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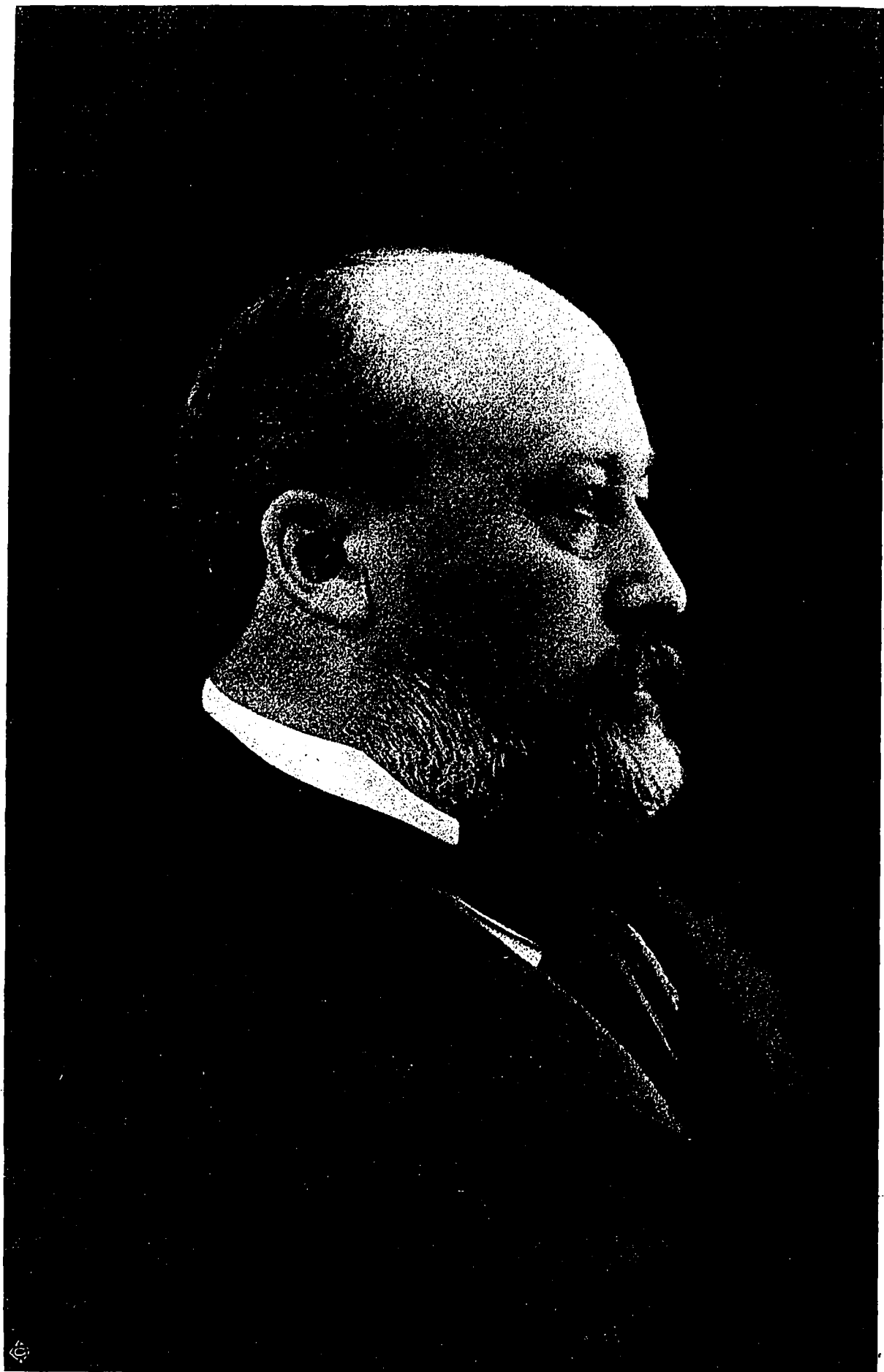
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Sir William C. Van Horne, K.C.M.G.,

Member of the Board of Directors, Canadian Pacific Railway, Company.



PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

VOL. IV.]

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[No. 4.

Personal Notes

IN the Literary Department of one of our recent issues, we invited our "litterateurs" to contribute essays upon the political party to which they have given their adherence, and the reason for their choice. The competition has called attention to the number of our boys who already hold the Parliamentary franchise, and moreover are beginning to take a keen interest in public affairs. The voters' lists of townships and counties now contain the names of hundreds of young men who originated in the country as "Barnardo boys," and each year is adding largely to the number of those who have thus a direct voice in the affairs of the nation, and an influence upon the national destinies. Whether our boys as Canadian citizens will do their duty honestly and intelligently, and whether their presence will be a benefit and means of health to the body politic or the reverse, is an interesting and important question, and one that will materially affect the future of Canada. Will they be found on the side of clean, righteous and upright government, or will they strengthen those baser elements of political life that degrade government into the clever and unscrupulous manipulation of conflicting interests and foster jockeying, corruption, wire-pulling, log-rolling, the perpetration

and other abominations that cause the name of democracy to stink in the nostrils of right-minded people? Will they form their opinions intelligently, and follow the dictates of their own conscience and judgment, or will they become the puppets of party and party organizations? Will they prize the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and resist any encroachment upon those privileges under the pretext of protecting labour, fostering native industries, or any of the other disguises in which the worst forms of tyranny fasten their yoke upon professedly self-governing peoples? Will they regard their franchise as a trust committed to them, for the right fulfilment of which they are responsible as members of a Christian commonwealth to their fellow-citizens, and to the Divine Head of the state?

It would be grievous to think that as a political force in the country our boys, as they reach man's estate and become entitled to the privileges of citizenship, would exercise their power for selfish or corrupt ends. The present is a critical and important stage in the history of the country. Canada is a young country, and her political institutions are still in the early stages of maturity. She has the weather-vane and the instability of a young nation. It is our

seems all the elements of a vigorous, healthy national life, with noble possibilities before her, and rich resources at her command. She has in the past been overshadowed and disparaged by her big and ambitious neighbour to the south, but those who watch closely the course of events recognize that she is now rapidly advancing herself to a position of consideration in the family of nations. Her political developments are becoming events of importance in the world's history. A much stronger light reflects upon the men who are at the head of her affairs, and they and their measures are subjected every year to a wider circle of criticism. It behooves her to watch zealously against any element that would lower the tone of her national character, and vitiate the atmosphere in which the young life of the country is growing up. Is the Barnardo Boys' vote one of those elements in which there lies the possibility of danger? We hesitate not to give a very decided negative to this question, and for ourselves we hope and anticipate the best and the brightest of our lads as citizens of the Dominion. In the first place, they are Englishmen of the genuine "John Bull" stock. The animal is short and stiff in general "make up"; deep in the chest, wide in the girth, heavy in the loins, and broad in the back. He may lead fairly well, but he will never drive. In politics there is no chasing him to the polls like sheep in a drove, to the crack of the whip of some reverend "father" or energetic ward-heeler. He may start, but he has an awkward habit of stopping short to ask where he is going, and shows just at the most inconvenient moment that he has a will of his own, and an idea of exercising it. His mind may move a little slowly, but when it is made up he is not to be bent and seldom bought. He puts his back against the wall, and when once he has got into his head, in his slow, dogged way, that a thing is right, he will fight for it to the bitter end.

In the second place, very few of our

our lads are a genuine working man. Not a political "working man," who from the security of some fat Government berth foments disputes between employers and employees, and preaches eloquently upon the wrongs of the down-trodden masses, and the iniquities of the "bloated capitalist," while taking excellent care that his own "pull" with the Government, as a leader of organized labour, is judiciously applied for the uplifting of the "down-trodden" in the persons of himself and family connections. This is a species that we do not breed, and hope never even to cross with. We regard it with contempt and detestation, and when any one of our boys becomes a "labour organizer," and highly paid strike agitator, we hope he will promptly disavow all connection with us. Our lads are honest workers, supporting themselves and providing for their future, not by their wits or their cheek, or by their "gift of the gab," but by their own industry and persevering efforts. They have learned by experience the lesson of self-dependence, and that of itself is no mean qualification for useful citizenship.

Thirdly, they are farmers and farmers' men, members of the community that is worthily entitled to be called the backbone of the country, and which as a class has most to gain by the stability of political institutions, and by the maintenance of good order and honest government. The farmer is seldom a socialist, a communist or an anarchist, and he is slow to lend himself to any of the crazy fads and theories for the reorganization of society that haunt the imaginations and waste the energies of people whose brains are more shallow and quick to froth over. He has generally a shrewd idea of what he wants from the Government, and he thinks that what is good for himself and the class to which he belongs is good for the country at large. The smart, glibly-tongued gentleman from the city may talk very smoothly, and run away thinking that he has got

his work in and carried his vote delightfully; but the farmer is a shrewder fellow than the city man gave him credit for, and before he polls his vote he will "see further into it," and very probably see a very different conclusion to what his friend anticipated. This is the class of voters that our boys will strengthen, and from whom they will imbibe their political ideas and predilections; and it is a class which, if not the most intelligent and far-seeing, is the strongest in support of law and order, and the least likely to be brought under the influence of revolutionary tendencies.

Lastly, we believe our boys will use their votes aright because, in the main, they have been taught to respect and desire what is true and pure and of good report. They have been educated in the "Homes" in the fear of God, and to order their lives in accordance with His Word, and in their county homes in Canada they have grown up among honest, sober, law-abiding people. They may be narrow in their views, and may have some very crude notions of political economy, but they will wish that the affairs of their country shall be guided in accordance with the principles of righteousness, and they will strive to uphold the national honour and welfare. For the rest, we feel sure that we shall find our boys loyal to the British connection, and strong in their support of Protestantism as opposed to the aggressive policy of the Romish Church, that has been at times such a disturbing factor in Canadian politics. We expect to see them in sympathy with the temperance movement, and we fear they will be allured by the heresies of protection. In common with the class to which they belong, they will advocate the spread of education, and the generous support of the schools of both lower and higher grades. The farmers, both of Canada and the United States, have always shown themselves ready to make generous sacrifice in the cause of education, and the public school

system of Canada is properly founded and managed in the rural districts, entirely by farmers, is an honour and credit to the Province and a fitting lesson to the world.

As to the question which of the rival political parties in Canada will attract most of our young voters to its camp, it is hardly within our province to speak, still less to indicate any preference of our own. We confess ourselves to be "outsiders" in politics, and certainly UPS AND DOWNS has no mission to defend or assail either the Conservative or Liberal party. We advise our lads to study well for themselves the attitude of each party toward the leading public questions of the day, and give their votes to the one whose policy seems best calculated to advance the moral and material prosperity of the country. We advise them to oppose any Government that is truckling to Roman Catholics in Quebec or to labour organizations in Ontario, that is playing fast and loose with the temperance question, or tinkering with the tariff in order to propitiate some association of wealthy monopolists, and enable them to grind their heel more effectually upon the unfortunate consumer; that is showing favoritism in its appointments, or is suspected of corruption or extravagance in its expenditure of public funds and in its administration of public works. In our humble opinion, the most momentous questions before the Canadian public to-day, are the transportation and immigration questions. There is, of course, the boundary dispute with the United States involving the possession of valuable territory in Alaska, but this is a matter that must eventually be settled by the British Government, and Canadian interests are perfectly safe in the hands of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues. The other two are matters of such a nature that they depend the prosperity or failure of the country. Canada has vast natural wealth, mineral and agricultural, but this can be developed

she made facilities of transport to collect these stores of wealth, and she would people to settle her vacant lands and develop her industries. How to attract capital and population is the problem for Canadian statesmen to day, and in proportion as they are successful in dealing with it they deserve well of their countrymen and merit their support. "Canada for the Canadians" may be an excellent political cry at the close of the next century, and may be a wise and statesmanlike policy to adopt, but at the present time it represents nothing more than a bid for the support of the lowest elements of the electorate, and is only found in the mouths of politicians who play to the gallery and who can subordinate principles and patriotism to catch the vote of the ignorant and prejudiced. The temperance question has been long the sport of party, and the painful struggle of the politicians to run with the hare and come in with the hounds, to catch the temperance vote without losing the liquor vote, offer a very pitiable and not very edifying spectacle. For ourselves, we have no expectation of making men sober or temperate by Acts of Parliament, and we look to the spread of education and the growth of healthy public sentiment to reform public morals and mitigate the evils of excess rather than any amount of repressive legislation. On all these questions, however, we would have our lads think and act for themselves; to judge of measures rather than men; to avoid the absurd fallacy of supposing that the men of one party can do no right and the men of the other can do no wrong; to look at both sides of every public question, to "prove all things," to "hold fast that which is good," to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

In the present number of the *Review* we have treated of the subject of our foreign competition in very different topics. This time we have invited our friends to indicate the ev-

lutions denominated to which they belong, and the ground upon which their choice was made. We were at first somewhat doubtful as to the advisability of selecting such a topic. The dissensions between the different branches of the Christian Church seem to us a fact ever to be deplored, as involving a waste of energy, as weakening the power of the Church in its conflict with evil, and as being contrary to the mind and will of the great Head of the Church. Nevertheless, the dissensions exist and seem likely to remain. The Church Militant is divided into rival camps: Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, Baptists, rally around their own particular standard, and utter their own particular shibboleth, each professing to find in its special organization the doctrines, practices and mode of Church government most in accord with the teaching of Scripture and the revealed word of God. There are large numbers of our boys and girls in active fellowship with each of these bodies and others besides, and we invite them to give us an expression of their views, and to state what considerations led to their casting in their lot with the Church of their choice. It may be that some of those who undertake the task will realize as they proceed how trifling are the issues that divide the various branches of the Church of Christ and sow discord among brethren, and how insignificant are the points of difference in comparison with the great realities of life and death and immortality, of which the Church is the exponent, and amidst which she is called to bear her part. Certainly if it awakens in any heart the desire after Christian unity and fellowship and reveals the littleness and barrenness of sectarian strife, we shall have accomplished a worthy end and shall have justified the wisdom of our selection.

We have been quite startled at reading that our remarks upon the Orange order in a recent issue have stirred up a miniature hornets' nest

about our ears. We confess we had no idea of the number of our kins who are members of this organization, and their zealous enthusiasm for its objects. We evidently laid our hands upon the ark with a vengeance, and have brought upon ourselves quite a storm of indignant protest. Now, we have no idea of running away from our opinions, but at the same time we would wish at once to disclaim the intention of wounding the feelings or wantonly slighting the honest convictions of any of our readers. We fully admit that there are many loyal-hearted and right-minded men in the Orange order, and as an insurance and benefit society it encourages thrift and affords to its members the means of providing against the contingencies of sickness and death. But we cannot regard the principles and actuating spirit of Orangeism as otherwise than intolerant and reactionary, and contrary to the great truth of the brotherhood of man. It appears to us that the aim of Orangeism is to assume the offensive against the Church of Rome; in other words, to keep alive the sources of discord and bitterness, and that in effect it strengthens and gives expression to bigotry and the lust for revenge, and inflames the worst passions of the ignorant and vulgar. In fact, it seems to us, as an institution, far more akin to the persecuting spirit of the dark ages than to the enlightenment, the breadth, and the sweet reasonableness of the highest and most perfect type of Christianity and the Christ life. Unquestionably, King William of Orange was one of the greatest and most estimable of England's rulers. He fought and won for her the battle of civil and religious liberty, and broke forever, as far as England is concerned, the Romish yoke. By his lofty courage, indomitable energy and consummate diplomacy, he foiled the designs of the most powerful and unscrupulous monarch of the day, and maintained against gigantic odds the cause of civil freedom and the right of every man denied to him by the Church of

Rome, to worship God after his own conscience. We regard with admiration and respect the character and achievements of King William and not less do we regard with contempt and detestation the superstitions and errors of the Church of Rome. We believe that her teachings are unsound and false and her practices abhorrent, and we hold that she maintains her strange power over the hearts of men by pandering to their weaknesses, benumbing their intellects and enslaving their imaginations. It is, we believe, because men naturally love darkness rather than light that they are blinded by the fallacies of Rome and are content to follow her leading. Thank God, in England, to quote the saying of Bishop Ridley as he was bound to the stake by his persecutors, such a candle has been lighted by the Reformation as by God's grace will never be put out. But while we yield to none in our devotion to Protestantism, we see no justification in flaunting our opinions in an offensive and blatant manner in the face of our Roman Catholic fellow citizen. Our views and convictions are entirely opposed to his, but we admit that he has the same right to hold these opinions and act upon them as we have. He interferes in no shape or manner with our personal and religious liberty, and why should we interfere with his? We should rejoice to be able to convert him by means of his judgment and conscience from the error of his ways, but to wave a red flag in his face, and to brandish a tin sword over his head, is only to insult his feelings, to make ourselves ridiculous, and to tarnish and discredit the great name and traditions of Protestantism and liberty. There is an aggressive spirit in the Church of Rome, and the record of her part has been stained by persecution and bloodshed, but the same, unhappily applies to her creed and sect that was in existence in the days of the men locked to the rack, the stake, and the block, the man and neck, which took her the spirit of the

and false doctrine, and to propagate truth and holiness. Any attempt at undue interference in public affairs by the priests or other emissaries of the Church of Rome should be resented and resisted, but in the present age of the world, and in Canada, at any rate, where no man is hindered in the exercise of his own private judgment, it cannot be necessary to assume a hostile attitude towards a Church that includes in its members many of the most loyal, respected and right-living of our citizens. In our dealings with Roman Catholics and with all others who disagree with us, we should seek to obey the command to be "pitiful," to be "courteous," "not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing;" "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us." We regard sincere and pious Roman Catholics as our brothers in Christ whose minds are indeed at present darkened by a veil of error and superstition, but who, we believe, will in God's good time be brought into the full light and liberty of the gospel, when the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

On the second page of the cover will be found the list of names, to the number of fourscore and ten, of those lads who have just been recipients of Dr. Barnardo's medal given in reward for good conduct and length of service. These medals, be it understood, are not distributed broadcast, but are only given to boys who have kept the same situation for many years and have maintained an unblemished record. We have applied unsparingly the pruning knife (we had almost said the axe) to the list of candidates with the object of cutting out all who can be considered as in the least doubtful and who have not fully lived up to a high standard of character and conduct. The boys whom we have been able to recommend to Dr. Barnardo for this last distribution of medals completed long voyages here on April 1st and have during this time worked faithfully for their employers and have

made a good reputation for themselves by their general conduct and behaviour. It has given us sincere pleasure to award to these lads, on behalf of Dr. Barnardo, the mark of distinction that we believe they have worthily earned, and to give prominence to their names for the example and encouragement of others.

We are thankful to record that business has been "booming" since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS. The party that arrived in April was gone almost before we had time to realize that it was here, and it scarcely enabled us to fill a tenth of the applications on the books. We hoped for another party early in June, but although there is one in prospect, unforeseen circumstances have arisen to delay its departure from England, and we are afraid we shall not get away before the second week in July. The party will be a mixed one, and we anticipate will number about three hundred girls and boys; but if it were to be a thousand we should find not the least difficulty in providing for them. We have never known a better demand for our youngsters, equally active both in Ontario and Manitoba. Good times throughout the country have brought good times in the work of placing out our trained boys and girls, and we only wish we could greatly enlarge the scope of our operations, and that our "stock-in-trade" were less restricted.

September 4th to the 9th—the second week of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition—will all our friends carefully note the date and consider themselves severally and collectively invited to visit the Home and be our guests during that time. This annual gathering has become such an established institution among our boys that we need only say that this year we expect to have a bigger assemblage than ever, and that our visitors will enjoy themselves as thoroughly as they have done before. There are now a good many hundreds who have partaken of our hospitality on the same occasion in former years, and we hope everyone

who has been here before will come again, and as many others as can arrange to get away. In the case of the younger boys who are under agreements that we have made on their behalf, and are not earning monthly wages, we fully authorize their employers advancing the money necessary to enable them to make the trip to Toronto, on the understanding that it will be deducted from the amount that will become payable at the end of the term of service.

We are not in the least partial to "duns." They are disagreeable to receive and equally disagreeable to present, but we are compelled by

the state of our finances and the very unsatisfactory condition of affairs as shown by the subscription books of *UPS AND DOWNS* to request those of our subscribers who are in arrears to pay up their dues. We cannot make bricks without straw, and we cannot ask the printer and the engraver and the postoffice to wait for their money until subscriptions are paid up. Of late it has been much going out and little coming in, and we must ask our friends whose subscriptions are overdue to "get a move on" and send in some of those "quarters" that we have been so long waiting for. Prompt attention will greatly oblige.

Juvenile Immigration

The following table shows the number of Juvenile Immigrants brought to Canada during the year 1908 under the auspices of the various societies and individuals mentioned:

<i>Responsible Party</i>	<i>No.</i>
Mrs. Birt.....	83
Rev. Robt. Wallace.....	48
Catholic Children's Protective Society of Liverpool.....	58
Canadian Catholic Immigration Committee, Westminster.....	28
Southwark Catholic Immigration Society.....	146
Church of England Waifs and Strays Association.....	41
Mr. Fegan.....	37
Miss Macpherson.....	34
Dr. Stephenson.....	25
Mr. Middlemore.....	120
Self-Help Emigration Society.....	16
Homes of Refuge and Reformatory Industrial Schools, Glasgow.....	15
Children's Aid Society of London.....	15
Bristol Emigration Society.....	8
Working Boys' Home, Liverpool.....	4
Kingham Hill School, Chipping Norton.....	3
Wellington Reformatory School.....	3
Central School, Scarborough.....	3
Working Boys' Home, Chester.....	2
Tower Hamlet Mission Emigration.....	1
Church Emigration Society.....	1
Philanthropic Society, Redlin.....	1
St. Saviour's Home, Taunton.....	1
Dr. Barnard.....	1



WHILE closing the notes for the April number, the writer was packing for a trip east to Halifax, for the purpose of welcoming to Canada another contingent for Dr. Barnardo's great western industrial army. The expected party arrived at Halifax on Sunday morning, April 2nd, by the staunch ship *Scotsman*, safe and sound, and numbered thirty-eight as fine looking youths as one would wish to see. Mr. George Mitchell, the superintendent of the Youth's Labour House, accompanied the party right through to Russell, and added much to the pleasure of the writer and the lads of the party, on the long and often tiresome journey, by his whole-souled, jovial manner and methods.

The lads, on arrival, found the weather anything but pleasant; however, they bore up cheerfully against the discomforts of wet, cold feet and freezing hands and noses, looking forward to the change promised them by their sympathetic foremen, and going on cheerfully with their allotted work in a manner much to their credit.

In spite of the prophecies of the weather-wise, the conditions did not seem to change, and to curtail a long story, we all of us put in a rather miserable time till about May 20th, since which date no one can reasonably complain of the weather, and vegetation is certainly coming on at a wonderful rate.

The work of putting in the ground this year, on the large area comprising Dr. Barnardo's farm, has naturally been considerably hampered by bad weather, however, under the best of circumstances, the long

more, our energetic general foreman, is to be congratulated upon the manner in which he has kept the work going, and we believe is, along with the writer, proud of the record of many of his young assistants, among whom we might mention Elijah Whittle, who, with his exceedingly well-kept pair of bays, the pride of the stables, has performed the greater part of the drill work. George Sabell, George Whitham, Robert Mace, Samuel Oborn and James Martin, all teamsters under Mr. Longmore's management, are certainly entitled to honourable mention, and do themselves great credit by looking so well after their charges, and generally taking an interest in their work. Among the temporary hands who have been employed at the spring work, are Thomas Young, *Polynesian*, April, 1888, who, by the way, helped to start the Manitoba Farm, and John King, an "old-timer," and of late a settler in Silver Creek. These young men have been employed ploughing and seeding, and aside from the fact that they are both excellent workmen and a credit to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, it has been a pleasure to have with us two old friends who know the work of the Manitoba farm from the beginning.

Considerable tree planting has been indulged in this spring, a work which the lads appear to have enjoyed, and owing to the fact that the district, so far, has been blessed with a copious rainfall, we not only expect to save nearly all the maples, ash, elm and spruce transplanted, but look forward to the benefits and pleasure appertaining to two as

fine gardens—one at Cherry Hill Farm, the other at Headquarters—as the Manitoba institution has ever possessed. The Headquarters garden is being looked after by Mr. J. E. Somerville, who has had an extended experience in like work near the city of Montreal; and the garden at Cherry Hill is superintended by Mr. William Hodgson, who has already given evidence that he is no novice in such an undertaking by his work of last summer on the Barnardo estate. By way of embellishment and repair, considerable painting has been done on the buildings belonging to the institution, and in this work, which has naturally been under the control of our esteemed carpenter, Mr. St. Lawrence, the institution has received excellent service from the lads Lawless, Russell and Murray, who have not only shown considerable skill with the brush, but have kept at the work allotted to them in a manner most creditable.

Creameries are still the rage in this part of the province, institutions at Foxwarren, Binscarth, Russell and Barnardo having been in existence for some years; and this spring our esteemed friend, Mr. I. C. Gerrard, merchant, of Shellmouth, has started out his wagons, collecting cream from the German settlement, to be manufactured into butter at a factory he has had the courage to establish in the face of difficulties. An old acquaintance of the Home, Mr. Christopher Paulson, is superintending the Shellmouth institution, and as Mr. Paulson, to the writer's knowledge, is brimful of energy and push, has been furnished with as good appliances as can be obtained, and is apparently receiving plenty of custom, the venture should prove a success; though the difficulties connected with sparse settlement and a short working season must, as a matter of course, be felt by the Shellmouth management, in the same manner that it has been by the operators of other factories in different parts of the province, and consolidation

appears to the writer to be the only feasible scheme which can be made to bring about profit in creamery operations. The creamery at Barnardo is going on quietly with the Home milk and the product sent in by a few neighbours. Just at present it is superintended by one of Mr. Longmore's capable pupils, Charles R. Ruddick, who promises to become a gold medallist in the profession. Indeed, if Mr. Ruddick does not obtain a good place at the Winnipeg Exhibition this year, there will be something radically wrong with the brains of the judges.

Sheep-shearing is just now in full swing, and prospects for the flock during 1899 and 1900 are excellent; so far, some 135 lambs have been welcomed to the Home farm by the attendants in charge, with a number of ewes yet to hear from.

Poultry Raising.

A departure in poultry raising at Dr. Barnardo's Farm is the operating of an incubator at Cherry Hill, which has so far given excellent results, a small army of young Plymouth Rocks having at the present time full possession of the attention of a modern wooden hen with glass eyes, which appears to perform all the duties of her feathered relative excepting the everlasting clucking. However, Mr. George Ertel, of Quincy, Ill., the manufacturer of our machine, who is noted for his inventive genius, will without doubt overcome even this difficulty, one of these days, by adding some kind of a phonographic clucking attachment, which will recommend itself to all enterprising breeders.

Let the Hives

Many of the lads have been busy during the last quarter in making hives, although the demand for framed lads has been quite up to the average of other years. At the beginning of the month of April John Haver, of the institution, with Mr. Spencer, of Appleton, secured the 18th of the same month, and with

left to enter the employ of Mr. Ed. Williamson, Minnedosa. Ernest James went to a situation offered by Mr. James Campbell, of Longburn P.O., Man., and Oliver Connell was placed in the livery stable of Mr. Robert Matchett, of Balgonie, Assa. On April 25th Harold Thyers left the Farm to enter the service of Mr. L. N. Jackson, of Minnedosa. On May 2nd Robert Creedy, who, by the way, is rapidly attaining the proportions of a giant, was sent to the employ of Mr. Walter Mann, of Minnedosa, and William Woodward left on the same day for a situation in the Birtle district. On May 9th Edwin Parsons was despatched to Shoal Lake, to enter the service of an old employer of Barnardo boys, Mr. James Gardiner, and Frank Monaghan was sent into the North-West Territories to serve Mr. Archie Bell, of Wapella. The Home officials were very sorry to part with another old friend on June 6th, John Cartwright, who has been found a situation at remunerative wages with Mr. N. Webster, of Tebbidge, Alberta.

Prizes for cleanliness on parade were awarded to the following list on the dates mentioned:

Mar	13	DANIEL FLETCHER.
"	19	SAMUEL OBORN.
Apr	3	WILLIAM LACEY.
"	9	ROBERT MACE.
"	16	SAMUEL OBORN.
"	23	ARTHUR HAYWOOD.
"	30	SAMUEL STANLEY.
May	7	MARK MOORE.
"	14	ARTHUR HAYWOOD.
"	21	NELSON MORGAN.
"	28	SAMUEL OBORN.
June	4	NORMAN HEPTON.

Numerous letters have been received during the quarter from old hands, and among those who have come forward with communications, after many years' silence, the writer gladly mentions the name of R. B., *Sarnia*, Jan., 1888. Our old friend, in writing the management, says:

"I have just received your issue of the 15th inst. and I am glad to hear that you are still publishing it. I have not had time to write you before

now, and when I compare my life with what it was twelve years ago, I find all things changed, as at that time I often wished I had never been born. I am getting the highest wages going, and I am well supplied with all the necessities of life. The Archbishop of Canada is going to preach here the first week in May, and I am then to be confirmed, and will become a Church member.

A splendid report comes from the north-western part of the province regarding M. L., *Labrador*, March, 1893, a friend of M. L.'s writing that the young man is sending considerable sums of money to his poor mother in England, and is working very hard, and has an excellent character.

One of our flock, who came to Canada on the *S. S. Circassian* in July, 1890, writes from a Hudson's Bay Post, where he holds a very responsible position, an exceedingly hopeful letter, and furnishes information regarding himself, which would prove very reassuring to Dr. Barnardo and his friends who are forwarding the great movement of the Homes.

I. M., *Laurentian*, September, 1894, writes from Bottineau, North Dakota, and not only furnishes evidence that he is getting on in a very satisfactory manner as regards worldly affairs, but shows plainly in his correspondence that he has taken footing in the narrow path, and purposes leading a life which will ensure him a safe place in the Kingdom of God.

An excellent certificate of character came in during the last quarter from a prominent man of a Manitoba railway town regarding D. D., April *Norwegian* party, 1891. Our old friend, it appears, is married, and is getting on remarkably well. Lads of the *Norwegian* party, which landed in Boston in the spring of 1891, will have no difficulty in locating D. D., as he promised well from the time he set foot on American soil.

A prominent citizen of Rapid City, S. Dak., writes a most satisfactory report regarding our old friend Ed. M., who came out on the *Carthaginian* in April, 1891. The writer is

living in the hope of having at an early date full particulars regarding M.'s farm and the improvements which he has been able to place upon the land. *Carthaginian* lads, of the month and year mentioned, will be gratified to hear of M.'s advancement, and, I am sure, will look forward to the further particulars which the writer expects to obtain.

A reliable business man of a bustling Manitoba town writes regarding our old friend C. F. C., *Norwegian*, April, 1891. Our informant says :

I may say with confidence that he is getting along well. He has a nice house put up in —, owns the lot upon which it stands, and intends putting up a stable in the spring. He commands excellent wages around here, as high as the best labourer can get. He has lately joined the Sons of England, and is altogether a regular hustler.

The postmaster of a North-Western village writes regarding J. H., who came to Manitoba in 1890 :

He is making a comfortable living at shoemaking and general repairing, and occupies a small building of his own. He is also mail contractor between the post office and the railway station.

A confidential communication from an old friend, who has always borne an excellent character since coming to Canada, W. R., *Sarmatian*, June, 1888, came to hand during the latter part of April, and shows that W. R. is still living an earnest, industrious life. He has been obliged, so he says, to assist an unfortunate brother and sister who came out to Canada, but, in spite of these calls upon his resources, appears to be making his way in the North-West.

The writer is pleased to reproduce by permission a letter from John R. Vipond, *Peruvian*, April, 1889, which speaks for itself.

WOLLETON, April 3, 1891.

E. A. STEVENSON, Esq., Dundas St.

DEAR SIR, — I was glad to hear from you the other day, and am glad to hear that you have received such good reports regarding me. Well, Sir, you ask how I am getting along. — I am doing very well for a beginner or a new starter in life. — I have things in good shape for the spring, and

I have twenty five acres almost ready for crop, which I broke and disked last summer. I took up my homestead last spring, but did not live or work on it until June 17th. I went out breaking land at \$3.00 per acre, and earned quite a sum of money which I have put into my own farm. I built a house and stable out of sods, sod stables being in general use in this settlement. . . . I have been selling quite a lot of hay this winter, and got from four to five dollars per ton. I think I will be able to make a good living in this country.

Vipond, writing on the 28th of the same month, says :

You are right when you say that probably I never could have secured such a start in England. I always felt like writing to Dr. Barnardo, and giving him an account of myself which he might read to the boys yet in the old Home. It might encourage them to come out to this country and do well. This is the country for a young man, and I am very thankful that I was admitted to the Home in England. I intend shortly to make the Doctor a present of money.

Satisfactory reports have been received regarding C. C., an old-timer, who landed from the *Rolling Polly* at Halifax, in April, 1888. C. C. is reported to be in possession of an excellent team of horses, and finds no difficulty in securing remunerative employment in the Shoal Lake district, where he has been constantly employed since leaving the Farm at Barnardo.

Mr. Levi Beck, of Yorkton, Assa., writes on March 1st regarding Robert Traynor, *S. S. Labrador*, June, 1897 :

I have pleasure in stating that Bob Traynor is in excellent health, that he is trusty, that he works faithfully and well, and that his conduct is exemplary, so far as I have observed.

It is truly gratifying to receive such a satisfactory report regarding our old friend "Bob," as he no doubt has experienced a number of ups and downs since leaving the hive at Barnardo.

From the long list of immigrants who have made a decided success of themselves in Canada the writer has pleasure in giving the details of B. K., April, 1898, *Chelyabinsk*. B. K. had full charge of an excellent team near Yorkton in 1897-8, owned by

one of the general agents of the Massey Harris Co., and is reported as about to set up for himself on a homestead in the flourishing district of Yorkton.

The attention of the management has been particularly called, during the last quarter, to the case of Charles S., *Peruvian*, April, 1889, who was preparing to put in quite an extensive crop in the Shoal Lake district at the beginning of April. Charles S. is one of the younger lads sent out in 1888, and it is gratifying to know that he is making a start for himself, as he has always borne an excellent character in the district where his lot was cast.

An exceedingly good report comes to the Farm Home office regarding Edward Hope, *S.S. Scotsman*, August, 1896. Hope is located in the district of Bradwardine, Manitoba, and not only bears an excellent reputation in the place where he is settled, but, according to our informants, has exceedingly good prospects for the future.

The management were gratified to receive on April 4th a very satisfactory report relating to Benjamin Lewis, *Sarmia*, April, 1894. Our informant describes Benjamin as "in good health, working every day, and getting good wages." He says Lewis is a good, steady boy.

A very reassuring letter was received on May 9th from S. R., who came to Canada in 1890. S. R., in the course of his communication, says: "In regard to my career in Canada, I can only say that I have been successful in this country. Since I left the shelter of the Home, I have had good places and good wages, and I like the work well, also the country. I intend, if all is well, to visit old England soon, if things turn out as I anticipate, but not to stop. I sincerely wish Dr. Barnardo and yourself great success in the noble work you are undertaking."

As a result of the management's attention to the case of Benjamin Lewis, the following program has been set on foot with a view to procuring more information from

the old lad, Henry Blackwell, who is now located at Mulock P.O., Assa. Blackwell, writing on February 15th, states that he is now assisting a nephew to emigrate to this part of the Empire. As Blackwell has made great advancement himself since settling in Canada under the auspices of the Homes, there is very little doubt that in offering assistance to his relative, a youth of fourteen years, he is extending the advantages given him by Dr. Barnardo, and not only improving the prospects of his young relative, but at the same time adding a good settler to the population of the Dominion.

The extracts given above are from letters taken at haphazard, and received during the last two months at the Farm Home office, and, as a matter of course, cover but a small portion of the satisfactory reports received regarding lads who have in year past gone out from the Manitoba Institution.

Obituary.

The residents of the Russell district and of the province generally were shocked to learn on Monday, May 15th, of the death of the Hon. Senator Boulton, which occurred that morning after a short illness. Senator Boulton's name will always be closely connected with the history of Manitoba, as he was present and took an active and plucky stand on the side of loyalty when the settlement of Red River was being rent from end to end by a rebellious movement, led by the notorious Louis Riel, in 1869 and 1870. Only escaping death at the hands of the excited French half-breeds, while their prisoner, by the intervention on his behalf of prominent Hudson's Bay Company officials, Major Boulton lived to again offer his services to the Crown in putting down rebellion, organizing and serving at the head of one of the most efficient branches of the late Sir Frederick Middleton's expedition against the half-breeds and Indians of the Saskatchewan district in the year

1885, known as "Boulton's Scouts." The Hon. Senator Boulton's faith in the great future destiny of Canada was unbounded, and being, with his family, among the first settlers in the district now known as Russell County, he had much to do with the upbuilding of this part of the province, and many a settler who met with the disappointments and difficulties incident to the opening up of a new country in the early days, can now look back with grati-

tude to the late hon. gentleman, whose brave words of kindly advice and encouragement, offered at the time of need, no doubt often spurred the recipient to renewed efforts and final success. A devoted husband, kind father and a warm friend of the friendless, the occasion of Senator Boulton's funeral brought out a long line of lamenting friends, who wished to join in a genuine expression of sympathy for the bereaved family.

Donations to the Homes

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

Atkins, Alfred, \$4.25; Allom, David, 50c.; Barlow, Alfred J., \$15; Bates, F. A., \$15; Boston, Vivian, \$4; Bending, Alfred, \$1.25; Cracknell, Frederick, \$1; Couch, Charles E., \$3; Edwards, J. G., \$2; Edwards, Frank A., \$1; Flook, James, 25c.; Folley, Charles, \$1; Gouge, Edwin, \$1; Goodman, T. M., \$10; Guy, Thomas, \$3; Harley, Thomas, \$1; Hearn, George, \$1; Jehu, Edward, \$2.51; Jones, William J., \$1; Jefferson, Edward, \$3;

Lawrence, Charles E., 75c.; Leigh, Harry, \$1; Ling, Samuel M., \$1.25; Newcombe, Joseph T., 65c.; Neil, William F., \$1; Neil, Sylvester, \$1; Nowlen, H. J., \$1; Nevel, Harry, \$1; Plampton, William, \$2; Parker, Fred, \$5; Palmer, John E., \$5; Page, Charles E., \$2; Page, George W., 50c.; Rothwell, John, \$1.35; Stevens, Thomas, \$2; Soulsby, John, \$1; Shaw, Albert, \$4; Sanders, John E., \$1.55; Stables, Joseph H., 75c.; Shuter, Thomas, \$1; Stephens, Alfred T., 50c.; Teasdale, John, 50c.; Watkins, Henry, \$1; Wilson, John, \$1.80; Wilkins, Thomas, \$1; Wardlaw, Arthur C., \$3.

July

A chaplet round her flowing hair,
The flush of health upon her cheeks,
And on her brow the dusky dun
That speaks her daughter of the sun,
She comes to reign a brief four weeks,
And make the realm of June more fair.

Hail, genius of our jovial mirth!
Now may we take our holidays!
Hast brought us all thine old delights
Of drowsy days and balmy nights?
Of license of the woodland ways,
And rambles round the old, old earth?

Of gliding in our birch canoe
Through lakes with islets thick besprent?
Through marshes where the herons are
And up the rivers winding far
To that wild spot whereon our tent
We pitch, to live as Indians do?

Where soon, forgetting city streets,
The artifice of tools and trade,
The thin veneer of social life,
We catch the wanton spirit rife,
And in the lonely forest's shade
Feel equal to the redman's feats.

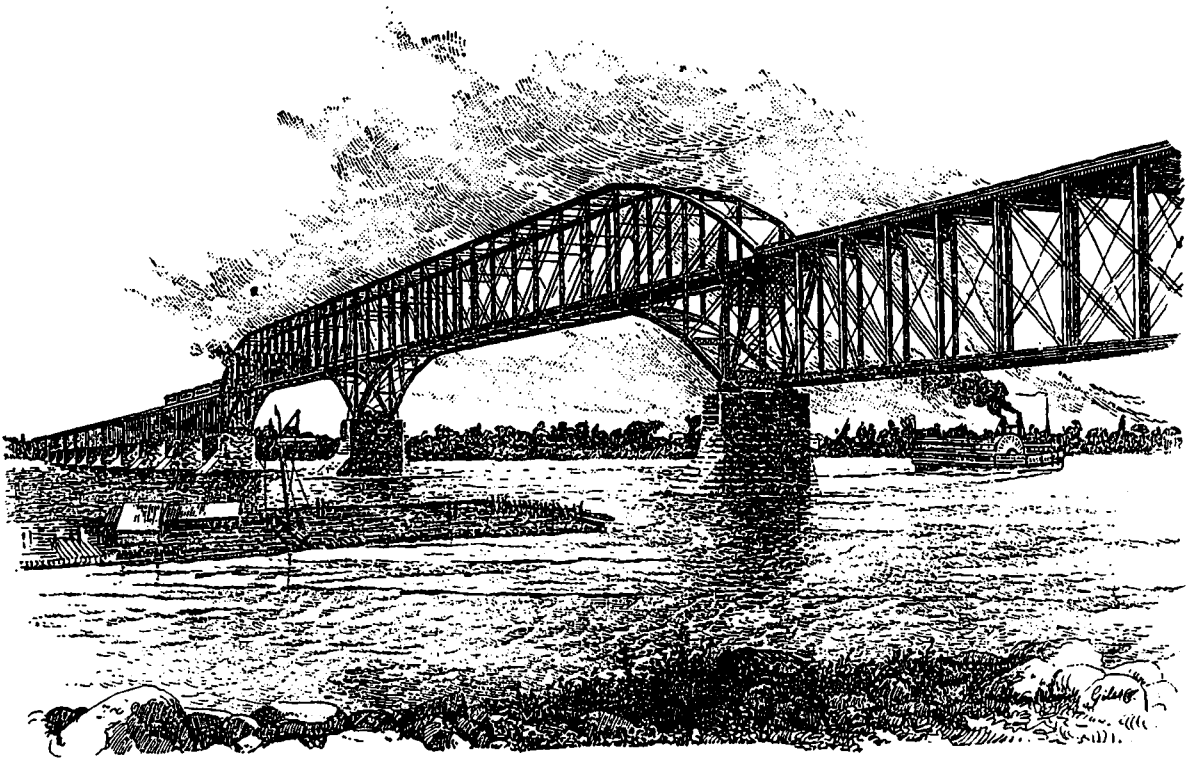
And dollars, debit, credit, seem
Disordered visions of the past,
Till only Nature is the real.
We cease to think, begin to feel,
While time, unheeded, flies so fast,
Till last we wake, but wake to dream.

The Canadian Pacific Railway

THE "C.P.R." is a subject that must be of interest to all Canadians, either by birth or adoption. It has been a great and costly Canadian and Imperial enterprise. It has given Canada a vastly different position on the American continent, and in the Empire, to that which she held before; and its success must ever remain as a tribute to British and Canadian courage, skill and resource—to those qualities, in fact, which are the endow-

ment of the Dominion.

It was on November 15th, 1885, that the first through train from Montreal to Port Moody accomplished its journey of 2,893 miles, and the dream of a transcontinental railway, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and passing entirely through Canadian territory, reached its fulfilment. A telegram from Her Majesty the Queen, congratulating the people of Canada



C.P.R. Bridge over St. Lawrence River.

ment of the race, and which, in so many portions of the globe, have encountered and overmastered difficulties and hardships, and built up the greatness and wealth of the British Empire. Canada will always have a big stake in the fortune of the great railway, and although its early history is becoming somewhat of a "back number," the subject is by no means unworthy the study of those who have an interest and

upon the accomplishment of this great national achievement, was expressive of the feeling throughout the Empire with which the event was hailed; and the conferring of the honour of knighthood, and afterwards a postage, upon the two principal promoters, was considered a fitting recognition of the ability and energy that had been displayed in bringing the great enterprise to successful issue.

The building of a railway to connect Eastern and Western Canada was the outcome and necessary result of the political union of the various Canadian colonies into the federation of the Dominion. Prior to the Act of Confederation, the provinces of Ontario and Quebec (Upper and Lower Canada), the different Maritime Provinces, the Province of Manitoba, the vast territories lying between the boundary of Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, generally known as the Hudson Bay Company's territory, and the Province of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, had maintained an independent existence as British colonies; as a rule very unfriendly and jealous toward each other, as the various Australian colonies are to-day, and only waiting, as many people thought, the ripening of the time for absorption into the territories of the United States. Happily for Canada, there were men in power who took a more hopeful view of the destinies of their country, and had no idea of sitting still until it suited their aggressive neighbour, taking advantage of the occasion when the Mother Country was busily engaged in some other part of the world, to open his big mouth and swallow them up. These men realized that while there might be little hope for the future of Canada as a series of disunited territorial fragments, she might, as one people with united political aims and combining her energy and resources, not only maintain her independent existence, but develop a strong and vigorous national life. The federation of the provinces east of the Rocky Mountains was brought to pass in 1867, the 1st of July being the birthday of the young commonwealth of the Dominion of Canada. British Columbia, a fine, well-isolated by the impenetrable barrier of the Rocky Mountains, but four years later she entered the federation on the same terms of the pledge made to her by the Dominion Government, thereby giving her communi-

cation with the other provinces through Canadian territory, should be immediately commenced and completed within a period of ten—afterward extended under Lord Carnarvon's award to twenty—years. It was obvious, indeed, that a railway was the natural and only link by which anything more than a purely sentimental connection between the various provinces could be maintained; but, unfortunately, nature had opposed barriers of the most formidable character to the construction of such a railway. Between the north-western fringe of settlement in the Province of Ontario, that had slowly worked its way up the valley of the Ottawa and the Red River of the north, along which lay the Scotch, French and Half-breed settlements, which at that time comprised the population of Manitoba, lay a vast region of barren, bleak and entirely unexplored territory lying to the east, north and west of Lake Superior. To the westward of the prairie country, and entirely shutting off the Pacific province, stood the mighty barrier of the mountain ranges. Canada herself seemed to have but slender resources to grapple with so gigantic a task as the construction of a railway in the face of such obstacles. Her population was sparse and poor; her credit was not high. The non-success of her earlier railway enterprises had discouraged speculation. The population in the Eastern and Maritime Provinces had plenty to occupy their limited capital and energies in the development of their own territories, and it would not have been surprising if the country at large had shrunk from accepting the cost and responsibility of such an undertaking as the building of a transcontinental line of railway. That it did not do so, but that the country rose to the occasion, is an honour to the courage and public spirit of its leaders. The Pacific Railway scheme became one of the leading questions of the day and a plank in the platform of successive govern-

ments. The subject was one of frequent debate in the Dominion House of Commons, and, as might be expected, a considerable divergence of opinion displayed itself as to the general policy to be adopted and the methods by which the undertaking should proceed. The chief question at issue was whether the line should be constructed and operated by the Government, or whether it should be opened to private enterprise, assisted by public funds only to a limited extent. There were also the rival policies of pushing the line through from east to west within the shortest practicable space of time, or proceeding slowly, constructing different sections of the line as the gradual settlement of the country created a demand for transportation facilities. Under the Conservative administration that held the reins of power in 1872, the "progressive" policy was adopted, and it was also resolved to leave the undertaking to private enterprise, liberally subsidized by Government. A company was formed under the auspices of Sir Hugh Allan, and negotiations entered into; but the company found it impossible to secure the necessary capital, and was ultimately compelled to surrender the charter that had been granted to it. Under the succeeding administration of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the "piece-meal" policy prevailed, as well as that of keeping the undertaking in the hands of the Government. A remarkable scheme found favour in the eyes of the Government, by which the route would be traversed alternately by rail and by water (or ice), and by which travellers would certainly not have suffered from monotony, however much they might have endured from discomfort. Under this administration, which lasted from 1873 to 1878, a line of railway (afterwards taken up) was laid for some distance westward from Winnipeg, the section between Winnipeg and Lake Superior was placed under construction, and at the British Columbia end of the line

work was commenced between Fort Moody, the location selected for the Pacific terminus, and Savouas Lake on the Thompson River, a distance of 213 miles. Sir Alexander Mackenzie and his Government gave place in 1878 to Sir John A. Macdonald, and a new era dawned upon the fortunes of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The policy of constructing the line as a Government work was definitely abandoned, and it was decided to throw the undertaking open to private enterprise, to be assisted by the Government in the shape of a liberal grant of land and such subsidy as might be agreed upon by Parliament. It was, moreover, decided to push forward the enterprise with all possible expedition. The announcement of this policy called forth the active hostility of the Opposition. It was represented that the enterprise must prove a huge and costly failure; that the railway would have no traffic to support it; that its earnings would never be sufficient to pay the cost of axle grease; that the country would be brought to bankruptcy, and its credit hopelessly ruined. Sir John A. Macdonald and his supporters pursued their course as men who had made up their minds, and having put their hands to the plough were not to be induced to look back by the gloomiest of Mr. Blake's forebodings. A syndicate of leading financiers was found prepared to enter into negotiations. These negotiations resulted in an agreement, bearing date October 21st, 1880, and ultimately in the issuing of a charter to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, for the construction, within a period of ten years from the date of the charter, of a line that should cross the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By the terms of this charter the company undertook to connect Callender, then the terminus of the Canada Central Railway, with the eastern terminus of the line that the Government was building from Winnipeg to Lake Superior, the distance being estimated at 350

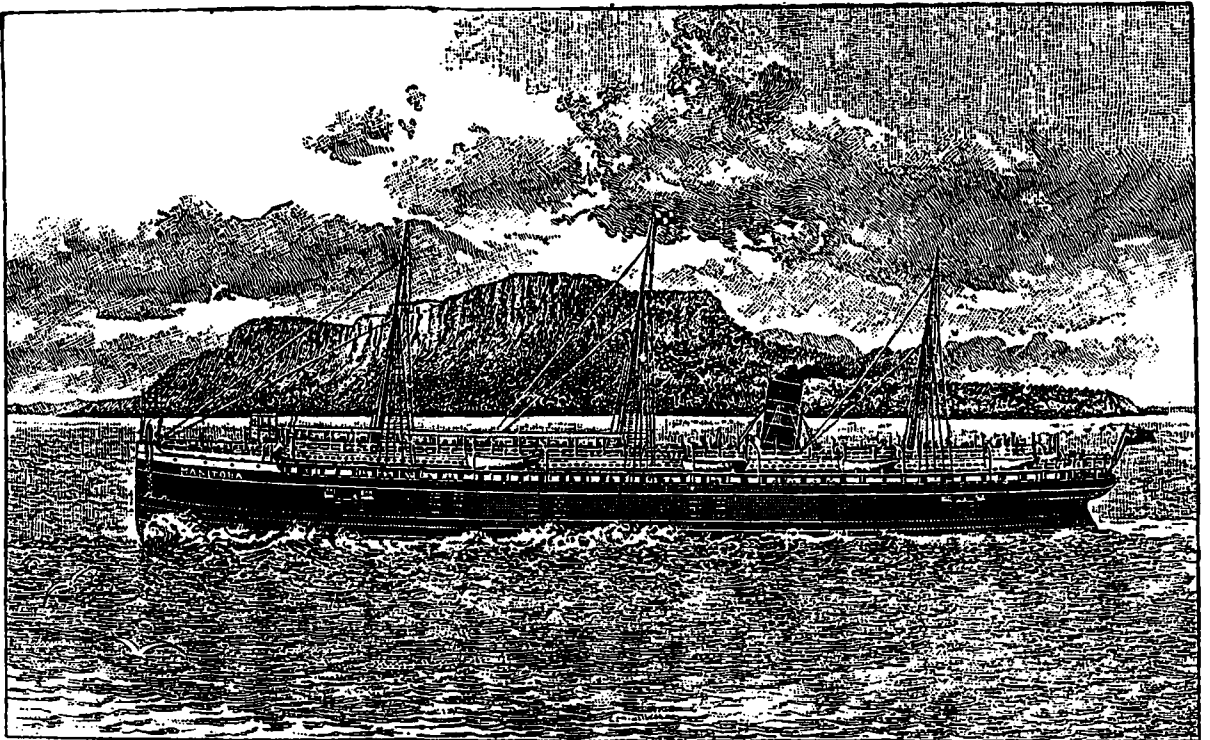
miles; and to connect the west end of the Government line in Manitoba with Savona's Ferry in British Columbia, an estimated distance of 1,350 miles. In consideration the Government was to complete the various lines placed under construction by their predecessors, amounting to 711 miles in all, and to hand them over to the Company when completed; to pay a subsidy of \$25,000,000, and to make a grant of land in the fertile belt between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains of twenty-five million acres. This charter was finally ratified by Parliament on February 15th, 1881, and the Company stood pledged to the construction and equipment of over 2,000 miles of railway, which should be in operation for traffic by May 1st, 1891, and which, for almost its entire length, would traverse a country unoccupied and unknown. The syndicate of enterprising and able men, whose fortunes and reputations were thus embarked in the great enterprise, were leading citizens of Montreal, and included the president and a future president of the Bank of Montreal. The same group had just before accomplished a financial feat of the first magnitude in the rescue from collapse of another great railway enterprise—the St. Paul and Pacific Railway, and, after buying out the Dutch bondholders of the Company, re-organizing it upon a sound and paying basis under the title of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, since changed to the Great Northern and known under that name as one of the leading and most enterprising railway systems of the Western States. The success of this transaction, which was an immensely profitable one to those chiefly engaged, placed these gentlemen in a financial position to embark upon this new project, and gave them the necessary prestige in the money market and the confidence of investors. Without this even the steady and general support of the Government could not have carried them through the financial crises

which the company had to face during the progress, and even after the completion, of the work. The two best known names on the original directorate are those of Sir George Stephen, now Lord Mount-Stephen, and Sir Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal and High Commissioner in London for the Dominion of Canada. Both these gentlemen, like so many others who have made themselves famous in the annals of the Dominion, are of Scottish birth and ancestry, and both are self-made men, having begun at the bottom of the ladder and reached its topmost heights by their own exertions and business capacity. George Stephen landed in Canada from Scotland at the age of twenty-one, and began life in an humble position in a Montreal wholesale linen warehouse. His career was a steady advancement first from being a subordinate employee to a position of trust under the firm by whom he was engaged, then to a junior partnership. The junior partner soon bought out the other members of the firm and became the head of a large manufacturing and importing business. Afterward, as his financial genius became recognized, Mr. Stephen's name appeared as a director and promotor of important business undertakings, and he was at length appointed a director, and ultimately president, of the Bank of Montreal, the third largest banking institution in the world. The career of Sir Donald Smith was largely similar. Having come to Canada from Scotland at an early age, he entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company in 1838, and rose to become chief factor, and at length governor, of this great and historical corporation. Like Sir George Stephen, he held a leading position on the directorate of the Bank of Montreal, and the two men have been intimately associated in the management of the bank and, afterwards, in the conduct of their railway enterprises, both in Canada and the United States. The honour of

knighthood was conferred upon Mr. George Stephen in 1886, and upon Mr. Donald Smith in the same year, while they were respectively called to the peerage in 1891 and 1897.

Associated with Messrs. Stephen and Smith in the original syndicate were several other wealthy business men and capitalists of Montreal, among whom may be mentioned Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. Duncan McIntyre, and the combination, with the support of the Bank of Montreal and the Dominion Government, was financially a very strong one and capable of great efforts. The

graph boy on one great trans-continental railway and ending with the presidency of one still greater, is typical of not a few who have won renown on the great field of American railway enterprise. The transportation problem is the great problem that in the rapid development of the New World has demanded and called forth the highest executive ability, vigour and resource. Men who in the Old World would have made themselves famous as generals or diplomatists, have in America found a field for their talents in railway enterprise,



C.P.R. Steamship on the Upper Lakes.

directors have nowhere displayed their administrative ability more noticeably than in the selection of the staff of officers under whose charge the construction and development of the vast system has been carried forward. Sir William C. Van Horne came to the company as general manager at the earliest commencement of its operations, and has remained to succeed, first, Lord Strathcona as vice-president, and at length, Lord Mount Stephen as president of the company. Sir William's career, starting from tele

and Sir William Van Horne is one of those men of iron will, intellectual power and genius for organization who are to be met at the head of most of the great transportation companies of America. His has been the master-mind that has directed and inspired the establishment and working of the great system from its most important and ambitious developments to the smallest details of management. To Sir William's generalship is chiefly due the great triumph that human skill and ingenuity achieved in the

construction of the road over the forces of Nature in her mightiest strongholds. To his statesmanship it is owing that the railway has won a famous and successful position for itself in spite of political opposition, unsparing competition and the depressing influence of "bad times," lasting through several years of scanty crops and low prices. Sir William has proved himself to have brains and backbone for all emergencies. There are those who might criticise his methods, and whose taste and susceptibilities might be occasionally shocked at expressions more forcible than elegant that are peculiarities in the language of the president of the Canadian Pacific, but he must always retain the honour of being the leading spirit in a great national achievement, and of having directed a mighty onward step in the advance of civilization.

The company had indeed put their hands to a most formidable task. Starting westward from Callender, through what was termed the Nipissing section, to Lake Superior, some 400 miles, the country to be traversed was a wild and barren region. It was entirely unpopulated, and provisions, clothing and necessaries of every description for the immense gangs of men engaged in building the railway had to be provided by the company, stores had to be established, hospitals built and equipped, fodder for horses, material, tools and explosives brought forward as required. Parties of men were encamped along the projected line for long distances ahead of the rails, and to keep these supplied, wagon roads, called "tote" or "cadge" roads, had to be built, and in many cases at a cost per mile very little less than the cost of the completed railway. From the nature of the situation, access could only be had to the works from one end, and the transportation of all the necessaries for the prosecution of the work, was no slight tax upon the resources and organization of the newly formed company. West

ward of the Nipissing section came the Lake Superior section, and here the work consisted chiefly of cutting and tunnelling through rocks of the hardest character, the line being carried through or around the bold and harsh promontories of the iron-bound shore. For a distance of sixty miles the tracks were laid upon a bench, or ledge, hewn out from the face of the cliffs towering to a height of many hundreds of feet above it, and deep rock cuttings, viaducts and tunnels occurred at frequent intervals. In this section the scenery is exceedingly grand and impressive, and Nature is seen in her wildest and sternest aspect. Here, as well as in the mountains, the company adopted the policy of manufacturing their explosives on the spot. The total sum spent on explosives alone in the entire construction of the railway amounted to over \$21,000,000, and from this figure some idea may be formed of the amount of blasting that was necessary. Around the shores of Lake Superior occurs the most costly work per mile of the whole line, some particular miles having cost from \$600,000 to \$700,000 per mile. Here, however, the difficulties of the transportation problem were to some extent reduced by the possibility of obtaining direct access to the works by water during the season of navigation. From the close of navigation, however, all means of approach were cut off except from the eastward over the portion of the line already constructed. It can easily be realized, therefore, that the building of the 651 miles across the wilderness between Callender and Port Arthur was of itself a very costly and arduous enterprise. Westward from Winnipeg lay the prairie section, and along the 875 miles between the Red River and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, the work of construction was comparatively easy, and it was possible to make very rapid progress. Supplies and materials could be hauled by teams in advance of the rails, the gradients

were never heavy, and few difficulties presented themselves to the engineers. When the mountains were reached, the resources of the company were once again taxed to their fullest extent. "Tote" roads had in the first place to be built at great expense; rivers had to be diverted, lakes drained, mountains tunnelled, chasms bridged, protection provided against snowslides, and the material required for all these operations anticipated for months in advance. Engineering problems presented themselves on every side, and the construction of the mountain section was from beginning to end a mighty and continuous fight with the forces of Nature.

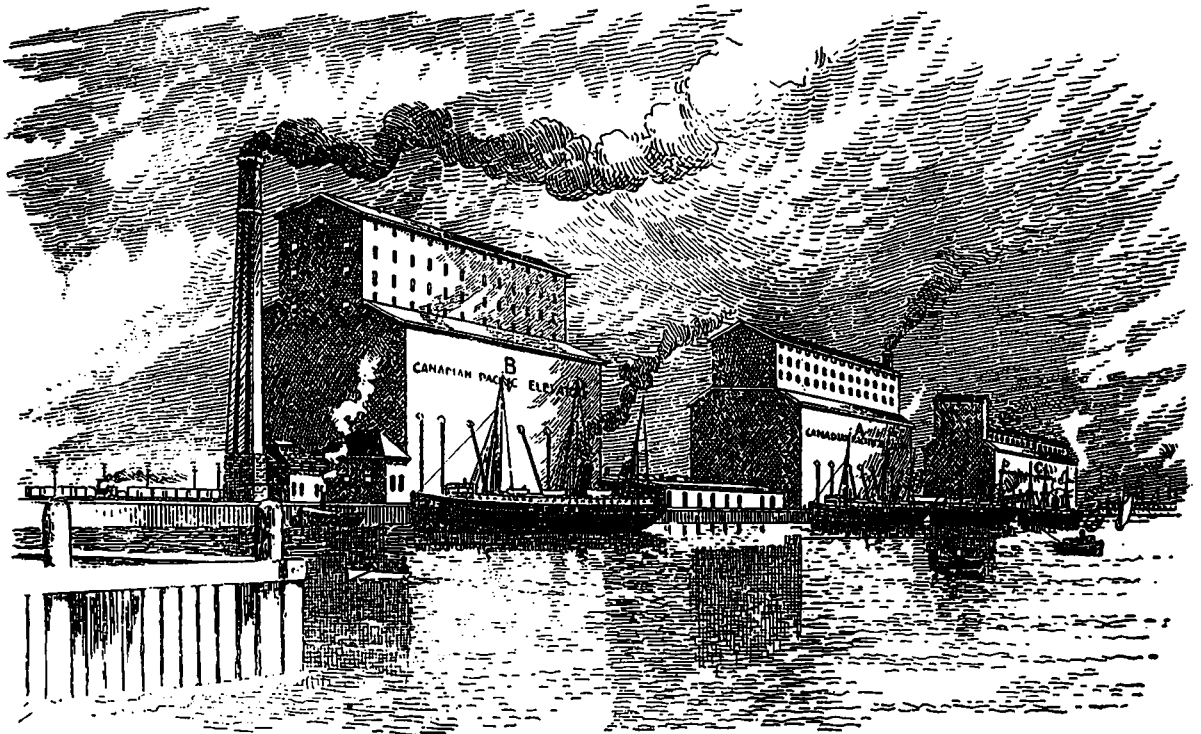
It has been stated that the charter of the company called for the completion of the railway by May 1st, 1891, and no time was lost by the directors in the commencement of operations. The original location of the line by Selkirk and thence to Prince Albert and Edmonton on the Upper Saskatchewan, and reaching the Pacific by the Yellow Head Pass and the Thompson River, was definitely abandoned in favour of a more southerly location by which the mountains would be crossed through the Kicking Horse Pass. The first sod was turned on February 15th, 1881, and the close of the year found the rails on the prairie section laid westward from Winnipeg 165 miles as far as Flat Creek, now known as Oak Lake and a thriving prairie market town. The engineers had located the road westward from Flat Creek to Moose Jaw, 398 miles from Winnipeg, and preliminary surveys between Moose Jaw and Calgary were being energetically pushed forward while bands of engineers were at work upon the surveys in the mountains. During the same year, 1881, the Canada Central Railway that connected Callender and Ottawa, with branches to Perth and Brockville, was acquired by the new Company, Ottawa thus becoming the eastern terminus of the line. When taken over by the company

the track was not actually completed as far westward as Callender, rails having been laid only to Mattawa, 200 miles from Ottawa. The gap was speedily filled up, and the company was able to haul the supplies for the construction of the Nipissing section westward from Ottawa over its own rails. 1882 was a busy year and witnessed an immense extension in the company's operations. On the prairie section, where the work was in the hands of the famous American firm of contractors, Langdon & Shepherd, over 400 miles of the track were graded and laid with rails, and by the end of the year trains were running for a distance of 605 miles from Winnipeg. In the east, the line from Ottawa to Callender was extended to North Bay on Lake Nipissing, North Bay becoming the location for the company's shops and roundhouse. On the Lake Superior section, work was pushed forward east from Port Arthur over a considerable distance. Rails were laid over the first twenty miles, while surveying parties were out in force along the shores of Lake Superior and thence eastward to North Bay. In all, an army of over 25,000 men was employed in the company's operations during the year, besides an immense number of others engaged in the construction of the different sections of the work that remained in the hands of the Government prior to their being turned over to the company. At this stage in its history, the company was enabled to extend its system eastward from Ottawa to Montreal by acquiring from the Government of the Province of Quebec the Ottawa and Occidental Railway, running between the two cities by way of the north shore of the Ottawa River, and Montreal became the eastern terminus and headquarters of the system.

On May 11th, 1893, the Government had completed the line between Winnipeg and Lake Superior and the 130 miles that comprised that section of the road were formally handed over to the company, and

placed in operation. This greatly assisted the work on the western divisions, giving a means of access for supplies *via* the lakes that made the company independent of lines passing through the United States. The year witnessed the completion of the prairie section, and on November 27th the rails reached within four miles of the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and the road was being operated to that point. The line had in the meantime been located through the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River over the Kicking Horse Pass. At this point

contract, offering, if a certain sum of money was advanced to them, to undertake to have the road completed in 1886, five years before the time originally specified. This proposal was accepted by the Government, and in the session of that year an Act was passed by which a loan of \$22,500,000, bearing interest at five per cent., and payable in May, 1891, was made to the company, security being taken for the same by a mortgage on their entire property. Of this sum, \$7,500,000 was paid to the company at once, and the remainder was to be paid



Some of the C.P.R. Grain Elevators at Fort William.

occurs the heaviest grade on the line, the descent from the summit of the Kicking Horse Pass to the valley of the Columbia being in some places four and a half per cent. In the east the rails had been laid from North Bay westward for a distance of eighty miles to Sudbury, and in the gap intervening between that point and Fort Arthur, the company had a force of over 7,000 men on hand to prosecute the work during the winter. At the beginning of the year 1885 the company approached the Government with a proposal for a revision of the terms of the original

over as the work proceeded. This arrangement necessitated the display of untiring energy in the construction of the work. During the year 1884 139 miles of track were completed west of Sudbury. The work on the north shore of Lake Superior, which was the most difficult and expensive of any yet undertaken, was being hurried on. Armies of men, with thousands of tons of dynamite, were breaking down the barriers of hard Laurentian and Huronian rocks, and rails were being laid in disconnected sections. In the Rocky Mountains, the track

was carried down the Kicking Horse Valley to Donald, on the Columbia River, and westward from the Columbia through the mighty chain of the Selkirks a passage was found for the railway after much difficulty and many disappointments through the valley of a little rivulet called the Illecillewaet. The honour of locating this pass belongs to the company's engineer, Major Rogers, and the pass bears his name at the present time. In British Columbia the line of railway constructed by the Government from Port Moody to Kamloops was turned over to the company, and contracts were let for the construction of the line eastward from Kamloops to meet the section that was to be constructed westward from the Columbia traversing the Selkirks. During the same year the company placed on service on Lake Superior the trio of famous Clyde-built steamers, the *Athabasca*, *Algoma* and *Alberta*; these steamers at the time being by far the finest and best-equipped vessels engaged in the trade on the Upper Lakes. During the winter of 1884-5 there was no cessation of operations. North of Lake Superior, in the Selkirks, and westward in the Gold Range, work was in active progress. Difficulties which at first had seemed insurmountable were melting away and the gaps steadily decreasing. It was found, however, that the company had incurred a much larger outlay by the acceptance of their proposition for a curtailing of the original time limit, and to meet their necessities the directors were again driven to approach the Government for assistance. The "inner" history of the anxieties and struggles of the directors at this stage of the undertaking would form a most interesting chapter. It is generally believed that Lord Mount-Stephen personally staked his entire fortune, and he was loyally supported by his associates in the company. Sir John A. Macdonald and his Government stood by them, and under an arrangement sanctioned by a special

Act of Parliament a temporary loan was made to the company, and they were empowered to issue first mortgage bonds to the amount of twenty five millions of dollars, bearing interest at the rate of five per cent., secured by a mortgage upon their entire property, while thereupon the Government cancelled thirty-five millions of capital stock previously held by them. The various financial transactions of this period by which the company were enabled to tide over the most anxious crisis in their fortunes could hardly be comprehensible to readers of UPS AND DOWNS, who are not generally familiar with the technicalities of the stock market; but suffice it to say that the crisis was successfully passed and the company was able to proceed without interruption in the task of the construction of the line.

1885 witnessed the culmination of the company's efforts. Early in the spring of that year the utility of the railway from a political and strategic point of view was demonstrated. The large bodies of troops destined to suppress the North-West rebellion were conveyed as far as possible over the completed sections of the line, and were landed at the seat of war in good order and within a very short space of time, despite the inhospitable refusal of the American Government to permit the transport of the forces through United States territory. On May 19th the rails from the east were connected with those from Port Arthur at a point 714 miles west of Montreal, thus giving a continuous line of railway from Montreal to the Selkirks. A little later in the year the section of the line from Port Moody to Kamloops was opened for traffic, and on November 7th of the same year connection was made between the construction parties working in the mountains from east and west respectively, at Cragellachie, 2,532 miles from Montreal, and here on a wet and dreary morning the ceremony of driving the last spike was performed by the vice

president of the company, Sir Donald Smith. The company thus accomplished its task within a period of four years and nine months, or less than half the time stipulated for in the original agreement.

The year 1885, in addition to the completion of the transcontinental line, witnessed a further development of the company's operations in their acquisition of the North Shore Railway between Montreal and Quebec, a line of 171 miles. To enable them by this means to obtain access to the harbour of Quebec, a subsidy of \$1,500,000 was obtained from the Government, of which \$525,000 was applied to the purchase of the North Shore road. By the end of the year the total mileage owned and operated by the company in Quebec, Ontario and the North-West was 4,315 miles.

In 1886 a complete service of trains was established on the main line between Montreal and the Pacific coast, and it having been decided to make Vancouver the terminus of the line instead of Port Moody, the necessary extension of thirteen miles was constructed. On the Ontario and Quebec section, the line that had been constructed by the company from Perth to Toronto, 200 miles, was opened for traffic, giving a connection with the main line for Ontario business at Carleton Junction, 148 miles westward from Montreal, and enabling the company to establish a train service between Montreal and Toronto and to compete with the Grand Trunk for the large and profitable trade between the two cities. To the west of Toronto the company had already acquired the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, giving them access to Owen Sound, which then became the terminus of the service of boats plying to and from Port Arthur, as well as the Credit Valley Railway running from Toronto to St. Thomas 121 miles through the richest districts of Ontario and connecting at St. Thomas with the Michigan Central Railway for Detroit and Chicago. These lines enabled the

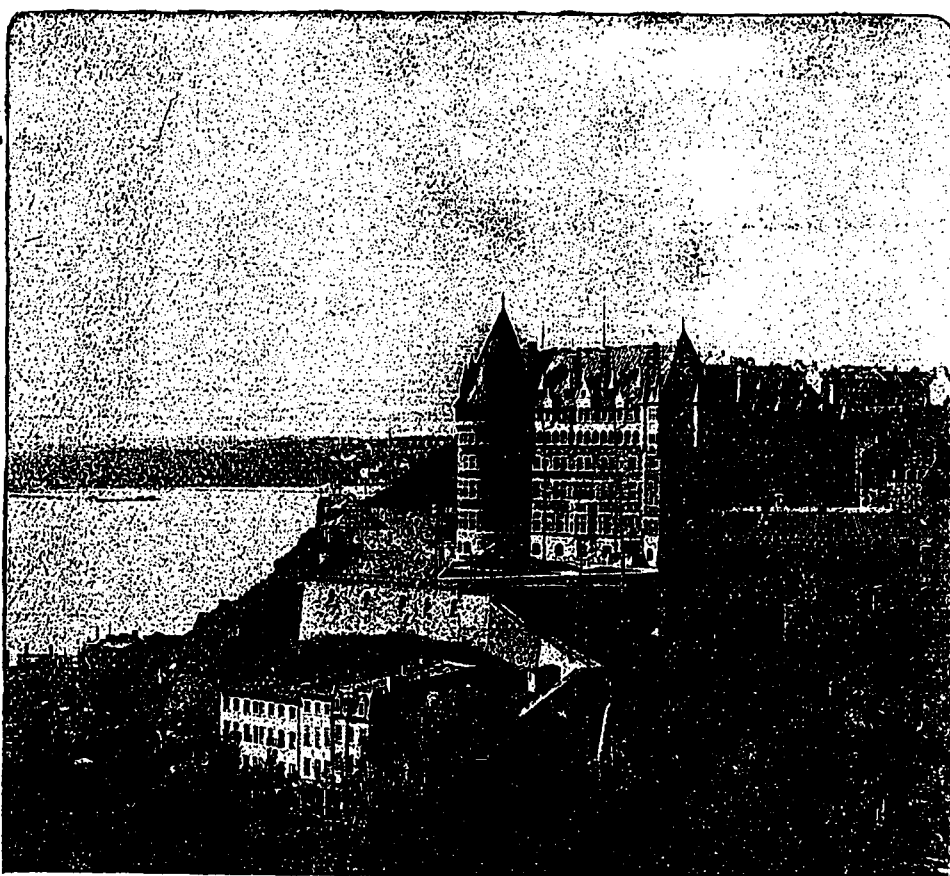
company to transport entirely over their own rails the bulk of the traffic between Ontario and the North-West, to obtain a profitable share of local business in Ontario, and to develop the lake trade as an alternative to the "all-rail" route for passengers and freights. The subsequent construction of a new line from Woodstock to Windsor, passing through London and Chatham, gave the company access to Detroit and to the important lines of American railway of which it is the terminus independently of the Michigan Central, while the building of the short line from Smith's Falls to Montreal, and the line along the valley of the Don on the outskirts of Toronto, reduced the mileage between Toronto and Montreal to 339, only six miles longer than that of the Grand Trunk; and from Montreal to Windsor, opposite Detroit, to 566, as against 558 by the Grand Trunk. It is needless to say that the rivalry between the two systems is exceedingly animated and not by any means friendly, and a rate war, after long threatenings, broke out last year and resulted during many months in a wholesale cutting of rates that greatly benefitted the travelling public, and, owing to the immense increase in the volume of business, it is believed without injuring the rival companies.

Before the completion of the transcontinental line, preliminary surveys had been taken for a direct line to connect Montreal with the New Brunswick system of railways and by this means to enable the company to reach numerous important points in the Eastern Townships of Quebec and the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with the seaports of St. John and Halifax. Work on this section was placed under construction during the year 1887 and was completed and opened for traffic in 1889. The Company had thus the means of conveying the grain and other produce of the North-West to the seaboard over their own rails after, as well as during, the season of St.

Lawrence navigation, and was able to undertake the transportation of goods from the Atlantic to the Pacific at all seasons of the year. At the same time, by the acquirement of one or two small railway undertakings, they had succeeded in forming connections with the railway systems of New England, thus obtaining direct access to the city of Boston. The construction of the "short line" to the Atlantic seaboard necessitated the crossing of the St. Lawrence. This was effected by the erection of a steel cantilever

reduction in cost of railway construction; and also, it is to be feared, the extent to which the managers of the Grand Trunk Railway are handicapped by the overcapitalization of the line.

The undertaking had thus developed into something far beyond the single band of steel crossing the continent from coast to coast that had been at first contemplated, and it was already not only reaching out its arms for the trade of Canada, but was becoming a formidable competitor to the American railway



C.P.R. Hotel, Chateau Frontenac.

bridge crossing the river at the head of the Lachine Rapids. The cost of the Lachine Bridge, which was begun in 1886 and completed in 1887, was under a million dollars. The cost of the Victoria Bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway, built thirty years previously, to serve exactly the same purpose, was \$6,300,000, without reckoning the interest on the capital locked up during the six years of construction; the difference affording a striking illustration of the

systems. Its activities were not by any means confined to inland transportation. The directors had resolved to secure some portion of the Trans-Pacific trade, and within five years of the opening of the trans-continental line, a fleet of magnificent steamers in connection with the railroad had been placed in service on the Pacific. By means of these steamers a fortnightly service is now maintained between Vancouver and the Asiatic ports of Yokohama,

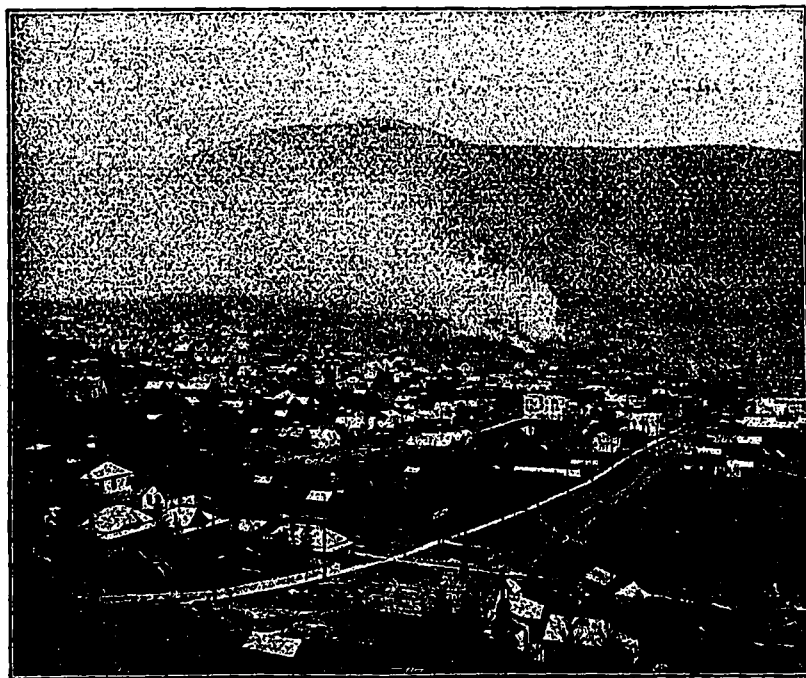
Hong Kong and Shanghai. The steamers engaged are the three famous "Empresses," the *Empress of India*, *Empress of Japan* and *Empress of China*. These boats, which were constructed at Barrow-in-Furness by the Naval Construction and Armaments Company, are equal in fittings and accommodation to any passenger steamers in the world, and are excelled in speed by only a few of the fastest of the transatlantic greyhounds. The *Empress of India*, the first to be placed in service, left Liverpool for Vancouver *via* the Suez Canal and Hong Kong on February 8th, 1891; the *Empress of Japan* on April 11th, and the *Empress of China* on July 15th. They are alike in dimensions, 485 feet in length, 51 feet in beam and 36 feet in depth, with a gross displacement of 5,920 tons, propelled by twin screws, with two sets of triple expansion engines, developing 10,000 indicated horse-power. Each ship has accommodation for 180 first, 32 second, and 600 steerage passengers, and is capable of carrying 3,250 tons of cargo. The *Empress of India* made $19\frac{3}{4}$ knots on the measured mile, and the sister ship, the *Empress of Japan*, made an average speed of 17.85 knots on a 400-mile trial, with a coal consumption of about 170 tons per day. The cabins and staterooms are luxuriously furnished and no expense has been spared in providing for the safety and comfort of the passengers. The ships are said to have cost a million dollars each. The service has, in fact, inaugurated a new era in Eastern travel. The record of one trip only will illustrate the change from the old to the new order of things. On the second trip of the *Empress of India*, she left Yokohama on August 19th and arrived at Vancouver on the 29th, making the passage in 9 days, 19 hours and 39 minutes. A special train left Vancouver at 1.08 a.m., and it was determined, if possible, to catch the outgoing mail boat leaving New York on Wednesday, September 2nd, at 5 p.m. The train arrived at

Brockville on Tuesday, the 1st, at 6.03 p.m., having covered the distance of 2,802 miles in 76 hours and 55 minutes, allowing three hours for difference in time. The transfer across the St. Lawrence required 38 minutes, and the New York Central train, which ran from Morristown opposite Brockville to New York (360 miles) in 7 hours and 2 minutes, arrived there at 4.44 a.m. At 5.10 a.m. the mails were on board the *City of New York*, and landed in Queens-town at 2 p.m. on the 8th, in 5 days, 22 hours and 55 minutes from New York. The mails were delivered in London on Wednesday morning the 9th, in 20 days, 9 hours from Yokohama, allowing for difference in time. The official time *via* the Suez Canal is 45 days. From the British point of view, the missing link in this Oriental service is that between Liverpool and Quebec in summer, and Halifax in winter. At present the steamers employed by the Canadian trade are immensely inferior in speed to those trading to New York; but if the Canadian fast mail service ever becomes a practical accomplishment, it may be expected that the mails will be landed in Quebec within six days, on the Pacific coast within ten days, and will reach Japan within three weeks of leaving London. The company receives a liberal subsidy for this Pacific service; three-fourths of the amount being paid by the British Government, and one-fourth by the Canadian Government. In the matter of distance, the route between England and the Orient *via* the C.P.R. compares favourably with those *via* the Suez Canal or the United States and San Francisco. The distance between Liverpool and Hong Kong *via* New York, Chicago and San Francisco is 12,095 statute miles, while between the same points *via* Quebec and Vancouver it is 11,121 miles. The distance *via* the Suez Canal is 12,484 miles.

The value and importance of the Canadian Pacific system as a means for rapidly and easily transporting troops and munitions of war, was

not long in being recognized by the Imperial authorities, and it has already been employed for the transportation of men-of-war crews passing to and from the Pacific stations. The route has been very popular with the "blue jackets," and there seems every reason to anticipate that the company will be regularly employed in the trooping service in both the military and naval branches. The use of the new route has made it possible to reinforce a Pacific squadron from Great Britain in fourteen or fifteen days and a Chinese squadron in about twenty-five days, an immense saving upon

all and every respect. This applies equally to the accommodation for all classes of passengers. The C.P.R. first-class "sleeper" is a model of structure and design, as well as in the comfort and luxury of its appointments. The dining cars, that form one of the most attractive features of the transcontinental line, fully deserve the title of "palatial" applied to them in the company's publications. The ordinary first-class day coaches in their upholstery, ventilating appliances, lavatory and other accommodations are unsurpassed; and the comfort of passengers of the emigrant or colonist class



Nelson, British Columbia.

the time hitherto required, and with the advantage of avoiding the tropics and making the overland journey entirely through British territory.

In the rolling stock and general equipment of the great railway system, the company has justly earned the distinction of outstepping all its competitors and standing unrivalled by any other railway corporation in the world. The fertile and ambitious genius of its general manager and his assistants has availed itself of every modern appliance and improvement, and the rolling stock of the Canadian Pacific is up-to-date in

has been provided for in the famous tourist sleepers, in the use of which the C.P.R. is among the pioneers. These cars are very strongly constructed, and are higher, wider and heavier than those in general use; this substantial structure overcoming the swinging motion which invariably occurs to a lighter car when run above a moderate rate of speed. They are fitted with a cooking range, and consist of fourteen sections, each section comprising an upper and lower berth of the full width. The passengers in these cars, by payment of a small sum in

addition to the cost of the railway ticket, can secure the reservation of a berth fully equipped with curtains, mattresses and clean linen. The cars are comfortably carpeted and well lighted, and each car is in charge of a special attendant whose services are at the disposal of the passengers. One does not usually associate the idea of artistic beauty with a railway train, but the "Imperial Limited," the latest title given to the transcontinental train, as it stands at the platform of the Windsor Street station in Montreal, in full equipment and readiness for its four days' journey to the Pacific, is a sight well worth seeing; while it undoubtedly represents the high-water mark of railway passenger equipment, and must be regarded as a triumph of mechanical genius and enterprise.

The system of admirably conducted hotels at various points on the line has done much to popularize the route and to attract tourist travel from the Old World and from the United States. The Chateau Frontenac at Quebec has the advantage of what is probably the finest hotel site in the world. The Place Viger in Montreal has little to commend it in its site, but is a magnificent structure, and has all the appointments of a first-class modern hotel. In the mountains the company has built hotels at Banff, Glacier House, North Bend and Revelstoke, all of which, especially the first named, are liberally patronized by the travelling public. At Vancouver, the Vancouver Hotel has become the headquarters for travellers who either on business or pleasure have occasion to share the hospitality of the terminal city, and for voyagers to and from the East it has been appreciated as a most agreeable halting place. In all their catering arrangements, either in hotel, buffet or dining cars, the company seem to have struck a happy combination of English comfort and substantial fare with American profusion. The soul of the Englishman, that is, a vexed with

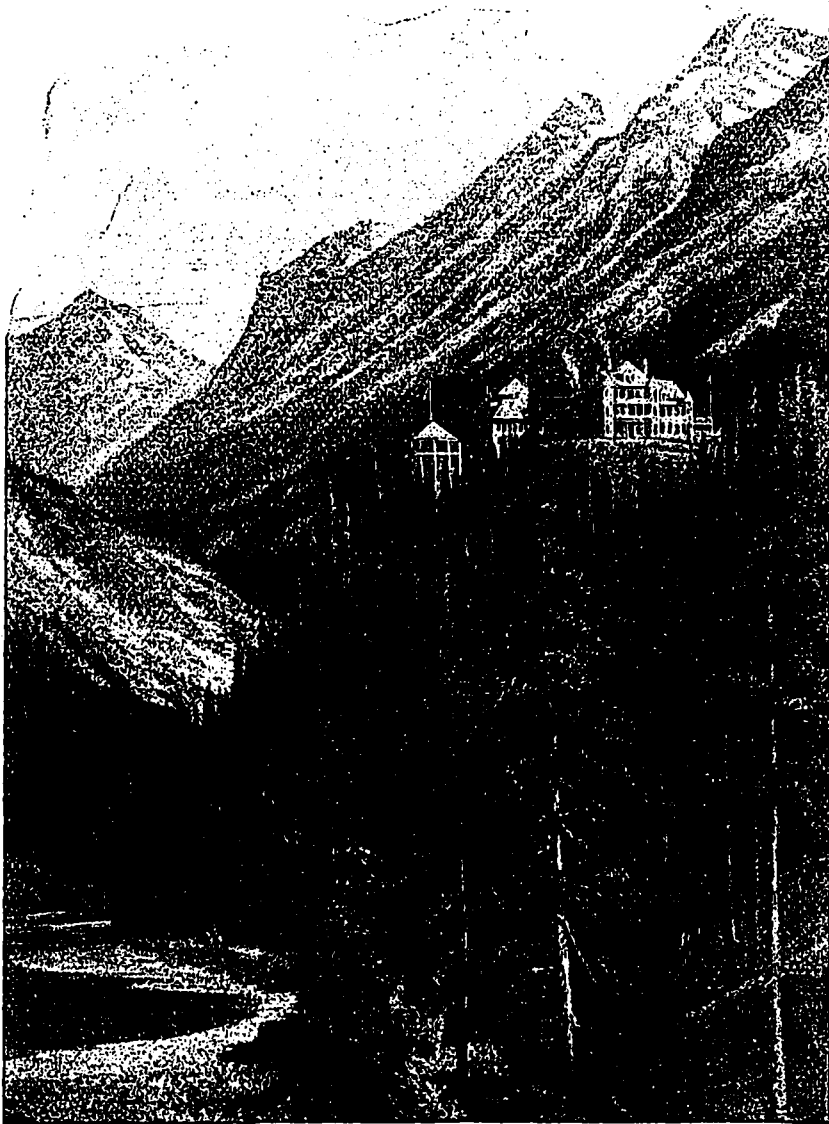
finding himself lost in a dreary maze of small dishes, each containing an uninviting morsel of food indifferently cooked, generally more than half cold, and always indigestible. He can enjoy a steak, or a chop, or a cut of roast beef, or a delicious slice of fish, cooked and served as he would find it in the best restaurant in London; while, on the other hand, the American never has cause to complain, as Americans often do in England, that they are expected to subsist on bread, beef and beer. The company "do" their passengers well, and the traveller by the C.P.R. can, as a rule, feel satisfied that the wants of his inner man will be well provided for.

It is possible to make only the briefest mention of one or two of the latest developments of the company's activities. By the control of the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie system, they are able to compete successfully for the business between New England points and the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and for the large Pacific coast traffic that originates from these points. The "Soo" branch leaves the main line at Sudbury in Northern Ontario 443 miles west of Montreal, and, after passing through the Algoma District, crosses the rapids and canals of Sault Ste. Marie by a magnificent iron bridge, and runs westward to St. Paul and Minneapolis through Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Eastern Minnesota. The distance from Boston to St. Paul by the "Soo" route is 1,461 miles as against 1,450 by Buffalo and Chicago. Westward from the twin cities, the "Soo Pacific" line continues in a north-westerly direction through Minnesota and North Dakota, again crossing the international boundary at Portal and rejoining the main line of the C.P.R. at Pasqua, a short distance east of Moose Jaw. The distance from Montreal to Vancouver *via* Sudbury, the Soo, St. Paul and Portal, is 2,918 miles, and *via* the all-Canadian route, 2,900. By the construc-

tion of a branch through the Crow's Nest Pass, which it is expected will be opened for traffic during the present year, the company, besides acquiring an alternative route through the mountains and gaining access to the vastly rich mining district of the Kootenay, will ultimately be enabled to shorten considerably these distances. The

company, in 1897, has undertaken to contribute a subsidy of \$11,000 a mile, taking over from the company 50,000 acres of coal land that it had previously received as a subsidy from the Government of British Columbia, and making various stipulations in regard to rates that will protect the public from exorbitant charges.

The latest event of importance in



C.P.R. Hotel at Banff.

Crow's Nest Branch is a line running from Lethbridge, an important centre of the Fort McLeod ranching country 2,185 miles west of Montreal, to Nelson, B.C., a distance of 330 miles. Toward the building of this line the Dominion Government, under the agreement with the company that was announced in June

the company's history, and that several important changes in the personnel of the general officers. Sir William Van Horne has retired from the presidency in favour of Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy, although retaining his position as chairman of the board of directors. Mr. D. McNeill who has been for several years

past at the head of the passenger department, become assistant general manager, and several minor changes are announced in the official staff. As the result of these changes, the late president will be relieved of the active duties of management, although retaining a prominent voice in the general direction of the company's affairs, while in the advancement of Mr. Shaughnessy and Mr. McNicoll two very strong and successful men have been called to the front.

The foregoing is necessarily only a rapid and imperfect sketch of what may be truly described as one of the most remarkable and interesting enterprises of modern times. It has been a mighty undertaking, conceived and carried out in a spirit worthy of the best traditions of the British race. It is an asset of incalculable value to the Empire. It has given an impetus to the development of the Dominion that Canadians themselves are scarcely beginning to realize. It has demonstrated the possibilities of Canadian enterprise, and has brought the Dominion into intimate trade relations with countries where her name was scarcely known, has strengthened the bonds

between the daughter and the Mother Country, and given the world an example of what can be accomplished by vigorous, wisely directed effort.

There is, in the abstract, nothing very soul-inspiring about a line of railway. Its mission is, after all, to earn interest on capital. The ultimate object of all who are working for its success is to pour money into the pockets of a handful of shareholders; but, nevertheless, one cannot but feel enthusiastic admiration for the fortitude, skill, tenacity of purpose, and fertility of resource that have marked every stage in the development of the great "Imperial Highway" and its numerous subsidiary enterprises. The Canadian Pacific must always play an important part in the affairs and history of Canada. We see no reason to fear that its interests will be in antagonism to the general welfare of the country, and we prophesy a prosperous and successful career for the great corporation, in which its fortunes will advance with, and contribute to, the development and progress of the Dominion.

ALFRED B. OWEN.



The Rambles of Dick Whittington

BRANT and Oxford Counties of the Province of Ontario contain about 150 Barnardo boys, in various stages of progression, from the youngster who does the chores to the master farmer who with his own team works his own farm. Between these two extremes there are several degrees of proficiency and many types of character. To the discriminative eye there are also diversified conditions of environment in which our boys, old and young, "live and move and have their being." With the double object of making the annual tour of inspection and thus securing the material, from personal observation, for an article on this phase of Doctor Barnardo's work, Mr. Owen shrewdly suggested that I should undertake the visiting in these two counties, and record as impartially as possible my experience and impressions. I say "shrewdly," because in doing so not only are the functions of visitor and journalist combined and fulfilled at one expense, but as I had to do this in my holidays, I chose to make the excursion on my wheel, and the cost per day of a horse and buggy was thus saved.

An average of fifty miles a day on a bicycle, in a hot sun, and over rough roads where level tracts are the exception, would be, if not impracticable, certainly intolerably laborious to one unnerved to the task by the idea that it is done for pleasure; and even under this temporary delusion there were moments when I regretted the adoption of a wheel as the mode of locomotion. But having put my hand to the plough (as I had cause to think I had when my wheel left a furrow in the deep sand that was frequently encountered), self-conceit would neither let me turn back or discard the bicycle for the luxurious comfort of a tireless, unpuncturable horse,

that would not slip into ruts or jar the inner man of one by striking boulders in the dark. "A horse! a horse! my bicycle for a horse!" was all very well as a rhetorical vent to one's feelings in a difficulty; but two dollars a day out of one's own pocket has a tendency to induce second thoughts and screw up one's courage to the sticking-point. For I had agreed to do it on a wheel, and a bargain's a bargain.

Leaving Toronto by the 7.35 express on the morning of June 12th, two hours later I was awheel in Paris, the flower-garden of Ontario, and on the road to the farm of Mr. Christopher Barker, the first place of call. Mr. Barker has what may be described as a model farm, under admirable cultivation, with a commodious brick-built residence and large outbuildings. He is a Justice of the Peace, and exercises other official functions, and besides being a thoroughly practical farmer possessed of distinguishing characteristics, takes a cordial interest in the affairs of Dr. Barnardo's Homes and their graduates. Here I found Herbert Williamson, a youth of twenty, in good health and looking the personification of contentment. He has a good home in a good family, and for a master he has one who is strict, who insists on having things done properly, who will stand no nonsense or laziness, but who is just and considerate and appreciative of fidelity. In answer to an enquiry as to whether Herbert was a good boy, he gave a reply which is characteristic of himself: "If he wasn't I wouldn't keep him, I will have no discontented, incompetent hands around me." Herbert is prospering and saving money, and although not as big as he ought to be at his age, is not so full of mischief that he has not room for the good qualities associated with his name by the neighbour. Asked about his brother

Charles, he said that he had last heard of him as an agent for the Excelsior Life Assurance Company in Brantford, and a member of a brass band in the same place. Whereupon Mr. Barker remarked that Charley was too fond of music, and that if he were less changeable and more persevering it would be better for him.

From here I went across country to the farm whereon Albert Williams has spent one of the past six years which he has worked for Mr. Atkins, apparently to little purpose, so far as a practical knowledge of farming is concerned. He is a quiet, good-natured lad, diffident and lacking in self-confidence, but by no means destitute of intelligence—a lad who requires some encouragement and more pushing, but who, if left to himself, might lapse into sloth and stolidity. He is blunt rather than sharp, yet of a plodding, persevering nature that could be turned to good account under judicious tutelage. This he seems not to have had, but has been left to go his own way at his own gait, with the result that he has not yet been taught to plough, or allowed to handle a team, being kept at chore-work and odd jobs. Although he has been for some time master of his own destiny, he has remained where I found him, accepting low wages and making little or no progress. Happily, however, he has been induced to engage with Mr. Horace Huson, of Paris, until April 1st, at the rate of \$50 per annum, with an increase after that date if he stays. On the way I met Mr. Huson, who has had other Barnardo boys, and who enquired for Joseph Webb, who left him to go to Toronto to be treated for an affection of the eye. Joe, he says, would be welcomed back to the neighbourhood, and may always find a home with him. He also said that he has known Williams for years, and knows what he can do and what he is capable of under training, and although the lad protested that he was slow, did not know much about farming, and therefore might

not suit him, he had no hesitation in taking him on. As Mrs. Atkins, Albert's mistress, was away from home when I called, I had to return for the settlement of other matters, when I again met Mr. Huson, who had come to take Albert to his new situation, where, if I am any judge of physiognomy, he will be stirred into activity and taught a thing or two.

Taking a short cut to the farm of Mr. William D. Barker, in quest of William Burnett, I found that John C. Barnes had left Mr. Folsetter and come to work again for Mr. Barker, with whom he has been six years in all. Approaching the house by the back way across an orchard, I made another discovery that was rather disconcerting. Clearing a five-barred gate at a bound, an officious collie came at me with a ferocity and determination that augured ill for my calves. I am not afraid of dogs—or, rather, I was not until that occasion—so, nothing daunted, I advanced boldly to meet him. If we are to believe dentists' advertisements, a sound, white set of teeth is a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," but this, like many another proposition, depends upon the attendant circumstances, and the circumstances in this case were not conducive to admiration. There was blood in his eye and danger in his proximity. The attitude I assumed, I must confess, was not consistent with my habitual sympathy with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was an open question whether he would bite me before I could kick him. Pausing a moment to contemplate with awe the size of my boot, he changed his tactics and tried to outflank me. Opposition seemed to infuriate him, and evidently he had made up his mind that I was a very dangerous person in the community, to be devoured at all hazards. Then ensued a lively ten minutes of dodging and narrow escapes on both sides that became momentarily more frequent, I gradually getting nearer the house and he rapidly closing in on me. I

looked him in the eye and tried to hypnotize him, making enough passes to put an elephant into a profound trance, and commanded him to SLEEP! SLEEP! sleep! all of which he construed as so many ineffectual attempts to obliterate him from the face of the earth. To be so near an apple tree and not have time to climb it! "Oh, that night or Blucher would come!" Failing these, oh, for a bludgeon and a place to sit on, with a stone wall at my back! By degrees we reached the pump. A dozen strides and I could be in a city of refuge—the back kitchen, and the door wide open! But his reputation would have been blasted if I ever got into the house, and he knew it. Oh, it was hot, and how I did perspire! If I advanced to the attack, he was behind me in a second. Would nobody come? A moment later, when, reckless with desperation and blind to the odds that were decidedly against me, I charged and made a wild dash for the door, a feminine voice with a few curt phrases transmogrified that demon dog into a canine saint, and I was saved—rescued by a fair lady! So much have times changed, that the young hero no longer rescues the lovely princess from the claws of the dragon, but the damo sel now snatches the lonely wayfarer from the jaws of death—or thereabouts. Of William C. Burnett I did not hear a very good account. He is tired of farming, and wants to go to Paris to be a butcher, under the erroneous notion that he will never learn or be anything on a farm. He is undoubtedly a clever lad, ambitious, impatient of restraint, and with abilities that mark him off from mediocrity. He told me that he would like to have a good education and be somebody—a laudable desire when accompanied by the perseverance and determination to succeed, but a thorn in the flesh in his case. He is said to be lively and full of boyish sport and fun, and does not seem to be able to keep his mind on his work. I should not consider him a bad boy, he certainly is no dullard—a fool

What he really does want is, not to be a butcher, for he would soon tire of that, but somebody who can understand him and make allowance for his erratic ways. He seems to possess possibilities which make one anxious lest in thwarting them they may be perverted. We had a quiet talk together, and he promised me, with tears in his eyes, to try to apply himself to farming and do better. He would like his mother's address.

John C. Barnes is of the reverse nature—steady, attentive to his work, level-headed and practical. He is well thought of by Mr. Barker and his mother, and there were no complaints whatever of him. He is in good health, but he has a juvenile appearance for his age. He gets \$120 per year, and does not squander his money. He has been awarded a silver medal for faithful service, and has promised a photograph for some future issue of UPS AND DOWNS. Both these boys have a good home, with a kind, straightforward master, while Mrs. Barker is like a mother to them. Both are well off, and the pity of it is that the younger does not seem to realize it.

Peter Beechey, with Mr. Chas. E. Newstead, was the subject of the next interview. He will be fourteen next August, and as he is said to be growing rapidly he will probably be a stalwart young fellow in five years. I found him healthy, happy and perfectly contented in his rural home, and heard no complaint from or of him. His conduct and behaviour were beyond reproach, and in doing the chores and making himself generally useful he shows an aptitude for his work that is indicative of progress since he came to his present home in February last. He attends the Baptist Church with his master and mistress, and has promised to go to the Sabbath school also. Mr. Newstead wishes his brother could get a boy as good as Pete.

William C. Burnett would have left Mr. Thomas Fiddle in January, then go to the Rev. at Pettigrew. Vance Scott, and

Grey County. Mr. Keble's account of him was to the effect that he was a good hand and a hard worker, and until he became an enthusiastic hockey player there was little occasion for fault finding. This seems to have taken him into the company of young fellows who do not keep good hours. He was frequently out late at nights, and when he got a bicycle early hours were the exception. This led to the remonstrance of his master and mistress, at which he grew bumptious, subsequently asserting his independence by leaving what was undoubtedly a good situation and an employer whom he should have been sorry to forsake.

The bicycle seems to be a bone of contention between many farmers and their hired men, for the reason that frequent visits to surrounding villages result in late hours and a disinclination for early rising and a fair day's work on the following day. The bicycle has come into such general use among the farm hands and the sons and daughters of farmers in Western Ontario, that it was not a matter for surprise when I was occasionally told that a boy was constantly pleading for an advance of wages to procure one. On being appealed to, I strongly persuaded the lad to put or keep his money in the bank at interest, for reasons set forth in the argument; but I fear that in several cases what I said went in at one ear and out of the other. Bicycles, watches and musical instruments are three barriers to thrift, which many of our lads have not the resolution to surmount. They should remember that self-denial and self-control are essential to success.

Henry Goodman I found at work in the field with his employer, Mr. Myron B. Ames. He is a well-mannered, industrious youth, whose experience in farm work in Wales will be turned to good account in Canada. He seemed to be labouring under some misapprehensions with regard to his relations with the Home. I expressed himself fully satisfied with the explanation given

He has a good opinion of himself, and rates his abilities at a value which he will hardly realize for several years. If he will be patient and serve his term honourably, he will not regret it, for he has a good home, with kind, considerate people, and the knowledge he will gain of the different agricultural methods in vogue in Canada will more than compensate for what he may deem the loss of wages which is his due. Mr. Ames, who kindly invited me to tea, is well pleased with him, and says he is much obliged to Mr. Owen for sending him such a capable young fellow.

Thoroughly tired with my day's work, I repaired to the Milton Hotel at Paris, there to be engulfed in the abyss of that obsolete synonym for comfort—a feather bed. The night was extremely sultry, and the bed was exceedingly thick—deep, I should say. There was, however, no charge made for the Turkish bath which the profuse perspiration in which I found myself in the morning would warrant the belief that I had taken during the watches of the night. The walls of the bedroom were decorated with scripture texts—a striking contrast to the sporting scenes that were intended as an embellishment to the room I occupied in an hotel in Brantford, and the theology of a psalm, barely visible from the deep chasm of the bed, proved that I was in the house of a good, old-time Presbyterian, to whom the doctrine of predestination was still a fact. The proprietress was a kind, homely body, with a warm, hospitable heart, that doubtless cherished a hope that all she knew were of the elect. If they were not, it would not be her fault.

The following day I had occasion to drop into the *Review* office to look up an address on the Voters' List, and was at once recognized by the editor and proprietor, Mr. Lawton, at one time city editor of *The Toronto World* with whom I dined. Mr. Lawton very kindly initiated me into the mystic of concessions, side-lights, townships, and the "lay of the

land" generally, and went to great pains in helping me to arrange routes in the Township of South Dumfries. He is on our exchange list, and had a good word for UPS AND DOWNS and the cause with which it is associated. The house in which he lives is large and of quaint architecture, built of stone with the walls stuccoed on the outside and inlaid with cobblestones—a not unpleasing peculiarity of a few houses in that neighbourhood.

In Paris I saw the most beautifully laid out private flower garden I remember ever having beheld. Indeed, it would be hard to find a house in that picturesque town without some pretensions to floriculture. Pæonies, flowering shrubs, and a profusion of old-fashioned perennials, plenteously enlivened by the more vivid colours of various annuals, were everywhere abloom. Stately mansions, graceful villas, pretty cottages and homely dwellings, with well-kept grounds, together with the hilly nature of the town site, and the broad, winding river, combine to make Paris one of the prettiest towns in Canada. A native will tell you that it is without an equal for beauty, natural and artificial, in the Dominion, and I am not inclined to dispute the claim. This as a passing glance of admiration *en route*.

From Mr. Robert Easton I learned that William Ellis had left him a year ago and gone to Manitoba, and was last heard of as engaged in blacksmithing. He was a good worker, rather high-tempered, but otherwise satisfactory in every respect.

William Quilley, one of our "old boys," is married, has one child nine years of age, and lives in a nice little cottage, having a flower and kitchen garden, rather more than a mile out of town. He works for Mr. Carney, mason, of Paris, and was at business when I called. Mrs. Quilley, a genial person, said that employment during the past winter had been casual and precarious; that her husband was suffering from a cold, but that he was generally in fair health with the exception of

occasional results of a sunstroke, which some twelve years ago had obliged him to give up farming. He is a regular attendant of the Salvation Army.

James Tofts, formerly with Mr. William McGee, near Paris, has gone straight back from the Promised Land to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and doubtless is now wrestling with the problem how to make bricks without straw. He left behind him an empty trunk and the unpaid balance of a small bill for clothing. As he has taken his conscience with him, it is to be hoped that it will give him no rest until he returns and retrieves the reputation and respect he previously enjoyed in the neighbourhood. No wrong is too small to be worth the righting.

Henry J. Williamson, a brother to Herbert Williamson with Mr. Christopher Barker, has a good home with Mr. Wm. Sewell, a sturdy Westmoreland farmer, who owns a 100-acre farm on a breezy hill a few miles from Paris. While he has outgrown the clothes he brought with him three years ago, he is still somewhat of a bantam, possessing the vivaciousness and self-importance of that consequential rooster. *Multum in parvo* (this is really a compliment, Harry) describes him to a nicety. His master says that although a little bit saucy at times, "he's the brightest lad of the whole caboose." He was driving a roller, and of course did not see me until he had "shown off" a bit, and when he did see me it was evident that the presence of a stranger does not inspire him with awe. He is sharp, quick-witted, and has sense enough to know when he is well off. "It's just like a home to me," he said. "I get lots of recreation and all I want to eat and plenty of clothes." He attends the Presbyterian church and Sabbath school, and seems to be a favourite among his acquaintance.

Francis W. L. is a carpenter and recent recruit to the teaming line, one of the best occupations in which a young man can engage. After

leaving Mr. Harding he worked a year for Mr. Howell, near the Paris cemetery, and then secured a job in the woollen mill at Paris, where he is now employed. Mr. Harding gave him a good character, and says that he is steady. Francis is almost one of his family, and visited him three weeks before I called, when he was doing well.

From Mr. Harding's to Glenmorris meant a long run over a road that was little better than a succession of steep hills and declivities, in many instances dangerous for the wheel. Some descents that I tried did more to impress me with the value of life insurance than all the advertisements I ever read. An agent for some accident insurance company, stationed half-way down several of them, could have made a verbal contract with me on his own terms. The pace once attained when it is safer to keep one's saddle than jump, there was nothing for it but to keep a firm grip of the handles, a keen eye for loose stones, and while opposing one's weight to the momentum, wish to change places with the pessimist who asked, "Is life worth living?" Towards evening, I had rounded the brow of a hill that sloped like the roof of a house, when a mosquito alighted upon my nose and began to bore for an artesian well. I shook my head, but it was too busy to heed the interruption. I daren't loose the handles, and it seemed to know it, and so took a mean advantage of my plight. By shutting one eye I could see it; the stern, accusing glance that came from that eye ought to have brought the blush of shame to its features. On that instant the front wheel struck a big stone, both feet were jolted off the pedals, and the bicycle shot downward with a velocity that carried me down the hill, over a little wooden bridge that spanned a creek and half way up another hill that had recently been repaired with a foot of gravel, in avoiding which the wheel slipped into a deep rut, which precipitated me, the mosquito and the bicycle into a ditch. There

are occasions when one feels that the English language is lamentably deficient in interjections, yet there are also occasions when extemporaneous additions are made to that branch of our vocabulary; but nobody seems to preserve them.

Finding the roads impassable in places, and meeting several gangs of men working with ploughs and harrows upon the roads, it began to dawn upon me that my journey, so far as wheeling was concerned, was ill-timed: I was soon convinced of this, for wherever I went the roads were found to have just been repaired, or were then in the process of repair, by statute labour. In some places portions of the road were covered with stones; in others, with gravel; elsewhere, with loose earth and roots of grass not yet broken up. In consequence of this and the many hills, which are particularly numerous in the township of South Dumfries, I had to walk, I should suppose, about one-eighth of the entire distance covered with the wheel. This in very hot weather, when for several days the mercury registered ninety degrees in the shade, was anything but pleasant, necessitating frequent refreshment from the wayside pump.

As I had calls to make on both sides of the river, there being no bridge between Paris and Glenmorris, I crossed at the latter place, to find myself in a sleepy, out-of-the-way hamlet at nightfall. Putting up for the night at the Temperance Hotel, which was also the Mechanics' Institute, I went to bed supperless, the hostess failing to execute my order for supper at the late hour of arrival. Glenmorris and the vicinity are populated by a thrifty, prosperous class of Scotch farmers, and to this may be attributed the fact that the library of the Mechanics' Institute contains 2,000 volumes, the titles of some of which being an index to the literary and scientific tastes of the inhabitants. The Scotchman is only nominally such if he is not intellectual.

The moon rose on another hot day.

and in traversing the 6th concession a continuous series of hills for six miles made the distance equivalent to double the number of miles on a level road. Mounting and dismounting, on account of bad roads or to enquire the way, was tiresome in the extreme. But, rough or smooth, it was all in the day's work; and he who would cultivate perseverance must not object to the difficulties essential to its growth.

Arriving at the prettily situated homestead of Mr. John McKie, enquiry for Alfred H. Desborough elicited the fact that he had removed to a new situation near Mount Pleasant last September. Mrs. McKie says he was a handy young man, fond of work, willing to oblige, and good-natured, and that her husband was sorry to part with him. He was unintentionally locked out one night at ten o'clock, and, being rather independent and high-spirited, did not take much trouble to arouse them, but slept in the barn. This he resented in the morning by leaving abruptly to accept an offer elsewhere. He had, however, recovered from his ill-humour and visited them on his wheel a few weeks prior to my calling. I made enquiries for him in and around Mount Pleasant, but could glean no tidings of him.

John E. Sanders was not to be found at Mr. Wilcox's, but was traced to the home of Mr. David Peregrine, Con. 6, Lot 3, South Dumfries. John is now nineteen, and free to make his own engagements. Mr. Wilcox tried to induce him to return, but he had already agreed to work one year for Mr. Peregrine for \$100. John is one of the steady-going sort that is in constant demand, and his employer has this to say of him: "He is all right; I've nothing whatever to say against him. I've known him for years, and know him to be trusty." John attends the Methodist church and Sunday school, Mr. Peregrine being the superintendent of the latter.

For a strapping young fellow who has reached his majority and been on a farm as long as he, John

Weston might be doing better. Although he is on a large farm and is acknowledged to be a good-natured, honest, respectful farm servant, though slow and somewhat dull, \$25 per year and working clothes does not seem a fair remuneration for his services. Mr. Robb, his employer, claims to have hired him last February on his own offer, and as he does not complain perhaps I should not. But when one hears that this same young man drew \$100 of his hard-earned savings from the bank to buy from his present employer a colt which he has no use for, and which he will have to feed at his own expense after it is three years old, one is almost forced to the conclusion that John is "not all there," or that he has a very poor appreciation of the value of money.

The sun had passed the meridian when I wheeled into the village of St. George, the scene, a few years ago, of a dreadful railroad catastrophe, in which a passenger train left the track and went over a high viaduct into the road below. St. George, unlike many of our Canadian villages, which are often as dismal as uninteresting, gives one the impression that it is populated by a well-to-do class of people, who chose a site that is naturally picturesque, and having settled down there, beautified their surroundings by each vieing with the other in enhancing the appearance of his own domicile. It is a place that would lead one to expect of it refinement, progressiveness, liberality and hospitality. Here a futile search for one of our old boys, Edward Delves, suggested the conviction that he had "dug out," as they say in the West of one who has gone elsewhere. A random remark about him to Geo. Biggs, another of our old-timers, located in the same village, revealed the fact that they were chums, that Delves had gone to London, Eng., four years ago, and is working in a brewery there, supporting his widowed mother and sister, and doing well; and that Joe Brookes, formerly with Mr. Thos. Charlton, of St.

George, but he is not in England.

George Bigger is not home, but was located half a mile away hard at work in a gravel pit. George used to run an emery wheel in the foundry, but it affected his health and he had to leave. He is a fine specimen of healthy, muscular manhood now, an advertisement for old Somersetshire that gave him birth twenty-four years ago, and a credit to the Institution that was the means of bringing him to this country, in which he found a worthy help-meet and good cause for contentment. His wife had been dangerously ill with blood-poisoning last winter, which was a source of trouble and expense to him. He, however, does not repine, since his wife has recovered, but hopes that as soon as he gets quits with the doctors to get a little farm of his own, having already a cow and four pigs with which to stock it. He wishes to obtain the address of his youngest brother, Alfred, whom he last heard of as being with Mr. James Baxter, of Berryfield. He thinks his brother would do better and get higher wages around St. George, and would like to have him under his own eye. Says he would share his last crust with Alfred. George hinted that there is a probability of a windfall coming his way some time.

Fred. A. Abbott, fourteen years of age, with Mr. James Mullin, was often "under the weather" last winter and is still considered delicate and unequal to the laborious nature of farm work, but is growing stronger. He is now occupied with the chores, and does not look to be sickly. He is happy and contented, and his lot has fallen in pleasant places, under the care of kind, intelligent people who have his welfare at heart. He is well spoken of, and his Sunday school teacher, whom I met in St. George, says "he is a first rate little fellow." His mistress complained that his elder brother, Herman, who works at the Hotel Vendome in Brantford, visits him

occasionally, and tries to exert an influence upon him that is not for his good. While in Brantford, I went twice to see Herman, but failed to catch him in.

Henry Cox, a nineteen-year-old Hercules, was milking the cows in the barn when I called. He likes farming, and it evidently agrees with him, for he is the picture of sturdy health. He has been two years with Mr. Clarkson, and during this time his conduct and behaviour have been exemplary, and has given no cause for complaint or disagreement. He does what he is set to do thoroughly, and his employer is very thankful for getting such a capable, energetic youth, for whom he professes a strong attachment which is heartily reciprocated. He is disappointed that he could not get another Barnardo boy this spring. The farm on which Harry is engaged comprises 185 acres, twenty-two head of cattle, six horses and forty pigs. He wished to be remembered to Mr. Owen and Mr. Davis, and asked affectionately of the Doctor and his work.

As I wished to make Brantford that night, and it was already half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Clarkson kindly showed me a short cut to the main road. The sky was black with thunder-clouds, and the lightning shimmered while the thunder rumbled in the distance. The storm was coming my way, so turning, as I thought, in the direction I had been told, I took advantage of a stretch of exceptionally smooth road to endeavour to race the thunder-storm to Brantford. After running over three miles, and my destination not yet in sight, I asked a man whom I overtook how far I had to go to reach Brantford. "That depends," he said. "If you intend to go round the world it's about 24,000 miles to Brantford that way. You are going in an opposite direction, that's the road to Dundas!" As I was not on a globe-trotting expedition this information brought me to a sudden halt and dangerously near to a moral collapse. He seemed

so to enjoy my slight misfortune, and there was such an unmistakable leer upon his features, that I fear it was only through mere etiquette that I thanked him for setting me right. I had now to turn back into the teeth of the storm. I managed to get within three miles of Brantford when a deluge of rain compelled me to retreat into a farm house and crave shelter for the night. There were several loud claps of thunder, a brilliant display of lightning, and the funereal pall that overspread the sky was rent in twain, the moon peeping from behind the scattering murk, which was wholly dissipated in an hour. I did not wish to put the hospitable farmer and his wife to inconvenience, so I thanked him and determined to continue my journey. I had not gone fifty yards before the large flakes of mud that adhered to the wheels clogged them and brought me to a dead standstill, so I was forced to return, scrape off most of the mud and make a bargain with the farmer to drive me and the bicycle into town with his buggy. Exceptions, they say, prove the rule, whatever that may mean; this was an anomalous case of the way of the transgressor being decidedly soft. Oh, that it had been hard on that occasion!

The city of Brantford, on the Grand River, has in recent years grown to be of considerable importance as a manufacturing centre for Western Ontario. Surrounded by highly productive agricultural and dairying counties, its location and industrial facilities have afforded a convenient market and opportunities for the enterprise that has characterized its commercial affairs. The Massey-Harris Agricultural Implement Factory, the Cockshutt Plough Works, the Waterous Engine Co., two large bicycle factories, the Verity Plough Works and a large manufactory of bee-keepers' supplies are among its chief industries. Its public buildings and churches, its beautiful homes, gardens and parks, its trade inviting stores and its many features that offer a rich and

domestic comfort and educational advantages, all contribute to its rapid development. A magnificent statue of Brant, the Indian chief, after whom the city is named, graces the public square and recalls the history with which this noble minded aborigine was associated. Were duty not pressing, one would be tempted to linger as a sight-seer; but with a hasty glance at the objects of interest that came before my notice, I was on the road again, bound for the home of

Arthur C. Barnett, who, with his guardian, Mr. Lee, was found to have removed to 69 Walnut Street. I found him in a state of chronic good health with intermittent attacks of acute appetite, which fully accounted for the remarkable elongation of anatomy, which, I was told, would make him almost unrecognizable to a person who had not seen him for several years. He was well dressed and able to tell the time of day by a watch that was his very own. He is so much in love with his home and foster-parents that a corporal's guard would be necessary for his capture. Mr. and Mrs. Lee were very indignant at a report they had heard of him from a former employer. They say he is invariably truthful, honest, well-behaved and trustworthy, adding that the conduct of boys depended largely on the treatment they received. And, in the language of the vernacular, "Them's my sentiments," too. Asked why, as he was fourteen, he was not put to work, I was told that he would get, at the most, two dollars per week if put to work at some trade, and that they preferred to keep him occupied at home until he was a little older and less liable to be influenced by other juveniles with whom he might work. He has lately discovered his step-mother in Brantford, who is employed by the Massey-Harris Company.

On arrival at the farm of Mr. James Eddie, who, with his wife, was absent, people previous to him had been unable to find it. The named girl's name and

from Hazel Breen, said he was "out on the farm," a piece of information which cost me more than half an hour to verify, for Joe was up to his neck in the wheat pulling wild flax. By what I had heard elsewhere and could gather from Joe (who has an enviable reputation in the neighbourhood), it would seem that Mr. Eadie was a prodigy when he was Joe's age, and demands that Joe shall be one, too. Joe is small for his age, full of "grit" and as sensible as a little old man. He can plough and do almost anything on the farm but cultivating. Yet, he thinks too much is expected of one of his years. And it certainly is a fact that one cannot get a man's work out of a fourteen-year-old boy. He says he will serve his term honourably, "and then," he added significantly, "I shall be my own boss." In the meantime, he tries to do his "level best," and avails himself regularly of the means of grace. He has been troubled occasionally with bleeding at the nose, which he says is attributed by his employer to eating too much butter on his bread.

Alfred J. Knight is now a benedict and left Mount Pleasant a year ago, having secured work with Mr. G. R. Mordue in Brantford. The blacksmith for whom he worked in the above mentioned village, thinks he is now engaged in a bicycle factory in Brantford, and says that wherever he may be, doubtless he is doing well, for he is a steady, desirable workman.

Murray B. Grover, aged twenty, was neither at Burford or Oakland, but was traced to Scotland, Ont., where he had driven a delivery wagon and attended to the store of Mr. L. L. Henty, baker. He left for some new mining town in British Columbia on June 12th, where he intends to take the first chance that offers. The reputation he left behind is one that he need never be ashamed of.

Richard Barlow, another who has passed from our charge into the arms of a loving spouse, is a journeyman baker, who made the bread that Murray Grover sold. He has lived

in Scotland for seven years, and has a good, permanent job, that keeps him and his small family in comfort. I caught him in the uniform of the village band, in which he plays the snare-drum, our chat being cut short by the starting of the wagon that took the band to a garden party.

Mr. John Wright, of Oakland, has two of our boys, one twenty years old and the owner of a silver medal for having completed his term of service with honour, and George Hawkes, sixteen, who is bound to him for three years, for which he is to receive \$24, \$40 and \$56 per year respectively. Both were in good health and giving unqualified satisfaction. Edward Miller, the elder of the two, has been five years where he is now, is a good ploughman and all-round farm hand, getting \$82.50 per year with board and washing and will make a good farmer, because he is sober, industrious and provident, having money in the bank and an eye to the future. Both like farming and are glad they came to Canada, and both attend the Presbyterian church and Sabbath school and bear excellent characters for good behaviour and integrity.

Walter Herbert Drewett, a lad of fifteen, has been nearly five years with Mr. Thos. Geddie, who, with his good wife, treat him with all the care of parents, sending him to school a year more than the agreement calls for because his teacher said he was an apt scholar. He enjoys good health and is growing fast, though he is not robust. Enquiry elicited no complaints from either side. He is a bright, intelligent boy, with no bad habits, and although the church and Sunday school are three miles away he goes as often as he can.

George Chapman, a long time off our hands and who was thought to be with Mr. McCormack in the vicinity of Paris has passed beyond our ken, no tidings of him being forthcoming in the neighbourhood.

George W. Page, having arrived at the age and status of manhood, is still attached to Dr. Barnardo and his

Homes and donated fifty cents as a thank-offering for the benefits received. With the exception of one week with an attack of la grippe last winter, he has never been under the doctor's care since he came to the country. He is a sensible, quiet, nice-mannered young fellow, attending church every Sunday. He has a wheel and other luxuries and the Bank of Commerce will honour his cheque for an amount which he does not care to divulge, but with which he expects to start a market garden some day. Two years' service with his present employer, Mr. Daniel Gill, at the rate of \$120 per year, find master and man mutually satisfied with each other's company. Nothing on the farm comes amiss to him, nor is there any reason to suppose that he will not succeed when he decides to branch out for himself.

Frank Sabaline, aged twenty-one, is said to be restive and to have a quick temper, and so could not give along with the farmer with whom I expected to find him. He was last seen by George W. Page driving a delivery wagon for a Brantford firm. At one time he played a cornet in the Salvation Army band, but the officers having recently been changed, the captain in charge could give me no clue to his whereabouts. As his name was not in the city directory, he has probably left Brantford.

"Keep right on till you strike a jug in the road, turn to your right, go north three concessions, then turn to your left, etc., etc., and enquire again," were the directions I received from a native in order to reach Mr. Solomon Sayles' farm. Now this seemed to me like juggling with the truth. I told him I was prepared to "kick the bucket" if the heat did not moderate, but I had a decided objection to risking a puncture by striking a jug in the road. He said it was not a jug, but a jog in the road I was to look for—another fine bit of his local humour. As if I hadn't been experiencing on an average three jogs for every revolution of the wheel all the afternoon! I opined that I would not

have to go far to get a jog. He said I wouldn't come to a jog for two miles, whereupon I asked him if he had ever ridden a wheel on that adjectival road. He hadn't, which accounted for his ignorance. "Look at that road," I exclaimed, "see those ruts—those stones, those humps and hollows, and then tell me if there isn't a jog in every foot of it!" He looked askance and remarked, "You're a stranger hereabouts?" He could have my wheel at his own price if I wasn't; I would have no further use for it on such roads. "What we mean round here by a jog in the road," he explained, "is a turn—a bend in the road." Oh?

Half way up an abominable hill—a distant relative of the Alps—I enquired again, and was told it was near Tranquility. "That must be a long way off judging by the present surroundings." "Only three miles." "Oh! What do you call this—Tribulation Hill?" It hadn't any given name; people usually named it to suit themselves. When he had to get a load up it and the horses were baulky, he began to name it at the bottom and it was not fully named until he reached the top. "You talk Russian, I perceive." No, he usually managed to express himself in English. Then, as a specimen of his nomenclature, he named that hill with a compound name that would have shone with a phosphorescent light in the dark. I would not positively say that I smelt brimstone, but I thought I had better be going. The next morning my hair still showed an inclination to the pompadour style. The hill somehow did not seem so steep after that. Farther on I enquired for Tranquility, and was told that I had passed through it. That's always the way; we never know when we are well off.

It's a far cry from where I started, my journey has an end, so at last I found myself knocking at the door where I ought to find Alfred R. In all and Henry F. Williams. But, alas! in vain. There was not one of them,

they had all gone to a school picnic. So I went elsewhere and called again on my way back, arriving at the house simultaneously with Alfred R. Insall, who informed me that Henry T. Williams had left Mr. Sayles and gone to work for Mr. Hunt at Lynden, near the cheese factory. He, himself, was "getting along fine," and said his master had not complained of him yet. He has an enjoyable home, is treated well and is perfectly contented. He has been four years in Canada, and can plough and make himself generally useful, for which he will receive \$40 per year and clothes. He was unmistakably a clever, sharp lad, with an air of respectability that bespoke pleasing manners. Every Sunday finds him in his place at the Union church and Sunday school. The farm is a large one, charmingly situated, and the homestead is a commodious brick house of modern architecture, flanked by brick stables and large barns, the whole bearing evidence of means and prosperity.

Wm. Jasper, an "old boy" on the list in the same neighbourhood, went to England last Christmas. Mr. R. Crichton gets a letter from him occasionally, but he was not at home, and the hired man could give me no particulars.

In a pleasant spot in a corner of the township of Brantford lives Conrad J. Surbeck, "happy as the day is long" and as active as a kitten. Tall for a youngster of eleven, he is still growing apace, thanks to substantial fare and good treatment. He knows how to behave himself and do as he is told, and so has never yet been "spanked." The winter finds him at day school and eager to learn, earning the encomiums of his teacher; while he has no excuse, nor yet the inclination to absent himself from the house of God and the Sabbath school, both of which are near. It will be a matter of great surprise if he fails to fulfil his short duty to his employers and the Home for his present record augurs well for the future.

This visit and a collective one

by moonlight back to Brantford ended another day's work. In the morning I was off for Onondaga township, which includes the Indian Reserve. Touching at Cainsville *en route*, I met Robert Allen ploughing one of Mr. Smithson's fields, and refreshing indeed it was to meet and converse with such an amiable, thoughtful young man. He has been with Mr. Smithson for the past year, and is described by that gentleman as a "fine young fellow," competent, careful, and industrious. He is paid \$14 per month, with board and washing, has been four years on his own resources, and while he has not saved much money, has something very tangible in the way of "good works" to show for his earnings. Last spring he went home to England to see his mother, staying a week and returning on the same ship, and bringing back with him his sister, whose passage out he paid. He also contributes to the support of his mother. Bob has undoubtedly undergone a change of heart, having been brought to a realization of the truth by a former employer, who, during a lingering illness preceding his death, was wont to exhort him to make his peace with God. He says he is using this world as a means to the one great purpose of existence, and his conversation showed that he was very much in earnest and was more than a nominal Christian. Bread cast upon the waters has indeed been found after many days. Who that has laboured mayhap in vain, or upheld the hands of them whose duty it is to use for God's glory what they have bestowed, can behold without rejoicing even this one verification of the scriptural injunction: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Phillip W. Kavanaugh, with Mr. H. C. Pettit, Cainsville, does not look to be the worse for having been made, of his own destiny for the

past year. Ten dollars per month, with board, and the promise of an increase, is not a bad prospect for one who is "going to save." I am afraid, though, that his "going" will be like that of the auctioneer, who keeps "going" until the inducement is forthcoming to make him go. It is to be hoped that the only effectual "inducement" will prove herself of a provident nature and able to administer the finances. Tall, stout, robust, and with the genial vivacity of Irish blood in his veins, he is both good looking and respectable. Mr. Pettit says he can do anything in the way of farm work, and that there is no reason to complain. He professes gratitude for what Dr. Barnardo has done for him, and hopes one day to help do for others what has been done for him.

Mr. Jacob T. Poss, with whom George Trevena is domiciled, lives in a large old-fashioned house on the bank of the Grand River that was formerly owned and occupied by Chief Johnson of the Mohawk tribe of Indians. George was minding the house in the absence of the family, and so had to speak for himself. He likes being on a farm, and evidently takes a lively interest in the animals under his charge. Rather precocious for a twelve-year-old, he carried the weight of responsibility attaching to his position as a guardian of the household with becoming dignity. Everything was all right and satisfactory; couldn't possibly be otherwise, one would infer from his self-possession. Mr. Poss is a prominent member of the Methodist congregation at Onondaga, and one may feel sure that the spiritual welfare of George is not neglected.

From the Rev. G. Francis Morris, pastor of the Methodist Church at Onondaga, I learned that Fred Bowers, who went to England on a visit with Sidney Ponting, concluded to stay there, Sidney returning alone and, after a brief sojourn with Mr. Poss, going to work for Mr. Smith, of Culloden. Further enquiries elsewhere revealed the fact that Sidney

did not profit by his trip, as he was under the doctor's care for several weeks after his return. It is to be hoped that he has recovered and that he will take more care of himself in the future.

Fred G. Townson is no longer "Mayor of Middleport," having taken his departure to Nelson, I believe, near Hamilton.

I had not time to cross the river and seek Charles Evans on the Indian reserve; but the ferryman said that he thought his post office address is Ohsweken, and that he had heard that Charley had taken unto himself an Indian wife, and had a blacksmith shop, with the prospects of building up a good trade. He believed he was steady and attentive to business, and saw no reason why he should not succeed.

One mile from Middleport, pleasantly situated on rising ground, are the two farms and substantial brick residence of Mr. Thomas Walker, with whom Frank Evans Morrell lives and enjoys life as only a sharp, active lad who is in love with farming can. During three of the five years he is to spend where he now is, Frank has learned to plough well, cultivate, milk, manage a team or a span of colts, if necessary. "He's alright," was the encomium passed upon him, which Frank corroborates from his point of view. "He will make a successful farmer, and gets along as well as any boy I ever had," was the added testimony of his employer. He is tall and slim, but hardy and looking well, and has not been ill since he had rheumatism two years ago. Another instance of a good boy in a remarkably good place.

I was deeply grieved to hear of a rumour current in the neighbourhood of Middleport, to the effect that Samuel Eldridge, on the list of "old boys" whom I was to visit, was drowned while boating on Burlington Bay last winter. He left Mr. Bond about last July to seek for Mr. James Matthew. I was begging him to go to Hamilton, but he was seized by a person I met during

a coal cart. As the sad accident was reported in the Hamilton papers, the rumour appears to be only too true.

Mr. Isaiah Dougherty, of Onondaga, says of David Lawder that he is rather slow; but a good, quiet, reliable youth, who never uses bad language or cares to be out at nights, but who minds his work and is generally capable. Blest with a strong physique and good health, eighteen years of age, and manners that make him well-liked, he cannot fail to do well. His wages are \$35 per year and board.

Charles Stevenson, one of our early immigrants, lives at 135 Campbell street, and works for the Bicycle Supply Company, Brantford, where he has permanent employment, and is doing well. A sergt.-major in the Salvation Army himself, he is married to a former officer of the same corps, and answers to the name of "papa" to a bright little child. His wife is a good little woman, and together they are a happy couple.

James Martin, last heard of as in Brantford, I could not find, his name not being in the city directory, and no information being forthcoming in response to enquiries.

George Robson, aged twenty-two, of the 1893 party, had a steady job at the Cockshutt Plough Works, which he left on June 9th to make a month's visit to England, in response to an urgent request from home.

As the post office address of Albert Joynes, another "old boy," was given as Newport, I thought I should have time to run out and see him before dinner, the distance being only six miles there and back. But on arrival at Newport, I was still two and a half miles from him, and at the foot of a hill to which Tribulation Hill was only a mound. And this hill was the beginning of another hill, and that of another, and so on all the way. Walking nearly all the way, by pushing and perspiring, I managed to get there in time for a late dinner. Albert stands about five feet in his stockings, as the result of twenty-four years' exper-

ience on this mundane sphere, and four years in Burch Section, as the place where he lives without growing is called. He likes farming "first rate," and is glad he came to Canada, although he has not much to show for it either in avoirdupois or wages. Albert has no ambition to become a millionaire, or to worry about the future, though it was whispered in my hearing that he does not go occasionally to a certain village with no other object than to look at the moon. The philosophy of life of such happy-go-lucky people as Albert may be summed up in the phrase, "What's the odds so long as you're 'appy?" If he can be happy on nothing a year and his board, clothes and spending-money, it surely ought to be delightful to get the wages of a man and earn it, and then go and pop the question and be done with it, instead of hanging fire like a damp cartridge. To kick a man when he is "down in the dumps" is sometimes a kindness, Albert, even if it only excites him to get up and fight.

As I found I should be losing time by going back to Brantford, I decided to go in the direction of Norwich and tackle Oxford County, as the last call finished Brant.

While riding between Newport and Mount Pleasant, where I intended to avoid sandy roads by taking the train to New Durham, eighteen miles distant, a funny incident occurred. I had stopped at a farmhouse to enquire the way, when a forlorn and unkempt tramp came into the yard, and, seeing the farmer engaged, sat down on what he supposed was an inverted box, which was in reality a Langstroth bee-hive. He "didn't know it was loaded." A feminine shriek called my attention to the spot. I shouted "Dynamite!" and ran for cover. The tramp, alarmed, rose abruptly to see what was the matter, and in doing so nearly overturned the hive. In an instant he was encompassed by a cloud of witnesses, each eager to bear emphatic testimony to his imprudence. A big brindled mongrel

snapped at a pursuing bee and turned tail across the lot, tripping up the poor tramp, who blindly ran he knew not whither, waving his arms frantically in futile attempts to beat off the bees. The farmer, closely followed by the hired man, took a sudden departure toward the distant horizon, while the women folk, who had come out to gratify their curiosity, were at once apprised of what was the matter by the bees themselves, who stung whatever was in sight. After they had reached the house there was a slamming of doors and shutting of windows; while in the yard a horse that had been peacefully grazing, pranced wildly about, rearing and plunging; cattle stampeded in an adjoining pasture lot, and for a long five minutes there was confusion, all of which I surveyed through a knot-hole in the barn door. What became of the tramp? Perhaps he is running yet, for he came not back. If you would know "How doth the little busy bee," ask that tramp.

Miss Caroline Carroll, who assumed charge of William Davis in 1893, he being then twelve years old, has left North Norwich and gone to British Columbia, and taken him with her. I understand she has given him a good education, and takes a special interest in his welfare. He will now have the double advantage of the opportunities which a new country affords with all the assistance his benefactress can bestow in giving him a start in life.

Thos. V. Rusher has long ago dispensed with leading strings and proved himself able to stand alone. He escaped the ordeal of an interview by becoming so scarce in the vicinity of Burford as not to be found. No doubt "he's all right" wherever he may be.

Michael Maloney quizzed me as to his standing in the estimation of Mr. Owen, hinting that he had served his probation honourably, and, his employer said, creditably, and then introduced the subject of medals. I could only promise to mention the matter on my return.

His conduct has been excellent, he has never been impudent, never uses bad language or tobacco, and is a total abstainer. He has received \$100 due on the completion of his term, and has re-engaged for a year at \$50 and board, so much in love is he with his place. "I was a poor, thin thing when I came, and it done me a lot of good," he said; "couldn't be treated better—just like one of their own;" and his appearance does not belie his words. He is a constant attendant at the English church and Sunday school.

As I rode up to the door, a superannuated collie, whose especial duty it seems to be to sample the flavour of strangers, became for a moment very much attached to me in the region of the right calf. I evidently did not suit his taste, for when I offered to give him a taste of my foot also he declined to have anything further to do with me. Fortunately, his teeth were blunt and my muscles tough, so he did not do any material damage. A sumptuous supper at the invitation of Mr. Davis, sent me on my way rejoicing in the exercise of the faith cure, which consisted in trying to believe the assertion that the dog was quite harmless.

Norwich was the next centre from which to radiate. It is by no means devoid of beauty as the result of the works of man; but it is a quiet, drowsy village, in which a man might live to be a hundred without knowing it. The hub of a rich farming and dairying district, it goes sleepily and creakingly round, even when the circumference of the wheel is turning rapidly. How it has failed to be influenced to an adequate extent by the prosperity with which it is surrounded is a mystery that might be solved by the suggestion of a lack of enterprise on the part of the inhabitants. All through the county of Oxford, at almost every farm, might be seen the stand on which the cans of milk are placed, to be collected by the different cheese factories, and made into the cheese that the Englishman eats with a

relish at supper. For Oxford, I am told, turns out the best cheese in Canada, and the Englishman has such a high regard for his stomach that the best is none too good for him. In the course of my travels in Brant, and more particularly in Oxford County, I rode past miles of fences composed of the uprooted stumps of trees, which the indefatigable pioneer had first to fell before he could grow his crops. Some of these extremely rustic fences were from six to ten feet high—a witness for generations to come of the labour involved in the clearing of timbered lands before the invention of the stump-pulling machine, that now yanks out a stump with its powerful leverage as the dentist draws a tooth. For the rising generation farming is a mere pastime as compared with the days of its forefathers. The gang-plough, the cultivator, mower and reaper, together with the threshing machine, the hay-rake and binder, as well as many labour saving devices, have supplanted the more tedious and laborious processes of manual toil. The settler's shanty, the log-house, and even the old substantial homestead, have been superseded by the solid stone house—the pretentious, well furnished brick residence, or the neat, painted frame house, with their front lawns, shrubberies and flower gardens. Truly, times have changed; the farmer is no longer the vegetative “hayseed” whose crochets and verdant idiosyncracies made him the laughing-stock of the city.

Edward Jefferson has been eight years with Mr. Frank Davis, Sr., of New Durham, getting \$100 a year and board, so each pay-day finds him better off and nearer to the object in view—a farm of his own in the great North West. He has had his vicissitudes in life, and when “things go the wrong way” he has enough experience to bear the ill; he has charity to others he knows not of. He has passed his twenty sixth birthday, may be said to be a practical farmer and able,

his master assures him, to run a farm of his own when he is ready. When visiting his sister in England in 1895, she told him that a doctor said he would not live long had he stayed in London. To-day he looks a better candidate for matrimony than a funeral; and very grateful he claims to be to Dr. Barnardo for bringing him to Canada, where fortune has so smiled upon him. A donation of \$3 to the Homes was an appreciable endorsement of his sincerity.

Referring to Charles Bowen, Mr. Lindley Derbyshire says he would not wish a more faithful servant, and had no fault to find with him. He is now working in the broom factory at Norwich, his employer having to let him go after six years' service on account of letting his farm. Mr. Derbyshire was so well pleased with Charley that he obtained a younger boy named Henry Sessions to do chores, and his former satisfaction is repeated in this case, finding him civil and obedient, and all that may reasonably be expected of a boy of fourteen. He has “grown like a thistle,” has the best of health and a prepossessing appearance, and does not wish to change either his home or his occupation.

Joshua A. Marshall claims, and is said, to have endured much hardship at the hands of a former employer; but while he has not got into a “haven of rest,” he has with Mr. Wm. Cohoe a kind, considerate, Christian man for a master, who appreciates his conscientious trustworthiness, for whom he has worked two years, his present engagement, at \$8 per month and board, terminating on Nov. 1st. He is “saving up” with the expectation of a trip to England as soon as he can afford a return ticket.

M. Wilfred Marshall, his brother, is now with Mr. Arthur Jacques, one and a half miles north of Burgessville, on the same terms. He is at present suffering from nothing worse than bicycle fever, which nothing, but the possession of a

wheel will mitigate. For a youth of seventeen he has a full share of brains and muscle, and is in a fair way to do well, if he would only decide what he is going to do in the future, and make everything subservient to that end—the banking, instead of the spending, of his money in particular.

Nehemiah J. Garnham, with Mr. Ernest Jacques, Burgessville, has a record of ten years in Canada, with over \$100 in the Home bank to show for it, besides money loaned at five per cent. interest in the neighbourhood. This he expects to add to when he comes to Toronto at Exhibition time. Thirty-one years old, hale and hearty, an abstainer from alcohol in all its forms and tobacco, he is a credit to the work of the Homes, and a living refutation of the slander which in various guises would hinder the immigration of lads who confer at least as much benefit on the community as they derive from it. A picture of the Doctor hangs above his bed, and there is no doubting the sincerity of the affection that welds him as a man to the Institution that befriended him as a boy. Faithful, reliable and honest, everybody has a good word for him.

“Of course there is hard work in connection with it; but I am willing to take the rough and the smooth just as it comes” was the manly utterance of George Francis Gyde, when asked how he liked farming. He was working with a team in the field like a good fellow when I pounced upon him and with the pertinacity of an American reporter demanded an interview. He is well known and liked in the vicinity, and so commands steady work and good wages—\$110 a year and board. For a youth of seventeen this is by no means bad; he himself says he has a good place and knows of no better, while Mr. Manson says, “I guess he’s quite a smart boy.” He is on a 150-acre upland farm, well stocked and in a high state of cultivation. He is saving money with the desire of visiting his parents, and

taking the first opportunity that offers of bettering himself.

Alfred Barnes, a brawny, manly fellow and a magnificent specimen of young manhood, is now on the London police force. He left Mr. Tuttle to visit his brother, also a London “cop,” who promptly secured him the prerogative of apprehending such of Her Majesty’s subjects as run foul of the law. I hope Alfred will be made to “move on” until he finds himself an inspector.

Two brothers, one of whom I visited—and a shining example he is of a successful young man—would only give me the information I sought *sub rosa*, on the understanding that he should not figure in print as a Barnardo boy. We like to quote such examples for the edification and emulation of others; but when a young fellow declines to acknowledge the bridge that carried him over—well, let him do so; it is a spurious sentiment and a despicable mistake. The fault is not so much his own as that of the mud flingers who seek to make odious what is only so to them who are misled by misrepresentation. It is an indisputable fact that our boys make respectable citizens, and certainly there is nothing inherently vile in the misfortune of being an orphan or friendless boy. As well might a man disclaim his former identity as a commoner as soon as he is made a peer, as for one of our boys to seek to forget what contributed to his uplifting. Both would be regarded in the eyes of all sensible people as upstarts. It is rather a matter for congratulation when a young fellow rises from a condition of dependency to one of independence and means, and is not ashamed to proclaim the fact—and don’t you forget it, boys!

James W. C. Whittaker, 100, party, left Mr. Charles Canfield last spring, and could not be located.

Henry King, 100, party, lately returned, having been absent on a recent business trip, will be on of his five-year term in twelve months, and

have at his own disposal the sum of \$100. Before I reached him I heard of the good boy which Mr. Jacob Weiss had, and Mr. Weiss himself confirmed the intelligence. Moreover, he goes regularly to the Baptist church and Sunday school, and is trying to lead a consistent Christian life. The cleanliness and neatness that characterized his home made me think that he had someone about him who would keep him tidy and make him observe order if he were remiss in that respect.

Frederick Floyd has a record of nine years with Mr. William Martin, of Beaconsfield, and six years with his previous employer—the best possible proof of his proficiency and ability to please. To be always busy seems as normal to him as it is for his heart to beat, and getting the information I wanted was like milking a cow while following it round the field. He excused himself for being so occupied, and said he could talk as he worked, and I was quite willing to accommodate myself to his convenience. Yes; he was doing well—very well; getting \$85 a year and board. Could get more elsewhere, or he could get a raise by asking; but Mr. Martin was very good to him, allowing him a week's holiday every other year to visit his former master, and so he wouldn't ask it. "I wouldn't change for the best job in Norwich," he declared emphatically. "You see, Mr. Martin is getting old, and not able to make as much out of the farm as a younger man could. He's paying me all he can afford, and I'm quite satisfied. I'm not doing so bad. I've a tidy chunk of a nest-egg—enough to make a start for myself when I leave Mr. Martin's. I rarely put by less than \$50 a year, bless you!" When a young man talks like that, it's safe to guess that he is made of the right kind of stuff. A strict adherence to principle and an unselfish regard for the interests of others ensure good friends, substantial success and solid satisfaction. If Fred lives, he will not fail

to achieve the position he deserves. I can commend him as an example to our younger boys.

Thomas Tucker, 1893 party, served four years with Mr. David Johnson, being the recipient of a silver medal for faithful service, and is now with Mr. Albert Walker, of Beaconsfield—a fine locality. Earns \$120 a year, had \$70 in the bank a year ago, and added \$60 last year, besides being the proud possessor of a watch and a wheel. A manly young fellow of twenty, and another example to those of our boys who wish to do well.

Last March George Hall succeeded Clement Etheridge on the farm of Mr. Wm. MacNamara, where he has a good home and a kind master and mistress, and is well fed and clothed. He would not like to return to England. He is not yet broken to harness and, being disposed to "take things easy," has yet to learn that the Canadian has little use for a boy who is not "smart." He has been troubled with his teeth; otherwise his health is excellent. As soon as he is used to our Canadian ways, doubtless he will "get up and dust," and then there will be no cause for complaint. Clement, after seven years with Mr. MacNamara, has gone to learn the trade of cheesemaking at Duncan's Factory, two miles west of Norwich, and is getting \$11 per month and board, thinking himself "in clover." He suffered with tender feet, which, in the hot weather, made him lame and unfit for farm work, and was laid up the greater part of last winter with lumbago. He is well liked, and has no bad habits.

Albert Young, a handsome youth of seventeen, has in Hawtrey one of the best homes a lad could be placed in, being treated with the affection due to a son; in fact, he has been almost "spoiled." Although rather conceited and self-opinionated, and a little intractable at times, he has a genuine affection for Mr. and Mrs. Duff, takes an interest in his work and has brains, energy and perseverance. He can plough, harrow,

cultivate, and shows capability, and will make a successful farmer. In opposition to the wishes of his employer, he wants a bicycle, and wished to buy mine.

Passing through the village of Otterville, I dropped in to see how our old friend, Maurice Arnold, was getting on. He has been six years married, and has a little girl two years old. While health and domestic felicity are not lacking in his home, at present it is a problem to make ends meet. He was employed by the Grand Trunk Railway in connection with the building of bridges, and since the work has been completed, he and his family have had to subsist during the winter on what could be made at work by the day during the summer. He is a strong, hardy man, not afraid of work, and it seems a pity that Otterville does not afford the means of a comfortable livelihood. I suggested his trying to get work in one of the factories at Brantford, where work, once secured, could be relied upon to continue during the winter, and perhaps he will act upon the suggestion.

James Nichols, having finished his term with satisfaction to Mr. J. C. Smart, has received the money due to him and gone to work for Mr. Bramble Fleming, a nephew of Mr. Smart, who resides two miles north-west of Springford. \$75 for one year are the terms on which he is engaged. He has had a good training and every encouragement to live an honourable, virtuous, godly, thrifty life, in a home where family prayer is an indispensable institution, and he ought to turn out well. Mr. Smart is thinking of applying for another boy to take his place.

"Getting along splendidly, very willing, takes a great interest in his work and is learning fast," was the report received from Mrs. N. Butler, South Norwich, of William J. Gale, aged sixteen, who came to this address in June, 1897. Judging from what he can do, he has made remarkable progress in the art of agriculture.

The last report of Samuel Corbett was to the effect that he was going home to Ireland to see his brother who was wounded at Darghai and invalided home. While in Tilsonburg, I looked him up and found that he had returned last March and is now working on the farm of Mr. E. D. Tilson at that place, and boards with Mrs. Flynn, corner of Brock and Bidwell Streets. He was away at work when I called, but I was told that he has a good character for respectability, sobriety and industry, that he is never idle, and is doing well.

If Charles Dickens had known Charles Haley, one would imagine that it was he whom he immortalized in the character of Dick Swiveller. He is now working for Mr. Thomas Fleming, of Springford, is a hard worker by fits and starts (chiefly starts), is said to be doing fairly well, but cannot keep money. I could find nobody who dislikes Charley, but but, having likened him to Dick Swiveller, he is dismissed with a caution.

At one of my places of call I happened to meet Mr. James Williamson, of Delmer, who told me in confidence that he had taken in one of our boys who ran away from a farmer to whom he was bound, after having been shamefully ill-treated. If half what I heard was true, the lad had ample provocation for the step he took; though he was very much to blame in not communicating the facts to Mr. Owen, who, as his guardian, would have summarily removed him if, on investigation, there were found to be sufficient cause. Mr. Williamson says he is positively a good boy in every respect - the best boy he ever had, and does not wish to part with him, and trusts he will not be molested. The lad seems very grateful for kind treatment, and is much afraid of being taken away.

Albert Bambrick and the brother Fred, two of our old boys, have both lately got married, Albert to a young lady in Jackson, Mich. where he now resides and is doing fairly well,

and Fred to the niece of Mr. Edward Curtis, of Delmen, being employed with Mr. Robt. Foulton, Con. G, Dereham Township, where he is also doing well.

Mr. John Swance has nothing to say against Charles Taylor, who is now in the last year of his term. While Charley does not dislike farming he would prefer learning a trade, he says; but is disposed to be guided by the counsel of Mr. Swance and follow what he has begun—the most independent calling under the sun. He was getting ready to go to a garden party with the Misses Swance when I dropped in to tea. His aunt has tried to persuade him to visit her in England, but he has been talked out of that notion also. He has grown to a remarkable extent, and is now a sturdy lad, trustworthy, honest, respectable, and of an intellectual appearance.

George N. Rowden, having served Mr. Michael Furlong creditably and to the unqualified satisfaction of that gentleman, is now retained by the year at \$7 per month. He rides a wheel and would like to wear one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals, which Mr. Furlong says he deserves. He has now a companion in the person of George T. Cartwright, who came from the Home last April to do chores and learn farming in the next three years, at the expiration of which he is to receive \$148. He has a pet fox and raccoon and plenty of pastime. Mr. Furlong owns an elaborately furnished, imposing brick residence, surrounded with well laid out grounds, on a 214-acre farm, well stocked and fully equipped with labour-saving machinery, and George should not lack an opportunity of becoming a practical farmer.

John Atkins, with Mr. Wendelin King, North Norwich, was the last I had time to visit in the time at my disposal. There were many other boys, old and young, in the County of Oxford, whose acquaintance I should like to have made; but these, perhaps, I may meet at some future time, if they do not first introduce themselves through the pages of

URS AND DOWNS. In the meantime they will not be neglected; no doubt they will receive a call in the near future from one of the visitors already known to them, when the routine of duty brings him into their neighbourhood.

Mr. King is a member of the Society of Friends—a class of people known the world over for probity, fair dealing, kindness, shrewdness and thrift, as well as for their devoutly religious instincts. It is therefore needless to say that John Atkins has a good master and a comfortable home. John is a sharp lad, with a history behind him and life before him, which he will enjoy, in the truest sense of the word, if he will be guided by his employer. He has a good voice and an ear for music, and sings to the accompaniment of the organ, played by Miss King.

Thus ended my fortnight's tour awheel, coming through without a puncture, though the tires were much chafed and worn, and though I narrowly escaped wreck by wheeling into an open culvert in the twilight, near Mount Pleasant, which was obscured by long grass. Beyond a shaking up (which perhaps I needed in order to bring a few latent ideas to the surface) and the imprint of canine teeth on the right calf, I was not much the worse, physically, for the trip, while I was enriched mentally with what I had the opportunity to observe of the practical results of Dr. Barnardo's scheme for the emigration of deserving lads to Canada, which I have only the space to describe as wondrously successful.

I have not met Brother Griffith, nor have I yet run foul of Mr. Gaunt, since my trip. Let me anticipate the meeting. We will suppose it is Brother Griffith who meets me with a sinister smile and leads me by the button-hole into a dark corner of the office and says: "Look here, Dick Whittington, don't you think you had better change your *nom de plume* to that of Don Quixote? I'll tell you why: I've been through

the country under much the same circumstances for so many years, and in all that time I have not had so many adventures as you seem to have had in your two weeks' trip through Brant and Oxford." Then he will make an interrogative pause, as much as to say, Explain that if you can. Brother Griffith can make visits, but if he were required to make "copy" also, many of the little episodal affairs which may now be dismissed with a momentary flicker of his cordial countenance, would assume gigantic proportions under the microscopical scrutiny of one who sees a column of copy in the smile of an ant. I don't mean to say that he would actually do this, but if he had to get up an interesting article, and found a dearth of incidents on the journey with which to intersperse what might otherwise be a monotonous narrative

of similar facts, he might— I only say he might— be tempted to invite, say the tramp, to sit down and make himself at home on a bee-hive, inwardly estimating the amount of copy the result would furnish; or he might provoke a dog— say a collie dog—to provide the basis of fact of a little pantomime, and from notes taken on the spot elaborate at pleas—leisure, I should say. Making copy is—making copy, Brother Griffith, not finding it. So none of your irony, Brother Griffith, when next we meet. And now I come to think of it, Brother Griffith never went through the country on a wheel, and how could such a staid body as he, making his itinerary in a buggy, drawn by a common, prosaic, matter-of-fact livery horse, ever expect adventures? The idea is preposterous— simply preposterous!

Dick Griffith



Home Chat

OUR esteemed friend, Frederick A. Bates, wrote us a short time ago from Hamiota, Manitoba, giving us a cheerful report of his first experiences in the West, and urging us to "advise more to come out." He speaks of better wages and better times, and as an earnest of his own prosperity, makes a donation of \$15 to the Homes.

At the same time we had the pleasure of acknowledging a donation from John F. Palmer, who writes us from Janetville: "I am hired with my employer a second year; I like my place very well. Enclosed please find \$5 to help along the good work of Dr. Barnardo."

Still another donor has come forward in the person of John W. Lumley. In the course of a long and interesting letter, John tells us that he is "not ashamed of being a Barnardo boy," and is trying to keep up the reputation of the Homes by honest work. He also informs us that he is hired for the present year at \$145, and has a good place and is with kind and pleasant people.

We received a very cheery report soon after the issue of the last number of UPS AND DOWNS of an old friend whose arrival in Canada dates back over fourteen years. William Savory, who began life in Canada in 1885 as a stout lad of sixteen, is now established for himself in business as a blacksmith in the village of Starkville, and is described to us by a person who lately met him as a "prosperous, intelligent and highly respectable business man." Our correspondent writes us: "He has a good Christian wife, born the same day and year as himself, and a very sweet, wee baby, well cared for and clean. Their home is small but comfortable and cosy. William is musical, and spends a good deal of his spare time with his banjo. He has two cows, a

horse, and lots of poultry which almost keep the house."

Charles Taylor, of the June, 1893, party, has sent us an interesting little report of himself, from which we gather that Charles is doing well and making very creditable progress. Like a wise man, Charles is looking forward to settling himself in Manitoba as soon as he is a little older and has had some further experience of farming. From what we know of Charles, we believe he will make a successful prairie farmer and do as well as any of our boys who have preceded him.

John S. Nevel, after making his apologies for not having written us for so long, proceeds to give us a very interesting account of himself and his life on the large dairy farm where he is now employed. John is a lad whom we are sure will always find favour in the eyes of those with whom he has to do, and we look forward to seeing him make his way to a good position in the country. Any of John's old friends who care to communicate with him can address him at Orkney P.O. His late employer, writing of him some time ago, describes John as "a good-hearted boy and as honest as the sun."

News reached us within the past month of Thomas Miller, and we hear of his being employed in a hardware store in the town of Seaforth, earning \$1.25 per day, in addition to which he receives \$200 a year as leader of the town band.

Mrs. Cunningham, of Barrie, on the occasion of a recent visit to the Home, brings us a pleasing account of the little boys to whom she has for so long acted as a kind and thoughtful foster-mother. The three at present under her care are Ernest John Bray, William H. Parker and Albert George Bell. Mrs. Cunningham tells us that all three of the

little boys are in the best of health and doing well at school, and that she considers "them the best behaved boys in the neighbourhood."

Harry Brooks, of the April, 1892, party, writes us from Rothsay, Ont.: "I am going to work for Mr. G. Hatch on the same line as Mr. Benson. I was going to stay with Mr. Benson, but Mr. Hatch offered me more money; but I expect to go back next year. He said he would take me back whenever I had a mind to go. I am getting \$50 for seven months; I think this is very good. I got \$43 last year. Charles Vesey has hired with Mr. W. Mitchell, son of Mr. J. Mitchell. He will be right across the road from me. I will not have such a great pile to put in the bank this year, but will have more to deposit next fall. I enclose the amount of \$21 to put in the bank."

Mr. Griffith, in the course of a recent visiting tour near Barrie, sends us news of James Horton, who, he tells us, is well, as are also his wife and baby. He is returning to his old employer, Mr. George Ottaway, of Barrie, with whom James learned his business thirteen years ago.

Harry Collins, who has lately completed his seventh year in Canada, is still teaching school at Maple Island in the Parry Sound district. We lately heard of his having spent a few days' holiday with his old friends, the Nott's, and we are told that Harry is well and a successful and promising member of his profession.

Robert B. Woodward, another of our "old boys," although one who has long passed the age of boyhood, was met the other day by Mr. Gaunt. Robert has been for some years station agent at Attercliffe, on the line of the Michigan Central Railway. We hear that he occupies one of the largest houses in the village and is evidently a highly respected and flourishing member of the commonwealth.

Leonard Abbott continues to tell us that his present employer, Mr. Job Parsons, is "a very good man to

live with." Evidently Leonard is thriving in his present quarters, his letter informing us that he has increased in weight from ninety-two pounds to 108. We were much pleased to have his letter, although he modestly concludes by saying he has "not made a very good job of it."

Mr. W. A. Green, of Novar, writes us of his little boarder, George Higgins:

I am glad to be able to say that he is a good boy and getting along fine. He took second prize in school; that is good for him, and he is such a little fellow. He calls Mrs. Green Mother, and myself, Father, and he comes to kiss the same as our own every night going to bed. If we send him on an errand he is very quick; you can always depend on George, and I am glad to be able to say it for his sake.

By an oversight which we have ever since reproached ourselves with, a letter that we intended to refer to in the last issue of *UPS AND DOWNS*, was omitted, and the intelligence it contains is therefore a little out of date. Nevertheless, at the risk of being considered purveyors of stale news, we must give our readers the opportunity of sharing with us the pleasure with which we received it.

CLARKE P.O., March 1st, 1890.

DEAR SIR, - Since I last wrote you many are the changes I have experienced. In the first place, I have left my last situation at Starkville and removed to Newtonville, where I am now working a farm as my own boss for a lady who is a widow. I have also found it necessary to give up my post as superintendent of the Sunday school owing to the fact that I am now altogether too far away to attend to it. While I always felt that I was not really capable of filling such a responsible office, yet I feel sorry that I have to give it up, for during the past year I must say that I have found more friends than I thought I had, especially among the teachers and officers, who have stood by me through thick and thin.

Another great change that has come over me is that I have done what some men (especially bachelors) call a very foolish thing. I have gone and joined the army of the "benedicts." On January 11th last I was married to Miss Mary Ada Marshall, of Newtonville; the bridesmaid was Miss Bella Marshall, sister of the bride, while the groomsmen was Mr. Robert Holmes (one of our old boys and a great friend of mine). I might say that it

I had been married five years ago with the same woman for my wife, I think I should have been better off to-day. I received only this afternoon a visit from Mrs. Owen, who is doing the "visitor" to perfection. I think a much nicer lady it would be hard to find anywhere. We had quite a chat together about the "Home" and old friends and what they were doing.

I remain, as ever, your humble servant,
ALFRED JOHNS.

Our friend, Samuel Rex, whose portrait is a conspicuous ornament to our pages, has sent us with his photograph a letter that we wish the exigencies of space admitted of our reproducing in full. Sam has a literary style peculiar to himself and



Samuel Rex.

his letters are always a source of interest and amusement. We should mention that he is located in California, having left Ontario some time ago in search of a balmier clime. We can only say of this migration that Ontario's loss is distinctly California's gain, and the Golden State received an acquisition to her population when our esteemed friend cast anchor within her borders. Sam begins his letter by informing us that he is looking well, a statement that his photograph fully confirms. He proceeds to tell

us that both the wheat and fruit crops are promising, and that he himself is very busy among the latter. His employer has thirty-one acres of orchard, including apples, peaches and oranges. The land is good and the climate seems to agree remarkably well with him. The remainder of his letter is occupied with expressions of good wishes for all his friends and those connected with the Homes.

Robert Taylor is one of those whose name appears on the roll of honour as a recipient of one of Dr. Barnardo's silver medals, in consideration of his having faithfully fulfilled his engagement with Mr. C. D. Brown, of Bath. Mr. Brown writes of him: "Robert has proved himself a very good boy, and I trust that if I send to you for another boy from your Institution, I shall be fortunate to get one as intelligent and industrious."

A somewhat similar testimony comes to us from the employer of William J. Daubney, another of our medallists. Mr. Elijah Welsford, of Paisley, writes us: "After nearly six years of service, we feel it a pleasure and a duty to say a word as to his general good character. We have always found him willing, honest and trustworthy, not addicted to vice, profanity or bad habits, a credit to himself, the Homes and the community. Our house will always be a home for him in sickness or health. He remains with us another year. The terms are the same as before. We find him everything, including pocket money, and pay him fifty dollars clear."

Our visitors' reports, that have been coming in a steady stream since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, have brought us details of boys, big and little, and from various directions of the country. During the month of May alone, we received reports from our travelling agents of 440 boys. There are good, better and best reports, and some few, we are sorry to say, that we are unable to classify under either of these

degrees of comparison. Of the whole, however, we can record that they are highly satisfactory and encouraging, and give the brightest testimony to the general success and welfare of the work. Mr. Griffith has traversed the greater part of the counties of Grey and Simcoe, Mr. Gaunt has been at work in Muskoka and, during a short interval, in Wentworth and Haldimand. Mrs. Charles Owen is in the west visiting from various centres on the main line of the C.P.R. west of Winnipeg, and as we write, "Dick Whittington" has just started out on a short trip through the counties of Brant and Oxford. We shall have the benefit of his experiences in another page, and if they are not exactly those of an "innocent abroad," they will, from the fact that the work is quite new to him, have all the charm and freshness of novelty, and we have no doubt will be highly entertaining. As we turn over the piles of reports we hardly know where to begin and where to end in selecting items of intelligence that will be of interest to our readers.

William Smith, whose acquaintance we first made twelve years ago as a very small immigrant, is now married and settled near Alliston, Ont., and when met by Mr. Griffith had just welcomed a baby boy, and was exulting in the pride of fatherhood.

Robert Mills and his brother John are employed on farms within a short distance of each other, and appear to be steady, deserving young fellows. A rumour has reached them that they have fallen heirs to a property in Edinburgh that is spoken of as a "fortune." There are many will-o'-the-wisps in these sort of rumours, and we advise our friends not to be too ready in complying with the demands of the agency through which the information has reached them; but if they should ultimately realize anything to their advantage, we are sure they will have the hearty congratulations of a large circle of acquaintance.

Freddie Briggs, aged twelve, in

ing with Mr. Frederick Tetter, of Tottenham, is described as "a very good boy," and we are told that the family "would not like to part with him." His brother is located at Barrie with Mr. John Wilson, where he has a comfortable home with a retired elderly couple, and is doing very fairly well.

Francis Killick, we are glad to hear, has not forgotten his mother in England, and we are sure she must be pleased by the good accounts he is able to send her of himself. He is a lad who gives every promise of growing up to be a credit to himself and to his friends.

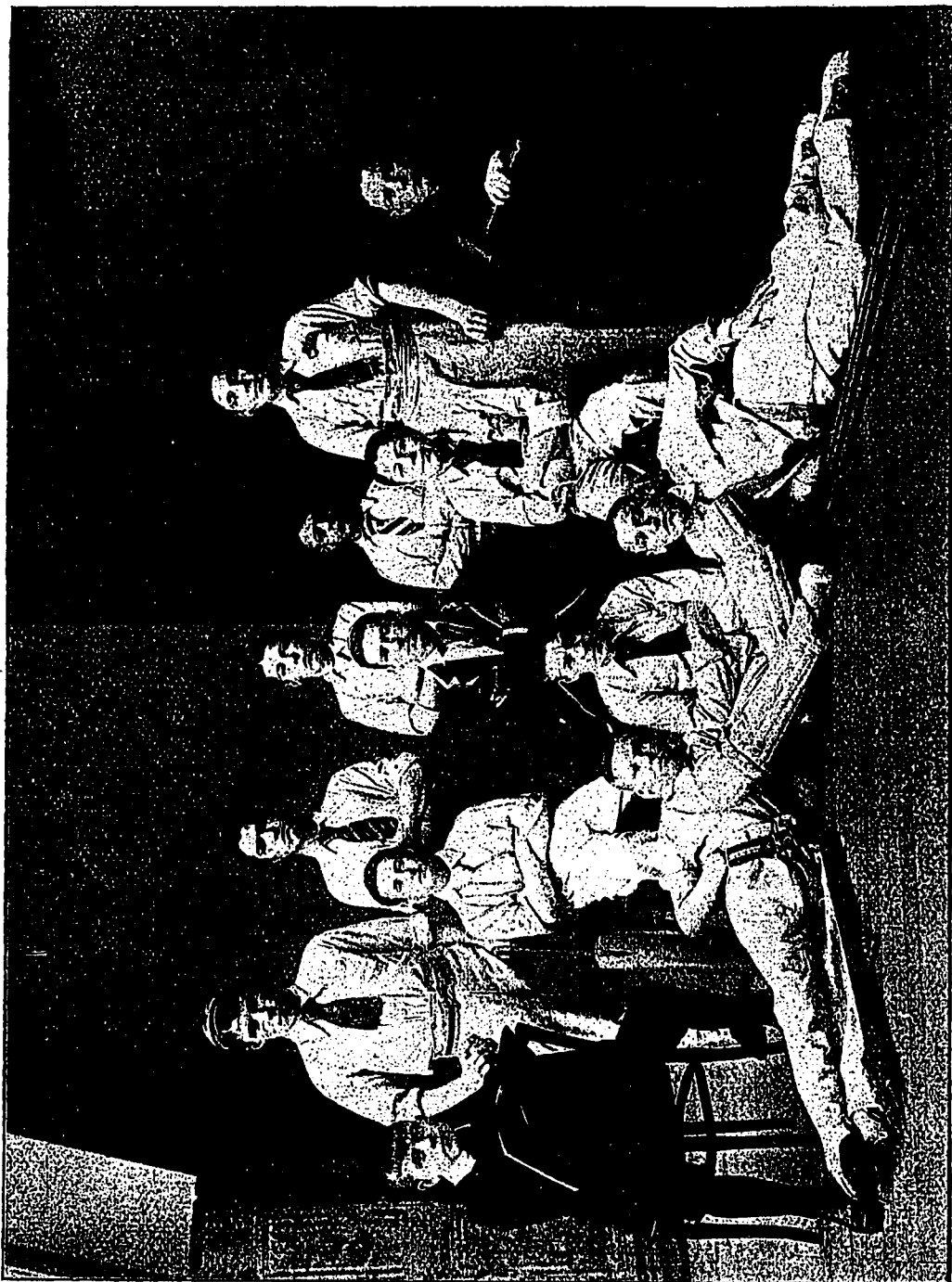
Of James Cameron we hear that "as a farm hand there is no better man anywhere." James is making good wages during the present season, which he intends to devote to taking a trip to England in the fall to visit his relatives.

From our local agent for the Lindsay district, Mr. Henry Reazin, we have received a very satisfactory report of Alfred George Loveridge. Mr. Reazin describes Alfred's physical appearance as that of a "fine, strong, able-bodied young man, a picture of health," and adds that he is a first-class farm hand, bearing an excellent character, a member of the Methodist Church, and in every respect a credit to the Home. The report adds that he has bought a lot in the village of Cameron, and has lumber and other material ready for building. We do not suppose that Alfred has any intention of occupying this new house in single blessedness, and we await further developments.

Edwin Wingate was found by Mr. Griffith hard at work weeding (not sowing) wild oats. He is at present hired with a farmer near Thompsonville, and is expecting to be able to make a substantial addition to his bank account from his present season's wages. Edwin is one of our medallists and his name appears on the list referred to on another page. He has a brother, Herbert, a year older than himself, working on a farm near Aylmer.

We are told that Herbert bears an excellent character and is a first-class farm hand. He is earning a hundred dollars for the present season, with his board, lodging and washing. The combined savings of both lads

and the next page will be a sight to gladden the eyes of many of our friends, who, as old Stepney boys, took pride in the achievements of the famous football team that we think we are correct in saying has never yet known defeat, and the not less famous



we have learned with much pleasure that they have some idea of migrating to the North West with the intention of making a start on land of their own.

The photograph is a reproduction of a photograph taken by the author of the football team, and is the

cricket team, famous not only for the quality of its playing, but from another circumstance that our boys will at once recall. We venture to assert that there is not another such an eleven in the world, and we are proud to present them to the readers

Kent, and we are told is highly satisfied with his investment, and finds he has obtained excellent value for his money.

William Honeybourne is described as a pleasant-looking, sensible lad, a good worker and making excellent progress. William has a little brother at present boarded out in Muskoka, but we hope to be able very shortly to carry into effect an arrangement for placing the little fellow in a situation in the same neighbourhood.

The only fault to be found with little Harold Hutchings is that he does not grow. We are sure we may give Harold credit for being anxious to reform in this respect, and his employer, Mr. Lee, seems to be doing everything possible to assist nature. The home is a thoroughly comfortable one, where, we are told, there is plenty to eat and drink, and every care taken of the boy.

One or two of our bigger lads from the neighbourhood at Alliston were found to have gone to camp at Niagara, and owing to this Mr. Griffith missed the pleasure of seeing them. This, no doubt, gives the lads a pleasant outing, and a little soldiering and military discipline will certainly do them no harm.

Frederick George White completed his engagement with Mr. Louis Proctor, of Glencairn, on April 1st last, in token of which Fred is now the recipient of one of Dr. Barnardo's medals. He has re-engaged with Mr. Proctor for another year, and we learn from Mr. Griffith's report is doing well in every way. A colt, in which he invested \$15 of his wages, has, we are told, grown into a handsome animal, for which Fred has already refused \$35. Our friend is a member of the Church and everything we hear of him confirms the impression that he is leading an upright, consistent Christian life.

Arthur Chapman has made a little business since he arrived in Canada nearly eight years ago, and has now a nice little balance to his credit

in the savings bank. Arthur is looking forward to meeting his sister, Florence, in Toronto during the Exhibition week, and we take this opportunity of bidding the young people heartily welcome to the hospitality of the Home.

Sidney Battersbee, who was visited by Mr. Griffith on June 6th, has made up his mind to pull up stakes with the object of joining his friend, Arthur Galland, in Manitoba. We hear that Arthur is located about eighty miles west of Winnipeg, and has written enthusiastically of his experience in the great, rich West.

Walter Meacher, whose name will be well remembered by any of the boys who came out from Leopold House during the past three or four years, was recently visited by Mr. Gaunt. From what we know of Walter, it is no surprise to us to hear that he is giving general satisfaction, and to see him described in the report as hard working, industrious and thoroughly reliable. Walter has increased in stature as well as in wisdom since his arrival, and we are told is "a fine, big lad for his age, healthy, sturdy and well developed."

"I like him splendid," said Mr. Biggar, the employer of Henry Francis. Henry has had some unfortunate financial experiences of late, and although we never write off as a bad debt any amount owing to a boy in payment of wages until we have put forth every effort to collect it for him, we are afraid that in the case of an amount owing to Henry, it must be given up as a "bad job." Happily for Henry, the amount is not large, and he is now with an employer who, we feel sure, has both the means and the will to fulfil his obligations, and will treat him fairly and well. Henry is a lad who will always do his best to please, and has earned the character of being a hard-working, truthful, honest young fellow.

Herbert Halls and his brother, Ernest, were looked up by Mr. Griffith while in the neighbourhood of Cremona. Ernest is employed

by a tailor in the neighbourhood, and has now had three years' experience at the bench. Herbert is working during the present summer for his old employer, Mr. Stone. We are told he is a good farm hand, and both are respectable, steady young fellows.

George N. Commander, one of last year's medal winners, is hired for the present season with Mr. Robert Wilson, of Whitby, earning \$150, with board and lodging. He has developed into a strong, able-bodied young man, and seems to bear an excellent character.

Mr. Griffith records of John King, whom he called upon in his present quarters near Stayner, that there has been a great improvement in John's appearance, and that he is very proud of his eighty-dollar bank account, and hopes to be able to add considerably to it.

Our friend, William Henry Hanson, who is now quite an old-timer, with a highly creditable record of thirteen years in the country, is described as a really fine young fellow. William was a former protegee of Mr. Phipps, who will, we are sure, be pleased to hear of his welfare. Mr. Griffith learned from William that he has made up his mind to try his luck in the North-West, and expects to leave with one of the earliest harvest excursions.

In his report of William Abbott, after referring to his general good conduct and capabilities as a farm hand, Mr. Griffith adds, "the only drawback is that he has lately purchased a bicycle." We fear this is a very general drawback, but we have exhausted our eloquence on the subject of bicycles and have decided to abandon the subject.

Stuart Rudd, one of our latest arrivals from England, seems to have made a good start in the country. Mr. Griffith tells us that he found him working as if the welfare of the community depended on his exertions. He is, of course, "very green" at present, but will soon learn his business, and we have

every hope that he will not lose his foothold in the country.

While referring to our latest arrivals, we are pleased to mention that we have just had a letter from Samuel Sowden, one of the non-commissioned officers at the Stepney Home, and a leading man in the printers' shop. Sam writes us that he is expecting one of his shopmates to arrive with the next party, and asks us to arrange for placing him in a situation in the same neighbourhood. He says of himself in his letter:

I am glad to say that you got me a very good place, which suits me better than I expected when I was speaking about it on board the *Scotsman*, where I had a very good time. I have got on pretty well at farming since I have been here, and have done a good lot of the spring work, such as harrowing, rolling, and other jobs too numerous to mention. My master is a very good man and so patient in learning you what he can.

Thomas Vick, another of the Stepney "old hands," who also came with the last party, is located in the same district and doing admirably well, and we have, in fact, a little colony of lads in that and the adjacent township that are a credit to the Homes.

The following is Mr. Griffith's concise but very satisfactory report of Charles W. Brock, of the March, 1889, party: "A manly, cheerful young fellow, highly spoken of, no better farm hand in the district, is engaged for a year from April last, to receive \$100, and all found except clothing--good wages for the district. Found him and his employer busy drawing rails for fencing. He will try to visit the Home during Exhibition week, but fears they will be too busy."

William Andrews, who has lived for the past six years with Mr. Marshall Beckett, of Kemble, has well deserved the silver medal that we have just had the pleasure of awarding him. Mr. Griffith tells us that he is a really fine young fellow, active, intelligent and a first class workman.

Edith

have fallen into good hands with Mr. and Mrs. McManus, of Mono Mills. Mr. Griffith tells us that after visiting Alma he met Mr. and Mrs. McManus at Orangeville, and received from them quite an enthusiastic report of their little boy; in fact, they "could not be better suited."

Henry Ward, who came out in the summer of 1892, after having been for some time previous in the boot-makers' shop at Stepney, has been in business for himself for some time past at Granton, Ont. Mr. Griffith called upon him in passing through Granton a short time ago, and tells us that he found him hard at work in his shop and able to report that business is very satisfactory.

"Behaviour excellent, has outgrown all his clothes," are two interesting items of information that we extract from a report of Robert Yates at the end of his first six months in the country. Robert is a Yorkshireman, and has a good many of the characteristics of the species which have brought Yorkshiremen to the front in so many parts of the world.

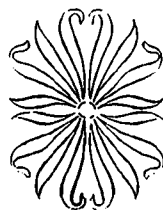
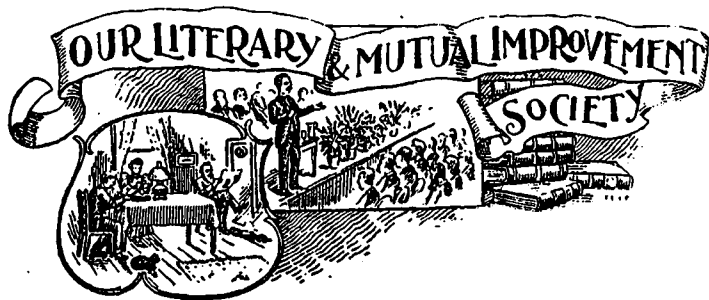
George Edward Churchill seems to be an important man of business, and quite the right hand man of his

mistress, Mrs. Brunning. During the summer he is employed in taking fruit and vegetables into Sarnia to dispose of them to customers, but we are told he can be implicitly depended upon and that there never yet has been any "shortage" in his collections.

"No better boy in the country" was the answer given by the employer of Thomas William Fry to Mr. Griffith's enquiry as to the boy's conduct. Willie completed his engagement on April 1st last, and in token thereof he is now the proud possessor of one of Dr. Barnardo's medals, and has a hundred dollars to his credit in the bank.

We very gratefully and sincerely thank two of our little boys, Alfred Stephens and John Teasdale, for a dollar that has come as their joint gift "to help bring some other little boy to Canada." On May 24th a fishing excursion was planned, but our little friends gave up the day's sport to the useful, but not very entertaining, occupation of planting potatoes. Receiving fifty cents each from their foster-mother for the day's work, they decided to devote the money to Dr. Barnardo, and it has come to us with two nice, well-written little notes that we have the greatest pleasure in acknowledging.





AS our readers will remember, we promised in our last number a nicely bound copy of one of the standard poets for the best original poem on any subject. Poets are born, not made, they say. Judging from some of the effusions sent in, we are afraid that the authors of some of them, not having been born poets, have wooed the coy Muse only to be jilted by the fickle jade. Some of the "poems" are so decidedly original as to be unlike anything that might be called poetry. Pegasus, in some cases, has been most refractory, kicking the last semblance of metre out of the composition, dislocating the rhymes and making havoc of the sense, having first thrown the rider in the midst of a howling wilderness before he even got in sight of Parnassus.

John E. Sanders, in warbling "The Song of Peace," handles his theme in a manner that suggests strife. Doubtless his intentions are good, but his verse cannot be said to be mellifluous or his diction clarified.

James Albert Carpenter wrestles with "Death and Victory" through twelve painfully deformed stanzas of chaotic sentiment—and the victory is not yet. Death might be a happy release; but we trust he will survive to conquer in some future contest where iambs, trochees and other poetical furnishings may be dispensed with.

Edmund C. Flory shows cleverness and some aptitude at verse-making in a short poem eulogistic of UPS AND DOWNS and Dick Whittington, which so tickled that

individual that he has promised to send Edmund a copy of his own book of verse as a second prize. Edmund has not kissed the blarney stone in vain.

Fred. H. Beazley has devoted nine verses to the elucidation of the subject of "Conscience," telling us that he "hunted up all the references in the Bible," and wrote the composition four times before sending it in. While the result does not warrant our awarding the prize to him, such perseverance and painstaking effort cannot be permitted to pass uncommended. His efforts are worthy of much praise, and we hope he will not be discouraged, but console himself with the thought that "Virtue is its own reward."

"The Little Castaway; or, an Example of Drink's Evil Doings," by William H. Willmet, is intended as a touching appeal to avoid intemperance. While it is somewhat deficient in literary merit, the writer is evidently actuated by an earnest desire to save others from the lot of the child who figures in his verses as the innocent victim of her father's drunkenness.

"The Capture of Quebec" as a poetical composition is a failure; but the descriptive ability of its author, Fred E. Price, is such as to lead us to suppose that if he had tackled the subject in prose, the result would have been more satisfactory, as we think a quotation of the following quatrain will prove

"Now Quebec was a Gibraltar,
About its capture he well might fan;
But Wolfe, you know, would never at
From a purpose he might foster."

J. A. Conway the prize winner.

whom we have already complimented on his remarkable penmanship, has entered the lists with two poems, of which the following seems the better, and of the merits of which we leave our readers to judge :

THE BATTLE.

I thought of a battle-field,
Of a conflict fierce and long;
And I saw the glittering sabres flash,
Full fifteen hundred strong.

I heard the groans of the dying,
And I saw the forms of the dead,
While the rattling muskets echoed back,
The cries of those who fled.

On the hills the cannons roared,
Belching forth their message of death,
And high in the air a vulture soared,
Awaiting the dying's last breath.

But hark! There's a mighty shout!
The victors have won the day!
And the army defeated is put to flight,
Though they stood so long at bay.

They chased them o'er the hill;
They followed them through the valley;
They spared not one that would not
reach
Not one to tell the tale.

Their bayonets drip with blood,
As onward still they go;
While the dull, dark clouds like a funeral
pall,
Hang over the scene below.

A vengeance stern was theirs,
Beyond my power to tell;
While the cannons boomed and the rifles
cracked
And many a warrior fell.

Yes; fell to rise no more
Until the Judgment Day,
When friend and foe, in one vast crowd,
Before the throne shall pray.

Return, ye victors, then!
There's triumph in your face.
Return, ye heroes of the field,
And seek the people's grace!

For many a heart, with sorrow sad
And many a mother, too,
Mourning the loss of yaliant sons
Will lay the blame on you

How sad the picture they will
How sad which we tell it o'er,
Oh, grant that One will speed us
When war shall be no more!

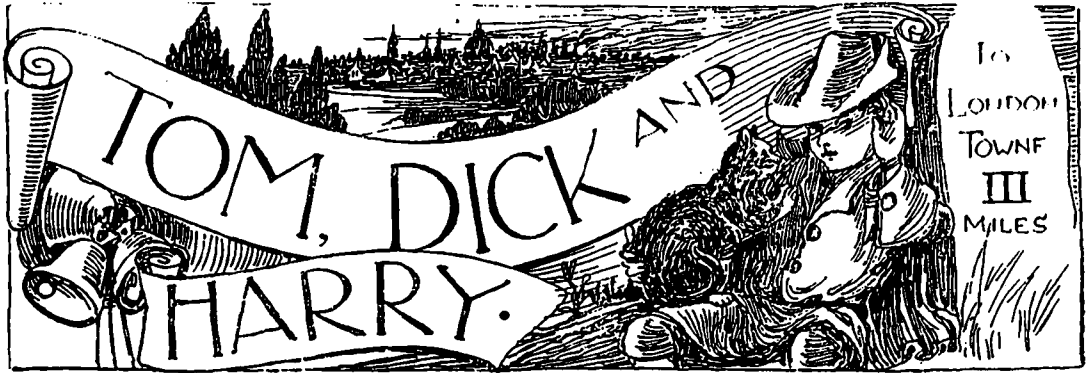
As already premised in "Personal Notes," the subject of the next discussion is :

WHAT RELIGIOUS BODY ARE YOU IN SYMPATHY WITH?

It is required of those who compete that they shall not only state the denomination to which they belong, but give the reasons for their choice. (See I. Peter iii., 15). A well-bound Hymn Book, with music, of the denomination of the winner, will be awarded to the author of the best essay. Manuscripts must not exceed 500 words, and must be received by the Editor of UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Avenue, Toronto, on or before September 15th. As nearly all our girls are in fellowship with some religious body, there is no reason why they should not also enter the contest.

Our thanks are due to W. G. H. Start for a startling collection of puzzles which, we are sorry to say, we cannot publish for lack of space. The puzzle column is a feature of the Girls' Department, and we would suggest that in future our puzzle-makers and solvers will please send their contributions to Miss Code, Hazel Brae, Peterborough.

We also acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the manuscript of "An Interesting Story," by Christopher Buckle, which must be declined, too, for the same reason. Our would-be novelist has generously offered to supply an instalment of a serial story for every issue, promising that the story shall grow in interest as it proceeds; but, having slain the heroine in the first chapter, we fear it would necessitate the adding of a matrimonial agency to our many other objects of interest in order to supply the hero with the means of attachment incidental to a love story. No, Christopher; we can't do it. Our space is too limited for a "bride dressed in a fine silk dress and twelve feet of a trail," carried by "six little girls, and in their hands a bunch of the prettiest flowers you ever saw."



A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "Robin Hood," suggests the tobacco habit as a topic for July. He says he has tried it himself, and given it up as "a dirty, filthy habit." Chewing tobacco made him sick, and smoking burned his tongue and made chaos of his internal economy, while cigars made him "feel drunk." He therefore asks me to unite with him in its condemnation.

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While I am what we call in England a "teetotaler," and while I have never so demeaned and defiled myself as to chew tobacco, I must confess myself a moderate smoker, and therefore subject to what I unhesitatingly denounce as a bad habit. I do not wish to play the hypocrite, and therefore I must plead guilty in this respect. I have already told my young friends that I have my faults. This is one of them. I can, therefore, speak from experience with regard to smoking.

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For man or youth the chewing of tobacco is a disgustingly filthy habit, which, happily, in England is confined to the irrespectable class of the community; but in Canada the habit is more common, while in the United States the nauseating spittoon and the still more ubiquitous expectoration of the chewer of tobacco, prove that many people erroneously suppose a lack of refinement to be compatible with respectability. But it is not so, for respectability implies the possession of qualities which command respect, and who, I ask, can

respect a man who chews tobacco and thereby makes himself a public nuisance? The habit is revolting in the extreme, and decidedly prejudicial to health and personal appearance. It involves a waste of saliva, which should be used to prepare food for digestion during the process of mastication; it imparts a foul odour to the breath, discolours the teeth, and not infrequently leaves a filthy rim of coagulated tobacco juice about the mouth; it pollutes, if it does not also poison, the system with nicotine, and thus renders the habitual chewer of tobacco, in the estimation of cannibalistic epicures, unwholesome as an article of diet. This last is the only thing that may be said in favour of this vile habit, and is certainly invalid as an excuse since cannibalism has become well-nigh obsolete. I trust that no youth or man who has graduated from Dr. Barnardo's Homes is addicted to the chewing of tobacco, trained, as he has been, in habits of decency and self-respect. Faugh! it is worse than beastly.

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Smoking, while devoid of the disgusting features of chewing, is certainly not conducive to health, and is indisputably injurious to the young, and may safely be condemned as an artificial or acquired habit which is of no possible use. It is not food, nor is it a stimulant, for it is relaxing, and enervating rather than strengthening, and an immoderate use of tobacco, either in the pipe or as cigars, is generally censured in hygienic works. Cigarettes, while they are mild, than

pipe tobacco and cigars, are more especially denounced, because of the common habit of inhaling the smoke, the inferior quality of the tobacco often used in their manufacture, the presence of opium in Turkish cigarettes, and sometimes because of the combustion of chemically injurious ingredients of the paper used in cheap cigarettes. We must eat, and we must drink, but we need not smoke, and we certainly ought not to chew tobacco. It may, therefore, be authoritatively laid down as a safe rule to follow to avoid things that are unnecessary, as a matter of economy in time, effort and money, as well as a preventive against what may result in disease or unpleasant consequences to ourselves or our companions.

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Dr. Richardson declares that "while there are no grounds for believing that the smoking of tobacco can produce any organic changes, it can and does produce various functional disturbances in the stomach, the heart, the organs of the senses (eyes, ears, nose, mouth and nerves), the brain, the nerves, the mucous membrane of the mouth (causing what has been described as 'smoker's sore throat'), and on the bronchial surface of the lungs."

That is to say, smoking interferes with the normal action of these organs, so that they cannot perform their functions (or duties) properly.

+ + +

Dr. Nattress, in his book on "Physiology and Temperance," written for the study of the pupils of our public schools, particularizes to this effect:

The effects of early smoking on the body as a whole has a tendency to dwarf its stature and impair its organs. On the muscular system, its effect is relaxing, impairing the elasticity of the muscles, and detracting from the buoyancy and firmness of gait. Tobacco imparts to the skin a dry and sallow look. It is unfavourable to digestion. Its use in any form, has a depressing effect on the heart. It weakens its force and often interferes with the regularity of its action. It is more marked

in its effects upon the young, the weak or those disposed to disease. The strong and healthy may seem to escape its effects; but when we know it imposes extra labour on the heart, upsets the nerve influence which keeps up its constant and uniform action, we know enough about it to pronounce it not only useless, but harmful. It is just possible, if the truth were known, it is the direct cause of many heart failures and other cases of sudden death from heart disease." It is bad for the lungs, cigarette smoking especially, and not only irritates the lung tissue, but vitiates the blood, and hence the whole system. "The action of tobacco on the nervous system is that of a narcotic poison. Its active principle is nicotine, a very strong and rapidly fatal poison. A single drop given to a rabbit will produce death in a few minutes. The habitual smoker does not, as a rule, experience any alarming effects from the nicotine he absorbs, because his system has become used to it. Ask the same smoker how he felt after his first smoke. He will tell you—for he remembers it well—that he turned sick; the skin became pale, and a cold, clammy perspiration stood out on his forehead; his muscles weakened, he trembled all over, and his brain reeled so that he could not stand. The depression was alarming; he was completely prostrated. It was only after repeated trials, and when he had got the system accustomed to it, that he could take his smoke in comfort. While it is possible to train the system to tolerate the poison to such an extent as not to cause any immediate prostration, there is hardly a smoker who does not feel at times a certain amount of nervous depression. It may be a slight trembling of the muscles, causing the hands to be unsteady, or it may be a weak trembling action of the heart, with a very rapid pulse, sometimes irregular. This action of tobacco on the heart has become so noticeable as to be known by the medical profession as 'the tobacco heart.' Then again he may suffer from a form of nervous dyspepsia, with nausea and loss of appetite, or a general irritability of the nervous system, with headaches, weakened memory, impaired vitality, and loss of flesh. *Tobacco has a more profound effect upon the nerves of a young lad than on a grown person, because his nervous system is more sensitive. It is a hundredfold more injurious in youth. The use of tobacco in any form by young persons should be severely condemned.*" The nerves connected with the five senses are injured by the constant use of tobacco. Dimness of vision may be produced by it. One physician reports the case of a man who persisted in using a strong "navy plug" tobacco until it led to "nearly total blindness." The organs of taste and smell, as well as the ears, may be affected by this habit. A professional "tea taster" knows he cannot use tobacco and retain the delicacy of taste necessary to his occupation.

I have quoted the testimony of physicians, because what they say will have more weight. This might be supplemented to any extent by authoritative evidence as emphatic as this and to the same effect. The results of smoking and chewing vary, of course, with different people. Some men, who had reached maturity before they began to smoke, seem to indulge the habit with impunity and live to a ripe old age; but even in such cases we cannot be sure that they would not have lived longer and had better health had they refrained from tobacco. A robust physique may resist the effects of an unnatural habit for many years, and still be insidiously undermined and ultimately destroyed by some malady to which it was rendered susceptible by the use of tobacco. It is safer, under the best conditions, to take no chances, while it is simply wanton folly for a lad to ape his elders and inevitably incur the evil consequences to which, at his age, his body is a hundredfold liable.

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There never was a time, perhaps in the history of the world, when a lad who would succeed in life had more need to have his wits about him, or when it was more essential to success that he should abstain from every form of vice and from every bad habit that will impair his stamina. The race is to the swift and the battle to the strong in these days of intense competition. Education has uplifted the working class to a higher plane of thought and action, and the sharpening of the intellect and the implanting of nobler aspirations in the mind of the common folk have brought into rivalry men who before were more associ-

ates than rivals. The man who drinks sees at his elbow a dozen men who do not drink ready to take his job. And the man who, through early habits of dissipation, is without the energy, and will, and industry of a man, must ever stand in dread of a forfeiture of his position. There is no sentiment in business these days. The times demand men of strength of character, of decision and determination—men who can hold their own against all comers, and he who does not recognize what is expected of him, and prepare himself by a rigid training for the struggle of life, will one day be thrust aside as a weakling who has failed to claim and hold a place in the world. Boys, you cannot eat your cake and have it; that is to say, you cannot consume your powers of body and mind in an idle gratification of wrong desires, and still have them when you need them for a useful purpose. If you wish to succeed, you must pay the price of success in self-control and self-denial. He who would be rich, must save what he gets; if he squanders as he gains, he will surely die in poverty.

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One thought more in conclusion: Mind your own business! Think for yourself, and act for yourself; never mind what others do; do right yourself, and you will live to see that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that Providence amply repays with blessing proportionate to the effort all who "cease to do evil" and "learn to do well." Boys, control your habits if you would not be controlled by them.

W. L. Whittier, Jr.





OUR GIRLS

Hazel Brae Notes.

HOW glad we all feel that "the winter is past," that "the flowers have appeared on the earth and the time of the singing of birds has come!" This is the time, too, for growth in nature; all around us everything that is alive is growing, fulfilling the promises and hopes of Spring and going on to maturity. And is not something like this going on in yourselves, too? As girls come back to us who have been away months, or perhaps years, we are much struck with their growth and development, not merely in size but in knowledge and character. And should not the same thing be true spiritually? As the years pass on, should they not find you growing in grace and in knowledge of heavenly things as well as earthly ones? Now just take a few minutes to think, and ask yourselves if this is so in your case. Go back in thought to the time when you came to Canada and made a new start in life. You began with great hopes, good desires and much promise, and how does to-day find you? Have you grown stronger to overcome and control the habits and failings that come from within, and more able to resist the temptations from without? Have you grown more patient, more useful and more Christ-like?

These are serious questions and are worth answering frankly and truly. Naturally, the first essential of growth is life, and this new life must be begun in the soul by accepting Christ as

your Saviour and Redeemer, and then it must be nourished by the sunshine of His love and watered by His Holy Spirit. Take a lesson from the plants and flowers, and if any of you feel that this spiritual life is not growing, but is in danger of withering and dying out, clear the darkened windows of the heart from sinful thoughts and words and let God's blessed sunshine come into your soul, and walk in the light. Then what is good and pure and true will grow, and when the reaping time comes you shall have a full and happy harvest.

Perhaps the events of most interest to the greatest number of girls since our last issue are the announcements concerning visits to England.

Miss Code is at present in London taking a summer holiday. She left by the *S.S. Dominion* on May 2nd, and had a delightful voyage, lovely weather, but little sea-sickness, and a quick and safe passage.

Before this reaches our readers we expect that Mr. and Mrs. Metcalfe will also have left us for a little rest and change in England. We wish them all a safe voyage and a speedy return.

Mrs. Brown expects to accompany another party of girls across the ocean in July. We hear that one hundred girls are to sail for Canada on the 12th, which means, all being well, that they will arrive at Hazel Brae about the 24th. Then our busy time will begin again.

The spring months have been marked by a large number of appli-

cations and a great exodus of little girls. During the winter Hazel Brae seemed to be well filled, but as the bright days came on and house-cleaning and various extra household duties had to be done, and the little ones to be looked after out of doors, our girls became in great demand, and now we have none available for service unless it be some who are changing.

We have had one or two girls back through failing health, needing rest and change for a few weeks.

Alice Stokes came from Toronto looking white and weak, but left again well and strong for a situation in Cooksville.

Christina Walters was in much the same condition. She, too, improved greatly, and has now a good place in Dundas, near her sister, Clara.

Those who remember Maggie Brook, of October, 1893, whose picture has appeared in UPS AND DOWNS, will be sorry to hear that she is at present at Hazel Brae on account of sickness. She has had but one home in Canada, and that a very happy one in Ottawa, where she has lived for over five years. She had a cold and cough when seen in the winter, and in April returned to Hazel Brae looking quite ill. Her master and mistress and their two little boys think very highly of Maggie, and are extremely sorry to part with her. Mr. and Mrs. M— offered to nurse her through what, we fear, may be a long and trying illness; but it has been decided to give her the benefit of a sea voyage, and she will probably be back in England by the time this reaches our readers.

Several girls have made passing visits or have called in to see us when in town for their spring shopping. Amongst others are Jane Smith, Lily Marsh, Mary Knowles, Sarah Bennett, Adelaide Emmens, Jane Scales, Winnie Franzen (on her way to Montreal to join her two sisters), and Beatrice Woodford, from Saturday to Monday

Ellen Garbutt and Thirza, from Niagara Falls, also spent a little time at the Home. Ellen has been for ten years in one family. This speaks for itself as to her worth and character. "Thirza" is now in her third year, has a comfortable home and is valued there, especially by the little ones, to whom she is much attached. Both had been working pretty hard and had earned their holiday. We think they had a pleasant time and returned refreshed.

An old friend turned up the other day in the person of Emma Davies. She went about two years since with



Alice Cutress.

a family to Texas, but found the climate trying and could not stand the heat of the coming summer, so she returned to Canada. We were pleased to find her very decidedly improved. She had evidently been doing well, and seemed to be a respectable, sensible young woman.

We heard a glowing account of one of our married girls the other day. Aunt Kennett came to Canada in 1885 and stayed at the place near Bewdley the whole of the time until she was married in

December, 1898. The son of her former employer told us that she had done well, that her husband was a temperance advocate, a member of the Methodist Church, owned 100 acres and a brick house, that she was very comfortably situated and would be pleased to see any one from the Home when in that neighbourhood.

“Westward Ho!”

Several of our elder girls seem to have taken this as their watchword and to have caught something of



Minnie Banks and Nellie Hammond.

the spirit of enterprise, having risked the earnings of years in a long railway journey, with the hope of getting better positions and higher wages on the prairies of the West, and certainly, so far, these ventures appear to have proved successful.

We speak of the late Miss Robert better than that of her former employer; she was engaged by the patron with whom her mother was already living;

Minnie Banks and Nellie Hammond, who celebrated their arrival in Winnipeg by having themselves photographed, went together from Toronto. Both had been employed by first-class farmers in Ontario for some years, had good characters and were capable, sensible girls. Minnie has a thoroughly good farm situation with well-to-do people near La Riviere. Nellie has taken a place in Winnipeg and both are getting good wages.

Two others, Florence Ash and Ellen Harvey, have gone still farther west to Nelson, B.C., Florence to be married at once on arrival, and Ellen as her companion to try her fortune. Florence came to Canada in 1892. In November of that year she was placed with Rev. Denike, of Campbellford, and has remained there with a married daughter until she left in May for the North-West. She has been a faithful, conscientious girl, and is much respected by all the family. She was engaged some time back to a steady, prosperous young man in Campbellford. A year ago he went West, and, having prepared a home, is before this time, we hope, happily settled there with Florence as his wife. Florence was the happy owner of an organ, which she naturally wished to transport to her new home; but found the cost of freight so much that she felt she must reluctantly leave it behind. But, to her great delight, her employer, as a wedding present, paid the whole cost and sent it through for her free. We congratulate her heartily and offer her our best wishes for health, happiness and prosperity.

Notices to be Remembered.

If girls who have deposited money in the bank at Peterborough will have received this year a new bank book. For the benefit of the younger ones who may not quite understand it we will explain that

devising ways of supporting our mission. We are especially indebted to her for the pictures of Hazel Brae, that so many of you have bought. Mrs. Haultain took the photograph of the house herself, and generously provides us with a supply. The money realized by the sale of them goes to England with the Girls' Donation Fund. As will be seen in another column, they have already brought in the sum of over \$8.00.

Lilian Madden, nearly seventeen, came out in 1896 and was placed in a good farm-house near Bethany, where she is still remaining. Lilian is a steady girl and giving great satisfaction. She is happy in having her younger sister, Daisy, near her. Daisy is a quick, smart little girl, and the two are both doing well.

Winifred Roberts came to Canada in 1893, and was placed in January, 1894, with Mrs. McLean, of Chatham, where she has been ever since. This is in itself a good guarantee of character, and speaks well for both mistress and maid. Winnie has lately had the pleasure of a visit from her brother, Ernest, and the two celebrated this visit by having their photos taken together, which we now reproduce here.

Alice Cutress, who came to Canada in 1895, is still with the same family near Avening, to whom she went in that year. Her record can be judged by the following quotations from our Visitor's Diary: In 1896, "Alice has a good home and is a good girl." In 1897, "Mr. and Mrs. K... are fond of her, and say she is a good girl and, on the whole, doing well." In 1898, "Mr. and Mrs. K... spoke well of Alice and seemed pleased with her generally." In 1899, "Heard no complaint."

A letter of the past year, from Charlotte King will be found among the correspondence and reference is made to Minnie Banks and Nellie Hammond under the heading of "Wentworth Hotel."

Extracts from Visitor's Diary.

SARAH SEABY (July 1898), Toronto, is in a good, comfortable home, being well trained, and in many ways learning to be useful. She is, on the whole, a good little girl. She doesn't forget her old friends at Damerham, although she is quite happy in Canada.

FLORENCE PASK (July, 1898), Toronto, is a good little girl and quite a comfort to her mistress, who spoke of the child most kindly. Florence, too, is quite happy, and seems to be settling down nicely in her new home.

FLORENCE EAGLEN (July, 1898), Elizabethville, is on a farm and feels very much at home with all the family. Is well liked and said to be a kind, willing little girl.

ELIZABETH EAGLEN (July, 1898), Port Hope, living a few miles from her sister, is also in a good home and getting on nicely. The two are looking forward to visiting each other this summer, their mistresses kindly promising to arrange this for them.

BEATRICE WOODFORD (October, 1896), Garden Hill, has had but this one place since she came out to Canada. Is quite happy and spoken well of by all the family. She has grown a big girl and looks well and strong.

CHARLOTTE CLUER (October, 1896), Norwood, is said to be a good, honest, truthful girl. Seems to get on nicely with the children, and is treated like one of the family.

MARIA CAREIS (August, 1896), Norwood, has a good home, is honourable and trustworthy, and in her work will improve, we hope. Maria has had a visit from her brother, George, which gave great pleasure to both, especially as they had not met for ten years.

ELSIE DAVEY (September, 1898), Tilbury Centre, gets on happily in a family where there are six little children, and is smart and a good, willing worker. Elsie was quite

pleased to show some nice new clothes she had received this spring.

CAROLINE M. PARISH (July, 1898), Kingsville, has a good, comfortable home, is learning nicely and, on the whole, doing very well. Is quite happy and contented with her surroundings.

FANNY PENNINGTON (August, 1897), Kingsville, living in the next house with a son of Caroline's mistress, is giving every satisfaction. Indeed, Mrs. W. said, she "couldn't speak too highly of her." Fanny, too, is quite happy, and finds this place a great improvement upon her last.

MAUD MOORE (July, 1898), Kingsville, has a good home, is improving and doing better than at first. Is a strong, healthy girl, seems to like farm life, and, we hope, will do her best to keep her place and deserve for herself a good name.

DOROTHY PINNOCK (July, 1898), Ruthven, seems to have won the affection and respect of all the family. "We are all fond of Dorothy," remarked one of the daughters. She has a good, comfortable home and a kind mistress who takes great pains to make her nice clothes.

ELLEN B. MCGREGOR (August, 1897), Harrow, is a good little girl, helps all she can, but doesn't do very much as she goes regularly to school, and her mistress, being crippled with rheumatism, has to have other help, but having become attached to Ellen, doesn't want to part with her.

ELIZA COLES (October, 1896), Leamington, a good, trustworthy girl. Giving great satisfaction, is quite happy and is now in the third year of being in this her only place.

RACHEL BOURNE (October, 1892), Ridgetown, has a good home, is doing very well and said to be very good to the little boy of twenty months, the only child.

SARAH A. CHALKLEY (September, 1895), Puce, is in her first place since being boarded out in Mukoko,

is quite happy, seems to be doing well at home and is doing well.

ETHEL G. STANLEY (June, 1897), Puce, and her sister, Lily, at Leamington, are both doing well. Good girls in good homes, they have visited each other and each seems satisfied with her own place.

LUCY HAYWARD (August, 1896), Chatham, is in her third year of being at this place, is quite contented and gives very good satisfaction. Is "as strong as a horse," she replied, when questioned about her health.

Correspondence.

Several of our younger children, and those who were younger ones a few years back, remember gratefully the kindness and excellent training they received from Emily Carter, who was for so many years at Hazel Brae, and will read with pleasure the following letter just received from England:

To My Canadian Girls.

June 12th, 1890.

MY DEAR GIRLS, Perhaps you may wonder who is writing to you. Well, I must tell you, in the first place, your old friend, Emily Carter. So many of you have written me such nice letters since I came home to England, and really I am ashamed of myself for not replying to them. Still I feel sure you will forgive me when I tell you how my time and strength have been more than taken up during the last two years. I shall not be able to write to each one, so will ask Miss Code if she will have this put in UPS AND DOWNS for all.

Now, I must tell you what I have been doing since I left the shores of Canada. For the first year or so I had charge of my brother's house, with four little motherless children, which made me feel quite like a mother. During that time I got very much attached to my darling charges. Then a new mother took my place, who, I am pleased to say, is very good to the children. Your kind friend, Miss Woodgate, who was in charge at the Seaside Home in Felixstowe, asked me to help in that branch, which I was more than delighted to do, for you all know what a very special friend she is to me, and not only that, I was glad to be of help in the mission again. I often think of my dear old

Hazel Brae in training my little needs for useful work in that new country. Some who will read this are no longer small, but married, settled, I hope, in happy homes, trying as far as is in their power to make it bright and cheerful for the one she has taken for her companion in life. The Lord bless such and make them a blessing to others is the prayer of one who longs for their true good and interest; and to those who are still in service, do your very best to please those who are over you, shining in your small corner. I wonder if you say now, "What's the use trying to get on? Everything goes wrong with me." If such is the case, try again. How often we try in our own strength instead of the strength God is so willing to give. God is at the helm arranging and making all things work together for our good. How busy some of you will be on the farm, milking cows, making butter, and all the rest. You will all be sorry to hear Dr. Barnardo and Dr. Milne have both been very ill, but are better again, for which we are all very thankful. We are expecting a party of girls from the Village next week for a change. Yesterday we sent thirty-four lads back to London after being here nearly six weeks, all looking better for the change. So pleased they have gone back to their lessons. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey are both away for their holidays. Your kind friend, Miss Westgarth, is at the front as usual. What ever would they do without her? Another party of girls are being thought of for Canada, so you will have more to join you in the new country. You can have a good idea how busy they all are. Miss Steel has very much to do with selecting the girls. I hope and trust they may all fall in with those who will take a deep interest in them. All will be so strange and new. How well I remember how lonely I felt and what quiet weepings I had, the feeling of homesickness. And now, another word or so to you: I hope you are trying in every way not to give any extra trouble to those who work so hard for you, but that the lady visitors may always have said to them, "Yes, she does her best." And now, my dear girls, I must stop, with many kind wishes for you all. So good-bye.

Believe me, as ever, your true friend,

EMILY CARTER

The following letter from Sarah Graham should have accompanied her photo in the April issue, but by some mischance it did not reach the editor in time for insertion. No doubt her friends will be equally glad to read it now.

The thanks I had longed for came at the summer paper of the Lake Guardian. As it started in the afternoon

about half past nine one beautiful fine morning in July. It is about forty miles from our house, and we drove all the way, just stopping at hotels for our luncheon. We arrived at Grand Bend about 10.00 p.m., so, of course, we had to stay all night at the hotel as it was so late; but oh! how anxious we all were to go down to our shanty, for it stands right on a cliff looking straight across the lake. The first day I was there I went for a walk by myself (I am so fond of rambling) into the woods at the back of our shanty. Somehow I lost my way, and if it had not been for the man going home again I don't know how I should have got back again. When the lake was calm we all went in bathing; but sometimes it was most terribly rough. We had a boat to row up to the village to get anything we wanted.

Every morning about seven o'clock we used to see the fishermen go and get the fish right out on the lake; it was such a pretty sight on the lovely blue water, for the water changes its colour so often.

After we had had an early tea we used to sit and watch the beautiful sunsets and listen to the song of the boaters on the lake; and dotted through the trees one could see the bonfires and camp-fires, round which sit the camp people, telling tales and singing songs and having a pleasant time.

And then there was such an assortment of beautiful stones and shells, some of which we brought home to keep in memory of that pleasant time. Coming home was the best of all; we drove all the way back also. After living in a shanty for so long it was nice to be again in our big house.

This is the first letter I have written; but I should like to have UPS AND DOWNS monthly again, for it is so long to wait for it.

With much love to all the girls at Hazel Brae, I remain, yours sincerely,

SARAH GRAHAM.

P.S.—I wish there were more topics to be written on in the paper.

Annie Talbot has not been long in Canada, but evidently appreciates it, judging from the following. She is living in a beautiful part—Niagara Falls.

I like to live in Canada because the people are more sociable than in England. Canada is the best climate for any boy or girl to get healthy in. When I came out I was just as thin as I could be, and now I am one of the fattest of girls; and I believe Canada is the means of making me a good, honest woman. There are good chances here that you can have if you are honest and upright and willing to your mistress and master.

Phyllis Foster, who came out in 1895, is to be complimented on this

her first attempt, though it took a rather long in coming.

I now think it is time I was trying to write a letter for the UPS AND DOWNS, because I have been through quite a few ups and downs since I came out to this country. I take the paper, and I think it is very nice to hear how everything goes on in the Home. I was in the Home three years, and I thank Dr. Barnardo for his kindness to me. Indeed, I feel most grateful, and if I was to try and tell anyone what he has done for me I would not remember the half of it. The three years I was in the Home I was well taught and trained; they were very happy days I spent there.

I left England on the 5th of September, 1895, and arrived at Quebec on the 14th. I enjoyed the voyage very much; we had such fun.

I went to my first place in Lindsay, and I tell you I was a greenhorn; this country was so strange to me. I came from Lindsay to Oakville and then to Streetsville, and here I think I will drop my anchor for a while. I live right in the village, and I have a nice place. My master and mistress are very kind to me.

I suppose some of the girls will remember me; I have been out here quite a while. I had my brother down to see me a few months ago. He is getting along nicely. And also Miss Loveday visited me a few weeks ago; she dropped in unexpectedly, but I was glad to see her. I have not sent any money towards helping the Home, but I will do so soon, for I would like to help some little girls the way I was helped.

Our visitors, on returning from certain districts, speak occasionally of the group of girls in those neighbourhoods as "helpers" or "hinders." Around Burford and Paris we have some very good "helpers." The following is from one of the best of them:

I have been asked to write a letter for the UPS AND DOWNS, so I thought that I had better wake up and do it. I have not very much to say, but I must tell you of the pleasant time Ethel Christmas and I had when Miss Loveday was visiting us. She came to see me on Monday afternoon, and then we went to see Katie Wilson. We came home to supper. Miss Loveday stayed to supper with us, and then went and stayed with Ethel Christmas all night.

On Tuesday afternoon we all went to see two more girls, and we had quite a time climbing gates and fences. It was a lovely afternoon, and we walked all day. We fetched Florence Jones, and all had tea with Florence Clayton and walked

home, and we had a pleasant time talking about old times and old friends. We got back about half-past nine, but had to be ready for bed.

We are having lovely weather now, quite a change after the long winter. I pity the poor girls who live in large cities in the hot weather. I like lots of fresh air.

A good many who read this letter will remember me as an old Village girl, and I think some of you will be interested in my puzzle. So goodbye, girls,

I remain, yours truly,
PHEBE CARTER.

Lilian Madden, whose photo appears in this column, we count as another of our "helpers":

Just a few lines, hoping you are quite well, as it leaves me at present. Perhaps



Lilian Madden

you will think I do not write very often, but it is not because I have forgotten the Home. The time seems to be taken up; I do not get much time for writing or reading. We are busy house-cleaning now.

My little sister, Daisy, is getting on nicely and is still going to school. I am nearly three years in my place now, and I am trying to save as much as I can, which I think is a good thing, instead of spending money on foolish wares and such like. I should like to hear of every girl doing the same.

There are no more letters from my friends in Canada who remain in the Home. I should like to see them again.

Will you be so kind as to send me a copy of the Family Sketch Book. I would be very

Cottage girls, and I should like to see it to her now and again.

There are not many girls out here like Helen myself and my sister, Daisy.
Goodbye, with my love,
LILIAN MADDEN.

Caroline Hardie, too, is another whose record should help other girls to do likewise. She came to Canada in the year 1892, and is still in the same place to which she went in December of that year:

Please find enclosed \$2.00, which I am sending for the Girls' Donation Fund. You will see I am sending one dollar more than I used to send, and I will try and send a little more every year if I am spared to do so, as I hope I will be. I hope all the girls will give willingly, lovingly and gladly. I think it is only right that we should. I hope the gifts will be pouring in and that the girls will make up a good big sum and make the dear Doctor smile.

I am quite proud of the photo of Hazel Brae that I got. I think it is very much like it, too. It was a kind idea for Mrs. Haultain to think of.

Dear Miss Code, I must tell you that we have been kept nearly prisoners in this house; we have not been allowed to go outside the gate for nearly ten weeks, not even to Church, on account of diphtheria; but they are all as well as can be now, and out running round.

Nora Speaks, of whom we are never afraid of hearing anything but good, evidently lives in a loyal town, judging from the way May 24th was kept:

Last night I went to a sacred concert held in the Baptist Church. It was very nice; I enjoyed it very much.

We had a beautiful day for the 24th. Everything went off splendidly in Ingersoll. There were 3,000 people at the Park in the afternoon; the town was decorated beautifully with flags and Chinese lanterns.

The programme consisted of parade in the morning, in the afternoon sports of all kinds. Special attractions were Airon and his electric bicycle, the wonder of the age; Primrose Bros., trapeze, flying rings and high-wire artists, fancy drill competitions, baseball match and football match. In the evening a promenade concert on the school grounds by two bands.

I had a letter from Miss Oshawa this week. She has left the Village, being obliged to give up the work in "Hex Cottage" on account of her sister's illness.

There is a little news from a letter that will not suppose I do not made full because I hope the vicar

will forgive. Charlotte King, Cobourg, writes to Miss Code:

Could you put something in UPS AND DOWNS next number about me having such a nice situation and trying to be a help to my mistress, because I really do? I do not think I could write a nice enough letter myself to put in UPS AND DOWNS. I wanted to send it to my aunt, who is very anxious that I should get on well.

We are very pleased to bear witness to Charlotte's faithful, conscientious service. She has a very nice home, where she has been nearly two years. Charlotte paid us a little visit at Easter, and her mistress, in writing of this, says:



Charlotte C. King

"We are glad for Charlotte to have this opportunity of a little visit. She has been doing well, especially during sickness, never grumbling at extra work or less sleep."

Another mistress, writing about Laura Harle and her sister, says:

Laura is a very good little girl and getting on nicely. We are quite pleased with her, she is so thorough in everything she tries to do. She is very fond of this sister and very anxious to know where she is. She seems to feel a motherly regard for her as if she were under her care.

now taken days. When they reached the shores of Canada, there were no "cars" waiting to receive them, with an iron horse panting, snorting and puffing, impatient to start at express speed to carry them to their destination. So far from their troubles being over when they left the good ship which had brought them across the ocean, they were only just beginning. Hundreds of miles had often to be travelled by boat or canoe along the lakes, or ox-waggon through very partially cleared forest, or still more laboriously by Indian trail through unknown woods.

They would journey until they found a spot suitable for their rough habitation, and then with infinite toil set about building their new home, using the undressed logs with such care and skill as they could command. Not only had they to contend with the natural difficulties of their lot, which patience and perseverance might overcome, but with other elements of a different sort. The Indians were not then the peaceful citizens they are to-day. To them the white man was a stranger from far away over the broad waters, where no red man had ever dipped a paddle, and the pale faces had not yet won the favour and confidence of the noble savage. The result was often highly unsatisfactory from the white man's standpoint, as the Indian took "scalps" when he could conveniently come by that ornament, and stole the white man's women folks and bairns with savage glee when chance favoured him. It is just as well there were no Dr. Barnardo's in those days to send over ship loads of English boys and girls, or they might have been adorning wigwams under anything but pleasant circumstances, instead of reading *Ups and Downs* in rocking chairs in comfortable Canadian homes. Of course, English boys would at all times have liked a brush with the redskins, but the girls, I doubt not, are even enough satisfied in a thing or two as they are at

present. Still there is nothing altogether new under the sun, for ship loads of young settlers were actually shipped to Canada by the King of France over two hundred and thirty years ago. That was, of course, when the most Christian King of France held sway in this country, and before Montcalm and Wolfe settled the ownership of Canada for good and all on the Plains of Abraham above Quebec. King Louis, it seems, took pity on the desolate condition of Frenchmen in the wilds of the New World and sent out under his own royal authority a cargo or two of women, in the hope of brightening the lot and softening the manners of the hardy French pioneers. The advertisements announcing this singular consignment are curious reading. It was explained in these announcements that the "lot" (meaning the ladies) consisted of tall ladies—(real demoiselles, gentlewomen born), short ladies, fat ladies, thin ladies, fair ladies, brown ladies, in short, every possible shade and length and breadth of ladies; and such was the demand that in less than two weeks all had formed suitable "alliances" and taken up the burden and responsibility of domestic life under the benediction of the Church. Poor, gentlewomen and all, the whole consignment had been duly persuaded by the Jesuit fathers to risk the unknown in more senses than one. So strangely does history sometimes repeat itself, that only last week the French Government were offering prizes of about one hundred dollars to Frenchwomen who would go out to Africa to make homes for Frenchmen, for, of course, men folk cannot make homes, not even Englishmen. Although they can make homesteads, and do many things better than women can, still when it comes to the matter of home-making they are "not in it" without a woman to help them, and generally they have grace enough to acknowledge as much. Nor can every woman make a home, although we had better not say that too loud,

there being no use in telling every thing one knows even in UPS AND DOWNS. "Home" is not merely the place where you sleep, and take your food, and hang up your hat, and keep your overshoes and things, and make other people "stand round" when you have a mind to; one can do little oddities of that sort almost anywhere. Home means love and peace, comfort in sorrow, tenderness in sickness, patience in times of trial, and mutual helpfulness always. There is no use trying in a few words to measure the greatness of home as the true strength and foundation of a nation's well-being, so France may be excused for taking even extreme and eccentric measures to secure so great a mercy. It appears, however, that the early English settlers managed things a little better, bringing their women folk with them and sometimes little children, leaving the old land with full purpose to make a new home, with all the old traditions and sanctities preserved in this young country. There are always great master-words that dominate nations and communities, and indicate the trend of character, such as "God and my country," "True to the kindred points of heaven and home," and in these signs of noble purpose the early English-speaking settlers of Canada were not wanting. The conditions of life for them were very different to what they are now. Dame Fortune did not stand ready waiting to fill their pockets with gold and goodies. She had to be won then as now—the shy minx!—by industry, frugality and perseverance. When the forest trees were felled and wheat grown, there were no roller mills ready to grind the grist into flour; they had to beat it laboriously by hand in a hollowed out tree or stone, and sift it for use as best they could. When warm clothing was required to keep out the bitter cold of winter, they had to clip the wool off their sheep, which the women carded smooth and soft, and then spun it into yarn for the men to weave into cloth in the

long winters when out door work was at a stand still. When cool white garments were necessary they placed the flax, which they had grown upon their own clearing, in water until it matured, then spread it out to dry, then beat out the hard stalks until the fibre could be carded. Next the women spun it in a similar manner to wool, and the men wove it into linen. It was undoubtedly very durable, but could hardly be called a luxury. So much of the hard, sharp stalks remained that from all accounts one might as well have done penance in a mediæval hair garment. These brave pioneers made little, however, of small discomforts; they were making a living for themselves and their families, and, what is more, without being aware of it, they were making Canada and making it possible for English boys and girls and men and women, and strangers from many lands, to find peace and plenty, and "Home, Sweet Home," under our own dear British flag. You can, if you will, picture them to yourselves in the long winter evenings, when the candles of their own manufacture were alight, and the great maple logs burning merrily in the open fire-place, and the children playing or conning their lessons as they rested on the wolf or bearskin in front of the cheery blaze, while the women spun or carded or plied their needles as they sang the songs of the old land. All hearts would grow full under the sacred touch of memory, as they recalled the last look of the old hall, or homestead, or cottage, where they were born and which for the most part they would never see again. No doubt they would comfort themselves by reminding one another that

"When hearts utter, broad seas do not
 In vain,
 And hands may sleep, as long as the
 main."

They were a sturdy, hardy, and true folk and that of hardy, true, and noble and withal, honest and faithful, loyal and true to England, and just toward their neighbors. A

man a word was literally his bread in those days. As a citizen of over ninety explained to me the other day, no one had learned to lie, or cheat, or steal; they had learned to pray, and to help and hearten one another, giving willing service in time of need. Long after these trusty pioneers had cleared the land and secured moderate comfort, if not wealth, they continued to speak of the old land as "home," as indeed they do to this day. That is England's reward—the love and loyalty of her children from the uttermost ends of the earth, and how grandly the humblest should bear themselves in the consciousness that they are of an Imperial race!—the great colonizing, conquering breed of the Briton! Those who are beginning life in Canada at the present time are beginning under the best possible conditions, and every boy and girl should learn to realize that they can be whatever they WILL to be with all their heart and soul and mind and strength. They can win honourable recognition, confidence and respect if they *will* to win these things. Or for there is always another side possible—they may take life as a lark, have their fun, and enjoy the joke to the full, to repent at leisure. Let no one, however, be discouraged overmuch, or lose heart or hope. If we are fully set on obtaining the best and highest life, we may still rise on stepping stones of our dead selves to higher things. It is not mere poetry that tells us:

"No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been."

And yet I fancy there must be some sweetness lost through the wasted years that can never wholly be regained. We do well, then, to remind one another in the stress and turmoil of the battle of life that there is One able to save unto the uttermost all who come unto Him, and Who is pitiful and of tender mercy.

THE END OF THE MATTER.

At Ilford Home.

Where was it that, in days of yore,
We played where we shall play no more,
And childish troubles ne'er were o'er?
At Ilford Home.

If then, at table, we saw meet
To use our tongues (so rare a treat),
Dry bread and water we should greet,
At Ilford Home.

And if at school we happened late,
Without excuse (saints bless our pate!)
In that dread moment we did hate
Our Ilford Home.

To fractions if we then were dumb,
Our tempers rise, our tears should come,
Acquaintance with the birch we'd shun,
At Ilford Home.

At bedtime troubles are not done,
As up the stairs we quickly run,
To take our share amidst the fun,
At Ilford Home.

The pillows into play are called,
And each and every one is mauled;
For lacking covers beds are bald,
At Ilford Home.

But silence reigns, for tongues are quiet,
Yet birdie whispers, "There's a riot,"
And up the stair comes "Mother's" fiat,
At Ilford Home.

Too late to rue the mischief done,
The fight is o'er, the victory won,
For "Mother's" hand is no light one,
At Ilford Home.

And then to bed we sobbing go,
To lose in sleep our load of woe,
And in our waking better grow,
At Ilford Home.

And when we think of present bliss,
In Canada, a land like this,
Whence did it spring?—we answer this,
From Ilford Home.

JENNIE KIBBLE,
BOWMANVILLE. Aged 16 years.

A Dream.

As I lay sleeping,
A sweet dream came to me,
I dreamt that I was floating
Away o'er the grassy lea.

I heard the sweet bells ringing
Across the golden sea;
I heard the angels chanting
A welcome sweet for me.

I do not stand in that city
Whose streets are paved with gold,
And the beauty and the glory
Was more than tongue had told.

I saw that, with eyes so tender
 And a smile that was sweet to see
 The Saviour, in robes of splendour
 Came up and stood by me.

And then, in accents sweeter
 Than any tongue can tell,
 He spoke to me so tender,
 While down at His feet I fell.

He raised me up and kissed me,
 And said "Stay here, my child,
 For I will not let you wander
 Out in the deserts wild."

I saw my angel mother
 As she, smiling, looked at me;
 I saw my own dear father
 As he stood and beckoned me.

I put forth my hand to touch them,
 When suddenly I awoke,
 And I knew by the sun that was shining
 The fair bright morn had broke.

I knew that my waking moments
 Would be brightened by what I had seen,
 For all day my thoughts were centred
 On my beautiful Saviour King.

MERCY HILLMAN

In Leisure Hour.

Answers to puzzles in April number:

Buried Names.

Answers received from Louisa Harrison and Margaret Foster:

1, Alfred; 2, James; 3, Albert; 4, Ernest; 5, Arthur; 6, George; 7, William; 8, Adam; 9, Arnold; 10, Eric; 11, Lewis or Abel; 12, Stephen.

A Riddle.

Answers to this have been received from Louisa Harrison and Phœbe Carter (the latter acknowledging the help of her mistress):

1, My body; 2, eyelids; 3, knee caps; 4, drums; 5, feet; 6, nails; 7, soles; 8, muscles; 9, palms; 10, two lips; 11, calves; 12, hairs; 13, heart; 14, lashes; 15, arms; 16, veins; 17, instep; 18, eyes and nose; 19, pupils; 20, tendons; 21, a chest; 22, temples; 23, gums; 24, crown; 25, palate; 26, skull; 27, bridge (of nose); 28, shoulders; 29, elbows; 30, organs.

Phœbe Carter sends the following:

A Floral Love Tale.

Every answer being the name of a flower.

1. Her name is the same as mine.

2. An adjective that suited her as well as another's name.

3. His favourite pastime in winter.

4. His favourite musical instrument.

5. The hour he awakened his father playing on it.

6. What his father gave him in punishment.

7. What this made the boy do.

8. What he, being single, often lost.

9. The name of Mary's young man and what he wrote it with.

10. What candies did he bring her?

11. What token did she give him?

12. What minister married them?

13. What did John say as he left her one fall day?

14. What was she doing during his absence?

15. What shall we say of them in conclusion?

From Minnie Neville:

My first is in path but not in way.
 My second is in time but not in clock.
 My third is in water but not in milk.
 My fourth is in house but not in barn.
 My fifth is in farmer but not in land.

From Edith Hallendale:

(We give the answer to the first one by way of explanation).

1. If she is not in a 1234567 mood, she may after 123, 4567 for us. (Ans.) Learning, tea, sing.

2. His 12345678 is so long and heavy, his face 1234, 5678 to wear it.

3. Come in and 1234, 5678 is tapping on, but 12345678 your impatience, it will soon be over.

Behead the first word for the second and the second for the third:

1. John tries to — the girls and then says "I don't—girls—so silly."

2. —ran a— with Ada and came within an — of winning it.

Something for Sunday.

To whom do the following passages refer?

"Thou wast slain in thy high places."

"He made his sons judges over Israel."

"She painted her face and tired her head and looked out at a window."

"There was not a man among all the people that answered him."

Find these four names, then tell

Each father's name as well,

And from the latter take

Initials then, to make

A precept, oft it bring,

A promise of good tidings.

Give the texts (chapter and

John's Gospel where)

to Himsch.

Edith

Flowers and Weeds:

An Analogy of Human Life.

Once upon a time, a man who was fond of flowers went to a beautiful dell to gather a nosegay.

When he came to the place, he looked about him with much disappointment. Wherever he turned his eyes, tall, rank plants flourished and completely overtopped and hid from him the pretty flowers that grew beside them. The blossoms upon their coarse stalks were of little beauty; and they appeared to have overgrown themselves in an effort to attract the notice of every passer-by. He had often seen before flowers much smaller than these pretentious plants that annoyed him by their obtrusion, whose exquisite leaves and gorgeous petals could put them to shame.

Being short-sighted, and thinking that perhaps their beauty would be enhanced by a close inspection, he approached them, and lo! they were weeds.

Turning from them in disgust, he stooped down to search for the flowers he came to get, finding here a harebell, with its delicate cups of azure blue; there the frail anemone, so chaste in its simple whiteness; yonder, on the skirts of a coppice, the dainty violet, that seemed so shyly conscious of its beauty and fragrance that it drooped its head with modesty lest it should be thought vain; hard by the violet, were the fresh-looking trillium, the neat, little primrose and the graceful fronded fern; while buttercups and daisies bloomed in profuse clusters everywhere.

As he walked homewards, his face radiant with admiration for the beautiful bouquet he had plucked, he fell to musing upon the analogy of human life which the flowers and weeds presented to his mind, and his reflections found expression in this soliloquy:

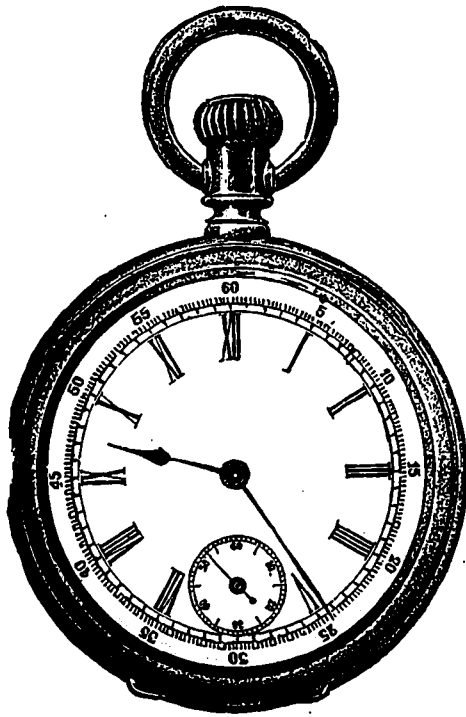
"The people who seek to be eminent, most conspicuous, and to obtrude themselves upon public notice are often those in whom conceit is the predominant characteristic. I look

ing genuine merit and sweetness of disposition, they spend all their energy in the attainment of a rank growth, incompatible with either beauty or refinement. Having outgrown and overshadowed their self-assertive but more cultured and genial neighbours, they stand erect in their vulgar pride and betray their arrogance in their bearing and acts.

"See yonder towering weed;—how typical it is of such a man. Note its appearance—its coarse display of boorish presumption. What can it mean but that it would exclaim: 'Behold my stature! Am I not a prodigy beside this puny violet? Growth—growth; I pray you consider my growth—how tall, how stately I am! Don't you see how humble and deferential those little, insignificant plants below me are? They know they are my dependants. See how they hang their heads, while I try to overlook the world. Poor things! They only get what sunshine reaches them through my foliage, and they are afraid lest I shall grow larger and deprive them of that little by putting them entirely in the shade. Flowers?—Pshaw! What do I want of flowers? Height and expansion are what I am striving for. Flowers indeed! I put forth some sort of a blossom just to be in the fashion, you know; not that I care for such useless finery. I consider only myself and my own convenience and taste; I am so big I can afford to ignore such petty accomplishments. Any stripling of a plant with two leaves and a stalk can show a flower. Growth, gentlemen—growth! That's *my* accomplishment. Measure my stalk; see my big leaves; feel how rough and hardy they are, and then behold me as a plant, whose lowest leaves cast a shadow over the dwarfs at my root. Am I not great? Forsooth I am almost a tree! Growth, gentlemen, sheer growth, made me what I am!"

"Weeds, human and vegetable, are a thing more."

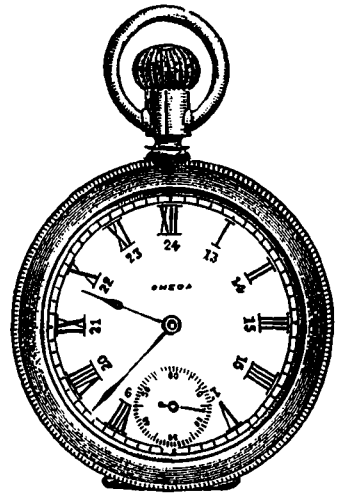
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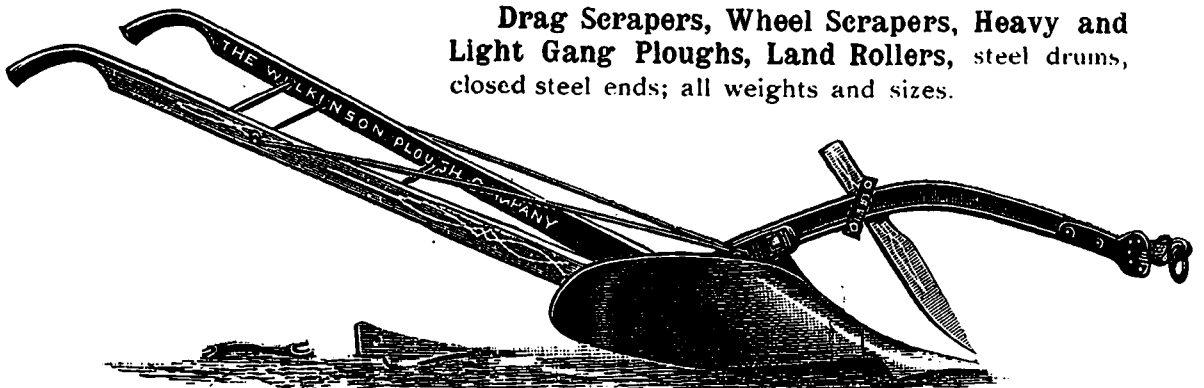
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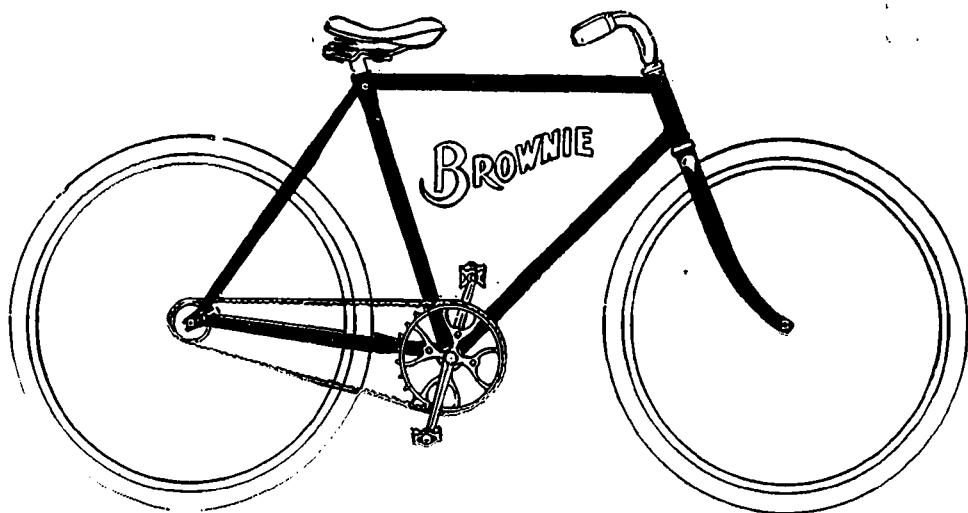
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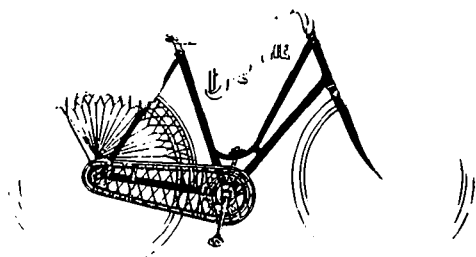
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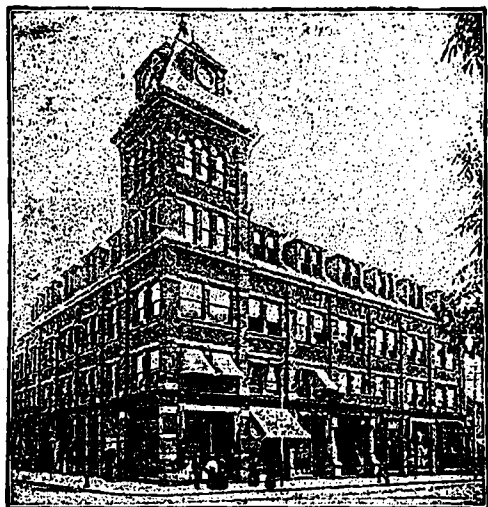


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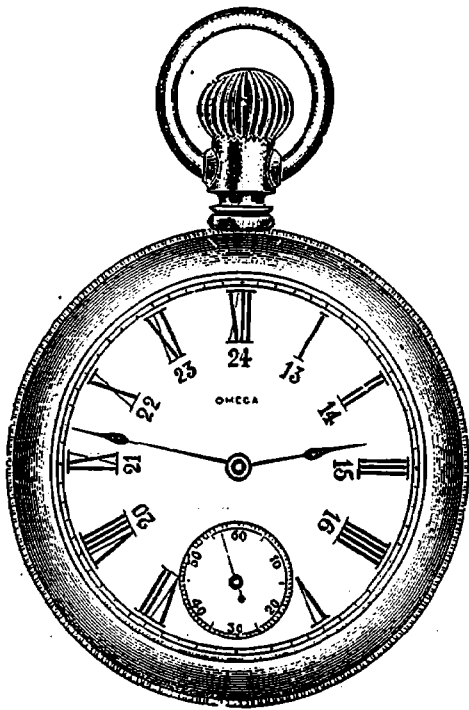
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