. Sidney is a good farm-hand and has worked steadily since he came out.

* *

Thomas F. Mitchell almost exhausts his stock of adjectives in bestowing praise upon his surroundings at Zimmerman. Thomas is still a youngster, being not yet 13. He has been in Canada nearly three years, but it was only quite recently that he made a start at earning his own living. That he has commenced his career under fortunate circumstances is very evident from his letter, and we wish him all happiness and prosperity in the future.

* *

Of Henry Blake, who came out in 1883, we hear that he is working for his first employer at Byng Mr. Griffiths, from whose report our information is taken, states that Henry is steady and a good worker.

* *

James Horton is one of our older friends who came out in '86. The intervening ten years have been turned to good account. James has a nice little nest egg lying to his credit in the bank. He has been a steady worker and anything but a wanderer, having spent nearly ten years with his present employer at Barrie.

* *

Of Thomas D. Matthews, another boy of '86, a very recent report says: "Is still with Mr. Ford Pettitt, of Simcoe; is a big powerful young man and a first-class farm hand."

* *

Charles H. Phillips has recently changed the scene of his labours to Campbellford, where, he writes, he is doing well. Among the possibilities of the future on which Charles is building is a removal next year to the North-West. Whether in that province or in Ontario our friend will give a good account of himself. He has consistently done so during the eight years he has already spent in Canada.

* *

Good reports continue to reach us from Farquhar of the three friends, Saml. M. Ling (Mar., '93); Samuel Snow (April, '90); and George Hearn (April, '94).

* *

Fred. Watkinson, 13 (April, '94), writes in a very enthusiastic strain of UPS AND DOWNS. Fred. is looking forward to the time when he will be in receipt of wages, so that he can "do something for the Home."

* *

Fred. Erwood, 17, writes of himself and brother Wm. James, that they both like their places and are satisfied with Canada. They came out in March, '93.

* *

Arthur L. Gillingwater (Mar., '93), says:

"It was hard work the first year, but I am better off now. If any of the boys would like to take up a correspondence in the paper I should like it very much."

Arthur is at Aldboro, and is doing "as well as could be expected"

* *

Of Albert G. Bell and Thomas Kellick, two little boarders who came out last year, we hear from their guardian at Novar that—

they are doing splendidly. They are attending school and are progressing nicely."

UPS AND DOWNS.

Henry G. Garner, whose portrait we publish herewith, has just completed an engagement of



nearly five years' duration at Belmont in a very creditable manner. He is eighteen years of age, and has a substantial balance lying to his credit in the bank. He also possesses a degree of intelligence and a brightness of disposition that further justify the belief that Henry will not fall behind in the race in the future, any more than he has done in the past.

Herbert I. Davis (March, '93) writes from Southend telling of a fresh arrangement he purposes entering into with his employer, and with which our friend seems well satisfied. Herbert is a hard-working, considerate lad of 18, and when his new agreement expires three years hence he will be in a very comfortable position. A good reputation, several years' experience, and a nice little balance at the bank: these are three very desirable things for a young man to possess when he becomes of age.

A cheerful tale is that told by Joseph Martin of his surroundings and daily life, and after three years in Canada he feels very warmly disposed towards the country and those with whom he makes his home at Brampton. Despite the fact that he is only 14, Joseph is a very clever little farmer, possessed of much determination and an endless amount of enthusiasm, all of which augurs well for the future.

Henry Morrison, who came out in June, '89, writes from Streatham:

"I am doing pretty well considering I am still around the old quarters where I have been the best part of the time since I came to Canada. I cannot be such a very bad fellow when I can remain in one neighbourhood so long."

We are glad of the opportunity to bear testimony that Henry is anything but a "bad fellow."

Edward Faint is a manly little chap of twelve. He has been "boarding out" since he



came to Canada in 1892 until recently, and has now commenced his career as a wage earner in the township of Trafalgar, and has so far given every satisfaction. That he is made of the right kind of material is evidenced by a letter from his guardian, Mr. Crooks, with whom he lived for over three years, who speaks in high terms of Edward's constant efforts to do right and make the most of his opportunities.

William Sandiford, who left England in Aug., 1887, writes:

"I can tell you from the bottom of my heart that it was a happy day when I put my foot on Canadian soil."

"I am getting along first-class and in good health I have never been sick a day since I came out here," is the cheering account James Patterson gives of himself in a recent letter written from Mount Forest. James is nineteen, and has been in Canada four years.

"My employer treats me very kindly. I am happy and intend to remain here till I grow up," writes Arthur Hogsden, who is fifteen and has been in Canada since July, '92.

George J. Reid, who came out in April, '89, and went to Manitoba in the early part of this year, writes from Hartney:

"I like the country, and I think I can get along very well in this district. I am on a farm and I have hired for the seeding at \$20 a month. I can get work between seeding and harvest at threshing, and then I can hire for the harvest. . . . I have got a very good place. My employer is a nice man to work for; he has 60 acres of land and some good stock."

Charles R. Addy, whose portrait accompanies that of George Reid, came to Canada from Buckenhill in 1890. After spending some time in the neighbourhood of Dresden, he re-



CHARLES ADDY.

GEORGE REID.

moved to Durham county that he might be near his sister. In both districts he established a good reputation as a steady, industrious worker. About two years ago he went to Manitoba and did well there until he was attacked with illness of a severe character, which necessitated his return to his friends in Ontario. This sickness was followed in December of last year by a paralytic stroke which deprived our unfortunate friend of the use of the right side of his body. At present he is boarding with George Nash, one of our older boys, who is married and living at Gravenhurst. Latterly, Charles has regained the partial use of his arm and hand, and is not without hope of being ultimately restored to his former health and strength. Very earnestly do we trust that God in His mercy will grant this blessing to our friend who has borne his affliction with great Christian fortitude.

Henry J. Page sends us the following from Pine River:

"I wish you and your paper luck. It is a very good paper for us boys to take. It helps to keep us together and tells us where we all are. I would not be without it for the sake of seeing how we are getting along, and how the dear Homes in England are progressing. I, for one, would subscribe for it if the price went up to a dollar."

We experience considerable pleasure in publishing the portrait of Thomas P. Smith, who, from the day of his arrival in Canada exactly six years ago, has held a foremost place as a steady industrious worker.

For three years he was in one situation at Pickering doing well and becoming highly respected in the neighbourhood. Thomas visited the Home recently, and deposited \$70 in the bank where he now has a balance running well into the hundreds. He also left \$2 for the Homes, his interest in which is, and always has been, of the warmest character. We learned that Thomas has re-engaged with the farmer in whose employ he has been for the last three years, and by whom and his family, our friend is held in high regard.



George Caney and Richard Bradley also favoured us with a visit recently. In June, 1885, George was placed with a farmer near Milton, with whom he remained until 2 years ago, when his employer gave up farming and George engaged with the latter's brother. George has thus practically been in one situation for nearly eleven years, and he has a splendid record in other respects—diligent, upright, and respected by all who know him. He is an old Stepney boy, and speaks with deepest affection of Dr. Barnardo and the "Old Home." Richard, who came out a year later, is another fine fellow, strong and healthy, and held in high esteem in



GEORGE CANEY.

RICHARD BRADLEY.

the township of Dresden, where he has worked since his arrival in Canada.

Wilfrid Lofths, 13, who came out last year, writes from Rosemeath: "I like my place very well"

Percy Mail is a particularly bright little man, who came out last September, and was recently engaged by a gentleman owning a large stock of thoroughbred horses. Norman Clark, 12, and Newman Hall, 12, are also employed in the same establishment. Percy writes:—

"The people are very kind to us, and we have a comfortable home. I have been riding ever since the day I got here. I never fell off once. We all love to ride the horses. The first I rode was a black one, and to-day I rode a dark brown. The gentleman who fetched us is very kind to us all, and all of them are. We are learning to bump the saddle."

We have received most encouraging accounts of Herbert Beak, who came out last July and who has been for some months in the employ of Mr. Frank H. Harris, of Holbrook. Mr. Harris says:

"We are very much pleased with the boy; he seems to just fill the bill exactly. He is very quick to learn and handy for one with so little practice. We find him a great help about the house, as well as out of doors. He can milk far better than some men we have had."

Joseph T. Newcombe (June, '91), Hagerman, Ont., writes:

"I have enjoyed myself first-rate on the farm. I like the folks where I am staying. I have been here three and a-half years, and I like it. I have been in the best of health ever since I left the Old Land, so I have done first-rate. I have been very pleased with the UPS AND DOWNS, and I would not stop taking it for anything, because I like to hear about the Home. I saw Mr. Griffith's photo in the UPS AND DOWNS, and I think it is exactly like him."

Francis Orpwood (March '93) speaks of his intentions for the forthcoming season. He also tells us of a very foolish mistake he recently made:—

"I saw an advertisement in the *Family Herald* of a puzzle—find Napoleon's ghost—and I had to send 50 cents with the puzzle. I found out the puzzle and sent 50 cents as required, but I have received no answer. The firm that got up this puzzle resides in Toronto. I was to get a prize of some kind. The time for the competition closed Feb. 28th."

Francis' experience is but the common one of those who place any reliance in the assurances of the bogus firms who generously offer to give away one, two, ten, or a hundred dollars, in return for answers to puzzles which a child of eight could solve without difficulty. A little forethought would surely make it apparent that these men are dishonest rascals. A few years ago they were very numerous in Toronto, but there came a series of exposures, and an alteration in the Criminal Code. Since then prize competitions have been little heard of. Recently, however, one or two advertisements such as Francis refers to have appeared in the papers, indicating that this favourite form of swindling is not altogether dead in Toronto. That the perpetrators will, before very long, find themselves within the meshes of the law, we have no doubt. In the meantime, we very strongly advise all our friends to fight shy of "prize competitions" and other seductively described schemes for getting much for little or nothing.

Alfred Horn, 16, writes to tell us what he thinks of UPS AND DOWNS, which comes in for some very eulogistic criticism. Alfred also informs us that Edgar James Gurr, of the July '95 party, is working on the next farm:—

"My boss thinks I am doing very well, on the farm. I like my place very well and would not leave it," is not the least interesting paragraph in Alfred's letter.

"I have a very nice home, and I hope I shall stay here," is the latest word from our little friend Herbert J. Chaplin, who came out in September, and is now in very comfortable quarters at Scotch Block.

OUR DONATIONS.

Stay not the hand that has the power to give!
Freely blessed thyself, help others now to live.



SINCE the publication of our last number the donations to the Homes from our boys have been increased by \$28, as will be seen from the subjoined list. Some of our friends are evidently very anxious that Dr. Barnardo should realize that his lads in Canada are no less eager than his friends and supporters in England that this year should be characterized by the receipt of greater help than ever for the carrying on of the work of the Homes, and they have forwarded donations of three, four, and five dollars, feeling, as some of them declare, that it is the least they can do to show their friend and benefactor how deeply implanted in their hearts is the remembrance of the help he extended to them in their hour of need, and regretting that they are not able to send still larger sums. It would not be right for us to encourage our friends to send larger sums than they can really afford, nor do we wish them to do this. The single dollar, which represents the donation of the majority, is as much as it would be fair to expect of many of our lads, and it carries with it, in most cases, just as much evidence of earnest desire to help as the larger donations of those who, having reached a higher rung in the ladder, have not forgotten that increasing prosperity entails increasing responsibility. But there are a large number whose *mite* we are still waiting for, and—time is quickly flying.

The following donations have been received since our last issue:—

Bowen, Charles, \$4; Bowers, Frederick, \$5; Dixon, George, \$4; Evans, Frederick, \$3; Griffin, Charles, \$2; Harding, Alfred, \$1; Hill, Charles, \$1; McGrath, Michael, \$2; Marriner, Frederick, \$1; Pattle, Robert C., \$1; Smith, Thomas P., \$2; Swaine, Henry H., \$3; Whincup, George, \$1.

OUR LITERARY AND MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

IT will not be out of place to commence proceedings in our Literary and Improvement Society this month by drawing the attention of our friends who take an active interest in this feature of our journal, to the fact that henceforth their contributions, or at least those that are published, will be subjected to a fresh test—that of comparison with the contributions received from the girls who respond to the invitation Miss Code extends to them, in this issue, to join "Our ready-writer's ring."

The comparison will not be made "behind the scenes" either by Miss Code or by us, but our estimate of human nature is sadly at fault if boys and girls alike do not make a most minute comparison between the respective merits of the essays which will appear in the two departments.

That a healthy spirit of rivalry will be aroused is only natural, and we expect it to prove beneficial to both sides. Such a spirit, free from any petty jealousy, is bound to stimulate to greater effort, and under such circumstances the victory is always the more prized by the victor; and defeat to the losers never means disgrace. We shall watch with considerable interest the progress of this "thinking and writing" race between our boys and our girls; and let us here remind the former that many of the letters which have appeared in the girls' portion of our journal indicate that "Our ready-writer's ring" will number among its supporters some very capable writers.

This month there has again been an almost unanimous choice of a topic by those who have sent in essays. "The Books I Like to Read,

and Why." has engaged the attention of all our contributors, except one. The essays possess a special interest, in that they reflect the inner nature of their writers to a greater degree than could probably be done by writing on any other topic whatsoever. Reading provides food and exercise for that part of man which is not physical; and just as it is possible to form a fairly accurate opinion of a man's physical condition from a knowledge of his physical habits—of the food he consumes, the exercise he takes—so it is possible, from a knowledge of the quality of his reading, to acquire a fairly accurate opinion of his condition, mentally, morally and spiritually. The poor outcast, who has to seek his nourishment from among the refuse on the roadside, will not suffer more, physically, than do those, mentally and morally, who, through ignorance, force of circumstances, or wantonly, fill their minds with the literary trash which abounds on every side. If there are among our friends any who spend their spare hours in reading the tales of exciting adventures, and impossible escapes of imaginary detectives; of marvellous exploits of villains who are painted to appear as heroes: we would very earnestly point out to them that they are imbibing a most deadly mental and moral poison. There is probably no greater curse to the youth of the States and Canada than these cheap, or "dime," novels, with their ludicrously exaggerated narratives of so-called adventures, and their distorted pictures of right and wrong. They have blasted more promising young lives and created more young criminals in both countries than all other causes combined. Doubtless the reason these prison-filling "novels" found such a large demand in the first place was the low price at which they were sold in comparison with the cost of books of a more elevating tendency. The latter were beyond the pockets of many boys who were eager to have "something to read." This is not so to-day. Most of the best and most interesting books for boys and girls, men and women, can now be obtained at a price which renders it unnecessary for almost any one to be without a few good volumes, in addition to which there are a large number of excellent magazines containing nearly a hundred pages and upwards of most interesting and instructive reading matter and illustrations. These magazines are procurable for a sum no greater than that required to purchase one of the detestable "dime novels."

In the work of making good books cheap, England is ahead of America, however. Last year a well-known English journalist, Mr. W.T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, conceived the idea of publishing, in *penny volumes*, a large number of the works of England's greatest poets. This was a most novel experiment, undertaken with a view to placing standard literature within reach of all. Forty eight volumes—one per week—were issued. Thus in less than a year, by payment of one penny per week, anybody who wished was able to provide himself with a thoroughly representative library of English poetry. Each volume is well printed on a suitable quality of paper and neatly bound in a flexible paper cover. Mr. Stead's experiment has proved so remarkably successful that he has decided to extend it and is now engaged in publishing in similar penny volumes many of the best standard works of fiction. Such an excellent opportunity of laying in a store of good wholesome literature has never been heard of before. It will be a pity if simply distance is to prevent any of our boys from taking advantage of this hitherto unheard-of excellent opportunity of laying in a store of good wholesome literature. In the interests of our subscribers we propose to write to England and order several copies of some of these penny publications, making a selection of those works in prose and poetry which we think would be most appreciated by

a majority of our friends. We are of the opinion that even after meeting the demands of the customs officer, and paying carriage, the total cost will not be more than 3½ cents a volume. It may be slightly less; if so, so much the better for those of our friends who would like to take advantage of our adopting the role of amateur book importer. In our next number, however, we shall doubtless be able to give definite information on this point, and we will also be able to state what books we intend ordering. In the meantime, it will, perhaps, not be a bad idea to read what some of our friends have to say of their favourite books.

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THE BOOKS I LIKE TO READ, AND WHY.

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

Books are divided into two classes—namely, those that should be read and those that should not be read. The class of books that should be read are those that inspire the mind with noble thoughts, and, instead of training one in the art of sin, raise him, as it were, far above his own surroundings, and carry him to the land of the sublime and beautiful. The class of books that should not be read are those that degrade the mind, leading one down to the very dregs of vice and misery. My favourite authors are Dickens, Scott, Longfellow.

I like Dickens for his deep plots, common-place scenes, every-day characters, and his quaint humour.

The works of Dickens that I like best are: "Oliver Twist," "Bleak House," "Dombey and Son," and "Pickwick Papers." I admire "Oliver Twist" and "Bleak House," the one for its depth of plan and pathetic scenes; the other being the most admirable story of its kind ever written. "Dombey and Son" portrays the life and character of an eccentric old gentleman who, by his obstinate and unfatherly manner, unfeelingly drove his daughter from his roof.

The most delicious of humorous works is "Pickwick Papers." Its characters, true to life, yet so laughable, are admired by the world.

Of the works of Scott that I have read, I think "Ivanhoe," "Waverly," "Marmion," and "Lady of the Lake" are the best. "Ivanhoe" and "Waverly" I like for their well-described scenes, daring characters, and the historical incidents with which they abound. I think "Marmion" and "Lady of the Lake" are his two best poems. They contain some excellent thoughts and noble expressions. . . . I admire them not only for their poetic merit as for the excellent way in which he describes and embellishes historic scenes and events.

Longfellow for his characters. . . . One is never tired reading his "Evangeline," "The Hanging of the Crane," and "Psalm of Life." "Evangeline" often moves me to tears when reading of those soul stirring scenes, and the misery and wanderings of those simple-minded Arcadians. I love "The Hanging of the Crane" for its every-day scenes and incidents. . . . "The Psalm of Life" guides the soul to noble actions and great accomplishments.

That Will. Howard has caught the spirit of the poems of which he speaks so enthusiastically is very evident. We should very much like to publish each, or a portion of each, but this is impossible, "Evangeline" being a poem of over 1,500 lines, whilst "The Hanging of the Crane" also consists of many verses. But we assure our friends they will be well repaid if they follow Will's example, and give a few hours to the enjoyment of these two poems. Few sermons could awaken a quicker response in the heart of man and boy than Will's third favourite, "A Psalm of Life," which we will print in full.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act.—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

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THE KIND OF BOOKS I LIKE TO READ, AND WHY.

FRED. G. BENNET, Age 21. Party, Mar., '87.

A few years ago I had no desire for reading of any kind, but during the past five or six years I have acquired a fondness for good reading. When I say "good reading," I mean such books and papers that may be useful in daily life to the occupation in which I may be engaged. My reason for reading this kind of books is because the knowledge which I may get from them may, in the future, be a help over hard places, and make the business in which I may be a success; otherwise, it may prove a failure. Another class of books I like are those which illustrate the life of the British soldier, and give an outline of the enjoyment of army life at home, their thrilling and daring experiences abroad, the dangers they encounter, the hardships they endure, and last, though not the least, the gallantry they display on the field of battle.

Among other books I like to read are those which help to prepare the soul for eternity, that give good advice, and exert a good influence over the human mind.

I like to read these books because they contain something which is of a higher and of a nobler nature than of the reading which is found in a volume of cheap novels; because they fill the mind with good thoughts, and as a man thinks so will he speak; and because if a young man is known by the company he keeps, he will also be known by the books which he reads.

Fred's reasoning is logical and conclusive, and we would commend the last sentence in his essay to any who are encouraging a taste for the pernicious style of book of which we have spoken. Fred should derive much pleasure from reading the works of Rudyard Kipling, who stands at the head of those writers who have made Tommy Atkins their theme—"Tales from the Hills," being a series of particularly interesting stories of the life, ways and enjoyments of Tommy Atkins when serving his Queen and country in India.

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THE KIND OF BOOKS I LIKE TO READ, AND WHY.

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

There is no other book that I would exchange for the Bible. The Bible is the book I like best; in it we find words of comfort in times of trouble, and promises that no other books can give. The Bible is the best guide we have. In it we have all kinds of advice—advice to young men and women, also aged men and women, to kings, magistrates, husbands, wives, children, masters, servants, and people of every class. In it we have the lives of various kinds of men and women, some for us to imitate, others for us to shun. It is a lamp for us to see our way through this world, and lead us to the better if we will only follow its precepts.

Next to the Bible I like biographies of great and noble men—men who have lived to accomplish some great and noble end, such as John Wycliffe, David Livingstone, Christopher Columbus, and a great many others. I admire them because there is something noble and grand about them that is worthy of our imitation. It does us good to know the good others have done, and makes us resolve to try and follow in their footsteps.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

I also like reading about pioneers especially of America; it gives us an idea of the hardships and privations the early settlers of this continent had to endure in clearing the forests and making ready to sow their seed. But for these men we would not have our fine farms and orchards. We owe a great deal to these hardy men for their labour in preparing the land for us. Many of these men are dead and forgotten, but their work remains. But there are some men living in Ontario who have cleared farms for themselves: now they and their sons are living on them. We ought to feel thankful when we think of these men and how they had to labour for a time. Now we can come on a farm and start to work without an axe.

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We are very much pleased with this month's papers. There is the right ring about them; an enthusiastic appreciation of what is best, and a very hearty detestation of what is worthless and worse than worthless. We believe that the papers we have published will have a beneficial influence upon many of our lads, and that is just what we want—mutual improvement. We hope to see further additions to our number of contributors next month. Some boys are diffident about making their first attempt at writing, let us say, a paper—it does not sound so terrible as "essay"—but let them take our word for it, that, as in many things, the anticipation is worse than the reality.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of contributions from A. E. Young, Samuel Relf, Fred Watkinson, Albert Green, and one which came to hand in an envelope postmarked "Port Albert," but to which the writer forgot to add his name.

It will be noticed that the topic selected for June has been postponed to July. We have done this that we might select for June the same topic that Miss Code has chosen for "Our Ready-Writer's Ring," so that in our next issue we shall have a splendid opportunity of comparing the views of our boys with those of our girls.

TOPICS.

The topics of the next two months are:

For June. { "The season of the year I like best,
and why."

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

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

The following instructions must be adhered to:—

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

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

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

For further particulars in connection with our Improvement Society we refer our friends to their copies of our issue of March.



READY FOR VISITING.

"In reawakened courses
The brooks rejoiced the land;
We dreamed the Spring's shy forces
Were gathering close at hand.
The dripping buds were stirred,
As if the sap had heard
The long desired persuasion
Of April's soft command."

"FOR lo! the winter is past, the flowers appear in the land, the time of the singing of birds is come." So run the words in the Holy Book, and beautifully, vividly, poetically, yet simply, do they describe the coming of Spring. How we rejoice in it. How wonderful it is when its gentle hand comes and unlocks the icebound rivers, lakes, and streamlets, which have been shut up during the winter, as with iron bolt and bars! They say "Love laughs at locksmiths," and so we fancy does Spring, with her gentle yet powerful influence, laughingly defy the iron grip of winter. How pleasant to hear the stream gurgling along: How busy the waters of the river look as they rush on as if in mad delight on being free once more: Surely never was captive more rejoiced at being liberated from prison.

This is the poetic side of Spring, but there is a grim reality about it: of soft muddy roads, where the poor horse will sink into the mire; and of almost, if not quite impassable highways; and lately our visiting has been sadly hindered, perforce, by nature's obstructions.

Many a cutter ride have our visitors, Miss Lovelady and Miss Gibbs had in the winter, over the deep snow, and through the keen, frosty air; and soon they will be starting again, not accompanied by the jingle of the sleigh bells, but driven through the country in a buggy such as our picture represents, with Miss Gibbs sitting in it. On and on they drive with their surprise visits to the farmhouses, where our girls are placed, giving here a word of cheer, there of exhortation, or caution; always glad if their visits are a help in any way to either mistress or girl; meeting sometimes, it is true, with difficulties which may need great wisdom in their adjustment: meeting as well, no doubt, with disappointments, but also with cheer and encouragement, and often receiving kind hospitality from a farmers' wife, or some other lady, whoever it may be.

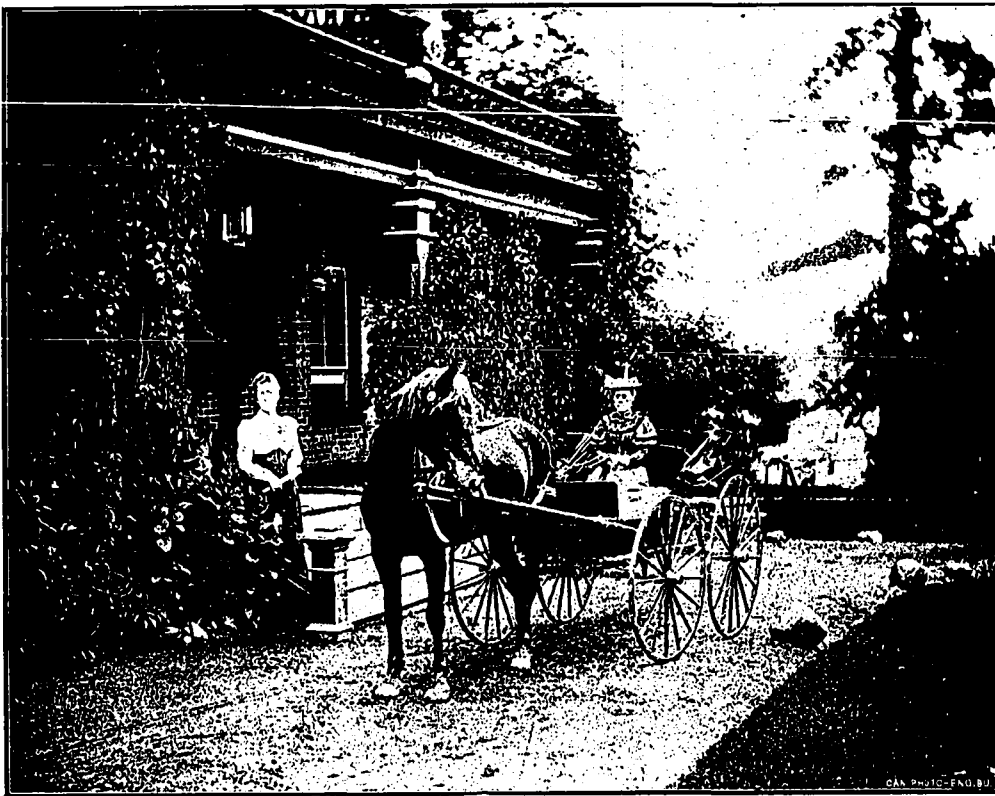
Realizing our responsibility as workers with

Dr. Barnardo in caring for these young lives sent out by him to this country, we feel how wise he is in having arranged this system of visiting. Nay, we feel it would be useless, even culpable to attempt to carry on the work without this important accessory.

We take this opportunity of saying that we hope our girls will always look upon the visitor as their friend, and so give her their ready confidence and trust, also if perchance the eye of any mistress should rest on these pages, we express our hearty hope that she will feel how anxious the visitor is to encourage the girl to be a better help to her, and that so they may be workers together in one common interest.

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

This Fund, as explained in our March number, is a sum of money contributed yearly by Dr. Barnardo's girls, in Canada, to the support of a cot in the Stepney Infirmary for poor suffering little ones. It is an opportunity to show practically that they do not forget their friend Dr. Barnardo and his kindness to themselves, and that they esteem it a privilege to be able to



"READY FOR VISITING"—MISS GIBBS LEAVING "HAZEL BRAE" IN A BUGGY.

help on in this little way his noble work amongst the children.

We have heard one or two remarks which make us feel that some of the girls do not quite understand about the Girls' Donation Fund. One girl thought she could not contribute towards it, because she had no money in the bank. This, however, is a great mistake. If you have money in the bank and like to tell us to take a dollar from it, all well and good, but it will do every bit as well just to send the dollar in a letter addressed and sent to the Home, Peterborough. But girls, do not lose time in sending it in. We will keep our fund open till May 20th, to give you a last chance for this year; because you know we do not want you to lose the privilege of giving; you would feel so sorry if you were too late.

We are here giving a list of more contributors to add to the names of those already mentioned in our April number; you can add the two lists together and you will see there are a

good many more names wanted to make up the \$150.00. Is it your name that is missing, Mary, or Nelly, or Alice, or Sarah? Agnes, Bessie, Kate, Jane, Rose, Eliza, Bertha, Annie, Millie, Lizzie, Louisa, Jessie, Florrie? and so on, and so on. Supposing we have a race with the boys and see which can make up a good sum of money first.

The following is the list of further donations received: Alice L. Richardson, \$3.00; Ellen Hancox, \$2.00; Annie Cook, \$2.00; Edith Vincent, 60 cts. The remaining names are those of donors of \$1.00 each:—Maria Spencer, Mary A. Jeffrey, Jessie Stairs, Emily Manning, Maria Wells, Caroline Cole, Beatrice Thomas, Ada Bambridge, Mary Crisp, Isabella Thornton, Alice Knowles, Blanche Holt, Hannah Saxton, Edith Hallendale, Mary Hurn, Hannah Wincey, Flora Watson, Florence Clare, Ellen Garbutt, Jessie Parsley, Lizzie Muller.

We here add a letter from Jessie Stairs, in which she speaks very heartily of her readiness to help. Jessie is one of our older girls, and has been in her present home between nine and ten years:

"I received sample copy of UPS AND DOWNS, for which accept my thanks. I shall be very pleased to forward the subscription price for one year. With the rest of the girls, I think it is a grand idea; something that, like them, I have always wished for. When I opened it first I thought was for the boys alone, and I was a little disappointed; but I soon came to the girls' part, and I was quite satisfied. I recognized some of the girls that I knew already. It ought to make the Girls' Donation Fund flourish. I should think we ought to be able to raise more than \$150.00 amongst us; there must be quite an army of us in Canada now. I am enclosing One Dollar in this letter for the Fund. I would like to make it more, but this year that is all I can spare. I have quite a bit to give towards the church this year; we have built a new Parsonage last year, and as a member I have to give some to help that, the collection every Sunday, and the missionary money I give, 25 cts. every three months, which makes a dollar a year for missions; it is not very

much, but still when one has not got very much it counts. But still I always like to put Dr. Barnardo first, and I hope I shall always be able to help a little. I see by sending for the February number, we will get a portrait of Dr. Barnardo, so please remit me that number."

OUR MONTHLY TEXT.

"Let thy garments be always white."—Eccles. ix: 8.
"I desire that you resemble the driven snow to-night." Such were the words in which we remember a lady used to tell how a friend of her's, in her younger days, would express his wish that she should wear white.

But we are not going to talk about white dresses such as this, at present, cool and refreshing though the very thought of them is in this hot summer-like weather that we are having in the month of April. The lesson that we mean to gather from our text is this, let the character, that with which we are, as it were, clothed, be always white, spotless, and pure.

Let there be first of all a truthfulness, an upright conscientiousness, a true, honest ring

about the character, which shall make all feel, "I can trust you."

And, then, one of the best possessions a girl can have is that purity of heart and mind which will unfailingly result in this spotlessness of character, of which our text speaks, and without which the fairest face is robbed of its charm, and lacking which, the brightest, liveliest disposition is sadly disappointing. Therefore we repeat the words of our text, "Let thy garments be always white."

"Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth."

We notice in the boys' part of UPS AND DOWNS that George Careis is looking out for his sister's name in our paper. We are very sorry to disappoint George, but at present there is no girl from Dr. Barnardo's Homes in this country bearing the name of Careis.

This reminds us that some time ago Dora Godfrey saw in the Boys' Directory the name of Gerald Godfrey, who was living with Mr. John Rutherford, South Monaghan, and so wishing to know if this was her brother we wrote to Gerald, and asked about it, but as we have had no reply from him we begin to wonder if the letter possibly miscarried. If Gerald sees this will he please write and tell us if he has a sister Dora?

May Mortimer, referring to the photo for which we wanted an owner, in our April number, says:—

"I do not know that girl, who you called 'The pretty thing,'"

We, find, however, it belongs to Lydia King. We really should not have recognized it. One fact shines out through our failure in not knowing Lydia's picture, that she has not been coming back to the Home, through losing her place during the last few years, or we should have been quick to identify her. No, indeed, Lydia was living for more than four years with Mr. W. J. Clark, of Ennismore, and only left during last December because her services were no longer needed.

It is plain the girls take an interest in the Boys' part of UPS AND DOWNS, and get profit from it too. Ellen Wright says:—

"They took up a special collection for the Armenians last Sunday, and our minister prays for them every Sunday. I was wondering who they were till I read all about them in UPS AND DOWNS."

B. Code

OUR MONTH'S MAIL.

We would like to make some reference to several letters that we have received from girls. Jessie Sayer writes:—

"I am so pleased to have those lovely papers, and I think they are worth more than we pay for them. I know that some times I am cross, but when the paper comes I look at it, and then I am happy. We get up about half past six, and then I used to milk two cows, but now I have only one, but we are going to have two again. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and I have not missed one in three years. I go whether it is raining or snowing, and I know the lessons all off. Sometimes we have a hard one. I see May every Sunday, and she is in my class, and also Alice Forwood, but now we have got another one that comes to the English church, Annie Brand. May does not take the books, but I lend her mine and that does just as well. I was so pleased when

I saw Dr. Barnardo's picture in February number. We are going to farm this year, so we will be pretty busy, but May and I thought if we could frame it, it would be nice."

May Perry is the girl to whom Jessie alludes. May writes, too, and tells also about the joint stock company she and Jessie have formed for UPS AND DOWNS. May also says:—

"Does my brother take this paper?"

Perhaps this will meet the brother's eye and he will let us know.

Blanche Holt, after expressing her warm approval of UPS AND DOWNS, says:—

"In looking it over, reading of the old companions, quite brings back old times. I shall always look back to my school days as one of the brightest spots of my life and cannot thank Dr. Barnardo and other kind friends half enough for their kind, watchful care of us all. About the Girls' Donation Fund, I am afraid I have been very negligent in the past about it, but will try in future to bear it in mind; I enclose in this the dollar as my contribution."

Nelly Smith writes a letter also, telling of her pleasure in our paper, and also says referring to the account of "Christmay Day at Hazel Brae":—

"I spent one Christmas in Illford. I was in Baies' Cottage, and it was the only Christmas I ever spent in the Home, and it was the happiest Christmas I ever had. Miss Crindell was the Cottage mother, and Miss Stent was the Sunday-school teacher, and she was very nice, and that is all I remember about the Home. I am glad I have such a happy home in Canada, and the only girl I remember in the Home is Annie Law, and she came out with me."

Annie Preece, Leila Bentall, Ellen Hancox, and Adelaide Ambrose, write expressing their approval of our paper. Adelaide says:—

"I think it is splendid. One hears of or about other girls they never expected to hear about again, and I think it is so nice."

Mary Ann Jeffrey, who has been in her present home for nine years, writes:—

"Please would you let me know if Dr. Barnardo is coming to Canada this year, and what time? for I would like very much to see him. I like living in Canada and have always lived on a farm. I came to Canada in the year 1885, in July, so I have been in Canada eleven years coming July, and I have been in my present place nine years past the 8th day of March, with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson. I like farm life. It is coming spring once again, and I like to see the little calves playing around the cows. We have nine cows and four calves. One cow and her calf is mine; and there is another cow will let no one milk her but me. We have four horses, and one we call Ned likes me to talk to him."

The following letter is from Florence Clare:

"My dear friends who have come out to Canada,—Some of you have been out here before me and some of you came out with me. It is seven years this fall since I left the dear Village Home where I spent so many happy days, and the picture in the UPS AND DOWNS of the dear old Home seems to take my memory back to the day I left England, and that lovely hymn we sang on the vessel, 'God be with you till we meet again.' I do not think we were very happy when we sang that hymn. There were a good many crying because we had to leave dear Dr. Barnardo and all our other friends, but I think we got over it before we landed, and then there were kind friends to welcome us at Hazel Brae. Then we went out to our places. We all have our crosses to bear and we all have our dear Father to help us bear them. I have had a good many places, but I am sure God has blessed me a good many times and has helped me overcome temptation. I have not been as good a girl as I might have been, but from this out I will try, with God's help, to be better, and try to be a blessing to those around me. I

have been very much encouraged by some of the letters the girls have written in the UPS AND DOWNS and so I thought I would write a few lines that may encourage some one else. I like the picture of dear Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey and his lovely letter that he sent is better than all. How nice it is to think we have dear loving friends away across the sea to think about us! His letter touched me very much. I can remember his words he said to me the last Sunday I went to church in the Village Home. He said: 'It will be hard for you to get along without the Saviour with you,' and indeed his word has come home true to me a good many times, but I hope God will bless him and make his work to prosper. I do not know how I can repay dear Dr. Barnardo for all his kindness to me. Why, where would us girls be to day if it had not been for Dr. Barnardo? I hope each of us girls will do all we can to help him, I think each of us should send what we can towards the raising of this \$150. I will ask Miss Code to take some out of my bank money. I am sure we cannot do too much for him who has done so much for us, and I do not think we will ever miss it. "God loveth the cheerful giver." I should very much like to see my brother's picture in the UPS AND DOWNS. I like the paper very much and would not be without it for anything. It is the best paper I ever had.

"FLORENCE CLARE."

"I have received copies of the UPS AND DOWNS since the beginning of 1896 and I am just delighted with it. I always look forward to the time to come for me to receive it. I was glad to see Edith Hallendale's portrait in one of the back numbers and I will be very glad if this reaches her eye, as we were old friends together for about six years in Illford. When I saw the picture of the Village Home in the paper this time I was longing to be there, to think that many a time I walked on that spot and now so far from it. I am very fond of reading and I think it will be nice for Miss Armstrong to put a piece in the paper once in a while. My earnest wish is that the UPS AND DOWNS may prove a great success and be as much help to all the boys and girls as it is to me is a true wish of an old 'Heartsease' girl.

"LIZZIE WRIGHT."

Maud Saunders writes:

"I am very pleased with the paper; it is always a welcome visitor. I came to Canada in September. I like the country very much. I think the weather is very cold sometimes. I like my mistress and master very much indeed. When I saw the Doctor's photo it made me feel very happy. I would like to take a peep into the Home, but not to stay, for I like working in the country best. There are eight children, and I like them very much."

Maud only came out last September. We are glad she takes so kindly to Canadian life.

Lizzie Matthews, who came out the same time as Maud, gives us a glimpse of her daily life in the following letter. Maud is working in the country and Lizzie in the city. After writing kindly of the paper, Lizzie says:

"I will tell you what my work is, for, perhaps, some of you would like to know. The first thing I do when I come down in the morning is to light the fire and prepare things for breakfast; then I do a little cooking towards getting breakfast ready. Then, when breakfast is over, I wash the dishes and clean my lamps, and sweep and dust my kitchen, and then go and do my upstairs work, and by time it is time to be preparing for dinner. I have not a great deal to do but I have enough to keep me from being idle. I have a good, kind mistress, and am living with kind people, and I have every chance of getting on and getting a good name, which is far better than having a great deal of riches. I hope that all the girls will like my letter, and I also hope that it will encourage them to get on well and earn a good name. I do all the washing and ironing there is to be done."

Our Mail Bag is now getting rather full, so we must close it for the present month.

We are so glad to hear from the girls of the pleasure they take in UPS AND DOWNS. We have now published a good many of their kind expressions, so in future we may not be doing this so much, though we still hope they will write and tell us how they enjoy the paper, for it is very cheering to hear of this.

Mr. Godfrey's letter, and the picture of the Village Home seem to have given pleasure, of which we are very glad, for we want our paper to be what our girls really like.

We are holding over until our next issue a very interesting letter from Amy Hodges.

SOME OF OUR FRIENDS

Bella Thornton writes:—

"Now I wish you would oblige me by asking through the paper if Sarah Jakins and Emily Manning remember Bella Thornton? I remember them quite plainly, and am very glad to have Emily Manning's photo in the paper."

We are here giving Sarah Jakins photo, so Bella will be able to see that too. Bella must have been a wee, little girl in the old days. She speaks of remembering her two friends, and we do not suppose Emily and Sarah would recognize her now. Bella might as well send her photo for UPS AND DOWNS, and then they would see their "little" friend.



Of Annie Addison we are most thankful to record we do not know of having ever received



any complaint as to her conduct during the whole of her time in Canada. She came out in Oct., 1892, and went the following month to Mr. John Jeffrey, Prince Albert, where she has been ever since. Her sister Annie

has been living with Mr. Jeffrey, Sr., in the same neighborhood, where she also went in November, 1892, and she, too, bears a good record.

Lucy Warriar, '88. We are glad to think that Lucy is a true-hearted Christian girl.

Annie Warriar, '88. Married.

Lizzie Dalnsey, '92, aged 14. The visiting reports of Lizzie vary, but still she has kept her good Christian home near Whitby, where she went the same year as she came out to Canada.

Georgina Green, '92, aged 16, also has been in one home only, with Mrs. Townsend, Acton; she went there in Feb., '93.

So, also, with Sophy Willis, aged 17, and Mable, her sister, aged 14, of the '92 party. Sophy went to her place with Mrs. John Fraser, near Baltimore, in November, '92; Mabel to Mrs. English, Madoc, in May, '93, and both girls are there still. Jennie, the youngest sister, aged 12, has been in her home since August, '93. It is true she did have one place for a little time before this one, and had to leave it because she was too small, but, of course, every one knows that that was no fault of hers! At any rate, when Miss Loveday visited her last year, her report was, that she was said to be very smart and useful, and very good; also, that she seemed quite happy at home. Miss Loveday visited Mabel at the same time, and took her to see her sister Jennie, which gave great pleasure. Of Mabel, too, there seems a very good report on the whole.

Eliza Ward, '93, aged 16, has been in her place at Skead's Mills since March, '94. One thing we notice in Miss Gibbs's report: she mentions that Eliza's Sunday-school teacher said that she and Nellie Grocott, who was living in the same neighbourhood, are her best scholars.

Rebecca Keys, '95, aged 14, seems to be happy in her home in a minister's family.

Mary McCormack '95, aged 10, a "little one." Her present home is on the border of Fairy Lake, Muskoka. Visited in February by



We know our girls will be very pleased to have a likeness of Emily Carter, who we believe is a favourite amongst them. Emily now fills a trusted position at Hazel Prae, where different little girls have been trained for domestic work under her gentle and kindly influence.

IN MEMORIAM.

We have just received news that Maggie Lockhart, so well known to many of our girls, has passed away. She died in Toronto on Saturday, April 18th, at 12.30 a.m., that is just after midnight on Friday. Some will remember how very ill Maggie was for a long time years ago, so that life seemed then as if it must ebb away, but to our great surprise she rallied in a wonderful way; so much so, that she was able to go out again and work. Maggie was most anxious to be earning her living, and did bravely, but at last, in spite of her efforts to keep up, succumbed to the fatal disease.

We received word on the 15th of April of her serious illness; Miss Loveday went up to Toronto the same day to see her, and has just written to say that she is no more.

We are again reminded that this life is not all, and that we are all hastening towards another world.

"A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away."

ELLEN'S MOUNTAINS.

LITTLE Ellen Ray had been reading her Scripture Union portion for the day, and she had been thinking much about our Lord's words in St. Matthew's Gospel, Chap. xvii. 20: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you."

The words kept repeating themselves to her, so that at last she went up to her teacher in school, and timidly asked:



OXFORD COTTAGE.

This cottage was the kind gift of the undergraduates and citizens of the famous old University town of Oxford, England.

Here is something very interesting to all Oxford girls in Canada, and we know they will be pleased to look upon this view of their old home, with Miss Clayton, the Cottage Mother, standing in the front, surrounded by her little family.

OXFORD GIRLS.

Our number of Oxford girls is somewhat limited, but here they are:

Miss Loveday, who said she looked very bright and bonnie; good reports in every way.

We intend sending this number of UPS AND DOWNS to Miss Clayton, so she will be able to see how her girls are getting on. Ah, we believe many of our girls are followed by loving, anxious thought and earnest prayer from the old Village Home! May all try not to disappoint but to fulfil the prayerful hopes that, no doubt, have followed them across the sea, and some day—some day—when people shall gather from the east and the west, from the north and the south, in the Kingdom of God, may Oxford girls, and other girls, be re-united together with their Village Mothers, in that great meeting-place, around "the throne of God and of the Lamb."

"What does it mean, if you please Miss Keen, in this verse of my reading for to-day?"

"Why, just what it says, I suppose," said the teacher. "If you don't understand it, you had better leave it. It is not meant for you to know everything. Go back to your form, and give your mind to the next lesson." Poor little Ellen! She felt snubbed, and she felt sorry. "Anyway," she promised herself, "mother will help me over it when I get home. I had not time to ask her this morning. And if she is not able to explain it to me, she'll tell me in a different way from Miss Keen."

Ellen found that she could not ask her mother that evening; there were so many things occupying her parents that she felt she must wait.

Next day was half-holiday, and she and her mother were sitting together, as they often did, at work. Ellen showed the verse to Mrs. Ray, and asked:

"Is it really true that faith will remove mountains, mother?" She said this with doubt in her voice—the result of Miss Keen's doubt, and her snubbing answer.

"Ellen," said her mother, "our Lord says this—do you think He did so to mislead His disciples?"

Ellen was ashamed. "No, mother," she answered.

"I have known of many mountains that have been removed by faith—and by faith I think is meant trust in God, joined to prayer and effort, or practising what we pray. You seem surprised, dear child?"

"I am," said Ellen, "that you should really know of mountains being moved by faith. Tell me, mother."

"I will tell you of one that was moved out of my way when I was a child—that will interest you more than telling you of those in my later life. Your grandmother and I were one Saturday looking over the lesson for Sunday, and in the midst of it a Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter Ella came in. The two mothers fell to talking, and we children strolled into the garden. I had my lesson in my hand, and Ella said, quite gently:

"I see you are studying the lesson. How splendid for you to have your mother help you with it!"

"Does not your mother help you with yours?" I asked quite astonishing that every girl did not have a mother to go to in such matters. Then Ella continued:

"I wish you would help me with it, Edith. It seems so wonderful to think that if only we had faith, nothing would be impossible to us. How did your mother explain it?"

"I shall wear my new hat for the first time to-morrow," I said to Ella, totally ignoring her question. She looked hurt at my frivolous manner, so I continued:

"I have had enough lesson for this afternoon. If you ask my mother she will tell you, I am sure."

"Nothing more was said then, but the next day I saw Ella—I was wearing my new hat, and I am sorry to tell you, Ella my child, I felt superior in it. I asked: 'Did you find out what you wanted to know in the lesson?' Then I said something about liking new clothes, and being able to have them when I wanted them. Ella smiled and said, 'Yes, I got help; I prayed for it, and I think the lesson has taught me three things—I must trust Jesus; that the mountains He speaks of are not always the earth; and that if we are Christians there are some mountains we *must* move out of our course.'

"How do you make that out?" I asked, carelessly. "I think that when we sin, that is a mountain hiding Christ from us and from those around us," said Ella. "Oh!" I snapped, "I suppose I am full of mountains?" "Edith, dear, do not be angry with me," said

Ella, 'it is so easy to see faults in others; but would you let me tell you what I think is your greatest fault?'

"Oh, yes, tell away!" I said, very angrily.

"It is pride, dear," said Ella, gently, "Don't you want it moved?" "How shall I do it?" I asked in a humbler voice. "Jesus says, 'Whosoever ye ask in My name, I will do it.' 'What business is it of yours—pride or no pride?' said I. 'Your pride is a mountain or stumbling-block, to me,' said Ella, 'and that is not right. Your pride is your new hat may make me wish for things my dear parents cannot afford yet to give me; then I may grow discontented, and think jealous and unkind thoughts. Don't you see, dear?' I could not answer her—my heart was full. With saddened feelings I sat in church and wondered what I could do to subdue my pride, when I thought of the words 'I can do all things through Christ.'

"But mother," interrupted little Ellen, "nobody ought to have whole, big mountains of sin in their hearts?" "No, my child, but you remember the Bible says nothing of the size or amount of sin—it does say that all have sinned, we are all alike in that; if you held a grain of corn before one eye it would obscure the landscape; one sin cherished in the heart will hide God from your soul's vision—the biggest mountain could not do more, could it, darling?"

"No," said Ellen, thoughtfully. "But, mother, would it not be very difficult to move a mountain of sin?" "Yes, you and I could not do it—it is impossible to us. But with God all things are possible. He will help us." And so, little Ellen got the help she needed, and never failed to go to Jesus with her "hill difficulty," or her mountains of perplexity.

M. B. GERDS.

OUR READY WRITERS' RING.

We think more of our girls would write something for our journal if they had subjects suggested to them; we are, therefore, purposing to give each month two different subjects for composition, so any girl writing may choose which of these topics she prefers. Any number of girls may write for this. The best paper, as we consider it, will always be inserted, and possibly two, or even three, might find a place within our pages.

If some of our girls join our Ring of Ready Writers, we think they will greatly help to make our magazine more interesting for one another.

TOPICS.

For June { "The season in the year I like best, and why" OR "The best way to insure a happy life."

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

Write on one side of the paper only.

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

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

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

MARRIAGE.

Isabella Bransby married on March 10th to William Reynolds.

IN LEISURE HOURS.

Answers to Puzzles in April number.

The following correct answers have been sent in by Edith Hallendale:—

- 1.—Wholesome.
- 2.—The letter E.
- 3.—Insatiate.
- 4.—Temper (Answer to the Poem, "What is it?")
- 5.—Love.

Edith also contributes these Buried Cities of her own composition:—

"There was only one card in all the pack for Ethel."

"May went to see old Mrs. Harbrant, for Daisy said that she was sick."

Our kind friend Mrs. Haultain has sent us another puzzle in the following verses:—

WHAT AM I?

I am spelt with nine letters,
A child spells me with three;
I'm well known, I hope, reader,
Both to you and to me

I am found on the hillside,
Or out 'mid the heather.
In the glad summer sunshine,
Or clear frosty weather.

I am found in the dairy,
Or away in the wood,
On the far distant prairie,
Where the cattle find food.

Some have found me at Stepney,
And in many a home,
But some seldom can find me,
Though far they may roam.

I am never in hiding
To an honest true mind
Who in love's way abiding,
Cares to seek till he find.

I am ever so near you,
Almost within reach,
Yet but few can detain me,
And still fewer can teach.

How to capture the fleeting
Yet solid grand thing
That I wish for you always,
And of which I now sing.

Written for UPS AND DOWNS by
MRS. HAULTAIN, Peterborough.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



A well-known proverb is contained in the above picture of two parrots. One parrot, or in familiar language, one Poll, the largest, and, therefore, the best, is perched on S.T. Therefore, you can read it thus:—

"On S. T. is best Poll I see," the interpretation being, "Honesty is the best policy." Show this puzzle to your friends without the explanation and let them guess.

UPS AND DOWNS.

(Continued from page 2 of Cover).

Under the circumstances it was not unnatural that advertising contracts should come in somewhat slowly. "It is an experiment. It might pay and it might not" was the sentiment of many. However, several leading firms tried the experiment, and it is interesting and reassuring to know that while in several cases the "experiment" was tried for a short time in the first place, a renewal of a contract was in no case withheld except during the season in which certain firms always refrain from advertising. This is very conclusive proof that our belief in UPS AND DOWNS as an advertising medium was not misplaced.

Very strong testimony indeed of the value of UPS AND DOWNS to those who wish to arrest the attention of the best class of farmers is afforded in a letter recently received from Mr. R. Y. Manning, the well known Manager of The People's Wholesale Supply Company, of Toronto.....

For many years Mr. Manning has been foremost among Toronto merchants in the extent of his transactions with the farmers of Ontario and other Provinces. Under his management the pioneer wholesale co-operative association attained its great success. Less than two years ago he organized and became manager of The People's Wholesale Supply Co., a venture which has proved even more successful than the earlier one.....

It is needless to say, that the best way to reach the farmer has always engaged Mr. Manning's earnest consideration, and his many years' experience makes him an exceptionally competent authority on the value of the various advertising mediums. The following is what he has to say of UPS AND DOWNS:—

Editor "Ups and Downs," Toronto:

Toronto, April 17, 1896.

Dear Sir,—During the past year we have advertised in the columns of your paper and have found it—especially lately—an exceptionally good method of placing our business before the public.

We are glad to be able to attribute part of our continued success to its influence.

Wishing "Ups and Downs" increasing prosperity in the future.

We are, Sir, Yours faithfully,

THE PEOPLE'S WHOLESALE SUPPLY CO.,

R. Y. Manning, Manager.

We can conceive of no stronger testimony of the usefulness of a journal for advertising purposes than the experience of those who have put the journal to a test; it is to our advertisers that we refer those who desire such testimony before deciding to advertise in UPS AND DOWNS.....

In Toronto and other cities our circulation is very slight and ever will be so. To those city merchants who rely solely on the local demand for their goods UPS AND DOWNS would prove of little value as an advertising medium.....

But we do not hesitate to urge its claims upon those—manufacturers and merchants and financial institutions—who desire to arrest the attention of several thousand well-to-do farmers and their families in various parts of Ontario.....

These constitute a class whose business it is always desirable to secure. They may be keen buyers, but they are prompt in their payments, whether their transactions be made in person or through the mail.....

The following list of counties of Ontario, with the number of friends of UPS AND DOWNS in each, will convey some idea of the territory covered by our journal:—.....

BRANT, 32	BRUCE, 89	CARLTON, 70	DUNDAS, 11
DURHAM, 149	DUFFERIN, 54	ELGIN, 37	ESSEX, 48
FRONTENAC, 14	GREY, 161	GLENGARRY, 4	GRENVILLE, 6
HALDIMAND, 36	HALTON, 43	HURON, 78	HASTINGS, 29
KENT, 108	LAMBTON, 87	LINCOLN, 64	LANARK, 30
LEEDS, 16	LENNOX and ADDINGTON, 12	MUSKOKA, 49	LINCOLN, 64
MIDDLESEX, 170	NORFOLK, 37	OXFORD, 80	NORTHUMBERLAND, 52
NIPISSING, 2	ONTARIO, 88	PRINCE EDWARD, 8	PEEL, 86
PARRY SOUND, 39	PETERBORO, 62	STORMONT, 3	PERTH, 20
RENFREW, 31	RUSSELL, 7	WELLINGTON, 119	SIMCOE, 176
VICTORIA, 94	WELLAND, 62	WENTWORTH, 23	YORK, 51

Two hundred and nineteen copies of UPS AND DOWNS, last month, also found their way to various parts of Manitoba, the North West Territories and British Columbia. Every day brings us one or more new subscribers from these distant parts.

The list of subscribers from among the ranks of Dr. Barnardo's girls is not included in the foregoing figures. During the past four months the number of girls receiving copies of UPS AND DOWNS has averaged over 400.....

Having fully explained what UPS AND DOWNS has to offer to advertisers—its circulation, the class of readers, and the districts it enters,—we very earnestly ask our "boys" to co-operate with us in making the advertising department a source of greater revenue than it has been hitherto.....

We are not complaining of results so far, but we shall soon be entering upon our second year of existence. UPS AND DOWNS will be an infant no longer. It has shown considerable vitality while passing through that stage, and it ought now to become self-sustaining. Towards that end we want the help of our friends.....

Whenever a suitable opportunity presents itself, do not hesitate to draw attention to the advantages offered by your journal as an advertising medium.....

Cattle raisers and breeders of all kinds of stock who are always desirous of reaching the best class of farmers; those who have farm lands to sell; and those who wish to buy or exchange farms: to these the value of UPS AND DOWNS, once they were acquainted with its position, would be at once apparent.....

Many of our boys come in frequent contact with these people and we believe they could be of great assistance to us if they would occasionally indulge in a little "persuasive eloquence" in behalf of our advertising columns.....

When this cannot be done and a boy knows of an individual or firm, who he thinks would find it profitable to advertise in our columns, we should be obliged if the boy would send us the name, address and business of this individual or firm with whom we could then communicate by letter.....

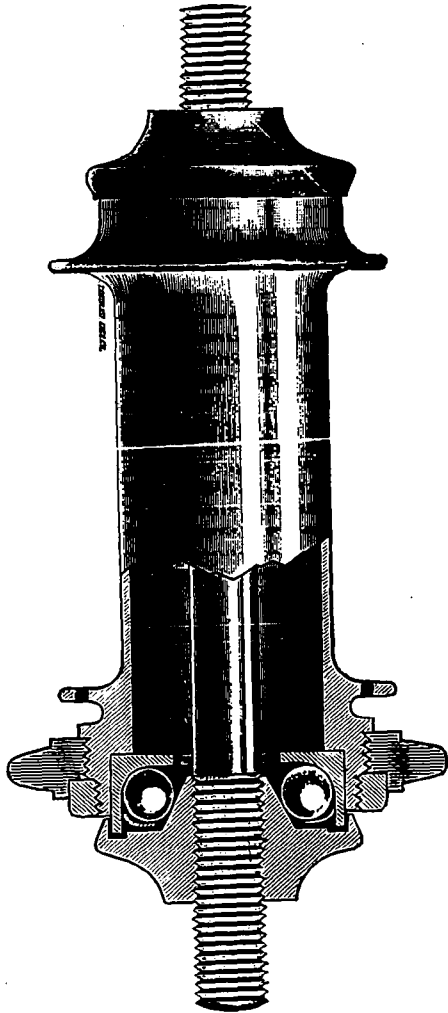
We shall always be ready and glad to supply the fullest information in regard to advertising rates and kindred matters.

Superlatives
are useless
in
Bicycle talk
these days.

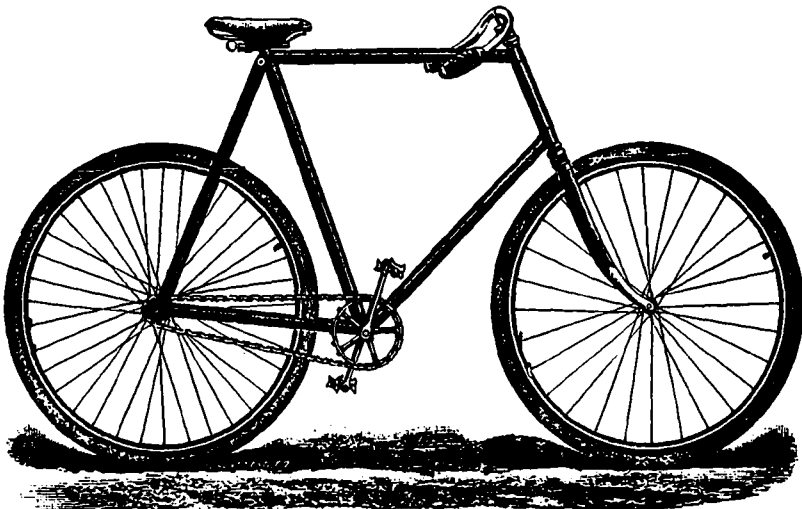
EVERYONE

CLAIMS THE BEST.

Use common sense—
look for yourself
and you will find
EVERYTHING PERFECT
in the
WANDERER
CYCLES.



Reputation Established



WANDERER CYCLE CO. LTD.

114 CHURCH ST.

Manufacturers of CHAIN and CHAINLESS CYCLES.

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., of
Toronto (Ltd.)

HEADQUARTERS FOR

TRUNKS
VALISES
PURSES

And all Leather Goods.

105 KING STREET W.
TORONTO.



WM. RADAM'S
Microbe Killer,
CURES ALL DISEASES.

Tested in supreme Court,
New York.

The Evidence, Testimonials and
all information cheerfully given
JOHN SHAW, City Agent

67 YONGE STREET, - TORONTO

THE
RELIANCE
Loan and Savings Co.

OF ONTARIO.

33 Wellington Street E., - Toronto.

DIRECTORS

Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture of Ontario.
President; James Gunn, Esq., Director and Superintendent
of the Toronto Street Railway, Vice-President.
David Kemp, Esq., Sec. Treas. Synod Diocese of Toronto;
Rev. G. I. Taylor, M.A., Rector of St. Bartholomew's,
Toronto; R. Telfer Shiell, B.A., M.B., 173 Carlton St.,
Toronto; Alfred MacDougall, Esq., Solicitor to Treasury
of Ontario.

Payment of 55c. for 120 months will produce \$100
" 45c. " 144 " " 100
" 35c. " 180 " " 100

Admission Fee Provides Endowment for
Fines Children.
NO Forfeitures Relief from payments during
Withdrawal Fee sickness or loss
Loans at lowest rates of employment.

Address, J. BLACKLOCK, Manager.

Wm. McGill & Co.
TORONTO.

COAL & WOOD

Wholesale and Retail at lowest rates.

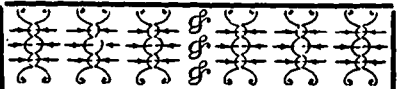
Office and Yard: Cor. Bathurst St. and
Farley Ave.

Branch Yard: 429 Queen St West.

RUPTURE

Comfort and
Security Assured.
A cure in a few weeks, no operation,
no lost time, you can work as usual.
So called "hopeless cases" solicited. Remember where
all others have failed even to hold I succeeded in curing.
Children cured in 4 to 6 weeks.

J. Y. EGAN, Hernia Specialist,
6 West Queen Street, Toronto



FARMERS!

Attention!!

Times are hard, and we realize that
what the average farmer desires
is a new Upright Piano of
great durability and fine
tone but with the
least possible expense
upon the outside case. We
have placed the

**Mason and
Risch**

Student's
Upright
Piano

UPON THE
MARKET AT

\$300

NET CASH,

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

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

The Piano is made in SOLID Walnut
oil finish.



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

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

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

MASON & RISCH

Piano Co., Ltd.,

32 King St. W., TORONTO.

