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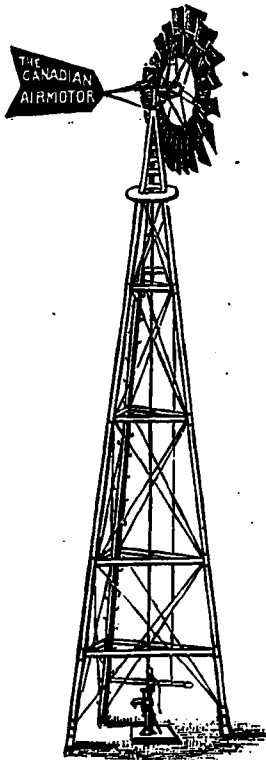
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Published quarterly under the auspices of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Toronto. Circulates among the farming communities of Ontario and Manitoba. Subscription 25 cents per year, strictly in advance; single copies 10 cents. Advertising rates on application. Communications should be addressed: Editor Ups and Downs, 214 Farley Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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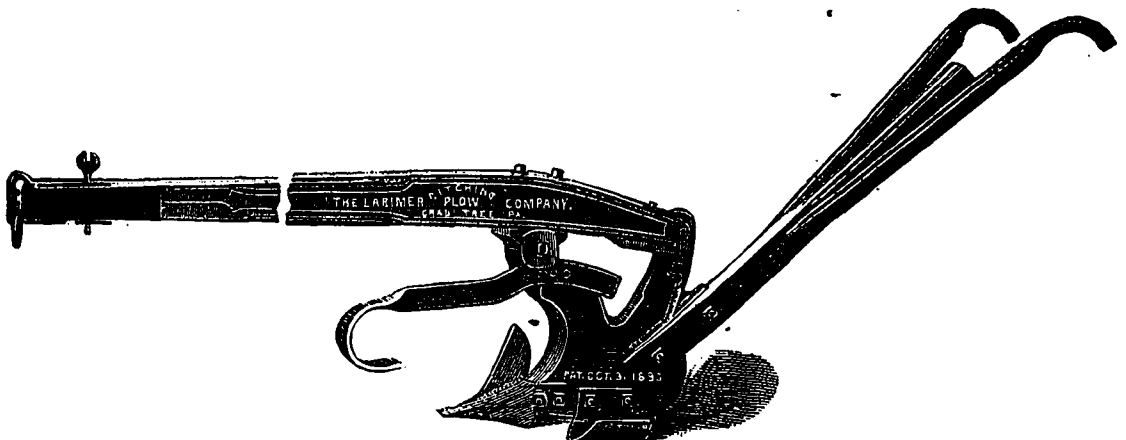
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UPS AND DOWNS

VOL. III. DECEMBER 24TH, 1897, FOR JANUARY 1ST, 1898. No. 2.

A Dive for a Pearl

A Complete Story, Written Specially for UPS AND DOWNS.

By W. C. METCALFE

Author of "Nailing His Colors, or the Light that Shines," "Steady Your Helm, or Stowed Away," "Undaunted, a Tale of the Solomon Islands," "Aboveboard, a Tale of Adventure on the sea," and of other well-known books devoted to life afloat.

IT was Christmas-eve. Outside, the ground was mantled with the white snow, the weather bitterly cold and intensified by a wild, blustering north-easterly wind which swept with a rushing, buzzing sound around the old gabled house, and bellowed in fitful gusts down the chimneys. Inside, all was bright and cheery, as befitting so festive an occasion. In the oak parlour a merry group, consisting principally of young people, but with a fair sprinkling of the more sober middle aged and old, was gathered in front of the large Yule log which spluttered out its cheerful, sparkling welcome and cast weird, fantastic shadows on the walls.

"A story, a story!" shouted the younger members of the happy group, a suggestion which appeared to meet with unanimous approval.

"Now, Captain, you must have met with plenty of adventures in your time," said one; "spin us a 'yarn' as you call it."

"Tell us something about your

adventures when you were pearl fishing," put in another. "You must have seen some wonderful sights under water whilst diving for pearls," she added questioningly.

"Well, yes, I have," I replied emphatically, "and whilst upon one occasion I was diving off the Australian coast, I picked up a pearl of inestimable value and my own fate as well, which was linked to that same pearl."

"Whatever do you mean, Captain?" "What can he mean?" "His own fate linked to a pearl!" and such like expressions of astonished enquiry followed my remark.

"Well," I replied, cheerily, "you are asking for a story, and as there is a 'yarn' hanging to that particular 'pearl,' I will spin it for you."

In the year 1848 I left London for Sydney, Australia, as second mate of the fine frigate built ship *Abwick Castle*. We had several first class passengers on board, for the ship was a favourite in the trade, and her captain bore a high reputation

not only for his skill as a seaman and navigator, but also for his unvarying courtesy, and his unflagging efforts to promote a sociable and cordial spirit amongst his passengers, by providing for them, so far as circumstances would permit, all kinds of amusements to vary the monotony of their life at sea. We sailed sometime during the last week in September, and looked forward hopefully to our spending Christmas Day in Australia.

Amongst the passengers were a middle-aged couple, and their daughter—St. Clair by name. Mr. St. Clair was a very wealthy man, but excessively proud and mean. His wife was one of the sweetest women I ever met; she was in delicate health, and this present voyage was undertaken for her benefit. Miss St. Clair was a young and charming girl, and it is needless to add that I fell desperately in love with her. To feast my eyes upon her as she tripped along the deck by the side of her cantankerous father, and listen to her soft, sweet voice, would raise wild, tumultuous feelings in my heart, which were intensified when my ardent gaze was met with a responsive smile upon her sweet face. I would sometimes, however, feel very despondent when I considered the wide social difference in our positions, which I felt completely barred all hope of my ever being anything more to her than an acquaintance, and this only for the short term of the passage. I felt that when she once reached Sydney I should in all probability be quite forgotten. And in this sorrowful view of my position I was confirmed by her father's manner towards me, which was distant, offensive and ungentlemanly to a degree. With the captain and chief officer, however, his manner was very noticeably different, and this, together with the way in which he watched every look upon my face when his daughter was near, led me to believe that his suspicions had been aroused, that all was not as he should like it to be.

Under the brisk and steady in-

fluence of the north-east trade winds the *Alnwick Castle*, with topmast and lower studding sails set, swept gaily across the North Atlantic Ocean, gladdening the hearts of the captain and passengers with the rapid progress she was making. To myself, however, this was no source of satisfaction, for the faster the ship sailed, so much the sooner must I be separated from Miss St. Clair; and the prospect of a separation seemed to become more dreadful as time went on. I was cheered, however, by the thought that the 'Doldrums' were before us with their almost inevitable calms.

Time sped along, and the *Alnwick Castle* had run through the north-east trade winds and was now the sport of calms and cat's-paws of wind varied with squalls of rain, thunder and lightning. The sails which had previously bellied out to the pressure of the wind, now, for the most part of the time, hung listlessly down from the yards. The sun poured his burning rays down upon the broad decks of the ship, melting the pitch in the seams and driving the passengers to the shelter of the awning which was spread across the fore part of the poop deck; the bright, hopeful expression on their faces had vanished and given place to one of disappointment. It was not so, however, with good Captain Boyd. He had spent too many years grappling with the uncertainties of those latitudes and accepted the inevitable with a calmness born of experience.

"It is of no use viewing it in any other light than as part of the programme of the passage," I heard him remark gaily in reply to some pessimistic observation from Mr. St. Clair. "I always make up my mind," he went on, "for a few days of this description of weather, and in consequence I don't feel disappointed when it comes."

"It's very unpleasant and disgustingly hot; that's all I know about it," was the cantankerous rejoinder.

"A shark! a shark!" was the excited cry one morning, as the ship under the influence of a small cat's-

paw of wind, was moving gently through the water and rolling lightly to the swell. It was no uncommon cry in those latitudes and did not interest me in the slightest degree, until I heard the sweet musical voice of Miss St. Clair behind me asking whether there was any possibility of catching the fish.

"Oh, I should so much like to see it caught and pulled on board," she added, eagerly.

"I will get the hook and line, Miss, and I daresay we shall catch it," I replied cheerily, and rushed hurriedly into the chief officer's cabin, where the hook was kept. Baiting it with a four-pound piece of pork, I lowered it with a strong piece of ratline over the taffrail into the water just above where the great fish was swimming, Miss St. Clair watching me curiously and interestedly with her soft blue eyes.

How I longed to catch that fish! I felt that if I did not succeed in doing so, I should not be able to look her in the face for some time. The great creature, as it is wont to do, rubbed its nose gently and cautiously against the bait, then swam away a few feet, only however to return and rub it again in an affectionate and decidedly interested manner.

"I fear it is too suspicious to take the bait," said the soft voice of Miss St. Clair, who was leaning over the taffrail by my side.

"Oh no!" I replied, "it will return again and again to the bait, until it will get too hungry to resist it, and"—

A shout, followed by a heavy splashing sound, checked further utterance on my part.

"Man overboard! man overboard!" rang the thrilling cry.

"Clear away the quarter boat! Helm down, brace the main yards aback!" shouted the captain, with his own hands cutting a life buoy adrift to throw overboard.

"Oh, poor fellow! poor fellow! God help him! Will no one save him?" came the earnest, plaintive cry from Miss St. Clair as she wrung

her small hands in the agony of her feeling.

I did not wait for the boat, I knew that every moment's delay was dangerous. I hurriedly drew a sheath knife from the belt of one of the apprentices who was standing near, and in another moment had leapt over the rail into the water.

When I rose to the surface, the sight which met my eyes was a startling one. The man who had fallen overboard had seized the life buoy, and was shouting and plunging about in such a wild fashion as led me to believe that the shark must be attacking him. Swimming hurriedly to the spot, I found I was correct in my surmises. The voracious fish had left its "first love"—the piece of pork—for a bait larger and evidently more to its liking.

"Don't exhaust yourself, Williams!" I shouted reassuringly. "Get the buoy over your head and shoulders if you can and leave me to deal with the fish."

The ship, although brought to the wind and with her main yards backed, yet had drifted a distance of some two hundred yards from where we were, but I could see that the boat was "swung out" and must be with us in a few minutes.

Down in the clear blue depths of the water I could plainly see the large brown body of the shark swimming close to its intended victim. Now, intimidated by the plashing sound made by the man, it would swim away to a short distance, until one moment's cessation of his movements, when it would immediately reapproach him. My appearance on the scene diverted the shark's attention from Williams and drew it to myself. I shouted again to my companion to desist from struggling and rest himself. He did so, when he saw that the creature was going to busy himself with me, and contented himself with shouting loudly in the direction of the ship for help. A glance there, showed me that the boat was approaching. It would be but a few minutes before help must arrive. I could distinguish the light

coloured dresses of the ladies as they cast yearning glances over the taffrail, and I wondered much what were the feelings of Miss St. Clair. There was no time, however, to throw away in vain thoughts; prompt action was imperatively necessary. I trod the water lightly for a little while, and then throwing myself on my breast, took a glance below. The fish was close to me, its small, cruel-looking eyes fixed on me, its tail moving with that uncertain, ominous motion which invariably precedes a dart for its intended prey. I knew that in a few seconds its gleaming white stomach would shine beneath me and its enormous mouth open for a snap. There was no time to be lost if I wished to carry out my purpose to destroy the fish before the boat arrived on the spot. Grasping the sheath knife firmly in my right hand, I dived as swiftly as I could, intending, if possible, to thrust the whole length of the blade in the fish's stomach. The horrid creature was however too smart for me, and swam swiftly away in the direction of Williams.

When I reached the surface again it was to hear a wild, agonizing cry and to see my companion throw both arms up and then disappear below the surface of the water!

Down again I dived to witness an awful struggle between man and fish. The horrid creature had seized poor Williams by one of his feet and was dragging him below. Making a desperate effort, I dived deeper and succeeded—as the fish was so much taken up with Williams—in plunging my knife twice into its great stomach; then unable to remain below any longer, I rose to the surface. A few seconds later and Williams joined me. “Oh God!” he groaned, “my foot is gone!” Poor fellow! he had lost his foot, it had been bitten off by the shark. Another few seconds, and to my exceeding great joy, up to the surface rose the body of the great fish. Then the boat arrived on the spot and Williams and I were taken aboard, and

a line having been made fast to the shark—which was nearly dead—it was towed to the ship.

I can scarcely remember all that happened when we once more reached the deck of the *Albion Castle*, I felt in such a state of delirious excitement, and quite a hero when my hand was grasped by nearly all on board the ship, and I listened to the complimentary remarks made on my courage and skill—you must remember I was only a young fellow at that time.

Williams' foot was seen to by the ship's doctor, but the poor fellow was quite unable to do any work for the rest of the passage.

My exploit very naturally formed the topic of conversation for several days, and then I noticed the increased interest shown in me, and above all, the shy, tender looks bestowed upon me by Miss St. Clair, I felt elated to a degree. Her father's manner, however, became more distant than ever and I felt that I was more narrowly watched than before. The reason for this increased watchfulness on his part was revealed to me in a conversation which I could not help overhearing between his wife and himself. I was engaged in the mizen top unobserved by either Mr. or Mrs. St. Clair when their voices from beneath the awning reached me very plainly.

“It was a brave deed, undoubtedly,” came the cantankerous tones of Mr. St. Clair, “but I think quite enough has been said about it.”

“She's never tired of talking about it,” came the sweet tones of Mrs. St. Clair's voice.

“Yes, that's just the mischief of it,” said her husband. “She's always talking about that impudent young fellow and always staring at him whenever she gets the chance, I've spoken to her often enough about it, but it doesn't seem to be any good; I really believe she's in love with the fellow.”

“I would not be surprised if she were,” said Mrs. St. Clair, calmly. “He is a fine, brave, and good young

fellow, and I could not be surprised at any girl falling in love with him."

"No, and I suppose you would not care if your own daughter were to do so, I suppose," snappishly retorted Mr. St. Clair.

"She might do worse," said his wife in indifferent tones.

"Why! Grace, what do you mean? might do worse indeed! than set her affections on a penniless young nobody, a second mate of a merchantman! Why, you must be mad, Grace!"

"He's a *gentleman*, whatever his position, and however penniless he might be," replied Mrs. St. Clair, warmly. "And what is more," she added after a short pause, "I believe he is a real out-and-out Christian. Good birth, as they call it—and plenty of money, are not the only requisites to make the real gentleman. A *real Christian* is my definition of a lady or gentleman, without regard to position or circumstances."

"Stuff and nonsense! you have the most ridiculous ideas," retorted Mr. St. Clair, hotly. "This young fellow is no gentleman, and we should do our utmost to keep our child away from him."

I had heard enough to account for the increasingly distant manner of Mr. St. Clair, but I had also heard that I dwelt in the thoughts of his daughter, and the delightful fact, I felt, amply compensated for any low opinion formed of me by her father.

The weeks glided by, and the *Alnwick Castle* was—what we call "running down her casting" in that vast wilderness of waters which lies between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. All had gone well until when about eight hundred miles from the south-west Cape of Tasmania the wind went round to the south-east and the weather set in thick with an unpleasant drizzling rain. Miss St. Clair in warm close fitting hat and jacket and notwithstanding the rain, was walking briskly up and down the poop deck, and as the wind tossed about her stray golden curls and heightened the colour in her cheeks I felt that I

had never seen a more charming picture. I was standing by the poop rail when she paused in her walk close to me.

"I suppose we shall soon have to part from the dear old ship," she remarked, and I was pleased to detect a tone of sadness in her voice.

"Yes, Miss St. Clair," I replied, also in saddened tones—"you will soon be leaving—the—the—'dear old ship'—as you call it—you will think, sometimes, I hope of the—the—er—old ship?"

"Oh yes, indeed I shall, and—and—also of—"

"Come on down at once!" interrupted the gruff angry voice of Mr. St. Clair from the top of the companion—"come down at once. What are you standing gossiping there for with that—that—fellow?"

* * * * *

"Land oh!" came the thrilling cry from the look out men on the foretopsail yard early on the morning of Christmas Day, and immediately all was bustle and excitement. The chain cables were got up from the lockers and bent on to the anchors, and everything in readiness for port. The passengers of course were unusually excited and gave good Captain Boyd and his officers very little peace by their ceaseless questions as to the time when they expected the ship to reach Sydney. "My good people, I am quite unable to tell you," the captain would reply, "with fair winds and clear weather we could run into port within four day, but as the wind is blowing now and with every appearance of a fog, it is impossible to form any opinion as to the time we are likely to reach port."

As the morning advanced, Captain Boyd's fears were realized, and before two o'clock that same afternoon the ship was enveloped in a white fog.

Mr. St. Clair came on deck accompanied by his daughter. "What a detestable weather!" I heard him remark as he passed me. "There's no one more anxious to get off this ship than I." I felt I knew his rea-

son—"and here we are stuck motionless by this abominable fog." And he stamped his foot heavily, by way of emphasizing his annoyance. "Never mind, father," Miss St. Clair replied, "there will soon be a breeze and we shall go gliding as merrily as ever."

Never is a sailing ship in a more helpless condition than when in a fog, and those who are invested with the great responsibility of navigating a vessel well know the anxiety which it brings with it.

"What an abominable nuisance!" growled Mr. St. Clair who had left his daughter and was now standing by Captain Boyd, "I had fully made up my mind to step ashore one day this week and—But, whatever's that?" as a hail came from the fore-castle head, "Horn right ahead, sir!"

"Aye, aye. Keep that bell going!" shouted the captain in reply, and the large ship's bell on the fore-castle was struck with renewed vigor. The passengers grew very excited, wanted to know the meaning of the horn and worried the captain and officers again with the most ridiculous questions.

"The horn is getting nearer, sir!" replied the chief officer.

"Yes" said the captain, "I think it must be a steamer which is approaching for there's no wind to move a sailing ship along. We can do nothing but attend to our fog signals and leave the rest to God."

Is there any danger to be feared from that other vessel? inquired Mr. St. Clair of the captain.

"None whatever, unless she strikes us," replied the captain with a smile.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of the strange horn until at last we could distinctly hear the throbbing sound made by the engines of a steamer. The captain turned to me

"Put a blank charge in that six-pounder ne'ard, and fire it off as soon as ever you can, the fellow is coming straight for us." Soon, I had loaded the gun and was standing by

to pull the fuse. The strange vessel was approaching rapidly.

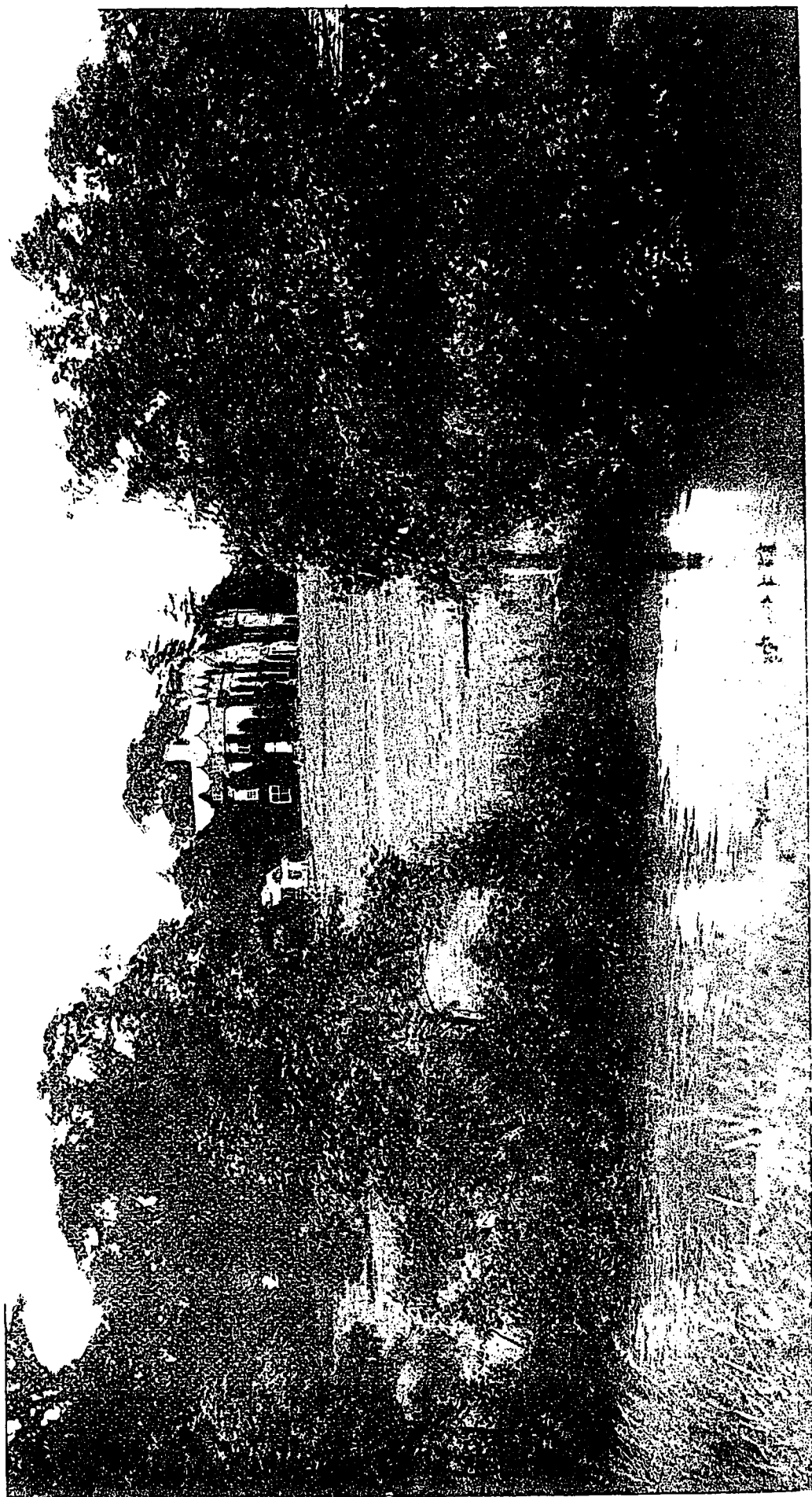
"Fire!" shouted the captain, and bang, went the gun, its report answered by a loud, long blast from the stranger's horn.

"Load again, mister, and fire as soon as you can" shouted the captain. I did so, and scarcely had the report died away before a large shadowy mass seemed to spring up from the water before us, followed by a loud crashing, tearing sound and a shock which threw me violently to the deck. I picked myself up as quickly as I could and rushing on to the fore-castle, hailed the vessel which had wrought such destruction. "Will you stand by us, for mercy's sake do not leave us." Then joined by several others we cried out lustily for help. But from out of that great shadowy mass there came no response as it retreated into the fog and was lost to view.

The impact was tremendous and the water was rushing in fast. The carpenter sounded the well. "Making water fast", sir, was his report.

"Clear away the boats. Look alive, men!" rang the orders in the calm, foggy air, and the men, thoroughly alive to their danger, sprang with the greatest alacrity to carry them out. I saw that the St. Clair's were comfortably seated in one of the quarter boats and was delighted when the captain told me off to take charge of that particular boat. "There are plenty of stores and water in the boat," he said; "see it lowered into the water and then jump in and steer east-nor'east, that course should take you through the Straits."

I stood in the ship's rail to see the boat lowered, but unfortunately whilst this was being done, the hook of the lower block on the foremost 'fall' carried away, and with a wild shriek, all in the boat were thrown into the water. Without a moment's hesitation, I sprang from the rail into the water to render all the assistance I could. In that mass of struggling human beings were two for whom I had a very tender regard



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Ups and Downs Christmas Number. 97

BRUCE HILL, BROMFORD, WORCESTER, ENGLAND, RESIDENCE OF RICHARD PHIPPS, ESQ., J.P.

UPS AND DOWNS

Published Under the Auspices of Dr. Barnardo's Homes

Vol. III.] DECEMBER 24TH, 1897, FOR JANUARY 1ST, 1898. [No. 2.

PERSONAL NOTES



THE very pleasant duty devolves upon me once again, with the publication of another Christmas number, of conveying, on Dr. Barnardo's behalf, to all the readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and to each member of Dr. Barnardo's big family scattered abroad over the Dominion, the greetings of the Christ-

mas season and our good wishes for the New Year. I speak for Dr. Barnardo and all those associated with him in his work, in wishing every boy a very merry Christmas in his Canadian home, and health, happiness and blessing throughout the New Year. Our hope and prayer for each one is that the light of God may shine upon his path; that it will be a year of honest work and steady effort; that we shall aim high and not let difficulties discourage us; that we shall seek to be true and upright in all our dealings; that we shall be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might.

In the history of our Canadian work we can look back with thankfulness and satisfaction upon the results of the past year's labours. We will not deny the fact that we entered upon the year that is now closing with a considerable degree of anxiety as to what might lie before us. In the first place

the shadow of financial difficulties that rested so heavily upon headquarters at home was in no slight degree reflecting itself upon the Canadian branches. We were exercised by the urgent necessity of reducing to the lowest minimum our demands upon the overtaxed and all insufficient English income, and yet of maintaining unimpaired the efficiency and usefulness of the work on this side of the Atlantic. We had nearly six hundred little boys boarded out, meaning five times as many dollars every month to meet our obligations to those who had taken them under their care, the establishment of the Winnipeg branch was still an experiment, there were several very anxious individual cases on hand among boys who had been placed out, and the litigation by which we were seeking to vindicate the right of our boys to admission to the common schools, and the same educational privileges as other citizens was still in progress. The prevailing depression in business and the "hard times" that seemed to have "come to stay," were distinctly affecting the demand for boys, and we had the Home unpleasantly full and several cases of sickness among the inmates. The bitter prejudice and opposition to the work that have always existed in certain quarters were more than ever virulent. Legislation on the subject of juvenile immigration was understood to be impending, and we realized that a determined and formidable effort was being organized to destroy the work, or to impose conditions and limitations that would very seriously impede its usefulness. We could not con-

ceal from ourselves the fact that while we ourselves are politically a nonentity there were several rather strong and very troublesome political factions, who would receive as a "sop" anything that might be brought forward that would have the effect of checking or injuring our work. We can now look back, over the twelve months that have since passed, upon the forebodings and misgivings that tried us not a little at the beginning of the year, and as we do so we can recognize with thankfulness of heart that all things have worked together for good and that the good hand of the Great Father of the fatherless has been manifestly with us and ordering our affairs.

The demand for boys that began to be active very early in the year has shown no signs of slackening. We have long since placed all who were on hand at the beginning of the year, and the four parties that have comprised the immigration for the season have been provided for as fast as they arrived. At the same time we have reduced the numbers boarded out from nearly 600 to 320, and we end the year without a single boy unplaced, and with a goodly list of places unfilled, and which are ready for any casual arrivals between now and spring.

The Winnipeg Home has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations as an outlet for the little boys between 11 and 14. Considerably over 400 boys have been placed in good farm homes, throughout Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and, judging from present indications, the demand for boys on the prairie farms is practically unlimited.

The legislation that was hanging over our heads at the beginning of the year has been already very fully discussed in successive numbers of UPS AND DOWNS, and suffice it to say that so far from its being an injury or detriment to our work, we have good reason to look forward to obtaining a great deal of valuable assistance from the provisions of the Act, while in regard to the vexatious proceedings forced upon us by the action of the School Trustees in certain sections; although the decisions in the courts were unfavourable, the testimonies of the leading judges to the worth and high character of Dr. Barnardo's work were invaluable to us, and the prominence given to the iniquitous state of the law led to the insertion in an Act of Parliament of a clause giving us

at once all the rights and powers we had been striving to obtain. Other difficulties have been removed from our path, often in the direction most unlooked for; and although the clouds have not by any means all rolled by, even the very heaviest have had their "silver lining"; and while the career of our work during the past year has not been by any means an uncheckered one, we have accomplished valuable results; we have abundantly maintained our position, and the prospects of the work were never brighter or more secured than they are to-day. We have no expectation of treading a path of roses during the year that lies before us, but we desire to take as our motto, "have not I commanded thee be strong and very courageous"; and believing, as we do, that we represent a branch of one of the great activities of the Christian Church, and withal one of the most hopeful of the great social upward movements of the day, to gird up our loins for opening up still wider the "door of hope," and helping onward the great number who are now under our charge, to honourable and useful careers in life.

And once again we would urge upon all our boys, young and old, the need and the advantage both to us and to themselves of their rallying loyally around us and strengthening our hands by their support and co-operation. We make this appeal especially to those boys who have passed the least responsible age and have begun to look at life in its more solid and practical aspects. To the younger boys we of course represent authority. We chiefly figure to their imagination as a terror to evil doers, and a good many employers know how to use the name of the Home as a fate in store for unruly boys. This is very salutary as far as it goes, and we should be sorry to see the day when a troublesome, ill-conducted lad returning to the Home on account of his misbehaviour will find anything but a very unpleasant reception awaiting him. But our mission is not fulfilled when we have impressed a wholesome fear of ourselves in the minds of the few "black sheep" that we number in our flock. Our desire is that the Home and those connected with it shall be a centre of good influence and helpful direction, and we would seek to strengthen every tie that binds us in friendly and cordial relationship

with those who have passed through our hands and gone forth into the world. We want every lad to feel, and let us know that he feels, that we are in sympathy with him, that we are taking an interest in his concerns, and that we are anxious to do anything in our power to help him on in life. In short, we wish him to look to us under all circumstances as he would to his own parents, if he had parents living and within his reach. Let us throughout the coming year cultivate and extend this spirit amongst us. Of all classes in the community we have surely most to gain by sticking to each other, the strong helping the weak, and all combining for the common good. Let no one imagine that he is making a step in advance when he announces that he is "independent" and that he has "no more to do" with us. We know no more silly and mischievous idea than that which takes possession of some boys' minds, that after they have reached a certain age, or have been a certain number of years in the country, they are "free" of the Home. Every boy is "free" inasmuch as we are not engaged in any slave trade, but no boy is "free" from the possibility of finding himself in a position to need a friend and someone to stand by him; no boy is "free" from the natural and social conditions that make union and co-operation essential to success and the accomplishment of good; and no boy is "free" from the obligation to do something to hold up for others the bridge that carried him over. We know well that among our boys, and among all boys, there is an age when they have outgrown the dependence of childhood, but have not as yet realized the responsibilities of manhood, when they are inclined to be impatient of restraint, and fancy they should be a law unto themselves, and yet most need direction and the influence of wisely exercised authority. This is the time when we hear most of being "free of the Home," and when the occasions arise that call for the exercise of the best of our judgment and discretion. It is always an anxious and critical stage in every boy's career, and our aim is to tide each one over it by leading him at once to take manly, sensible, practical views of life and the business of life, and to enjoy the freedom of action and the independence of his position without shaking off the restraints that strengthen

and bind up character, that act as the ballast to the ship and keep it from drifting. And as a New Year's message to each and all our boys, however rapidly they may be advancing themselves in life, we would call upon them to stick together and work together with us, to let there be full confidence between us, and to let each boy or young man realize that in his individual sphere he is one of a body of citizens whose power and influence will be increasingly and strongly felt in the community, and that he has a responsibility for the good name, the usefulness, and the well-being of all. It would be an injustice to leave the subject without bearing testimony to the splendid body of young men whom we can now number by scores amongst those who came out in the early years of the work, of whose loyalty and affection to Dr. Barnardo and the Homes every day brings us evidence and whose records are a standing testimony to the value and success of the work of the Homes. There are many such who are proud to say that they were Dr. Barnardo's boys, and to whom we are proud indeed to point as some of the fruits of Dr. Barnardo's work. We have some noble "standard bearers" in our ranks with whom the "colours" are always safe, young men of sound heads and hearts and the brightest promise for the future, who are making their way in the world, and wherever they go are carrying the good name and reputation of the Homes. May God bless them and theirs throughout the coming year, and increase their influence and power for good.

We have noted with great pleasure the number of boys who have recently been sending sums of money to assist needy relatives at home. Several boys have provided the funds for the emigration of younger brothers and sisters; a good many are contributing substantially towards the support of aged or infirm mothers. The first fruits of the earnings of not a few lads have been sent off for these purposes as soon as received. We can fancy how grateful such gifts must be to a mother struggling along, perhaps under very adverse circumstances, to make a living for herself and possibly other children, and how it must cheer the hearts of these poor folk to know that their boy far across the sea has not forgotten the needs of those left behind, and would have them share in his prosperity. All honour

to the many of our lads to whom this applies. "With such sacrifices God is well pleased."

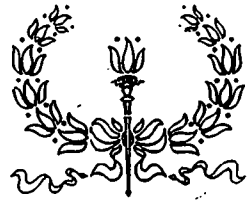
The announcement of our proposed excursion to England brought a great many letters asking information about rates and sailings, but in the end less than a score came forward to take passage. We did not in the least regret this. Sixty-two dollars and forty cents (\$62.40), the cost of a ticket for the trip from Toronto to London and back, is a large sum for boys whose earning power is limited, and who work long and hard for every dollar they make. We doubt if anyone who went over will return without regretting the expenditure of so much money. The total expenses of the trip will mean nothing short of a year's wages, in other words the loss of a year's work, and in our humble opinion those who "backed out" showed their wisdom and good sense in doing so.

* *

We hear from Stepney that Dr. Barnardo is well, and "working day and night." It has, we fear, been a heavy and a trying year for him. The extraordinary claims upon the benevolence of the British public, through the appeals on behalf of the sufferers from the Indian famine, the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund, and the thousand

and one philanthropic enterprises set on foot in every locality in commemoration of the Jubilee has resulted in a very serious falling off in the income of the Homes, and a proportionate increase in the burden of anxiety and care that under the best of circumstances rests so heavily upon the Doctor's shoulders. The responsibility for the maintenance and support of a family of 5,000 upon an uncertain and fluctuating income is one that few ordinary men would care to undertake. The Doctor is not an ordinary man. His powers are of the highest order, his faith in his mission is unswerving through all the heaviest trials, and disappointments, his zeal for the cause that he has made his own knows no abatement, but none the less there must be moments and hours when the heart must sicken and the spirit must be grievously downcast, and we ask on the Doctor's behalf for the sympathy and good wishes of all his old boys in Canada, and their prayers that the needful means may be supplied for carrying on the work, that he himself may be supported and equipped for all that lies before him, and that the coming year may be one of the most fruitful of the lifetime that he has devoted to the cause of Christian philanthropy.

A. B. O.



Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
 Toll ye the Church bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.
 Old year you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year you shall not die.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro;
 The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
 Shake hands, before you die.
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die. —Tennyson.



RE these notes from the far Canadian West reach the readers of UPS AND DOWNS the year 1897 will, like the old year referred to by the immortal poet Tennyson, lie a-dying, and alas in how many of us will the words "What is it we can do for you?" "Speak out before you die"

find an echo from the secret chambers of our hearts. Long lists of opportunities for doing service for our fellows, time squandered and lessons scorned, will like unwelcome guests come in clear view before our memories; repining however is of no avail; and if any of our colony of young men, boys or girls are pained by the thought that they have not quite done their duty by the departing year, there is but one course open for them and that, to make redoubled efforts during the succeeding years allotted them by the Divine Ruler, making use of the talents given into their charge, in such a manner that they may each be worthy of the commendation given the wise servants in the parable in St. Matthew's Gospel: "Well done thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter

thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matthew xxv: 21.)

The past three months at the Farm have been of necessity very busy spaces of time, as haying, harvesting, threshing and fall ploughing came along in such close succession that they appeared to over-lap each other and added to all the above work, the completion of the extensive improvements to the Home building, called for the services of quite a number of the best lads, making it sometimes a problem for the management to find hands for all the departments of the work. The weather certainly favoured us, for winter did not really put in an appearance till the middle of November, and even then his demands upon the capacities of our thermometers was not greater than we were prepared for, as we now have a "No. 19 Famous Magnet" furnace in the new basement, put in by our old friend Mr. E. H. Williams, of Binscarth, a workman whose goods speak for themselves, which sends most welcome currents of warm air into the upper regions of the Home building during all hours of the day and night.

One of the most important events of the quarter, was the arrival of a small party of lads from England on October 7th; coming to Quebec by the good ship *Labrador*, in Mr. Owen's kind care, and handed over to the writer at the before mentioned port. As these young men are sure to be heard from in Canada in the days to come, it may not

be amiss to chronicle their arrival individually with their places of birth :

ALEXANDER BAILEY, Boston, Mass., U. S. A ; WILLIAM HENRY CUNDALL, York, England ; ALBERT E. EARDLEY, Manchester, England ; REGINALD O. FURLONG, Bristol, England ; HAMILTON P. LEITHWAITE, Maryport, England ; FRANK LOCK, Bristol, England ; JOHN M. LINTON, Liverpool, England ; WILLIAM J. LAWSON, Liverpool, England ; FREDERICK T. ROBERTS, London, England ; JOHN RICHMOND, London, England ; GEORGE SWITZER, London, England ; JOHN TRAYNOR, Liverpool, England ; JAMES WRIGHT, Liverpool, England.

city life, to the almost painful stillness of the Canadian plains. Do not discourage by playfully telling these lads that the mercury reaches unheard of depths in winter, that their words will freeze and stand out in the chilly atmosphere in bold relief, or that their shadows when once frozen to the ground cannot be removed till melted by the fierce sun-light of the next July. Rather give them good advice, show them how to prepare themselves for the cold of Winter, and generally offer that kind assistance which is always prompted by a good heart and a sound head. In the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS, mention was made



GEORGE SALMON.

With one or two exceptions, these young men promise to become creditable members of our already large and successful Canadian colony, and it is to be hoped that the right hand of fellowship will be gladly extended to these strangers as they go out to situations, by the young men of our clan, who have already taken advanced degrees in the art and mystery of North-West agriculture. Cheer them on, dear readers, you were strangers once yourselves in the Great Lone Land and realise the effects of the wonderful change, the sudden transition from the busy whirl and excitement of the Old Country

of one of our old lads, George Salmon, who has been for some years in the employ of the Bell Telephone Company, at Neepawa ; Salmon has been good enough to furnish the writer with a copy of his latest photograph, which, produced on this page, will no doubt be of interest to his old comrades of the party of June, '88, ex steamship *Sarmatian*. Although the telephone as a practical appliance, has been in use less than twenty years, it may be said to have become an indispensable to the business man, for even in 1889, according to statistics published by the Bell Telephone Company,

in the United States alone there were nearly 200,000 instruments in constant use attached to nearly the same number of miles of wire, while since the date given, the extension of the system, particularly in America, has been phenomenal; consequently we argue that Salmon has made no mistake in enlisting in the service of a system which has evidently come to stay and will probably offer him employment as long as he sees fit to remain with his employers. The other portrait among the notes is that of Charles A. Andrews, late baker and cook at the Farm Home — "Sergeant Bob," as the lads have always playfully designated the fine sturdy, open-faced specimen of manhood in the person of our ex-baker — has made during the last month a daring departure, having gone into business in Russell, as a baker and confectioner; a neat and well equipped restaurant is kept upon his premises, and we are very much mistaken if the Russell public, particularly the Curling contingent, are not prepared before the Winter is over to



CHARLES A. ANDREWS.

vote the "Andrews and Toovey oysters, served in every style," a great success. Old lads visiting Russell will find Mr. Andrews ready and willing to serve them with anything in his line, and all from selected and fresh Montreal stocks. That Andrews may succeed and yet become a leading Western business man, I feel sure is the heartfelt wish of all the Barnardo colony in Manitoba. Another old employee, whose portrait has already appeared in UPS AND DOWNS, Mr. William Walton, retired from the service of the Homes on the first of Sep-

tember, and entered temporarily the employ of a contractor named Mundle, doing his clerical work and generally assisting at the job then in hand. We understand Walton is an applicant for the position of assistant in the Bank about to be opened in Russell under the management of Mr. Thomas Leese, of Dudley and Leese, Birtle; so in future, my dear lads, you will know where to apply to obtain cash for your promissory notes. Walton's experience in the Russell district should make him a useful man, and the writer trusts that he may secure the

position he is looking for and find it to his liking after he is installed in the post.

Several of our old lads are, we understand, employed on the construction of the railway through the Crow's Nest Pass in British Columbia, among the number being Edward Jones of the Labrador party, March, '93, who made a trip to England last year and brought back a brother who is now engaged in the Russell district and doing remarkably well. While on the subject of lads

who have made progress and set up for themselves in Canada, we cannot pass over the case of Frederick Johnson of the Parisian party, April, '90; and in placing the facts before our readers to show them what a lad of nineteen, without capital, can do in Canada if he has the grit and inclination, we can probably not do better than give a place in these pages to Johnson's letter written to the Home in August of this year:

"MR. E. A. STRUTHERS,

"Barnardo Farm, Russell.

"DEAR SIR, — I now take the pleasure

writing a few lines to you, hoping that you will not be offended at what I am about to say. I came out in April, '90, and worked at the Home for eleven months and two weeks; from there I was hired by Mr. O. Setter for twelve months, but being we could not agree, I left him after a month's notice when I had been there for three months; from there I went to work for Mr. Y. J. Attwood, for seventeen months, when my time expired; he did not want a man any longer, so I went and worked with the threshers until the machine froze up and we could work no more; from there I went and worked for nine months for Mr. J. B. McDonald; from there I went back to my old boss, Mr. Y. J. Attwood, for over three years; from there I started for myself, and am now the possessor of a good wheat farm, with three working horses, one plow, harrows, binder, sleighs, wagon and several other implements. I have never been out of employment one day since I left the Home, and I must tell you that I have 70 acres under cultivation. I had 40 in this year, 33 of wheat and 7 of oats, and have got the best part of the other 30 acres of breaking back-set. I have got 28 acres of my wheat cut and stoked, and reckon to be finished next Wednesday. I am doing it all by myself. The reason that I have told you this is, so that you can see that I have not idled my time away and you could see whether I was worthy of a good conduct medal or not. I do not ask for the medal unless I am deserving it. The reason I ask for it is not for the value of the thing but for to show the young lads a good example that are working around here. I will now close by asking if you will be so kind as to answer this letter when you think it convenient.

"I remain,

"Your humble servant,

"(sgd.) FREDERICK JOHNSON."

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The above letter speaks for itself, and shows how Johnson was getting on up to the close of harvest; and as the price of good wheat, and there was little of any other quality grown in the district of Russell during this year, ran as high as 82c. per bushel, Johnson will have a nice little profit for his season's work, beside the satisfaction of being practically his own boss, and possessing a farm such as he could not have hoped to secure, had he remained in the

Old Country, in a life-time. As a matter of course the stream of life for the young man who launches out on his own account in the Canadian West, does not *always* run over a perfectly smooth bottom—boulders, reefs and rapids sometimes lie in the way—and all the skill and judgment which can be brought to bear on the rudder will not keep the craft away from the threatening rock. The writer when allowing his pen to dip into the moralizing ink-pot, was thinking of a call made in October by a young man whose name has often been mentioned in these pages, and always in a most hopeful manner when speaking of his future business prospects. We refer to John A. Redbourne, who has been farming for some years in the Shoal Lake district, and this year had a very fine crop, all of which, amounting to some thirteen hundred bushels of grain, was wiped out of existence by one of those irresistible prairie fires that now and again, when conditions are favourable, sweep through the settlements, leaving death and destruction behind. John claims to have made every possible preparation to meet an attack of this kind; however, it has been truly said that fire is a most useful servant while a dreadful master, and owing to the terrific wind raging upon the day the flames crept up to his homestead. No human precaution or effort, it appears, would have diverted the disaster. In this case the Homes were prepared to give immediate assistance in a modest way; and the writer, after visiting the scene of the young man's misfortune, enquiring into the conditions surrounding Redbourne's business, consulting with himself and wife, trusts that the young settlers will not lose courage, but go at the problem again with strong heart and a determination to win even against odds.

The hearts of the lads at the Home, as well as the minds of the management, were respectively cheered and relieved by the fact that it was possible to place this year's crop in the hands of the thresher as early as October 27th. Cold fingers are not good instruments with which to tie up grain sacks, and although a bad storm or two interrupted the proceedings, the work of threshing out Dr. Barnardo's grain was performed in a fairly comfortable and satisfactory manner, the contractor being Mr. William Cusitar. Among other changes in the Home arrange-

ments since the last issue of our paper, we might mention the relieving of "Jimmy Green" from the wash-tub. Green's old friends will be glad to hear that he now occupies the responsible position of night watchman for the Institution, and as regards the laundry it is at present presided over by Mrs. Toovey, who will, we believe, find her hands quite full in looking after those erratic buttons that are for ever falling off one's clothing. Alexander Hutchinson, a comical young colored man who at one time looked after Dr. Barnardo's piggery, said: "I nevah did see sich a country foh buttons fallin' off." It may be the strong winds, my lads, but certainly the bachelor who has his unmentionables fastened to his other garments with a variety of nails, from shingle up to 20-penny spikes, will tell you with feeling in his voice and look, that "the patter, patter, patter of the rainfall on the roof" is nothing to the rattle, rattle, rattle of the buttons on the floor; and if Mrs. Toovey, the present laundress, can do anything to relieve these showers, which are not by any means to be put in the list of "showers of blessing," her name should be handed down, I think, with those of other great benefactors of the race. Another innovation on the Farm, is the introduction of a large geared windmill, 14 ft. in diameter, taken in exchange for the much smaller one set up on the red barn last year. This wheel is made by the Ontario Wind Engine Company of Toronto, and the way it makes the grain crusher and the straw cutter hum is pleasant to listen to.

By the time these notes are in the mail, another large consignment of those extra fine white hogs, which the lads are so fond of taking care of, will be on their way to the Winnipeg Packing House: already a very creditable shipment of exceedingly fine sheep has been sent through to the English market, and as the prices for live stock generally have improved to such an appreciable extent, the management at the Farm, are more than encouraged with the prospects in this line.

VISITORS.

On the 17th October the lads at the Home were honored by a visit from the Ven. Archdeacon Fortin, D.D., who has for so many years charmed the members of the Holy Trinity Church, Winnipeg, with his wonderful eloquence. The Archdeacon took the morning service at the Home on the day mentioned above, and in referring to the

wonderful extensions of Dr. Barnardo's work over the world, mentioned the fact that only twenty-five years before, he had while visiting London called at Dr. Barnardo's establishment, then occupying but a few small rooms, where children were being cared for, became very much interested in the work he saw going on; but little thinking that at some future day, when the great strong arms of the Institutions stretched out even into the Western prairies of Canada, he would have the pleasure of addressing English lads in one of Dr. Barnardo's Homes where the wild buffalo were then roaming. It is needless to say that the Venerable Archdeacon not only interested but charmed his mixed audience at the Home, and the sincere wish of the Barnardo boys at Russell is, that the life of the Venerable Archdeacon may be spared for many years to come, and that the address given the lads on the 17th October may not be the last in which his voice is heard, in the little chapel at Barnardo.

We were delighted to grasp the great warm hand of Joseph Bird, Sarnia, April '94, who called upon your correspondent on the 28th October. Bird promised well to become a fine representative of the young men Dr. Barnardo is sending out yearly to Canada when he left the Farm, and the writer is pleased to admit that his expectations were so far eclipsed by the final results when this great manly fellow came walking into the Farm office dressed in a huge ulster, that he has now to confess that he is but a poor specimen of a prophet. Bird expects to be engaged in the lumber woods this Winter, north-east of Dauphin village, and with a few of his neighbours contemplates ultimately settling in the great Swan River country, where he claims there is the grandest grazing district in the North-West. Joseph Over, *Carthaginian*, April '92, another "six-footer," weighing in the neighbourhood of two hundred pounds, favoured the Farm Home with a three days' visit in November, while on his way to the logging camp of the Assiniboine Lumber Company. Over expects to take land in the Spring, in the vicinity of the Cut Arm Creeks, where he reports a great many fine homesteads still open for settlement.

The most important visit of the quarter from an institutional standpoint, however,

was made by Dr. Barnardo's tried and true friend, R. Cope Morgan Esq., senior member of the great publishing house of Morgan & Scott, 12 Paternoster Buildings, London, E. C.; well known to each individual of Dr. Barnardo's Homes; as the firm who prepare the wonderful collection of sacred songs and solos, with standard hymns, compiled by the once sweet singer, the late Mr. Ira D. Sankey, so much used in all the Homes. Mr. Morgan, who by the way is a trustee of the Institutions, was accompanied by Mrs. Morgan, a lady who takes an intense interest in all movements in the direction of benefiting mankind; and while Dr. Barnardo, we believe, has already to acknowledge many acts of kindness at the hands of this fine old Christian veteran, no more useful effort could have been made by him, none which would prove of more practical value to the Homes, than his visit of inspection and enquiry into the condition and advancement of the boys settled in the country and resident at the Farm, made in most inclement weather and at a cost of considerable discomfort. We feel sure Mr. Morgan saw enough to satisfy himself that Dr. Barnardo of a certainty, following that clear direction in Peter's Epistle, is ministering of his gifts "as a good steward of the manifold grace of God." Mr. and Mrs. Morgan left us on November 11th, expecting to join Mr. D. L. Moody, the great evangelist, in Minneapolis, Minnesota; from thence continuing their journey to Southern California, where we understand they purpose spending the Winter.

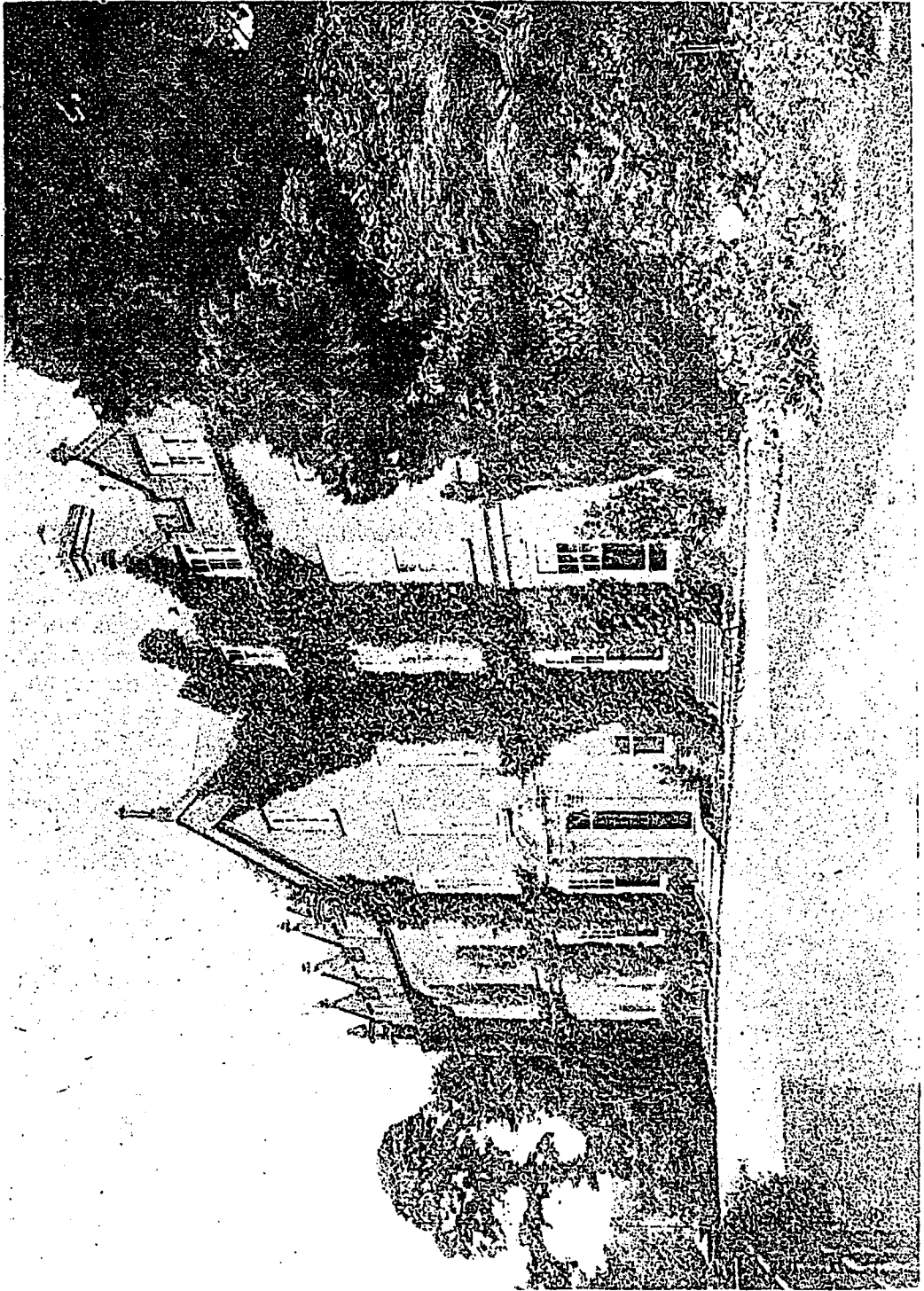
WEDDING BELLS.

Just as these notes are being brought to a close, word is received from the young man Matthew Loan, who came out to Canada in

the Spring of '91, to the effect that he was married on November 17th of this year, and has settled down in the Woodside district, being engaged in the cattle business. As the great hay meadows about the southern end of Lake Manitoba offer tempting locations for energetic young men who wish to go into the rearing of horned cattle and horses, we look forward to the day when our representative, Mr. Loan, will have plenty of neighbours beside him, flourishing in this great industry; and we, as an Institution, can look back with pride to the fact that one of our lads occupied the place of an early pioneer in the district. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Loan on behalf of Dr. Barnardo and all his colleagues, and trust that life under their roof-tree may prove to be of the happiest kind. Not by way of an advertisement, but simply as a piece of information likely to be of interest to young men in Eastern Canada who contemplate securing locations in the West, we might mention that it is in the vicinity of Westbourne and Woodside that the Honorable Senator Sanford, of Hamilton, Ontario, has a large tract of excellent land, which he is prepared to hand over to actual settlers on the most reasonable terms, even where the new comer has a very limited capital, but can show a record for industry, sobriety and general good behaviour.

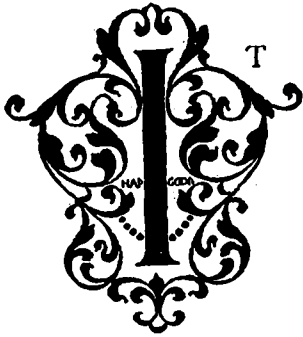
On behalf of the North-West Colony of the Homes, we beg to tender to our brothers and sisters in the East our best wishes that they may enjoy a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.





BUCKENBEE - ANOTHER VIEW.

Memories of Buckenhill



THIS with no ordinary pleasure that we present our readers with excellent portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, and one or two photographic views of their lovely residence at Buckenhill, Worcester, that has been the home of some of the very best and most successful of our boys in Canada. With the insertion of these illustrations it is incumbent upon us to give some little descriptive account of Mr. Phipps and his work on behalf the boys, and the task would be a very pleasant one if only the writer felt himself less hopelessly unable to do anything like justice to the subject, or to introduce these honoured friends to the readers of UPS AND DOWNS in anything like fitting terms. True he has had the pleasure of the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, and has partaken of their hospitality, and he could say a great deal as to the respect and esteem with which he regards them and their noble self-sacrificing labour of love; but to convey an idea of what Mr. Phipps, and not less Mrs. Phipps, has been to the large number of boys who have passed through their hands at Buckenhill, and have since gone out into the world; to give any adequate description of the watchful kindness, the solicitude, the generous interest of which each boy has been the object, and still more to form an estimate of the power and influence for good of such a training and early environment in the future lives of the boys, is a task that he confesses himself utterly unequal to. Happily to the Buckenhill boys Mr. Phipps needs no introduction. The name is sufficient to recall the genial personality, the bluff, hearty manner, the kindly, warm-hearted address, the genuine benevolence of disposition that has

endeared Mr. Phipps to every boy who lived with him. As far as our experience goes, we do not believe there is a boy who has left Buckenhill without having learned to regard both Mr and Mrs. Phipps with attachment and affection; and the feeling of loyalty to their generous patrons, and the thought that any failure in conduct will bring discredit on Mr. Phipps, has, in not a few cases, been a restraining and uplifting influence in a boy's life.

But those of our readers who are not old Buckenhill boys will want to know who Mr. Phipps is, and to hear a little about him. He was at one time a leading partner in a very large business in one of the principal towns in the Midland Counties, a county magistrate, and a member of a family widely known, and as widely respected in social, political and business circles in the "Midlands." Several years ago he retired from business, and resolved to devote his time and his fortune to philanthropic work. The unique providential circumstances under which he became introduced to Dr. Barnardo, and was led to associate himself with Dr. Barnardo's work, form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the Institution. We cannot do more than refer to this here, but suffice it to say, that as the result of a brief acquaintance Mr. Phipps undertook the purchase of a beautiful estate, not far from the city of Worcester, on which, at his own expense, he erected buildings for the suitable accommodation of between forty and fifty boys and for over fifteen years maintained that number entirely at his cost. The boys were periodically selected by Mr. and Mrs. Phipps from those in residence at the London Homes, and they were fortunate youngsters upon whom their selection fell. They generally remained with Mr. Phipps for two or three years, sometimes longer, until the time came for their leaving for Canada, when each young emigrant received a very superior outfit, and was sent forth as well

equipped for his future life in the Dominion as any boys could be of any class, and supplied with everything that forethought and practical experience could suggest. Neither has the interest and loving care of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps for their young charges by any means ceased with their departure for Canada. With very few exceptions they have been in correspondence with all their old boys, and many of these lads must have

boys of whom we have expected most and who have seldom disappointed us. With but very few exceptions the records of Mr. Phipps' boys have been clean and creditable, and they are lads who have worked well and made good use of their opportunities. We wish we had space at our disposal to refer to a great many out of the hundred and odd names that lie before us, but we can do no more than select a very few as



RICHARD PHIPPS, ESQ., J.P.

a goodly display of books and other presents that they have received from Buckenhill. It is not to be wondered at that boys who have had the advantage of such a home and training should show in their future careers the best results from the wise, kindly, Christian care bestowed upon them. The Worcester boys have always been the "corps d'elite" of our young colonists, the

specimens of the rest. Let John Astbee, as the pioneer, speak for himself first as to the results of his fourteen years in Canada.

ST. JOHN'S P.O., COUNTY WELFARD

Dec. 12, 186,

I have had thirteen years' experience in farming, and I have seen a good many ups and downs in that time. I am glad that I came to the country when I did. I have saved a nice little bit of money and above

all I have worked myself up a good name. That is the best point that a Barnardo boy can do, and I am one of them. I have done my best to bring credit on the old Home. There are a good many people that look down on a Barnardo boy, but I am not ashamed to own myself as one. I am like Sir John A. Macdonald, a Barnardo boy I was raised and a Barnardo boy I will die. I thank Mr. Phipps and Dr. Barnardo for my coming to Canada, and if any of the Worcester boys want to make a good, honest living tell them to come to Canada. You also want to know what I am looking forward to gain a home of my own and settle down for myself, and when I am done with this life here I am looking forward to a better home that our Saviour has prepared for us. Wishing you a merry Christmas,

I am yours truly,

JOHN ASHBEE.

Ernest H. Beard writes with ten years' less experience than John, but the tone of his letter is the same; and in fact this can be said of every letter received from lads who at one time came under the personal influence of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps.

BELMONT, ONT., Dec. 11th, 1897.

I am quite well and happy, and I like it on the farm. The boss and I have been busy clearing up wheat, and while he is drawing it away I am husking corn and doing the chores. I have received a good many letters from Mrs. Phipps since I came to Canada, and they sent me a nice book, which tells me some things about the Queen and those who reigned before her. I see a few names of Mr. Phipps' boys in UPS AND DOWNS, who I remember, and I am sure it is a nice book to keep us boys together. This is all I have to say, so good-bye. Your sincere friend,

ERNEST HENRY BEARD.

Frank Cambray sends a short, bright letter from Cayuga.

CAYUGA, Dec. 10th, 1897.

Since my arrival in Canada I have been working at farming, and am just at my second place, where I have about completed three years. I feel very much like home, as we have two little boys here and we are great friends. I intend to work at farming, as I am laying part of my earnings aside so as to be able to buy a farm after a little, as I like the country around here and there are quite a few of the Home boys around here. We have a church close by and I attend it most every Sunday.

FRANK CAMBRAY.

Philip Reynolds is another prospective proprietor. As every lad should, and every well-trained lad will, Philip recognizes that there is no royal road to proprietorship; it is only to be attained by several years' diligent work as a hired man

WATFORD, ONT., Dec. 8th, 1897.

I like the country first-rate; it is a good place for a boy who will work, although the wages are not as high now as they used to be. I have been on a farm most of the time, and I like it, but perhaps if I was at something else I would like it as well; but take it all through I think the farmer the most independent, but he has always got lots of work to do. As to my prospects for the future, I think my life will always be on the farm; not always as the hired man if I can help it, and I am the only one that can.

Alfred J. Jeffrey's letter indicates that during the ten years he has been in Canada our friend has not let the grass grow under his feet. We very earnestly wish him every success in the undertaking in which he contemplates embarking.

ANNAN, Dec. 13th, 1897.

I think that in a year or so I will start business for myself. I have a little laid by now and am going to look around to see where I can get a good stand for a blacksmith. I have tried to live honest, upright and industrious ever since I came to Canada.

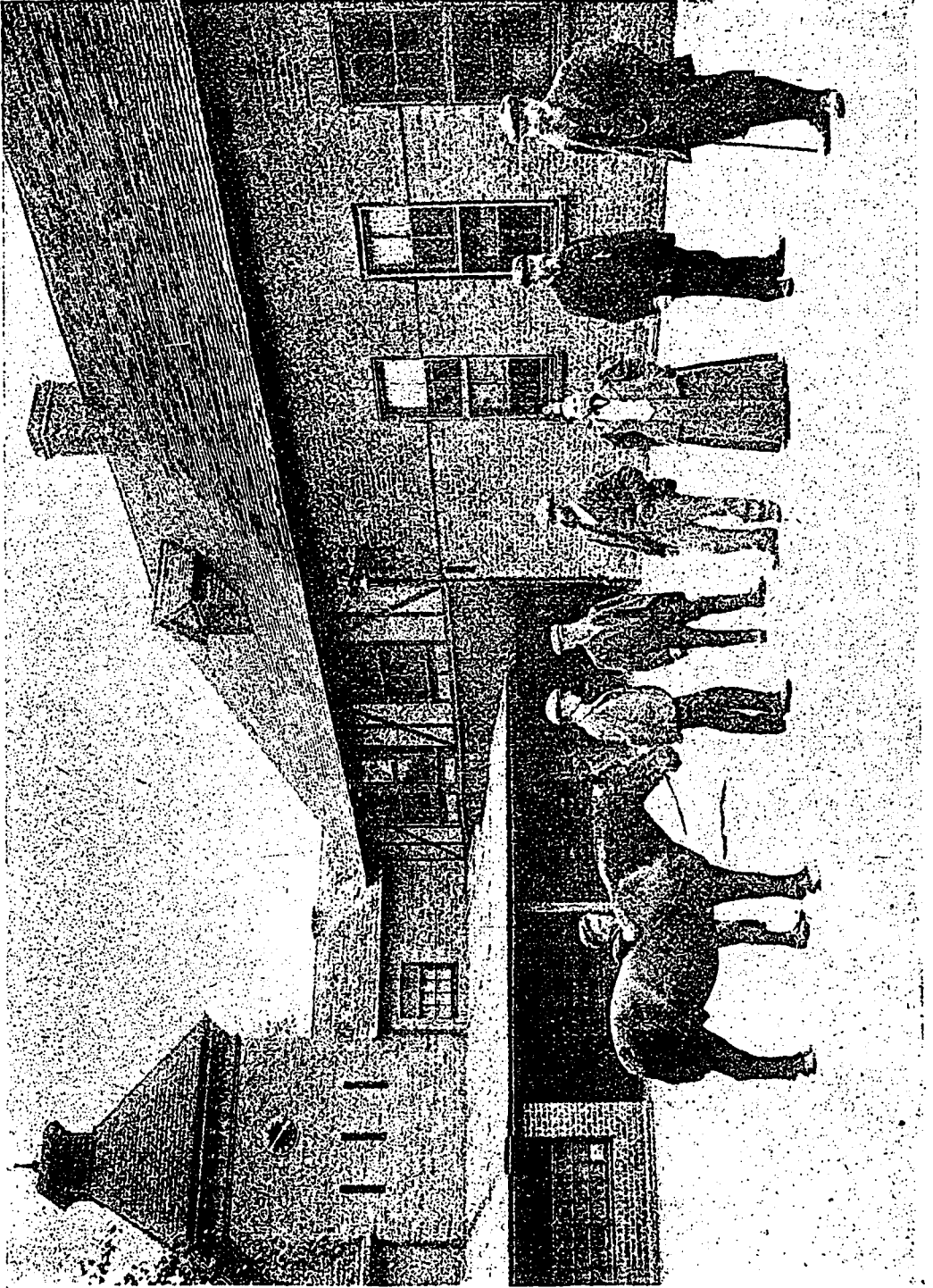
* *

From our old friend, Samuel Snow, comes a long letter full of interesting details of Samuel's progress in Canada.

I have been in good health ever since I came to this country. I am one of Mr. Phipps' boys, and I do thank Mr. Phipps for sending me to Canada. It is the country of my choice, and just the place for a boy to be brought up in. I have been in Canada for nearly eight years, and have been greatly benefited in that time, and the longer I am here the better I seem to like it. When I came to the country first I was hired with Mr. A. Taylor for four years. At the end I received \$100, which was all placed in the bank, and is there yet drawing interest at 4 per cent. Next I was hired in Fullarton township, the adjoining township to Downie. That year I had a lot of clothes to buy, and a bicycle of course, and consequently I did not save very much [Of course.—Ed.]. And after that I turned over a new leaf; next year I saved \$80. After that I got into the township of Downie with Mr. Oliver Smith, almost as good a man as Mr. Taylor. He has treated me as a son. I managed to save \$100 last year, and expect to have another \$100 beside it in about a month and a half. I was hired for \$145 this year. But I had to take right ahold of the team and do everything as it came along, sowing the grain and driving the mower, binder and other machinery.

* *

Having decided to write us, Herbert Panting takes advantage of the opportunity to request that \$2.00 be taken from his



IN THE COURTYARD AT "BUCKENHILL."

bank and received as a donation to the Homes, for which reasonable act of kindness we tender Herbert our sincere thanks.

PAKENHAM, Dec. 6.

I intend putting my savings in the Home Bank this year instead of in the Post Office; it will not be much any way, as I have my life insured for a thousand dollars, and it costs me \$25 a year for twenty years, and I do not think I shall have any more than \$40 to put in the bank. But now for a bit of my history since I came to Canada. I have been nine years in one place, working, as you know, for the first four years for a hundred dollars, but I shall have \$350 by next spring, that is counting my insurance money as well. I never thought when I first came here that I would stop in my place so long, it seemed to me such a wild country and such hard work, and I used to be dead tired; and I would always think just wait till I get my hundred dollars, and then if I don't go back to the old country my name isn't what it is. But as the years went by I got used to it, and started to take an interest in the work, my desire being to be ahead of the neighbours, and I am often told now that we are always ahead of time; but I would not go back to the Old Country to live for anything now, though of course I shall always have fond recollections of the dear old land, and perhaps sometime in the future I shall go there for a visit, but nothing else. I received the long service medal, and am very much pleased with it. If this letter has too much of the brag about it do not publish it. HERBERT PANTING.

We do not think there is too much "brag" about Herbert's letter, and we publish it with the greatest amount of pleasure, for well we know that he has fought a brave fight, and come out a victor.

* *

George Hearn's allusions to himself are of the briefest: superabundance of modesty we presume; but we do not hesitate to say that George will be able to fulfil the desire to which he gives expression to the last sentence in his letter.

When I first came to Canada everything looked so strange, and I did not know very well what to think of it the first week or two. I felt pretty lonely and home-sick, and wished I was back in England, and now I think that Canada is a very nice place to live in. On Dec. 2nd, myself and twelve others went to help a neighbour build a log shanty, or a log house. The building was square, and ten feet high; the logs was sixteen feet long. We are busy cutting wood this winter. I hope some day to have a farm of my own. GEORGE HEARN.

* *

The boy who realizes there is something in him to learn will be a wise man some day. Such a boy is Thomas Tucker

BEACONSFIELD, Dec. 8th.

I came out here about four or nearly five years ago. I have had a good deal to learn and find out. I can always find something to learn if I try. I got on as good as most boys in this country, and I shall always try my best to do so. I have earned a good name, and I intend to keep it. I have you to thank for sending me the silver medal, as I think it is a good thing for a boy to have, for he need not be afraid of not having a good name with him. I think that a boy could not meet with better friends than Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, for they were as good as a father and mother to me. There is such a lot of boys that I used to know that I would like to see and hear something of.

THOMAS TUCKER.

* *

We have on more than one occasion published extracts from the letters of Samuel Ling, but as Sam generally has something interesting to say, we need offer no apology for giving our readers the benefit of Sam's most interesting little account of his career in Canada.

AVONTON P.O., Ont. Dec. 9, 1897.

It would take a parcel of paper to give all my experience since I came to Canada. But I will tell of one lesson that I learned, which may help others that were in the same way that I was.

When I first started to plough, or try to plough, it was either the horses or the plough that was wrong, and I, of course, was right; but as time will tell, so it has told me that I was wrong.

Now I have sense enough not to condemn anything before I had given it a fair trial.

It will not be a bad plan if those who read this heed it.

It was my first employer, Mr. Taylor, who trained me, and I thank you a thousand times for sending me to work for him. True it is, that I thought I had a hard time of it, but now I see where I was wrong again. I believe that all things work together for good to them that love God. I am at present doing fairly well, having secured a good place, with reasonable wages, and a comfortable home for a year.

My employer is very good and reasonable with me, and I have reason to be thankful for many kind friends in this part of Ontario.

We have got most of our ploughing done, and are prepared for winter work, such as cutting wood, drawing manure, etc.

Now, as for the future, I hardly know what to say. I am at present halting between two opinions concerning this life, whether to continue farming or get an education. Concerning the life that is beyond, I have decided which road to take; the rough road. The Book says, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" also "They that seek Me early shall find Me." Boys, take heed.

SAMUEL MYRING LING.

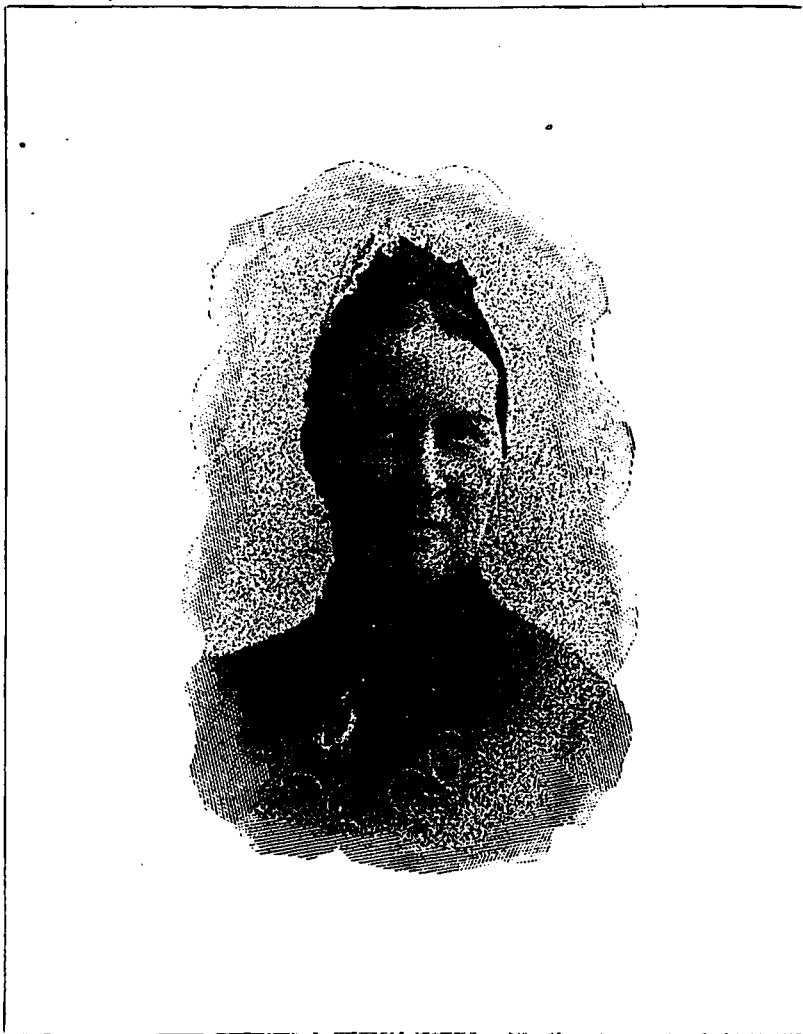
From Matthew Urie we hear of progress made, and bright hopes for next year.

COWAL P.O.

I have been out in Canada six years, and I have been working for three different farmers, and I got along very well. I think farming is different than in England. I have just started to work for a new employer; they are very good to me; they are as good to me as if they were my own parents.

Algoma District and a description of some parts of that country.

On the 10th of May I started out prospecting for a company in Winnipeg at \$31 a month. We left Dryden by train to Dinorwic, from Dinorwic our work began. On the 11th word came to start for the north with our canoes. We went across Wec, Little and Big Sandy Lakes. On the shore of Big Sandy Lake we camped for the night; in the morning we had to



MRS PHIPPS

I still keep going to Church and Sabbath school. I got last year a beautiful Bible for attending the Sunday school.

I am very glad to say that I was not much troubled with sickness while living out here. I have started to put a little money by.

MATTHEW URIE.

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*

Charles H. Phillips is eighteen, and a good type of the staunch fellows who came out in '88. He sends us an interesting account of his recent experiences in the

portage our supplies over a three mile portage. At evening we again moved on to Long River Lake, and here was a fine water power and a string of six lakes with falls and portages to match, and a fine rock shore on the whole of them. We were out 81 days and went 60 north into a wild country. It was a fine sight to see. On July 26th we again returned to Dinorwic and got to Dryden on the 28th; then I went to Manitoba for two months. So you see I have seen a good bit of country this summer; and now I will try to tell you

what this part of the country is like. The soil is in some places sandy, in other places a heavy clay, and some a fine clay loam. The climate is the best I have yet seen. The weather is just lovely. We have got one foot to fourteen inches of snow, and the woods is alive with axes as the cordwood is being made everywhere. We get 75 cents a cord for cutting it, and we board ourselves. A man can put up two cords or more a day. Board in the town is \$3.00 to \$3.50 a week. The town of Dryden, which had seven houses when I came here last Feb., has now got about sixty or seventy in it. In the spring, if all goes well, things will again start forward, as there are about 80 or 110 lots to be built on, so it will again make things lively. The town, with its 500 inhabitants, 4 general stores, 4 flour and feed stores, 1 furniture and hardware, and 1 blacksmith and woodwork, is a very busy place. There is one sawmill at Dryden, and another down the lake seven miles with a fine waterpower. There is a good navigation to the mines to the east of us. The steamers put up here for the winter; with all the fish in the Wabigoon Lake and river that a man could want. And then there are its mining interests, which have for the past year made a big boom here, and now there is more talk of it than ever, and things are looking fine. In one mine two miles from Dryden, which is in the hands of an English company; in fact, there are three English companies have got control of mines here, they are going to push things forward. The town has its Free Library Board, which has been formed, and so I think this is not bad for a year. I think this is ahead of the prairie country west of us, and for three things. There is in the west in the winter you have to eat up what you make in the summer for you have nothing to work at. Here you can get work all winter at good wages. I think this is all I can say for you this time, and now I will wish you all a merry Christmas and a very happy New Year.

If any of the old boys would like to know more about it, if they will write to me I will give them all the help I can. It will want good workers and men who are willing to stand the hardship of pioneer life I would advise to stay in the east.

P.S. Land is fifty cents an acre, and we have as pretty a town site as there is in the country.

In case any of our readers wish to write to Charles Phillips, we would state that his full address is Box 33, Dryden.

* *

We had the pleasure of seeing Henry J. Granville during Exhibition week, and he now sends a letter with greetings to all old friends. We are much pleased with Henry's letter, and there is only one thing in it that surprises us. "for our young days have gone never to return." And Henry

is 181 and was one of the jolliest of all the jolly fellows who gathered at the Home three months ago.

I was sorry not to find any of my old chums at Toronto Fair when I was there. Arthur Carpenter just left the day before I got there, but I had a good time anyway. I got very fair wages this summer and expect the same next. The crops were very good this year, but owing to a lot of wet weather the fall wheat was badly sprouted. My boss had about 900 bushels of wheat and a lot of it was sprouted. I like this country very much and wish I had come out before I did, for it gives every boy a good start in life if he only takes a hold and keeps it, which I hope most of us have done; for there is no football nor cricket, but work which will do us more good than any one of them, for our young days have gone never to return. There are four boys from the Home near me, but all from Stepney. I am living very near to the village; it is only two miles away, and the station is still closer. I got a nice book from Mr. Phipps at the 22nd of July, which I am very proud of. I also received a silver medal from the Home, and I cannot express my many thanks for it. This is all I have to say this time.

H. J. GRANVILLE.

I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

* *

William F. Leversuch tells us of a recent change of situation, and his prospects and plans for the future, of which William takes a most hopeful view, and rightly, as we think; for we always gauge the probabilities of the future, of a lad by his accomplishments in the past, and William, who came out in '93 and is now 18, has a record of "something attempted, something done." He writes:

AVONTON, PERTH.

I have started at my fresh place. The eight months' term expired with Mr. G. Reaney Nov. 31st, for \$75. I have engaged with a Mr. John B. Murray for a year for \$130, and I think this a good wage, considering that I am only seventeen. I like working in Canada fine and I am going to try if spared and well to put into the bank \$100 every year, as I think I can clothe myself on the rest at the rate of the wage I am getting at present, and inside of ten years there will be \$1000 saved, and the interest besides. All of the boys in this neighbourhood are well and getting along nicely.

* *

Nearly five years in Canada; and nearly five years with one employer! Sure sign of a good lad working under a good employer. And we have not the slightest hesitation in declaring William Hughes to be a good boy, a credit to the Home, and, in

his ability as a farmer, a credit to the employer who has trained him. William, who is 18, writes from Heathcote.

DEAR SIR,—I am getting along first-rate. I am in the best of health and strength. This is my fifth year with Mr. Gaudin and my time will be up April 1st. I am thinking of staying another year. Mr. Gaudin went to Manitoba in the last spring and left me to work the place and I got along first rate. He is not home yet. We had very good crops this year. We have not threshed all out yet. I am glad to see such good report of the Buckenhill boys in the UPS AND DOWNS. I know all the prize winners. I attend Sunday School and Church regular. I started to school last week and am going steady every day. I like my place real well. There are five or six of the neighbours trying to hire me for next spring.

* *

Short and sweet, and not unworthy of imitation, is the letter of Albert E. H. Forrest, 17, who is also of the '94 arrivals. Albert writes from Mayfair.

I have the pleasure of sending you a photograph. I would like very much to see a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Phipps very much. I am very well satisfied with my place and the surrounding country. I close my letter by sending you one dollar for the Home.

* *

Harry Swain, 16, is full of enthusiasm for the future, which is the right spirit for a lad to cultivate, whatever line of work he may be engaged in. Harry is one of the '94 boys, and he has tried to make the most of his opportunities during his three years' experience.

I am in the best of health. The crops were good this year. We threshed one day last week, and the grain turned out very good. I like the place very well, and the boss and I is getting along very well so far, and I am going to be a farmer as soon as I am able to be one, I can drive the team at anything I am put to do. I go to Sunday school pretty regular. We are going to have an entertainment at our Church, and I am going to sing a piece or two for them. I have quite a talk with Mr. Griffith when he comes along.

* *

Although only 17, Percy Hook has acquired a vast amount of common sense, has taken some very useful lessons to heart, and, as his letter shows, he is a lad of whom we are justified in expecting a great deal.

I am in very good health, and getting along nicely with everything. I am on a dairy farm. We have 23 cows to milk; we have 9 horses, 14 pigs, 175 acres of land, so you see we get lots of work here.

Crops were very good this year; we had 175 loads of hay to get in, and 14 of barley, 45 of wheat and 15 of peas; we had ten acres of corn, a very good crop; six acres of potatoes. I tell you it keeps us quite busy. Well, that is just what we want to keep us out of mischief. Now a little for the boys. I am sure they will all join with me with three good hearty cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Phipps, Dr. Barnardo, and all connected with the Homes.

I spent my first three years in Canada at Clinton, Ont. My boss was rather a strict one, but still I feel he did me a lot of good. I am now able to do just about everything in the farming line, and it does not seem hard for me. I thank him for his kindness to me, and also for getting me into such a good home at last. But still there is a better Home for us yet if we trust in Jesus; He is willing to help us; He will carry us through. Boys, trust in Him, and we shall some day wear a crown in our Heavenly Home. One thing I would like you all to bear in mind, avoid all intoxicating liquors; use no slang language; strive to do that which is good. You may tell the boys through the paper that I wish you to correct my mistakes as I am no scholar. I am trying to do my best in all things, and by God's help I will.

* *

Arthur W. Sarson's letter is not long, in which respect it evidently differs from Arthur, who is, he tells us, 5 feet 10 inches. When he landed in Canada four years ago Arthur was a "little shaver" of 13.

I like this place very well. We are very close to the lake and I go in swimming pretty often in summer, sometimes too often. I have been quite healthy since I came out here which is nearly four years, in the same place. I expect to have a pretty easy time this winter, for we have lately had a windmill put up for pumping the water, which amounts to nearly one-third of the chores. I expect to make a move in the spring, although I think I will stay in the same vicinity. I am feeling very well just now, and am growing fast; I am about 5 feet 10 inches high, and weigh almost 140 pounds.

* *

The communication we have just received from Walter McArragher, who has been in Canada for nearly six years, and is now 18, is of very small dimensions, but in it Walter tells us of his earnest desire to engage in active work for the Master, and with that end in view, he has allied himself with the Salvation Army. Through whatever channel Walter seeks to per-

form the work to which he has given his heart, we earnestly trust that his efforts may be crowned with success, and that the one God and Saviour of all may direct and guide him in this and in all things.

The next letter we come to is from a boy who, if not as great a hunter as Nimrod, evidently hopes to be some day; and we must certainly congratulate David Wells, of the third party of '94, upon the pleasant lines upon which his lot has fallen. David is 17, and writes from Courtrice:

I am quite pleased to hear that you are going to have a few pictures of my dear old friends, and I will do my best to give you something about myself.

I am having a good time to myself. My boss is a hearty, good fellow. We go duck shooting together and we got some ducks, and we went to the woods one day and we had the dogs, three in all. We saw two rabbits, but they were too far away to shoot them. I went the next day—there was a little snow—to see if I could see a rabbit, but I could not see any, but I got some game. I shot a two-eared owl. It looked like an eagle in a big elm tree. I have been doing well since I came to Canada, and I thank Mr. and Mrs. Phipps and Dr. B. for bringing me up out of the wilderness and putting me in Canada. I am enjoying health and strength, and I pray to God that He may lead me safe unto His eternal home. I wish all our subscribers a happy Christmas and a happy New Year, and all in connection with the Homes.

George Max Williams, who came out with the first contingent of '90, sends us a short letter, full, however, of affectionate remembrances of all his old friends.

I am sending you one dollar for the support of the Homes. I am thinking of going back to England next year to see my friends if I have enough money to take me there. And I thank the Homes for what they have done for me. I can always say they have done their duty for us boys in Canada, especially Mr. and Mrs. Phipps. And I think they should always be remembered by us boys who came from their home in Canada. I am sending you one of my photos with this letter. I must close now, with a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

GEORGE MAX WILLIAMS.

After speaking of the pleasure it affords him and others who have been in Canada for many years to meet old faces and hear of old friends in UPS AND DOWNS, George Williams, who writes from Gladstone, Man., says:

As far as I am concerned, still I feel more

gratitude than I can find words to express, and for me to tell anyone all that has been done for me I would have to go over the long line of thoughts that often goes through my head, and I might call the subject this, "From the Lodging House to the Farm." After father died we took a small room in a lodging house at Upperstone street, Maidstone, Kent, where our good mother acted as deputy. She toiled hard for our living, or rather for our existence; and well mother was labouring to support us, almost at a loss to know what next to do, when a lady friend, a true friend, came to her help and asked her if she would be willing with her assistance to place us in the Homes.

For about two years I remained under Dr. Barnardo's care, where I was treated with every kindness, well taught, trained both for this world and the world to come. Then I was chosen for one of the first fifty boys that left Stepney to go to Worcester. I remained at Mr. Phipps' about two years, I think, and enjoyed myself immensely. We all lived like little lords, and were well taught and treated by our schoolmaster, Mr. Wright. I enjoyed working in the gardens under Mr. Smith, and last, but not least, to receive my weekly sixpence. They were happy days indeed spent at Worcester, but it seemed that happiness was increasing for me. Mr. Phipps talked of Canada to me. I took a notion that I would like to go to Canada, and finally I was booked for Canada in March in the year of 1885. We left England on the 26th of March and I landed at my first situation in Canada on the 11th day of April, 1885, where I remained in a happy home for nearly seven years. While in my first situation I received several kindnesses and much encouragement from the Doctor in the way of silver medals and watches and quite a number of interesting books. Then after these six happy years my employer determined to give up farming and follow some other line of business, which he did. He commenced storekeeping. So of course I felt too much at home in that settlement to leave it, so I engaged with our next door neighbour, Mr. Ira B. Shaw, where I lived quite satisfied for two winters and one summer; and seeing other young men leaving for Manitoba, I took the fever and left too. I went direct up to Mr. Struthers, got into a few of the customs of the country, and then my friend Mr. Struthers secured a situation for me with our esteemed postmaster in Gladstone. I remained with the postmaster for two summers and a winter. Then the hope that I had always felt, to be my own boss, got the upper hand of me, so I launched out on a venture for myself. I bought a farm just two miles west of the town, on the instalment plan, where I have been making the old mare go ever since.

I have merely enclosed a few of my moves through life to point out to you all that I deeply appreciate the Home training that I have received, especially at Worcester



IF we are to judge by results so far, the change from a monthly to a quarterly has not conduced to an increased mental activity on the part of those whom we have been accustomed to regard as our constant co-workers in this department of our journal. Calculating on the basis that three months would bring us three times as many papers as one month, we ought to have at least from twenty-five to thirty papers to select from for publication in this issue. As a matter of fact there are not more than three, and we can only publish one.

There are few of our friends who will not remember among the arithmetical trials of their school-days the trouble they had at first in solving the problem; if six men build a wall 10 feet high in three days, how many feet will eight men build in nine days? In some manner or other "division" would do the work intended for "multiplication," and *vice versa*, with results far from satisfactory to the schoolmaster. We had not anything like such a complex problem as the above, yet we have bungled in the same old early school-days manner. We multiplied the number of papers we used to receive by three, whereas it appears we ought to have divided by that unit; and the result is again far from satisfactory.

Of course we know that when there is too long a period between the calls upon our faculties, there is a disposition—shall we say to be lazy?—at least there is a disposition to put off the performance of the allotted task until the last moment; and, procrastination being now, as ever, the thief of time, he pilfers to such an extent that finally there is no time left in which to do the work which it was honestly intended should be done, and done well. It

is to this tendency to procrastinate that we must attribute the scarcity of papers this month. We should be sorry to think it was due to a falling off of the interest which has hitherto been so keen in the work of our Mutual Improvement Society. We trust that in our March number we shall be able to publish such a generous supply of papers from our friends that will more than make up for the lack in this number.

* * *

The deficiency is in point of numbers only, however; George A. Gilderson's contribution on Country versus Town Life being a most creditable production, although we must take exception to his sweeping statements regarding the physique of people raised in cities. We agree with him that the advantages lies with the country in respect of health, physique, and in many other respects, but that those raised in the city are "with few exceptions, a puny, sickly, delicate class of people" is a charge against city life which can hardly be maintained.

* * *
COUNTRY v. TOWN.

Geo. A. Gilderson (Party, April '90).

If choice was given me between a residence in city or country, I would give preference to rural life.

Agriculture is the best occupation on the globe; it is essential to the best of health.

Take a person that is raised in the city, and you will find, with few exceptions, that they are a puny, sickly, delicate class of people.

Then go into the country, and where will you find a more robust, healthy, contented person than the independent farmer?

No occupation is better calculated to call forth the learning of the man of science than that of agriculture, and none in which a man can engage with more honor, or to which more honor should be attached.

Country folks are looked down upon as vulgar and ill bred by some of the town bred folks.

Country people can be, and are, as refined, intelligent and sensible as those reared in the city.

The farmer's calling, though proffering no sudden leaps, no ready, short cuts to opulence, is the surest of all ways from poverty and want to comfort and independence.

It is no disgrace to follow the profession of a farmer. Other men must climb; the temperate, frugal, diligent, provident farmer may *grow* into competence and every external accessory to happiness.

A great many of our prominent men were sons of farmers. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson, James Garfield, were sons of farmers. City folk may boast of their opera houses, music halls, and other places of amusement. We are not at all behind them in providing amusements. We have our libraries, our literary societies, and other amusements to while away the long winter evenings. Our boys and girls attend the different colleges, etc., and receive as good and perfect education as those of the town and city.

Taking everything into consideration, we have every advantage to get on in the world. Oliver Goldsmith, in his poem, "The Deserted Village," pens the following lines:

"How often have I paused on every charm
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill."

We had intended to publish in this issue some most interesting information regarding the origin of the Union Jack, showing how the present emblem of our country's power is formed out of the union of the three flags, the Cross of St. George, the Cross of St. Andrew and the Cross of St. Patrick, and referring to the historical events relating to the political union which is thus symbolized in our flag. By the aid of diagrams we should have also shown the plan of arrangement of the crosses, whereby the "Jack" assumes the pattern which we know so well. These diagrams and other data were kindly furnished by Mr. Blasdale, of the Home Staff, he having obtained them from the fountain head,

the Admiralty Office, London. In a future issue we shall be able to make fuller use of the valuable material with which Mr. Blasdale has provided us.

* * *

While, in writing, our friends have shown a disposition to "mark time," there has not, we are glad to say, been a corresponding lack of attention in their reading; the demand for the parcels of "penny volumes" has been equal to the average, about 200 volumes having been sent out since our last issue. The heaviest run has been on "set No. 11," and we have been compelled to fill the last few orders for No. 11 by substituting another set. By the time this issue reaches our friends we shall have replenished our stock of the volumes required to complete No. 11, so that orders for this set will be filled in the regular way.

* * *

In suggesting topics for treatment during the next few weeks, we naturally turn to Christmas as a text around which we can weave interesting and instructive little narratives.

(1.) HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS DAY, 1897.

(2.) WHAT I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED DURING THE YEAR 1897.

(3.) WHAT I INTEND TO DO DURING 1898.

Here are suggestions for three different papers, or they can all be embodied in one.

That the boy who is diffident shall not have the excuse he did not know what to write about, we append a much longer list than usual of possible topics, and we very earnestly ask all our friends who have been taking an interest in this work in the past to contribute something for our March number:

(4.) MY EXPERIENCE DURING THE FIRST MONTH I WORKED ON THE FARM.

This ought to bring us a number of papers of a decidedly humorous character; although, perhaps, their writers may not have regarded their experiences as humorous at the time of their occurrence.

(5.) THE VALUE OF LETTERS TO FRIENDSHIP.

There must be but few of our lads who do not know something of this.

(6.) THE ADVANTAGE OF PUTTING BY A LARGE PORTION OF THE YEAR'S WAGES

There must also be a large number of our lads who can write from experience on this. For those unfortunate lads who cannot, we

suggest "THE Disadvantages of Not PUTTING BY A PORTION OF THE YEAR'S WAGES."

We don't believe in bribery, but we do believe in giving all the encouragement we can to our friends to devote some of their time to pursuits that will be profitable for all time; and, as an encouragement, to those who need it, to take part in the work of this department, *we will present any two sets of the penny volumes to the boy who sends the best essay on any one of the above-mentioned topics.* In deciding which is "best," the editor will take many points into consideration; notably, the amount of care evinced, not only in the composition, but in the writing. We will also give a second prize of any two sets of the penny volumes to the boy who sends us the best interpretation, in prose, of the following poem of Longfellow:

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

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

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

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

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

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,

The aim must not be to turn each line into prose, but to tell in simple words the story told in the poem, describing what the author in his verses seeks to impress upon his readers, and by what illustrations he adds force to his different arguments. Our friends will find this most interesting work, and not by any means as difficult as it may appear at first sight, *if they will read and study the poem carefully.*

As you read each verse, apply it to yourself; give yourself over to what you read, and you will be surprised how easily you grasp all the poet wishes to tell you.

* * *

Papers must be addressed as heretofore, Editor UPS AND DOWNS, 214 Farley Ave., Toronto; and they must be posted not later than Feb. 28th.

Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

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

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

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

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



Greetings from Afar



THE SCHOOL, 18 Stepney Causeway.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—May I congratulate you and your readers on the more commodious edition of UPS AND DOWNS. The Old Boys, by this time, will have learned to appreciate such a regular and timely messenger coming to them as a reminder of Auld Lang Syne. But perhaps they have not all learned that one of the chief human joys springs from a cultivated and controlled imagination. Everything that comes into the life from the outside world—such, for instance, as a friendly letter—that links the past with the present, that intimates the existence of old and sympathising friends; and that in such ways touches and quickens the imagination to finer issues, is a gracious messenger. It is a true wisdom that cherishes any agent that consoles the heart or stimulates the mind. Such influences are the milk and honey of life. Social relationships do not exist at their best without constant appeals to the imagination. And if the Old Boys value their social unity, and their relation to the Old Home, nothing will keep the fire aglow like a common organ such as UPS AND DOWNS.

I fear, Mr. Editor, you think my pen runs off with me.

* * *

The boys received an invitation to visit the Victorian Era Exhibition at Earl's Court, on Trafalgar Day in honour of Nelson. The Chelsea Pensioners were there. So were the boys of the Duke of York's school; the Shaftesbury boys, and boys and girls of other schools all in uniform.

After rambling about awhile, all the invited visitors assembled in the great hall. Everyone gazed expectantly at the sumptuous drop scene in front of the stage. By and by bands foregathered in front and played reminiscences of the sea, commemorative of Nelson. But no curtain lifted. The bands tooted and moaned through several series, and then the celebrated Lieutenant Dan Godfrey wielded the baton.

We began to feel impatient.

There the curtain stood with marble-like indifference. In a little while the band struck up a piece by Wagner. It was a battle piece. A half-dozen drums went off bang—altogether—one after another—higgle-de-piggledy—anyhow. The side-drums rolled off the musketry. The viols groaned, the fiddles squeaked and squealed like wounded men. The conductor seemed entirely untouched by the anguish he was inflicting. The old Chelsea Veterans felt the joy of battle once more. They certainly deserved a medal for their endurance. And even then the curtain did not lift, but we were told "That's all." We had been at a promenade concert. The exhibition was fine. It would take weeks to see and examine everything, but people don't go to exhibitions for instruction—they go for amusement. The curios are placed there to keep up the self-respect of visitors, and make them think they are not wasting time.

Some sentimental people decorated Nelson's fluted column in Trafalgar Square with festoons, wreaths and garlands, making it a profitable day for the florists. The old Admiral perched at the top of his pillar like Simon Stylites; his cocked hat shrouded in October mist; and his empty sleeve tucked up—minded his present duty and seemed utterly oblivious of the fuss below.

Last Friday the boys celebrated the discovery of the Gunpowder plot. The processions of Guys were shorn of a portion of their splendour, as an official fiat precluded all Guys from parading, except the tinsmiths' and harnessmakers'. Some of the celebrants were greater Guys than their portable effigies. They had revelled in indigo and yellow ochre, and were consequently spotted and ringstreaked. One highly decorated mummer had donned a print skirt and padded bodice and he sported a swell straw hat. He had relieved his cork-black face with ornamental streaks, so that one doubted whether to call him a Maori, or Sally Slapcabbage. But the evening made amends. Torches were improvised from brown paper and lard—where the lard came from remains a mystery; and certain surreptitious bonfires sprang up, in spite of masters, under the arches. The crackers, squibs and rockets banged and cracked, and hissed and whizzed, and kept your nerves on tenterhooks. The whole effect was very weird: suggestive of something sorcerous, uncanny, and not of this world. The evening school is held at seven, and, to my great surprise, an attendance of 36 turned up in my class that evening; but the fingers of some of the young rogues itched sorely to be at the crackers.

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Mr. Longmore—the resident master of Stepney Home—has received an appointment under the Government of Western Australia; so we await the advent of the man of genius necessary to fill his place.

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* *

A week or two ago the Leopold House staff came here to entertain us. Mr. Armitage's successor—Mr. Maillard—did some simple parlour tricks; Mr. Douglas appeared with his usual spirits and fun; Signor Ludovico Guglielmo thrummed the old piano and sang his songs with great gusto; the handbells tinkled; the bagpipes skirled; and the Stepney boys laughed and cheered with their usual enthusiasm; but of course the Stepney masters who were present preserved their critical demeanour with dignity, and reserved their judgment. The Director spared a moment to look in on the proceedings, and received his usual uproarious ovation from the boys.

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* *

Daniells, Munns, Griggs and Richardson have left the tailor's shop and gone to Birmingham. Reeves (Peggy) has gone there also. I think he holds some minor post there in connection with the "Ever Open Door."

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* *

I enclose here a report of the Juveniles' Football Club, written by Tom Sanders, the secretary. I think it will be more acceptable than any paraphrase of mine.

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* *

On the ninth—last Tuesday—the boys had leave for an hour or two about noon to see the Lord Mayor's show. It was a dismal day, damp and misty; the pavements slippery and sticky as treacle; but the streets were packed to see the show, and I believe there were sundry mishaps among the crowds. The ex-Lord Mayor was extremely popular. What the new one will be of course remains to be seen.

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* *

While writing this, a young man from Canada, who went out in March, 1885, called on us here. I remembered his face, although it boasts ample moustaches. He has been working between Winnipeg and Brandon. He felt a stranger in a strange land here. He will probably feel more at home when he returns to the land of his adoption. After he had gone, I was able to recall more vividly the round swarthy, boyish face he used to wear, and it seemed only a year or two back since he went away.

Yours faithfully, J. P. MARGELL

MONTHLY OR QUARTERLY ?

737 737 737 737

“ Speak Now! or Forever After
Hold Your Peace.”

UPS AND DOWNS as a monthly dies hard. In fact, some of our friends are determined it shall not die at all if they can help it. The howl of regret that went up from the eastern part of Ontario to the Pacific coast, when it was definitely announced that the change to a quarterly would be made, still lingers in the air. Scores of letters have arrived at the Home since last October, in which the writers treat themselves to a good deal of sympathy because they are only to get UPS AND DOWNS once in three months; and they visit with censure all those who held back from supporting an increase in the price so that the journal could continue a monthly. Of course we add our sympathy to that with which these poor fellows seek to soften their disappointment, but our sympathy is not a little qualified by realizing that these sorrowing ones in most cases have themselves to blame for the change from a monthly to a quarterly.

We pointed out very plainly, at least we thought we were very outspoken, in our July number, that UPS AND DOWNS must be conducted on a business basis; that outgo and income must bear a closer resemblance to each other than they had done in the past. We invited expressions of opinion from our subscribers on the course we should take: continue a monthly at an increased subscription, or become a quarterly at the existing price.

With the exception of probably a dozen, our friends had nothing to say on the matter, —until too late; when, owing to their silence, the change was made. Ever since there has been no dearth of letters clamouring for the monthly; and promising, in a more or less indefinite way, to help to meet the extra expense if the monthly were restored.

Not a few have been very definite in their offers, undertaking to forward one or two dollars at once as a year's subscription to a monthly; but no letter gives greater evidence of good faith than one just to hand from Edgar G. Knowles, in which he says:—

“I enclose a letter to the readers of our paper, which I would like every subscriber to get a copy of, that is, if you don't think it is asking too much; and if you undertake this for me I will gladly pay all expenses. I enclose \$7.00, which please put to my account in the bank after paying the expenses mentioned above; but if this amount is not adequate please make it up out of my account.”

To send a letter even as a circular to each of our subscribers would cost in postage alone nearly \$30.00, and while we fully appreciate Edgar Knowles' readiness to make a sacrifice in the interests of UPS AND DOWNS and its readers, we do not mean to put him to such an expense. We will publish his letter in full here, so that it will catch the eye of every reader.

To Subscribers of Ups and Downs:—

“I think that it is too long to wait for our paper for such a long time as three months really is. So I think if we all get together and send in our names to Mr. Owen stating that we are all willing to pay a dollar yearly and get the paper monthly in the same size and form as the quarterly, that we will be all better pleased. So let all who agree with me prove this by sending in their names to Mr. Owen. Hoping that *everyone* who gets the paper will agree with me.

“I remain, yours truly,

“Edgar G. Knowles.”

Provided the extra cost were forthcoming, Mr. Owen would not be averse to considering a scheme whereby UPS AND DOWNS could again be issued every month. It might be desirable to publish the journal in a dual form, as a monthly and quarterly combined; that is, every third number would be a quarterly number, so that those who really could only afford twenty-five cents a year would be able to keep in touch to some extent with what is going on among us, whilst those who were able and willing to pay the larger subscription would receive the paper every month as of yore. But it must be distinctly understood that the idea of publishing more frequently than we do at present cannot for one moment be entertained unless a sufficient enough of subscriptions are guaranteed to ensure the already overburdened resources of the Home from being taxed one dollar more on account of UPS AND DOWNS.

We should not have opened this subject again had it not been for Edgar Knowles' earnest request to be allowed to bear the cost of obtaining a definite expression of opinion from all our subscribers. As it is, we will give our friend all the help possible in securing a definite and final vote from all our readers. At the end of this number will be found a supplementary page.

If you wish to receive UPS AND DOWNS every month, detach the page, sign your name and fill in your address in the blank space provided, and post the slip with as little delay as possible to the editor of UPS AND DOWNS. In this way we shall soon learn if there are enough among our readers to warrant consideration of the proposal to issue monthly.

Do not delay again and then say you are sorry. Speak now, or forever after hold your peace.

A VOLUNTARY AND SUCCESSFUL COLONIZATION AGENT.



OUR readers will remember that some time ago we published a letter from George Smith, who had taken up land in Algoma, and who kindly offered to send all information in his power regarding the conditions and prospects in that part of the country to any boys contemplating migration westward, if they would communicate with him by letter. We are very pleased to learn that George's offer has been taken advantage of by a large number of friends. George was kept very busy for a time in giving counsel to his many correspondents; and as a result of his patriotic labours the population of Algoma has been increased by quite a little colony of Barnardo boys. George's example is one that many of our pioneers in the newer provinces might follow with advantage to themselves, to the community, and to those whom they may induce to follow in their steps. They, the pioneers, will, in common with the rest of the community, enjoy the benefits which always accrue from an influx of population of *the right kind* into an agricultural district where population is the one great need; they will also enjoy the advantage of having old comrades, or at least those whom they can never regard otherwise, for neighbours; and the newcomers will have all the advantage, and it is considerable, of a timely word of counsel and encouragement from those who know from experience what is likely to turn out well, what ill, in the new country, and who will take a more than passing interest in their welfare on account of old associations common to both.

Recent Interesting Statistics of Dr. Barnardo's Work.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Total Number of children supported, trained and placed out in life up to 31st December, 1896..... | 31,119 |
| Number of Children dealt with in 1896 | 14,591 |
| Fresh applications for admission during the year | 10,033 |
| Average number in residence throughout the year | 4,693 |
| Fresh cases admitted during the year | 2,028 |
| Infants in arms admitted during the year | 131 |
| Average number of children admitted every 24 hours during the year | 0 30 |
| Largest number of admissions in one day | 10 |
| Boys and girls assisted to situations in England, sent to sea, or otherwise placed out in life in 1896..... | 1,000 |

| | |
|--|-----------|
| Boys and girls emigrated to the colonies in 1896..... | 1,000 |
| Number of deaths during the year in the various Homes..... | 11 |
| Rate of mortality per 1000 for the year..... | 1 73 |
| Total number of meetings and religious services at various mission centres held during the year..... | 2,657 |
| Aggregate attendance at same..... | 522,223 |
| Publications sold or given out from store | 1,032,436 |

First Impressions of A Newcomer.

It is with no little pleasure that we publish the following letter from Alfred W. Ingram who only came out last spring. He was one of the old timers at Stepney and will be known to a large number of those who have left Stepney for Canada during the last few years. Alfred is 18, and the change of country, of work, and of way of living, and of associations generally would be more marked to him than to the younger lads; but that Alfred has taken kindly to his new life and is determined to make a success of it is very evident from his interesting letter.

DEAR SIR,—Just a line to you to let you know that I am quite well and hoping you are the same. I am glad to say I am getting on well with my work. I like my master very well; he treats me very kindly. I have a very easy time for there's not much to do just now. The cold weather is just setting in now, but I don't seem to mind it at all; it makes me sing and whistle. I am as happy as a king. I go to Sunday school every Sunday; I am best friends with all the Sunday school children, and farmers round about the place all call me Snapper Sharp. I am never more happier than when I am ploughing. We have all our ploughing done now. Mr. Griffiths has not been to see me yet. I hope he is better. I shall be glad to see him. I am sure he will think I am as fat as two people would be. I have plenty to eat and drink, meat and potatoes three times a day. We have good crops of everything. Last summer our wheat was about seven feet high and as thick as it could stick on the ground. We had great fun drawing it in from the field, and we had more fun threshing it. I have three cows to milk and four horses to clean, and there is nothing I like better. We are going to have a Christmas tree and a concert for the Sunday school soon. My master has a little boy and he's as fond of me as he can be. Sometimes I tell him I will go away and he will almost cry and say he will tie me up. We have fifteen pigs and twenty four hens, and rats you can not count them.

Yours truly,
A. W. Ingram.



BEFORE bidding 1897 a final good-bye, it will not be out of place to look around and see what position we are in at the close of the year.

We do not refer to the position Dr. Barnardo's work occupies, or what has been done under his guidance during the year. These matters are treated exhaustively by Mr. Owen in his "personal notes"; but we mean to take a cursory glance at the history of the year in its relation to the British Empire, of which we are all citizens, and, for the most part, enjoying the privileges of full citizenship in one of the most important sections of that Empire.

* * *

It certainly seems strange at first sight that England, essentially the home of peace, and of all nations the most advanced in civilization, is yet never without some little war on her hands. If we examine the cause of this closely we shall find that it lies in the very fact that England is the home of the arts of peace, and not an armed camp, as are so many of the nations of Europe. Freed from the necessity of exhausting her resources in maintaining gigantic armies, she is enabled to fulfil the mission of carrying civilization and the arts of peace into those dark parts of the world, whose history is simply an interminable record of barbaric savagery on the part of the unenlightened natives; and the one or more little wars in which England is always engaged, in reality represent the conquest of Heathenism and Savagery by Civilization and Commerce.

Out of these often grow, it is true, serious trouble, verging on hostilities, between England and other European nations who look with jealous eyes upon England's success, in not only subduing the forces antagonistic to

civilization, but in securing to herself the friendly allegiance of the former adherents of heathenism. But while more than one allegedly civilized nation would like to stay the onward march of the British Empire, and deal a death blow to England's power, the remembrance of what the full power of England is, causes jealousy to be qualified with caution.

* * *

At the beginning of '97 England had to undertake the punishment of the chief of Benin, a state in the extreme west of Africa. Towards the end of '96, a party consisting of half a dozen English officers and two hundred native carriers started on a peaceful mission to the chief of Benin, who consented to receive the deputation. The object of the visit was to secure the chief's consent to opening up the interior of his dominions to civilization. The extent of his sympathy with the aims of civilization was shown by the cruel and treacherous murder of the party of English officers and natives, only two of the former and half a dozen of the latter escaping. A punitive expedition was equipped, consisting of five hundred British blue jackets and 1,000 West African troops, and in the early part of the year started on its mission of inflicting a salutary lesson upon the chief of Benin. The expedition was completely successful. Benin City, the headquarters of the chief, was captured, and an end put for all time a most terrible state of affairs. On the way to Benin the British force made some horrible discoveries; whole fields literally covered with skulls and bones, the remains of human beings sacrificed according to the rites of the native religion.

* * *

Equally successful was the campaign against the Foulahs, who had usurped territory belonging to Britain, south of the Niger. The capture during the campaign of the town of Bidu, the capital of Nupe, was another remarkable achievement by

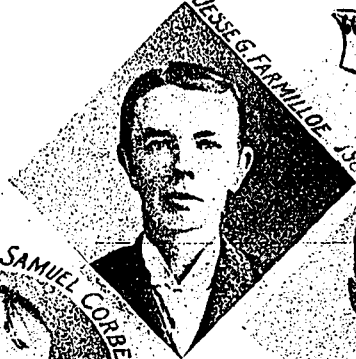
WORKMEN
NOT
ASH



MILES COLLARD 1884



Geo. RICHARDSON 1887



JESSE G. FARNILL 1896



WILLIAM ESSLANC 1885



JESSE T. BRETT 1889



SAMUEL CORBETT 1887



ARTHUR ASHMORE 1888



ROBERT BROWN 1888



WILLIAM HEDGES 1890



ALFRED TITMUS 1890



RICHARD PETLEY 1888



CHARLES O'CONNELL



ALFRED E. HINDS 1882



ALFRED HARDING 1892



SYD GEO. MARTIN 1891



ARTHUR BUCKLEY



WILLIAM JACOBS 1892



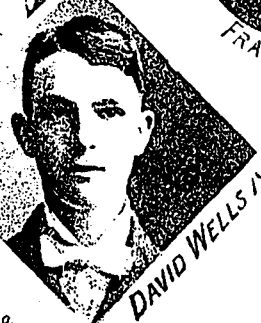
FRANK FULLER 1895



Geo. F. GYDE 1893



GEORGE SPRING



DAVID WELLS 1894



JAMES HARDY 1894



ARTHUR NOBLE 1894

STILL A
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THOMAS MILLS
1885



HENRY PEPPER
1886



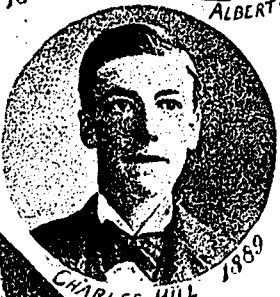
ALFRED B. BAVERSTOCK
1887



ALBERT SPRINGFORD
1888



LEVI BONE
1888



CHARLES HILL
1889



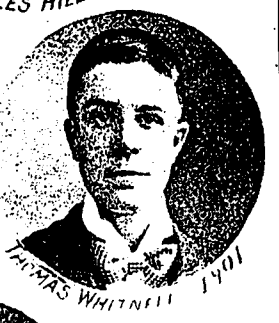
EDWARD BAYLIS
1885



JAMES CAMERON
1889



WM. WHEELER
1900



THOMAS WHITNELL
1901



THOMAS STEVENS
1901



WILLIAM LUFF
1900



H. J. MCLAUGHLIN
1902



W. J. JASPER
1902



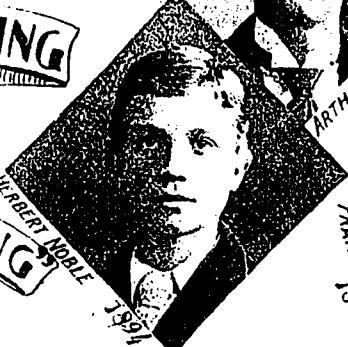
CHARLES WATERHOUSE
1903



REGINALD DONOVAN
1904



ARTH. G. BAALIM
1903



HERBERT NOBLE
1904



FRANK COLBORNE
1904



JOHN K. PALMER
1904

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British arms. The attacking British force was less than 1,000, composed for the most part of our native West African troops. The enemy numbered over thirty thousand, including several thousand cavalry. The fight was a long one, as might be expected, against such powerful odds; but the British loss was very light. Thus two large tracts of country were brought within the sphere of British influence, and a population of several millions delivered from the yoke of the most terrible barbarianism.

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On a far larger scale have been the military operations in India, where serious trouble has been brought about by a variety of causes, mainly, perhaps, the grossly exaggerated reports of the Sultan of Turkey's victories over Greek troops, and over the diplomacy of the rest of Europe. Whatever the direct cause, however, one of the tribes in the north western frontier of our Indian Empire rose in revolt last July and attacked a British outpost. Other tribes along the frontier followed suit until there was not a point on our long frontier that was not either the scene of hostilities or likely to become such at any moment. The news at first was not encouraging, more than one outpost being captured by the enemy after valiant but vain resistance on the part of our soldiers in occupation, who were generally outnumbered by about 10 to 1. Khyber Pass, General (now Lord) Roberts' march through which in 1880, forms one of the most remarkable military exploits of the age, was seized by the revolting Afridis, this catastrophe being largely due to wholesale desertion from the British regiments, composed mainly of these Afridis and other native troops. The other disasters were the result of insufficiently garrisoned outposts beyond the reach of reinforcements.

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The task of putting down the rebellion was quickly recognized as a formidable

one owing to the nature and extent of the country affected. The various tribes of hillmen do not care to give open battle to Tommy Atkins even when they are twenty times as strong in numbers, and as well armed, with the rifles and ammunition that have been pilfered from time to time; but from the recesses of their almost inaccessible mountains and cliffs, they will pour down a deadly fire into the ravines below. In spite of the fortresses with which nature has provided them, and their use of the modern arms, the fanatical hordes of Islamism have been compelled to give way before the gallantry and daring of our soldiers.

The punishment of the different tribes who revolted is still going on, but the back of the rebellion is broken; this has not been accomplished, however, without tremendous effort on the part of the British forces, and a vast expenditure of money. General Sir William Lockhart, who has conducted the campaign, has taken into the field nearly 70,000 men, the largest number of British forces ever under the command of one general. The taking of Dargai Gap is now an old story, but the remarkable heroism displayed on that occasion will in itself suffice to show that the British soldier is the same intrepid defender of his country's flag that he was at Waterloo.

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While these different events in the arena of war have made much of the history of 1897, the events which loom largest in the annals of that year, and which will make '97 a memorable year throughout generations to come, have been the completion of the sixtieth year of the reign of Victoria the Good, and the remarkable display of the union and the potentiality of the Empire witnessed in Old London last June. The ultimate outcome of that remarkable preservation of loyalty and devotion on the part of the Empire to a monarch beloved and

but of the loyalty of the different sections of the Empire to each other, it will be hard to estimate. That it will result in closer union commercially and politically there can be little doubt; but what shape that closer political union will take is a matter on which even statesmen are not yet agreed. There are many things that can be done by the Governments of the different parts of the Empire, which will naturally bring a political union nearer and nearer; and it is with the greatest possible pleasure that we learn that our Canadian Government has taken the initiative in one very important matter. We refer to the reduction in the rate of postage from Canada to any part of the British Empire. After January 1st a letter of one ounce weight may be sent to any part of the British Empire for three cents. To do this hitherto has cost ten cents. As correspondence with friends in the Old Country will cost so little, it is fair to assume that the number of letters passing between the two countries will increase many fold, and it must not be lost sight of that every letter written by a young man or young woman to friends in England, telling of the advantages of Canada, is an advertisement for this country. From each letter so written the information percolates through the family circle to a larger circle of acquaintances, and in the aggregate a vast amount of useful advertising is obtained for Canada.

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Before we complete our work on UPS AND DOWNS for 1897 we would impress upon our readers how incumbent it is upon them to do the best they can for Canada in every respect.

The duties of citizenship are not fulfilled by merely leading an honest life and paying taxes. Canada affords to everyone within her borders an opportunity of making a living. So far as our readers are concerned they have taken advantage of that oppor-

tunity, and we believe that there is not one in our ranks who has not good reason to be thankful that he left the Old World with its overcrowded labour market, and the bitter competition for a very existence that offered to most of them; and literally put his hand to the plough in this new and richly endowed Dominion, where he has made or is making, for himself, a comfortable living. This being so, our "lads,"—and we refer now more particularly to those who have reached man's estate—ought, at least as much as any class, to take a keen and intelligent interest in the various questions which agitate the different political parties. We have no patience with those individuals who say with an air of superiority "Oh, I have nothing to do with politics, they are not clean; I leave all that to the politicians." It will generally be found that these are the individuals who are, year in, year out, grumbling and inveighing because such and such a piece of legislation is on, or is not on, the statute book. Of course they have tried so hard to secure the desired legislation! We have little more toleration for the, perhaps unconsciously, selfish individual who does not "bother with politics, because he is too busy."

* *

It is the positive duty of every citizen to know how he is governed: on what principle, good or bad. If what is done by an elected government is bad, the responsibility therefor rests on the whole community, except those who have striven—voted—in such a way as to prevent its accomplishment. The man who has taken no action at all, who has not exercised his privilege of citizenship cannot escape his share of responsibility. He is a worse offender than those who, believing they were right, voted for that which was bad.

* *

There are over three thousand among our readers who are qualified to vote for candidates for the different legislative bodies of the country. A large

number have, we know, exercised this privilege in the past; on the other hand, there may be some who have not deemed it worth while having their names placed on the register. We trust that one of the New Year resolutions of all our friends who are of age will be to see that they are registered on the roll of electors for their division, and, when the opportunity presents itself, to use their privilege with wisdom and forethought. Our friends in Ontario will have an opportunity before very long, as the present session of the Local Legislature is the last before a general election.

We are not going to write party politics, but we feel we should not be doing our duty if we did not impress upon the two thousand five hundred young men who will be entitled to vote at the Provincial elections in February or March, the importance of studying and thinking out for themselves some of the questions on which the political parties are divided. As we have said, we, as a body, have no political partiality. Dr. Barnardo's work has friends on both sides of the House; it likewise has its detractors on both sides of the House; it is not a party issue. Of course we do not expect for one moment that where a candidate presents himself for election and seeks to secure support by a tirade of abuse against "Home boys," he will receive the votes of the readers of *UPS AND DOWNS*. We should be extremely sorry if he did; but, providing both candidates are upright, honourable men, of average ability, do not let personal consideration determine your action or your vote. The point to be considered is, what policy or principle will the candidate help to carry out if returned to the Legislature?

While within the more circumscribed limits of Provincial politics, there do not arise questions of the same immediate *national* importance as in the wide field of Dominion politics, every public legislative or administrative body has entrusted to it matters of importance to each one living in the community for which that body acts, whether that community be a province or a village; and it behoves every citizen to have an intelligent idea of what he is voting for when he casts his ballot.

The policy of a local government like that of Ontario may be divided under four

heads: financial and taxation; educational; development of resources; administration of public institutions.

On each of these questions the Provincial Government and the Opposition differ. The Liberal Government, which has been in office since 1872, claims that it has so administered the finances of the Province that there is a surplus in hand of \$5,000,000. In 1892 there was a surplus of \$4,300,000, so that if the Government's figures are correct, it has accomplished the very creditable performance of conducting the affairs of the Province for twenty-six years without encroaching upon the surplus there was in hand when it assumed office; and without resorting to direct taxation whereby to provide a revenue, the latter being derived from the sale of timber limits, lands, and, in more recent years, also by succession duties paid by those inheriting property above a certain value; and by other indirect means.

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The Conservative Opposition claims that the Government surplus does not exist, except on paper; that it is the result of masterly manipulation of figures; that the Government has in its long years of office exhausted the cash surplus that was in existence in 1872, and that to cover up the shrinkage it has resorted to different devices; among others, that the Government now includes in the assets of the Province certain moneys (\$4,200,000) which are really trust funds, or which if they now belong to the Province, also belonged to the Province in 1872; so that the surplus at that time, instead of being \$4,300,000, was \$8,500,000, and consequently there is a difference between the surplus of 1872 and that of to-day of over \$3,000,000. Of course a very different opinion would be held of the Government, which instead of adding to the surplus, had reduced it by over \$3,000,000; and this is one of the most important questions on which electors will have to satisfy themselves, unless they are merely blind party voters, which we sincerely trust none of our friends will ever become.

The Opposition contends that the Government's policy of raising revenue by selling the timber of the Province is a bad one, and wrong in principle; that it is the same as paying interest out of capital. The Govern-

ment replies that its policy is justified by the fact that the present supply of timber in Ontario will last 150 years. This is a question which really comes under another head, as well as that of taxation. In it is involved one part of the question of development of our resources. The Opposition claims that by selling timber limits to Americans without placing any restriction upon the employment of American lumbermen in cutting down the timber, and without stipulating that the timber should be cut up in the Province, the Government deprives the farmers and the workpeople of Ontario of many hundred thousand dollars yearly, the money paid for camp supplies, for wages for lumbermen and sawyers going to the United States.

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The policy of the Government in its efforts to provide and maintain what it deems to be the most efficient scheme of public education for the Province, is taken exception to by the Opposition on different grounds. The Opposition claims that instead of one man directing autocratically the educational policy of the Province, as is the case with a Minister of Education, there should be a Council of Education; the Opposition also finds fault with the Government in its educational policy in regard to its administration, claiming that the education given at the public and high schools is not a thorough education, but a system of "cramming," in order to make a good showing of results at examinations; that the selection of, and the appointment of publishers of school books are decided by considerations of a party character instead of by the higher considerations of suitability and economy.

Similar charges are made by the Opposition in regard to purchases for the different public institutions; and it is contended that the four thousand office-holders under the Government constitute a paid corps of election agents for the Government. Of course the bringing forward of charges of policies wrongly conceived and improperly admin-

istered by the Conservative Opposition does not constitute a sufficient cause for withholding or withdrawing support from the Liberal Government. A Government is not adjudged guilty merely because a charge is made against it, any more than an individual is; and in trying to form an honest opinion of the merits of two policies or two parties, our friends must not let themselves be carried away by a tirade of abuse and mere assertion, unaccompanied by reasonable proof.

We have endeavoured to sketch roughly the lines upon which the Provincial political battle will be fought, in the hope that we may stimulate our friends to take a keen and intelligent interest in the different questions which will be forced upon the public, from platform and press, during the forthcoming campaign; and we sincerely trust that all our young voters, and many others among our readers, will, before forming a definite opinion on any question, make themselves acquainted with both sides thereof; and having done that, let them bring all their intelligence and reasoning power to bear, and work out for themselves a solution of the question.

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Perhaps some of our readers may think that our Christmas and New Year greetings lack something of sincerity when we accompany them with an urgent appeal to engage in the solution of knotty political problems; but the problems are not so difficult of approach and comprehension when cleared of all the "surrounding matter" of which some political speakers and writers make such generous use, with a view to drawing attention away from the point really at issue; and we are not without hope that eighteen hundred and ninety-eight may see infused into the political life of Ontario the quickened sympathies and advancing activities of that army of loyal and good citizens, the Barnardo Boys, to whom indeed at this festive season we send out our heartiest and most earnest wishes for their present and future happiness and prosperity.

A Month's "Visiting"



A Record

WITH each succeeding year adding its quota of from 600 to 700 to our army of agricultural workers in Canada, it is not to be expected that the labours of the management and staff of the Toronto Home become lighter as time goes on; some slight idea of the work entailed in watching over the interests of Dr. Barnardo's young people in Canada, may be gathered from the fact that as a result of four weeks' visiting, ending Dec. 1st, not less than 361 "visitors' reports" have been filed at the Toronto office. It must be remembered that these 361 visitors' reports are in respect of boys under the charge of the Toronto Home only, and therefore do not by any means represent all the work of this kind performed in the four weeks on behalf of Dr. Barnardo, which would include the visits on record at the Girls' Home, Peterborough, and at the Industrial Farm, Barnardo, Manitoba. The figures that we quote, however, are interesting, as establishing a "record" for a month's visiting from the Toronto Home. We do not intend to refer individually to each of the 361 reports comprised in the "record," but extracts from a score or more will serve to show the class of boys the visitors have been amongst of late.

The first report that we light upon gives a most satisfactory account of the onward march of Grimmer Feardi, who came out in '89, is now married, and is farming on his own account near the post-office town of Oriol, where he is held in high esteem.

In the same neighbourhood is Alfred Barnes, another old stager (1885), whom Mr. Davis describes as "a fine big fellow." The opinion of several, as expressed to Mr. Davis, was that Alfred is as good a man as any in the neighbourhood: all of which is evidence of the possession of the right kind of qualities for one who is thinking of going to the North-West, as Alfred is.

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The next report refers to an arrival of much more recent date. Henry Hising, who came out last year, and is fourteen years of

age. Canada evidently agrees with Henry, for he is "the picture of good health." In other respects the report is equally satisfactory; "doing as well as could be expected."

Frederick William* and Walter George Smith are brothers, aged 14 and 13 respectively. They are both "under agreement" with Mr. George Acres, of Hazeldean. The report before us is of the most encouraging character; "doing remarkably well; never quarrel; cheerful in manner," is Mr. Griffith's summary of the information given him regarding the brothers' "progress, conduct and behaviour" by their employer.

Both are regular attendants at Sunday school, and last Christmas Walter carried off three prizes—the first prize in his class, and two special prizes offered by the superintendent and teacher respectively. Frederick was also a prize winner. We are pleased to add that the surroundings of the young brothers in their daily home-life are such as will always bring out what is good in a lad, Mr. and Mrs. Acres bestowing upon them the same kindly care and attention that might be expected were Frederick and Walter their own children.

* *

James Granger has been three years and a half in Canada, and in that time has earned the reputation of being "one of the best Home boys in the neighbourhood of South March"; and that is saying a great deal. While he has still three years to wait before he is legally a "man," James possesses a bank account which many a man double his age might envy.

* *

"A big, stout lad, good looking, and intelligent; well dressed and clean in person." We don't wish to make Albert E. Maker vain, but "truth will prevail," and the foregoing is a literal copy of the visitor's note on "general health and appearance," after a careful scrutiny of Albert. Enquiry of those competent to give an authoritative opinion, revealed the fact that Albert's moral fibre is of equally good

quality: "could not find a better lad: is doing splendidly: nothing comes amiss to him on the farm." This of a boy of 16, who has only been two years in Canada speaks volumes for his future prosperity

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Having been seven years in Ontario, and accomplished not a little that is highly creditable in that time, Edwin Gouge is contemplating a westward move next spring. His inclination wavers between Manitoba and Algoma. He told Mr. Griffith he would see what George Smith had to say about Algoma before deciding. We have referred elsewhere to the frequency with which George is called upon to play the double role of elder brother and colonization agent. In the letters of William Horscroft and George Caney, also published in this issue, Edwin may find some interesting and useful information regarding Manitoba from the point of view of young men like himself; while there has been a vast amount of most instructive and authoritative information in the different articles on Manitoba, from the pen of Mr. Struthers, that have appeared in our paper during the last two years.

* * *

The next report that engages our attention summarizes the twelve months' progress of Walter J. Amess, 16, who came out in 1895: "Physically, Walter passes as 'A1,' and he is civil and well-behaved, getting on well in every respect."

* * *

Basing our opinion upon the reports before us, we are inclined to conclude that there is something in the atmosphere in Oxford County that is specially conducive to good looks and strong healthy bodies. Or may it not be that contented, industrious minds find a reflex in those "happy, good looking faces" of which mention is made on every other report, at least? We think the latter explanation is the correct one, for we know that the boys referred to are contented, are industrious, and are desirous of making the best of everything that turns up. Lads of this disposition always have a share of good looks, although the latter may not lie in regularity of features. On the other hand, take a lad whose features are in perfect proportion in every detail, but who is a disgruntled, grumbling, never-do-well, his

face in spite of its classical symmetry, will not possess half the attraction of the physiognomy of the happy, contented lad whose nose, may be, is of the upward "kind."

We hope that if there are any of the disgruntled ones among our readers, they will remember this, and that the face is a very fair index to the mind. Far removed from this category is Arthur Mills, the description of whose appearance has been responsible for the foregoing digression; not that we would imply that Arthur's nose is of the upward kind. No mention of that organ is made in Mr. Davis' report, and we are justified in supposing it is entitled to a share of the eulogy which Mr. Davis bestows upon Arthur's physical appearance generally. The report further says: "Doing first rate; well spoken of by employer and neighbours; a credit to himself and the Home." We also learn that Arthur is a member of the local Literary Society, and we take this opportunity of reminding him that our own Literary and Mutual Improvement Society is in need of a few more active members.

* * *

With the same employer, Mr. Robinson, is Lancelot L. Gates, 15, of the first party of 95. Of Lancelot a very encouraging report was received from Mrs. Robinson. Mr. Davis adds that he is sure that Arthur Mills exercises a good influence over his young co-worker.

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Not far away is Alfred H. Young, 13, who came out last year, and of whom his employer spoke in the very highest terms, referring to him as "a bright, intelligent, well brought up boy; very nice in manner."

* * *

Also a member of the same Literary Society at Ingersoll, is Duncan Jackson, who is giving some of his attention to matters musical as well, being about to join the string band. Duncan is evidently a youth of common sense, and has done well in availing himself of two excellent opportunities for recreation and improvement.

* * *

We take a long stride from Ingersoll to Ottawa, where our old friend, John Kent, is still working. John, who came out in '88,

is now 24; he has always been a staunch supporter of the Home, and it is with the greatest possible pleasure that we learn that everything is going well with him.

* * *

The report of another visit made by Mr. Griffith two days later is also cause for satisfaction. We learn that James Reynolds ('86) is "as happy as possible." This is hardly to be wondered at, for James has "a wife, a baby girl and a nice little home, and a good situation on the railway." A man who wouldn't be happy under such circumstances ought to be miserable all his life. Very earnestly do we wish our old friend a continuance of the happiness and prosperity which he now enjoys, and which have been brought about in no small measure by his own patient industry and devotion to duty.

* * *

We turn back again to Ingersoll, when we pick up the report on George C. S. Clipson, 14, of whom it is said by his em-

ployer, "is a happy little fellow and a good worker; can do everything but plough." Though George is described as "very small for his age," we think the list of his 20 accomplishments (*everything but ploughing*) is a highly creditable one.

* * *

Edward Hayes, in his four years in Canada, has developed into a young Hercules, and now, at 20, can command the highest rate of wages paid in the district around Verschoyle.

* * *

We always have the highest hopes of a lad who earns a reputation as a good stock-feeder. There is no other work on a farm which more clearly demonstrates a lad's attention to his work during the absence of his master than the condition of the stock confided to his care. Young as he is, 14, Harry Boothroyd has already established his reputation in this respect, and his employer, Mr. Duckworth, of Caledon Township, pays a tribute to his good conduct and trustworthiness.



Our Emigrants.

| | From 1867- | 1882 | 1883 | 1884 | 1885 | 1886 | 1887 | 1888 | 1889 | 1890 | 1891 | 1892 | 1893 | 1894 | 1895 | 1896 | 1897 | Total |
|------------------|---------------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|------|-------|
| Boys - - - - - | 640 | 51 | 109 | 120 | 275 | 390 | 371 | 395 | 396 | 291 | 417 | 596 | 758 | 635 | 578 | 490 | 410 | 6952 |
| Girls - - - - - | 306 | — | 75 | 132 | 118 | 234 | 4 | 94 | 107 | — | 5 | 131 | 76 | 89 | 155 | 188 | 216 | 1967 |
| Grand Totals - - | 946 | 51 | 184 | 252 | 393 | 624 | 412 | 489 | 503 | 291 | 422 | 727 | 834 | 724 | 733 | 678 | 656 | 8919 |

At the end of the last year there were 248 boys employed in the Stepney workshops, the number being made up as follows:—11 bakers, 10 blacksmiths, 29 brushmakers, 28

carpenters, 4 engineers, 15 harnessmakers, 14 matmakers, 30 printers, 40 shoemakers, 43 tailors, 14 tinsmiths and 10 wheelwrights. —From Bubbles.

OUR YOUNG ARTISTS



A SERIES OF LESSONS IN DRAWING
BY FRED H. BRIGDEN.

II. PEN AND INK DRAWING.

DRAWING with the pen is the most popular method of illustrating to-day, chiefly because pen and ink drawings can be cheaply copied by the zinc etching process for

it dry. The stylus was also used, and later on the quill. All three of these tools are still employed in special work by some of the best pen artists; but for the present we must be content with



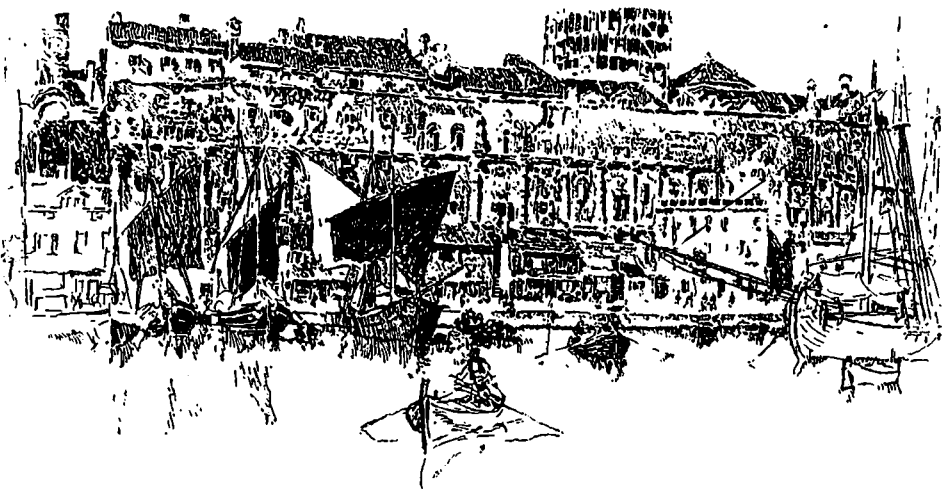
FROM A DRAWING BY WALTER CRANE.

printing in books or newspapers. Apart from this, however, it is an exceedingly useful medium for the beginner to work in.

As far back as the history of art goes we find men using the pen or its equivalent

the modern steel pens, which are much easier to handle.

The best are those made by Joseph Gillott. Number 659, the little barrel pen, known as the "crow quill," is a great favourite; it costs five cents, but



FROM A DRAWING BY JOSEPH TROVATI.

of the stylus. In the invention of the stylus the artists used reed pens, which can easily be made by taking a reed out of the river bed, cutting it into shape while it is fresh, and letting

will last a long time if properly cared for. This pen improves with age; in fact it is well before using one to dull its point on a stone or piece of glass. Numbers 292 and 303 are also good, besides being

cheaper, while some prefer number 170. My advice is to choose one of these, and stick to it until you have mastered it, and found out all that can be done



FROM A DRAWING BY E. A. ABBEV.

with it. You will soon get an affection for your special pen, and will not want to experiment with any other.

For ink you must procure some specially prepared drawing ink, of which there are several excellent makes on the market. I always use Higgins' American Waterproof, which comes in small bottles at 25 cents each. One bottle will last you for some months if you keep it closed when not in use. Some prefer Winsor and Newton's process black, while others again advocate French make. You will be safe in using any of them. These inks all dry quickly and do not blot or run like ordinary writing ink; while better still, they give a pure black line, and every line of equal colour strength. Ordinary drawing paper is not very suitable for the pen. The best surface is that of bristol board, or any smooth, hard card, which will

not tear when the pen glides over it. Having got the materials, you are ready for work. Make a careful drawing on the card with a number H. B. lead pencil; any of the subjects treated of in the last number will do, the easier the better. Be very particular about this pencil sketch; do not be content with a mere outline, but shade it up almost to a finished drawing before you put the pen to it. This is one of the secrets of success in this medium. When you look at a clever sketchy picture by Joseph Pennell or Phil May you are struck with the freedom of the lines and the wonderful effect these men have obtained with apparently little effort; but do not be deceived, those brilliant touches are worked over an elaborately executed pencil drawing, containing in many cases more detail than the finished production.

The pen is a limited tool, and the man who succeeds best with it is he who learns just what can be done with it, and does not waste his time and spoil his paper by trying to force the pen beyond its capacity. In order to understand what the pen is suited for, we cannot do better than to glance over some of the ways in which it has been worked out



FROM A DRAWING BY PHIL MAY.

carefully, and examine some of the various styles

In the first place we have to select the things in which beauty of line is the predominant idea, here light and shade

more or less ignored, and the picture consists of strong, vigorous lines which are used sparingly, each carefully drawn.

These decorative line drawings, as they are called, are becoming very popular, and many books are being illustrated with them. Here is an example of one by Walter Crane, an English artist, who is its best exponent.

There is another class of pen drawing

Then there are other artists, such as Daniel Vierge, the Spaniard, who rejoice in the rich contrasts that can be obtained with the pen, and excel in getting a strong, solid black just in the right place in the picture for proper effect. While others again, like Phil May, have achieved remarkable results with bold sketchy lines, apparently put on quite carelessly.

It would be useful practice to copy



FROM A DRAWING BY C. D. GIBSON.

which combines strong outlines with shading and more delicate work in parts. The accompanying illustrations, by C. D. Gibson, the celebrated American artist, and E. A. Abbey, who is generally conceded to be the greatest master of the pen, will illustrate this.

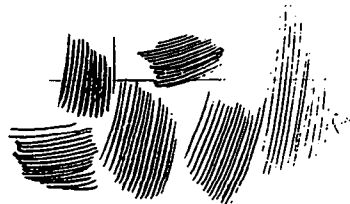
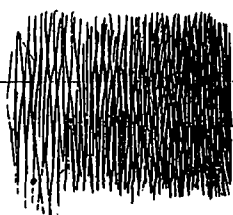
Yet another style is that which leaves out the idea of line, and aims only to get the light and shade or colour. Joseph Pennell has worked much in this way

some of these examples, drawing them twice the size of the originals, understanding, however, that this is only to help you to learn handling the pen properly, and that such copies are not to be thought so highly of as your sketches taken direct from nature or objects. You will notice that in most cases the effect is produced without cross hatching. There are times when it is necessary to do this in order to get a dark shade, but it is better to work as much

as possible without crossing one set of lines over another. One good way of shading with the pen is to draw free lines

varying degrees of thickness, according to the colour you wish to get, as below.

It would be well to cover a few sheets of paper with lines drawn in this way



and let them run into each other as in the example. This does not look so hard as lines crossed at right angles. Another way is to draw quick strokes of

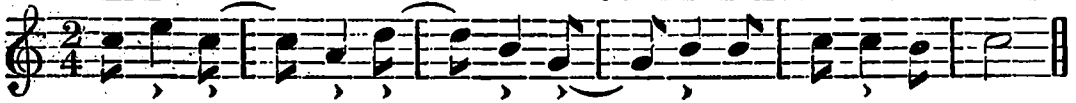
before attempting a picture. Do not be discouraged if you find pen-drawing difficult at first; constant practice will enable you to reach a stage where at least you will derive much enjoyment from it.



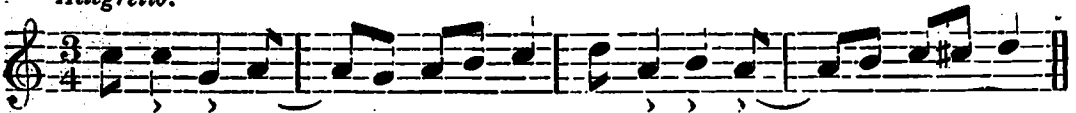
the accented notes are very often sustained from one bar to another. The playing of such a passage proves a severe test to most players. And yet, in my opinion, nothing in music is more easily mastered than syncopation, if the pupil will only devote a reasonable part of his practice hours to that particular study.

Exercises like the following examples in $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ time should be practised frequently until a free and easy delivery is accomplished.

Allegro Moderato.



Allegretto.



THE SLUR.

A great many instrumentalists fail to express properly a slurred passage, not because it is extra difficult of execution but simply from negligence on their own part in the beginning in not paying enough attention to that kind of music.

It is not hard to learn and conquer the difficulties of slurring, if the pupil will only follow closely the instructions as laid down in their exercise books. To phrase and execute a slur properly, say, for instance, this example,

Moderato.



the first note of each group is attacked with the tongue, and then immediately withdrawn; at the same time the air that is blown into the instrument is controlled by the "embouchure," so that no interruption occurs between the notes, but gliding smoothly and evenly over the group in one continuous phrase, increasing the tone in ascending, and diminishing towards the finish until a perfect sentence is rendered, making a harmonious whole.

The following example will show how absurd some players interpret a slurred passage. In fact I have observed it is the rule rather than exception of Canadian bandsmen to exaggerate and deprive a slurred musical phrase of its true meaning; for instance, this passage

Moderato.



is generally played like the following:

Moderato.



No doubt a number of players after reading the above will think it possible for them to make such a mistake in any slurred passage. All I can say to them is, that speaking from long experience I affirm emphatically that not one out of ten bandsmen in this country can properly express and phrase a slurred passage correctly; so take my earnest advice, if you wish to become an accomplished musician, give a proportionate time of study to each and every style of articulation.

They Tell Their Own Story.



Two Interesting Letters
from "Boys" in the Far West

ON the occasion of a recent visit to the home of Mr. Robert Stewart of Milton, that gentleman handed some letters to the visitor that he received a few months since from William Horscroft and George Caney, both of whom have at one period of their career in Canada been fortunate enough to be members of Mr. Stewart's household. Mr. Stewart thought Mr. Owen would be interested in reading what these two old friends had to say of their immediate surroundings and prospects. Mr. Owen thought that others besides himself might also be interested, viz., the readers of UPS AND DOWNS; particularly those who are constantly turning their eyes yearningly towards the great West, yet hesitate to make a start in that country which is undoubtedly a land full of promise to young men of the calibre of Horscroft and Caney, whose letters, by-the-bye, are the strongest possible testimony that neither of these two lads deemed their education finished when they left school. Lack of space will allow us to publish one letter only from each correspondent. William's first letter, written in the early spring, is as follows:—

Pennings P.O., Man.

MR. ROBT. STEWART:—

DEAR SIR,—I have been waiting to see how I like this new country and their method of farming. Well, I like Manitoba very much so far. When we arrived here there was at least four feet of snow on the level and no sign of the spring opening up. Everyone thought that it would be an unusual late spring, but they were mistaken, as seeding has commenced at least two weeks earlier than last year. We are having fine weather at present—fine sunny days with just sufficient wind to dry up the ground for seeding. I have been ploughing the past ten days with a new Canton Scotch Clipper plough, and she is a clipper, turning twenty inches of a score. Of course it takes three horses to handle her. I plough about $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres a day. I also drive a three horse harrow, it is about 24ft. wide. We have about 50 acres of wheat yet to sow, besides oats and barley. We will have about 200 acres of crop to handle.

I was fortunate in securing a good place up here. It is strange that after working for Deputy Reeve Stewart of Esquesing, I am to work all summer for Reeve Sargent of the Municipality of Daly, but such is the

case. Mr. Sargent also ran for member for parliament against Hon. Clifford Sifton, but although he ran very well he did not get there. I find them very kind, both Mr. and Mrs. Sargent. They have four children, three girls and one boy, the old about the size of your Roberta. They have a large comfortable house and outbuildings, with fine garden of currants and raspberries, and as for flowers I am told that the prairie is a perfect flower garden, roses, lilies and scores of other flowers growing here profusely. I enclose two or three crocuses that I gathered this afternoon while taking a walk over the prairie with another Ontario boy who came up only last week. They are growing very thickly here.

There are lots of wild game—prairie chickens, wild geese and ducks, wild turkeys and rabbits. When I get up in the morning I can hear the quacking of the ducks in the slews not far from the house. I will only have one cow to milk this summer. There are twelve head of young cattle, six horses, twelve pigs. We had eight fat pigs, but have sold them off. I live sixteen miles from Rapid City, two miles from P.O., and four miles from Church, five miles to a school.

The Congregationists, Methodists and Church of England denominations worship Sunday about in this one church. There is no Presbyterian church nearer than Brandon.

Tell Aggie and Lizzie that I still hunt the eggs up here, and it is a fright the way they do lay away sometimes. There are about two dozen tame pigeons here besides.

George and Will Duff have taken up a farm not far from Brandon. I have not seen or heard from George Caney for a month, but I hope they are getting along all right. They have each bought a fine team of horses apiece. Dick Bradley has hired with Sam. Cox brother to the man he worked for all winter. I have hired with Mr. Sargent for \$17.00 a month for eight months. Farm produce is pretty cheap here. Mr. Sargent sent me to Brandon the day after I came with a load of eighty-seven bushels of oats to sell for him. I got 14c. per bushel, the highest price then going for oats. I also took down a basket of eggs and butter for Mrs. Sargent—butter sold for 20c. a pound, the eggs for 20c. a dozen, but butter is only 17c. now, while eggs have dropped to 11c.

We had a very enjoyable time on the trip up; what with the good things our baskets contained and the new scenes which were continually up in view, we had a very enjoyable journey. Roberta's salt stand came in very handy, it being at the present time safely stowed away in the upboard

George's shanty. It will probably grace their table in more ways than one. I gave George orders not to throw it away on any account. There is a big demand for girls up here, and tell Miss Teena that there are any amount of fine-looking young fellows up here that could keep a wife to perfection. However, give my best regards to her, also to Mrs. Stewart and the girls. Allow me to thank them all for their kindness through the past winter, which was the most pleasant and-easiest winter that I have put in while in Canada. I will let you know how the harvest turns up here. Hoping that you may have a bountiful crop, and that you and your family are enjoying the best of health, as I am myself.

The letter in which George Caney gives expression to his opinions and impressions is dated about two months after William's letter.

BRANDON P.O., Man.

MR. ROBERT STEWART :—

DEAR FRIEND—I received your most welcome and very interesting letter. Was glad to hear from you but sorry indeed to know you have had another long spell of sickness and in such a busy time of the year too, when everything needed care and looking after, but I sincerely hope you are back again to your usual good health. Well, and how is everything looking around Milton? I suppose you are very busy just now breaking in the fallow, and will soon be getting ready for haying again. I expect to hear of an enormous hay crop and a good harvest after the very wet spring, and I hope you will get your share of it. I wish we had some of the rain in Manitoba that you have had down there. We have had a terrible dry spring here this year, and windy, in fact I heard have some of the oldest settlers remark they never saw the like before. Quite a lot of wheat that was sown on light soil was completely blown out altogether and just as bare as if not sown at all. Some of the neighbors are ploughing their wheat up where it is not worth leaving. Ours is not so bad as that. We have had considerable showers mostly all last week. A week yesterday I took a look round ours, and it resembled a field of light pasturing ripe, all yellow and lying flat down with the wind and the dry weather. I went up to Pendennis last Saturday. It is 20 miles north of Brandon, 23 from here. I drove up in the lumber waggon and came down next day (Sunday). Bill Horscroft has been up there for the past two weeks. I have Duncan down with me. He is the youngest—he is a lively coon and full of fun and mischief with some snap in him.

I suppose you will be celebrating the great Jubilee. They are having a great time in Brandon on the 22nd. I think I will show my loyalty the same as the rest by taking a holiday. I got the Jubilee Globe and the Champion from Jack last week and I see the Esquesing Council purchased the Massey Harris Road Machines That will surely make an improvement in the roads.

How did the garden party come off at A. McGibbons? I suppose all the boys and girls of Boston Church would be there having a good time. There are no garden parties in Manitoba—sometimes there is a prairie party when a fellow gets lost like I did the first time I went out to Pendennis. Of course I wasn't alone—Donald and Bill and I went in the sleigh before the snow went off. Donald of course was feeling pretty good, and Bill, not knowing the road very well after being in Ontario all winter, we got off the trail and got upset in about five feet of snow, and after plunging a couple of miles out of our road we reached Pendennis somewhere in the small hours of the morning.

You will have quite a crop. Have you got that big field behind the driving shed all peas? There ought to be a rattling pea crop there if the wet weather hasn't affected them. I suppose your potatoes are all up—bugs and all. We have about an acre in potatoes. They are just coming through. It is a small process planting potatoes to what it is in Ontario. We just take about an acre of stubble and plough, it like you would plough in the fallow. We dropped the potatoes in every other furrow and covered them with the next. I declared they never would come up, but they are coming all right. Of course there is no potato bugs like in Ontario to destroy them. I have a few radishes and onions in the garden, but they won't amount to much.

Roadwork is the order of the day here just now. Taxes here are comparatively light to what they are in Ontario. The worst fault I find here is the poor accommodation the farmers have. Anything is good enough. I don't think, as a rule, the farmers, as a class, are as well educated as the Ontario farmers. I don't think I have met six Canadian farmers since I came to Manitoba. They are a mixture of nationalities all the world over—I think every nation in the world is represented in Manitoba, even the Swedes and Indians; but I will say I like Manitoba much better than I did at first, though I have not yet had the experience to judge from what I have seen yet.

We are busy summer fallowing just now. We have 90 acres to fallow—quite a lot of land to get over, but I guess we can do it in Manitoba style—just one ploughing and a stroke of the harrows, that it is all that is required till the drill goes on it in the spring.

How is Mrs. Stuart and the children? All well I hope. I suppose they are busy looking after the garden and bringing out lots of goslings and chickens. I wish them luck. I am looking after some of the feather tribe too just now for a neighbour woman. She went to Neepawa two weeks ago and left about a dozen hens sitting on turkey and duck eggs, and they are coming out now by the hatful, and she is not home yet. I get all the eggs that 40 hens lay till she comes back, so I am well paid for my trouble.

OUR GIRLS

HAZEL BRAE JOTTINGS.

MONTHS come and go and bring their varied scenes with them, and it will now be about three months since our last issue of UPS AND DOWNS. October 2nd seems quite a long

The girls were brought across the ocean by our friend of former voyages, Mrs. Brown, who was again assisted by Miss Collins. The latter has now returned to England, and Mrs. Brown will have got back again too if all goes well, by the time UPS AND DOWNS is published.



MRS. METCALFE.

while to look back upon, but still as our paper has not yet recorded the arrival of a party of 106 girls from England on that day, it must do so now. Their names will be found in this issue, as we know it is of great interest to our readers to look out for their friends from the "Old Country" in these columns.

Miss Gibbs has returned to Canada after her visit to England, and is again at her old work, visiting girls. She brought back with her two little girls, Ada Merriday and Florence Fenwick. A good home indeed has opened for little Ada Merriday (aged six). On Thanksgiving Day, Mrs. Strachan of Brussels came to the home and took back

with her Ada and another little girl, Sarah Bolton, both of which children she has adopted. Mrs. Strachan is the dear and honoured friend who took to her home and heart little Winnie Parker, and cared for her until she was called away from earth to another home. We wish there were ~~more such Christian ladies ready to give~~ homes to our little ones, not for any good to themselves, but simply out of love to Christ, to care for them. We were very pleased to welcome our friend to the Home, and hope her little girls will be a comfort to her.

We still have a number of little girls under fourteen in the Home, and probably shall have a good-sized party at Christmas.

The children had quite a treat the other evening. Mrs. James Dennistoun, of Peterborough, called at the Home, bringing with her a young lady from England, whose relatives in the Old Land are warmly interested in Dr. Barnardo's work. Miss Noble most kindly sang two very bright little songs to the children, of a kind surely calculated to strike the fancy of a juvenile audience. "You Can't Play in Our Yard," and "The Alabama Coon" brought forth shouts of laughter and hearty clapping from the assembled appreciative listeners.

On All Saints' Day Rev. J. C. Davidson, rector of St. John's, Peterborough, invited the children to an afternoon service at the church, where they afterwards sang alone one of their own hymns, "There is a Home Eternal."

* * *

On a week-day evening the children were invited to an entertainment at the Murray Street Baptist Church given by the Mission Band. There was singing, and an interesting representation on cardboard of an Indian village, the different young girls reading papers they had composed, the object being to create interest in the mission among the Indians in the North-West.

* * *

If any girl lent the photo of a Village Home Cottage for UPS AND DOWNS, and has not had it returned, let her please send in her own name and that of the Cottage.

* * *

Mrs. Haultain, a kind friend with whose name our girls ought now to be becoming familiar, and who has written a paper for

us this month, has kindly taken some photos of Hazel Brae with a kodak, one of these will be sent to any girl who would like one and forwards ten cents. The proceeds are going to the Girls' Donation Fund. If any girl likes when sending us her contribution to G.D.F., also to enclose ten cents for a photo, it would not be a bad idea.

B. Code

NOTICES WORTH REMEMBERING.

UPS AND DOWNS is now published quarterly, for the months of January, April, July, October. We mention this because we fancy some of our readers have not quite understood it. The conservative principle in human nature is sometimes so strong that it is a little difficult to get accustomed to change.

The price of UPS AND DOWNS is 25 cents for *each year*. Some girls seem rather surprised that the paper was no longer coming to them, when they had only paid up to December '96.

Some will be having sample copies free this time, but if you want it continued send in your subscription to Miss Code, Dr. Barnardo's Home, Peterborough.

In sending in your bank books, remember they *cannot* travel by book-post at one cent, but by letter rate. Be sure you stamp them sufficiently.

GIRLS' DONATION FUND.

WE acknowledge the following contributions: Minnie Hull, \$1.00; Amelia Jacobs, \$1.00; Carrie Wall, \$1.00; Ada Day, 35c.; Maude Saunders, \$1.00; Lilian Madden, \$1.00; Elizabeth Hayter, \$1.41; Lizzie Moreton, \$1.07; Ada Scotcher, \$1.00; Mary Heslop, 50c.; Annie Ware, \$3.00; Alice Kelly, \$1.00; Sophia Willis, \$2.00; Katie Whelan, \$1.00; Vickie Herring, \$1.00; Marianne Giles, \$1.00.

Our Donation Fund is not making as rapid progress as it should, and we would strongly urge our girls not to fall behind the boys in this respect.

We here give a reprint of an extract

from Dr. Barnardo's annual report of his work:—

"Ever since emigration was begun, I have impressed upon the emigrants the privilege and indeed the duty of repaying to the Homes some part of the sum which it had cost to place them out in Canada. It has been found in experience very difficult to make and carry out any fixed rule on this subject. There were, for instance, young children whose wages are *nil*, and even girls of larger growth required for some years all their earnings for clothing. With these and such as these, therefore, I had to be content with such *free-will offerings* as they were disposed to volunteer.



MRS. JOHN J.— (Nee EMMA PEGRAM),
HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

The average yearly sum received from this source, however, has been between £200 and £300. But I felt that with the older lads, who soon began to earn a larger wage, a better and more productive system could be set on foot, and it is interesting now to compare the returns already realized from the older lads, who form the minority of those emigrated. This plan was only begun in April, 1890. In 1890, however, I received from Labour House youths emigrated to Manitoba £279 11s. 2d. In 1891, I received £526 5s. 6d. In 1892, I received £709 16s. 1d.; in 1893, £440 3s. 11d.; in 1894, £256 8s. 2d.; in 1895, £1,026 10s. 8d., and in 1896, £558 13s. 9d., or a

grand total from April, 1890, to December, 1896, of £3,797 9s. 3d. If to this amount is added £1,013 18s. 3d., received during the same period from all the others, we arrive at a total of £4,811 5s. 6d. repaid by my young emigrants *in a little more than six years*. This is a not unsatisfactory result, when it is remembered that although food is plentiful in Canada, it is a poor country, and money is exceedingly scarce!"

Now where are the girls? I fear they come far behind. It is true girls do not always earn as high wages as boys, also that the number of the latter out in this country is a good deal greater than the former, still we should like to see a more generous response to the frequent appeals made through UPS AND DOWNS. Our new-comers will remember the printed letter they received on the "Duty of Contributing to the Home," and it was there explained how a sum of money is sent up to Dr. Barnardo every year to help on his work in the Old Country. This fund should be complete by May 1st, so all contributions should be sent in to Peterborough by that date.

We here give extracts from letters from two girls who have written about the G.D.F., as follows:—

From Sarah Lovell: "I have read the piece that you wrote in UPS AND DOWNS, Girls' Donation Fund. I will send \$1.00 a year, and when I earn more I will send two or three a year. I just read it on Saturday and I felt it very much indeed, because I was in the hospital for a year with my eyes, and I had a very nice time; Doctor Milne was very nice indeed."

From Ellen White: "You may have \$2.00 of my money every year for the Home in England, and the money I save can go in the bank for me."

We would add, neither of these girls is earning high wages.

A CONTRAST.

DURING this Jubilee year a good deal of attention has been drawn to the improvements made during Her Majesty's reign, and to the contrast between the conditions of life now and what they were sixty years ago. In few departments has there been much greater progress than in the mode of travelling, as the following will help to show.

One of our visitors met an old lady the other day who gave her a most interesting account of her own voyage to this country before the days of ocean steamships and "American Liners." At the visitor's request this lady has very kindly sent the accompanying paper for UPS AND Downs, thinking it might be of interest to girls who know what it is to cross the Atlantic in fewer days than it took weeks then. Some of you still remember the discomfort (aye, and the grumbling too) of that voyage, and the dust and tiredness of the rapid train journey. Contrast this with the weary weeks of sailing, the shortness of food, and the slow and difficult progress up the country after having landed at Quebec sixty years ago, and you will agree, I am sure, that wonderful progress has been made in travelling during this wonderful reign.

"We all know that boys and girls like to hear of what really happened, rather than a story made up to amuse. I will tell you something of what travel was as long ago as 1833. There were no railways in this country, and only one short line in England, between Manchester and Liverpool, and not a steamboat that could be used except on the rivers. It was thought a wonderful event when the first ocean steamer crossed the Atlantic, I think in 1837. But now to my story. On the 10th of June, 1833, a gentleman with his wife and family took passage in a sailing vessel from London to Quebec. These ships carried different kinds of timber to England, and on the return voyage temporary cabins were fitted up for passengers, again to be taken down for the next voyage. As I said, they left their home on the 10th June, and for ten weeks and three days encountered most serious gales. In consequence of this prolonged voyage the provisions and water began to fail, but they were most mercifully kept from any serious sickness; still they had to spend some little time at the quarantine station at Grosse Isle.

"A steamboat carried them from Quebec to Montreal, where they engaged with another family a large two-decked, flat-bottomed boat, called a Durham boat, which had also an engine for a steamboat on board. This unwieldy boat was sometimes towed by a horse and sometimes pushed by long poles the men put to their shoulders,

but it was so slow that the passengers occasionally walked short distances when the rapids were strong. They sailed through the Thousand Islands, and there they saw a deer swimming across, pursued by two Indians in a canoe. After some days they arrived at Kingston, where they embarked in another steamboat to Niagara-on-the-Lake; thence they were obliged to travel by wagon to Chippewa, where the *Adelaide* steamer was ready to convey passengers to Port Stanley. When on Lake Erie they were obliged to take shelter in the mouth of Grand River, and after five days reached Port Stanley. There they again hired wagons to take them to a small settlement in the near interior. This up-country journey from Quebec took about two weeks, it being September 15th when their destination was finally reached. A thanksgiving service was held the next day by the church clergyman, Mr. Flood, in a room lent for the purpose. There were no churches in that part of the country.

"I think it well to hear what hardships others have had to bear in the past, which should make us truly thankful for the advantages we enjoy in the present day. But I can truthfully say, I think, there is as much complaining now as then. Let us all strive to be more thankful for our many blessings.

E. S."

OUR MOTTO FOR 1898.

Forgetting those things which are behind
—Reaching forth unto those things
which are before—Press toward the
mark.—Phil. iii : 13, 14.



ANOTHER year just gone; and who remembers our motto for last year? Has anyone been helped by it? We hope so. It spoke to us of running the race of life, of laying aside weights, of looking unto Jesus.

And now for this year's message:—

FORGETTING THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE
BEHIND.

In what way should we take that? It does not mean surely that we are to forget—all the way by which God has led us—all the answers to prayer, all the marks of His goodness, His many mercies, His gracious deliverances, His unceasing faithfulness and care. No, surely No! But there are other

things we would do well to forget. Is there any feeling of unfriendliness in the heart towards another person? Has there been any quarrel, any bitter feeling or malice? Forget it! "Let the dead past bury its dead"; bury it never to be unearthed again!

Or has the past been blotted by sin, marred by failure, in so much that the heart is tempted to say out of despair, "There is no use for me to try any more, all is loss, all is failure, my life is a wreck and always must be so!" Oh, dear heart, this should not be, this must not be, forget those things which are behind, throw them aside, and by help of God, start forth in the New Year.

REACHING FORTH UNTO THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE BEFORE.

How full of possibilities the future is! let

us then reach forth to it, to better things, better days, and a more earnest "purpose in life." "Ye have not passed this way heretofore,"—never before—so here is a fresh chance to start anew. Finally

PRESS TOWARD THE MARK.

Ah, after all, let that be the great aim and end in life,—to press towards that mark! Are we all aiming for it? Are we all on the road that leads to it? If not, may we lose no time in entering through that gate that leads unto Life Eternal, the Living Way, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, for each year brings us nearer the "end of all things." And if we are striving, though weakly, it may be, to live a Christian life, oh that we may indeed be in earnest and with all diligence,

"PRESS TOWARD THE MARK!"



Our Parties of 1897

| | | | |
|------------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| Argent, Daisy Gertrude | Gutsell, Rose | Griffiths, Grace | Lawrence, Ellen Victoria |
| Blair, Eliza | Gregory, Maud | Gill, Mary | Lowe, Ann Jane |
| Blair, Mary Agnes | Gates, Rosina Alice | Gregory, Jane Elizabeth | Lake, Annie |
| Bage, Elizabeth P. | Gordon, Ann | Murphy, Kathleen | Martin, Caroline |
| Bage, Agnes Isa | Hughes, Jane | McNally, Clara | Maile, Jane Annie |
| Bailey, Ruth | Hughes, Catherine Ellen | Maile, Eliza Elizabeth | Moran, Mary |
| Burns, Sarah | Hastie, Alice | Newman, Jane C. Grace | Newman, Eleanor |
| Burns, Elizabeth | Harding, Selina E. | Pattenden, Annie Edith | Pull, Sarah Ann |
| Brown, Eleanor | Hamilton, Barbara | Ramsey, Mary Jane | Pugsley, Lucy |
| Baird, Elizabeth | Hemmings, Annie | Sandall, Elizabeth M. | Rumney, Maria |
| Braid, Annie | Hughes, Edith | Steele, Eliza Ann | Roden, Clara |
| Bold, Caroline | Hawkes, Eliza | Steele, Rose Ann | Ramsey, Ethel Violet |
| Bateman, Blanche | Hammond, Mary | Scales, Jane Marley | Stubbs, Mary Elizabeth |
| Bolton, Mary L. | Haynes, Louisa Selina Jane | Sutherland, Mary | Sheer, Elizabeth Amy |
| Bolton, Sarah A. | Hill, Emily Maud | Swales, Sarah | Scales, Ruth Marley |
| Bainbridge, Catherine | Jago, Daisy | Smith, Mary Anne | Singer, Norah |
| Bainbridge, Dorothy | Jones, Blanche | Sage, Lily | Searle, Charlotte |
| Brydon, Elizabeth | Jones, Sarah | Tunncliffe, Florence | Smith, Annie Elizabeth M. |
| Cripps, Mercy | Jefferies, Sarah | Tidy, Margaret Ann | Taylor, Charlotte |
| Carey, Rose | Jefferies, Beatrice | Taylor, Mary Hannah | Taylor, Elizabeth |
| Cummings, Laura | Johnson, Emma | Thomas, Nellie | Thornton, Sarah Amelia |
| Clements, Mary | Kennedy, Eliza Ellen | Townson, Mary | West, Alice |
| Compton, Daisy E. | King, Charlotte | Wilson, Kate | Wilson, Charlotte |
| Dunford, Annie | Langiwitz, Nellie M. | Westcott, Ada Emily | Waldron, Esther Mar. |
| Davis, Harriet | Lee, Phyllis | Wood, Mary Jane | Woodrow, Eleanor |
| Elsom, Lydia | Lawrence, Amy Emil line | | Woolsey. |
| Emerson, Martha | Lawrence, Alice Ellen | | |
| Francis, Annie | | | |
| Fletcher, Martha | | | |



ALICE STOKES 1896



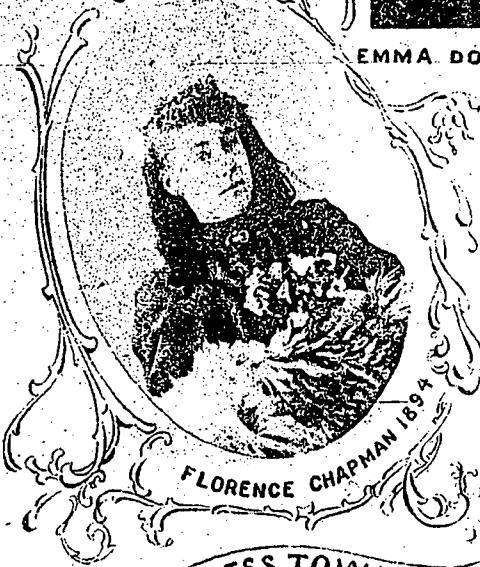
ETHEL ROGERS 1895



VICKIE HERRING 1893



EMMA DODLEY 1897



FLORENCE CHAPMAN 1894



EMILY GRIFFITTS 1892

"PRESS TOWARDS THE MARK."

A VISIT TO HAZEL BRAE,

And What Came of It.

PETERBOROUGH.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—I have a very pleasant remembrance in my heart of a half-hour spent under the trees at Hazel Brae. I went up soon after your last party arrived from England, while there were still a good many there, waiting their turn to go off to their new homes.

The little talk that I had with some of them made me wish to hear of them again, and I wrote down their names and promised to answer any little letter that might come to me, by-and-bye, to tell me if they were getting on nicely and were happy in this new country.

Everything looked bright and hopeful out there in the sunshine, the young faces smiling and a group of them singing the sweet hymns that they had learnt in the Old Land. These hymns were all of Jesus, of Whom Miss Havergal writes:—

" One who never will forget,
Loving to the end ;
One whom you can tell, when sad,
Everything that grieves ;
One who loves to make you glad,
One who never leaves."

One dear little girl told me that she had no relations and no friends anywhere, but when I asked "Not One Friend?" she quickly answered "Oh, yes, One."

And when I had said good-bye to them all, and was thinking how soon they would be far away from each other, and from the ladies who have been so kind to them, I felt glad indeed that they had been told of the love of Jesus.

I know you have each a Bible of your own, and I hope you will never give up the habit of reading a few verses when alone, every morning and evening.

The whole Bible tells of the Son of God, who gave Himself for us, as you will find out more and more, when He enables you to understand it, and to read it like a message to yourself, each one.

Often the passage read in the morning will be just what may prove a great help to you during the day; so you must try to carry the thoughts if not the words in the handy pocket of your memory.

~~I was calling one day on the ladies at~~
Hazel Brae, and Mrs. Metcalfe told me of a little boy she had read about, and I liked the story so much that I said, "I must put that into verse for the girls." So here it is, and I hope you will like it.

From your friend and well-wisher,

MRS. HAULTAIN.

A father tenderly looked at his boy,
His playmate in many an hour of joy;
"What is the matter, my child?" said he,
"I thought you were happy as boy could be."
"Half of my plum is quite bad," he cried,
"I cannot eat it; look, Dad. at this side."
"But what of the other side, my boy?"
His blue eyes brightened with sudden joy.
"Ah, yes! that is fine—I think I forgot."
That is like us all, dear friends, is it not?
We forget in a dark and gloomy hour
The sunshine, the meadow, the fragrant flower,
The beautiful things that God has given
To brighten our pathway from earth to heaven.
When a morning comes with clouds and rain,
Remember the sun will shine again;
The other half of the gloomiest day
May be brightened by Trust and Hope's glad ray.

THE LITTLE TROTTMAN SISTERS.

The two little Trotman sisters will, no doubt, be remembered by some of our readers. We are happy to say we have been able to place the two little girls in one home, which is what we wish could be oftener done. For this we owe thanks to Mrs. Strachan, of Brussels, who had little Winnie Parker at her home till she was called away from this world. Mrs. Strachan kindly told us of this home, where we hope the two little sisters may live happily for many a long year. We are giving a letter from the lady with whom they have gone to live, and one from Martha herself. Little Katrine too writes happily, telling of the swing that "Uncle Tom" is going to put up.

FROM MARTHA TROTTMAN.

Aged 11.

"I now take the pleasure of writing you these few lines, hoping you are quite well and happy as I am. I will now tell you I reached my place safely, and I like being here. We are on a big farm, we have four cows and four calves, we have—four pigs and ever so many chickens, and two turkeys, and it is very nice out in the country, the fresh air is so nice, and we have an organ, and we are going to learn the music. . . . When we got off the train we went to a lady's house, and we stayed there all night, and we went to Sunday school. We stayed there till after dinner and then we rode home in a buggy, and we had to go fifteen miles, and we got home about seven o'clock. Give my love to Mrs. and Mr. Metcalfe and Miss Pearse, and Mrs. Brown, and Miss Collins and all the girls. I think this is all I have to say this time, so good-bye,

"Your loving friend,

"MARTHA TROTTMAN.

"As many ships that are on the sea, as many kisses I give to thee. Excuse my writing and my mistakes."

From the lady at whose home the little Trottmans are living:

"The children have written, and that will give you an idea how they are.

"They did not seem to be wearied by the journey. Miss — was very tired. Children seem to stand the long journey better than grown folk.

"They have not been lonesome yet, there are so many new things to see I think they will like it, and we are well pleased with them so far.

"I do not think we will start them to the public school for a while; I can teach them at home for a little and fit them to take their place with the children here. . . .

They are very helpful, eager to do or try all the new things they see. We are very much amused sometimes. They enjoy hunting eggs and playing with the kittens, indeed they seem to enjoy everything. They make friends quickly with other children whom they have met here. They will be able to tell you more the next time.

"Very truly yours,

"I. D.—"



THE ENVIABLE ERRAND OF MASTER MERRIVEIN.

BY VIRGINA WOODWARD CLOUD.



BOOTH Mistress Merrivein, one morn, "Go; get ye forth right early,

And fetch a pound o' tea from out the market-place o' Durley;

Of green alpaca buy a yard, red ribbon for my muff,

An earthen crock, a skein of yarn, ha'penny worth o' snuff,

A wooden pail, a pair of mitts, and flour from the mill, sir;

And, that you may return full soon, go round by Hyburn Hill, sir."

So kindly Master Merrivein, he bided him forth right early;

And this is what he told himself upon the road to Durley:

"Of red alpaca buy a pound a pail of tea, a muff;

Green mitts, a skein of flour, and a half a yard of snuff."

And as he went down Hyburn Hill, a whistling blithe and cheery,

He met the market-woman, who came out from County Kerry,

With basket balanced on her head, and panniers at her side,

She bobbed to Master Merrivein; and this was what she cried:

"Arrah now, pretty gintleman! Coom, sthoph awhile an' buy;

I've spectacles to match the rogue a-twinklin in your eye;

Wid neckerchiefs an' finger-rings—most beauchiful they're shinin'.

To suit ye dacintly an' grand, I'll sthstraightway be divinin'.

But Master Merrivein, the wise, he sagely shook his head,

And to the market-woman these mysterious words he said:

"Of red alpaca buy a pound, a yard of mitts and muff;

Green flour in a wooden crock, and half a skein of snuff—"

"Begone!" that market-woman cried,

"the likes of ye should know

A dacint market-woman 'll not be triated so."

Down Hyburn Hill she followed him, with
hard and furious pace,
Till nigh the hurrying throng outside the
Durley market-place.

And there, with her black cat, was Meg,
the Witch o' Durley Green;

"Hold, now, and hearken, sir," cried
she; "your fortune I have seen!"

Strange stores indeed of gold and gear
this day are waiting you;
But he who'd find aright must buy my
magic snake-tooth brew."

But Master Merrivein, the wise, he sage-
ly shook his head,
And to the Witch o' Durley Green these
mystic words he said:

"Of red alpaca buy a skein; a crock of
muffs and things;
Green spectacles, a pail of snuff, a pound
of finger-rings—"

"Hoots! Toots!" the Witch o' Durley
cried, 'mid shouts and gibes and
laughter,

As with her stick upraised in air she
angrily sped after.

While Jake the Pieman ran before, a-
calling, "Cake or tart, sir?"

And Moll, the gypsy, ran beside, a-
crying, "Make you smart, sir,

With laces, ribbons, yellow beads and
little looking-glasses!

An' you'll be finer than the lads, an' fairer
than the lasses."

But with his hands upon his ears, good
Merrivein, he sped,

While they followed, in amazement at
the queer words that he said.

"Of red alpaca buy a crock, a pail of
rings, green muff;

A half a pound of spectacles, a yard of
snake-tooth snuff—"

Oh, then he fled beyond their shouts,
that nobody might find him;

But buxom Bess, the squire's maid, went
running on behind him.

And Polly from the Ferrier's, and Peggy
from the hillside,

And little Norah of Dumblea, and Nelly
of the millside;

And so they ran, and oh, they ran—a-
joining hands together,

'Twixt Durley Hill and Durley Green, all
in the windy weather.

And there—good Master Merrivein,—
upon a stone they found him;

And oh, they glanced, and oh, they
pranced, and oh, they danced
around him.

And Polly showed a crimson shoe, and
Norah's saucy eyes were blue,

And Bess she wore a kerchief red, and
Peggy had a yellow head,

And Nellie like a lark did sing, as round
they whirled them in a ring.

But through the song and laughter, and
the tripping dance so gay,

They heard good Master Merrivein's
disjointed utterance say:

"'Twas red alpaca in a pail—a pound
of looking-glasses—"

Blue muffs and things—red finger rings
for little dancing lasses—

A skein of yellow beads and lace—a yard
of snake-tooth tea,

Alack, poor Master Merrivein, in sorry
plight was he!

Then mad they danced up Durley Hill,
a-fitting back together

Like butterflies, all in the glad and gold-
en Durley weather.

But what good Master Merrivein fetched
home that morning early,

Go ask of Mistress Merrivein, on t'other
side of Durley.

—From *St. Nicholas*.

IN LEISURE HOUR.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

BURIED POETS' NAMES.

1. Spencer.
2. Cowper.
3. Byron.
4. Scott.

BIBLE PUZZLE.

Jonah iv : 4, "Doest thou well to be
angry?"

RIDDLES.

1. When it is a ruler.
2. A clock.
3. Fault
4. For divers reasons.
5. For sun-dry reasons.

Answers received from Caroline Hardie
and Annie Addison.

PUZZLES.

ANAGRAM.

The following anagram has been sent by
Edith Hallendale. Each underlined word
is the name of a tree, only the letters are
put "anywhere" instead of in their right
order, just in the first line "I love *wye*"
stands for "I love yew."

ANAGRAM ON TREES.

"I love *wye*," sighed the *palem*,
 "I *nipe* for you, my dear,
 Put on your *rif* and walk with me
 Along the *chebe* so drear."
 The *dinnel* shook her lovely head,
 Like *koa* was her hard heart,
 For years she'd loved a *lappro* tall,
 From him she would not part.
 The *tawlun*, *chirb*, and *tuchsten*
 To listen all did stoop,
 Although the lover had looked *curpse*
 Like a *lolwiw* did he droop.
 The *mel* and *raced* cheered him,
 The *has* said, "Do not mind,"
 For in the forest many a tree
 As fair as she you'll find.

BURIED CITY, (From Mrs. Haultain).

"Clairmont is the name of our new home,
 and Clairmont really is a very pretty name,
 I think."

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

FIRST of all, we have this month a picture of Mrs. Metcalfe, our Superintendent. All of the girls who have come out to Canada recently know her now, and will be pleased to see her likeness here, and those who have not seen her will, we feel sure, be glad thus to make the acquaintance of the kind friend who "mothers" the girls at the Home.

The family group is of a "married girl," formerly Emma Pegram, with her husband and two dear little children. May it be true of her that her children "call her blessed," and her husband "he praiseth her!" She has our very best wishes.

The group of girls is composed of one girl from 1892 party, and each year following up to the present.

SKETCH OF WORK AT DR. BARNARDO'S GIRLS' HOME AT PETERBORO'.

SINCE the year 1883, 1535 girls have been emigrated to Canada between the months of June and November inclusive.

The girls are placed out in the Province of Ontario, not including

the remoter parts, such as Algoma or Nipissing Districts, but taking in various neighbourhoods, for instance that of Peterborough, Campbellford, Hastings, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Newboro', Portland, Brockville, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Chatham, Niagara, Port Dover, Collingwood, Thornbury, etc., etc., in short from near Cornwall east, to Leamington west, from Burk's Falls on the north to Port Rowan on the south. Naturally the elder girls get out the quickest, but there is also quite a demand for younger ones in the spring-time, when as a rule applications of all kinds most abound, that is to say among the farming community. The elder girls are hired out on wages, the younger ones under fourteen mostly go for their board and clothes, it also being an understood thing that the matter of education is attended to, either by schooling or home-instruction. Some younger children are adopted, and a comparatively very small number are boarded-out in the District of Muskoka, the hope being that by thus early falling in with Canadian life and ways, they will be better fitted to take their places in the community later on when started out into life in earnest.

The names of those composing the staff at Hazel Brae are as follows: Mrs. Metcalfe, Matron-Superintendent; Miss Code, Secretary; Miss Loveday and Miss Gibbs, Visitors; Miss Edmison, Assistant Secretary; Miss Pearse, Teacher.

The duties of each are as follows:
Matron-Superintendent.—The Matron-Superintendent is responsible for all matters relating to the house, inmates and housekeeping, and is also the Treasurer of the institution. She keeps a diary of what occurs, and the number of inmates in the house, which is sent to Dr. Barnardo, England.

Secretary.—The Secretary selects the homes, and places out the girls, except in the case of those who are boarded out, this being attended to by Miss Loveday. The Secretary attends to the cor

respondence with and from girls and their employers, receives applications for girls, when printed forms are despatched and returned, and after this a minister's reference is obtained. She also keeps a diary regarding the moves made by the girls. Besides this she keeps the registers posted regarding the changes of girls from place to place, the date of move, and the reason for this change; a copy of this is sent on a monthly list to Dr. Barnardo, England.

Assistant-Secretary.—Her duties are those of a typewriter, shorthand writer and book-keeper, as well as office work in general. A statement of the book-keeping is sent monthly to London, England, and examined by the accountants at Dr. Barnardo's Home, Stepney Causeway.

Visitors.—Their duty is to visit the

girls mostly by surprise visits. The number of visits paid during the year '96, 913. A report is written of visits paid, and a copy sent to Dr. Barnardo. A number of girls are now at an age when visits are considered unnecessary, although it is desirable to keep up the friendly relations with the Home. Also some have moved from Canada for various reasons, some are married and some have died. In the case of boarded out children the desire is to visit the homes previous to the children being sent to them. At all times the right to remove a child summarily and without notice is reserved by the Home.

Teacher.—Instructs the children, and in addition to this attends to their well-being in general.

There is also a *Kitchen Matron*, who superintends the kitchen department, working herself with the girls.



DONATIONS TO THE HOMES.

The following donations to the Home have been made since our last issue :

Anderson, Walter, \$1; Attwell, Alfred A., \$1; Ashton, Joseph, \$1; Buckingham, John, 11c.; Bones, Horace, 75c.; Baalim, Arthur Geo., 75c.; Blake, Richard, \$1; Budd, Alfred W., \$2.85; Brown, John E. \$1; Clarke, Ernest, 76c.; Clarke, George H., \$1.75; Forrest, Albert E. H., \$1; Grundy, Alfred T., \$2; Gouge, Edwin, \$1; Gray, Mary E., \$5; Griffiths, John, \$3; Howett, William G., 85c.; Hawkesworth, Robert W., \$1; Harris, Charles, \$2.20; Hutchinson, Edward C., \$2; Jones, Wm. S., \$2.50; Knowles, Edgar G., 10c.; Maffin, James, \$1; Morrell, Charles, \$1; Mabey, Wm Henry, \$1; Miller, Edward, \$1.75; Noakes, John W., \$1; Neil, William, \$1; Parkinson, James, \$1; Peters, Alfred C., \$1; Panting, Herbert, \$2; Potter, Charles, \$1; Parkinson, James (2nd), \$1; Sparkes, Christopher J., \$5; Sullivan, George M., \$1; Searle, Charles, \$1; Williards, Bertie C., \$5; Williamson, Herbert G., 50c.; Weston, Thomas, \$1; Williams, Geo. Max, \$1; Wright, Geo. B., \$1; Ward, Charles H., \$1.

Christmas Greetings from the Old Land

Our Girls are not forgotten by their old friends in the Old Country



GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME,
ILFORD, ESSEX.

DEAR MISS CODE,—I am very pleased to respond to your request for some Village Home notes, and will try to send you all the gossip that is likely to be of any general interest.

Right glad were we to despatch our last Canada Party for the year on September 23rd, and a bonny lot of girls they looked as I said "Good-bye" to them in their quarters on board the S.S. *Labrador* at Liverpool. They left a big vacuum behind them here, both in our Home and in our hearts, and though new comers are rapidly filling up the vacancies in the Cottages, we shall not let them drive out the memories of those who have gone.

All our girls in Canada, and especially those who have gone out during the last couple of years, will, I am sure, be glad to hear that Mrs. Godfrey's health is very largely restored, and that she is able to take again her place in the Village from which she had so long to be away. She sends her heartiest greetings to each and every one, and will be very much delighted to receive a letter from any girl who has opportunity to write to her.

We had an interesting ceremony in our "Children's Church" about a fortnight ago, when 25 girls were confirmed by the Bishop of Colchester. UPS AND DOWNS would not have space for all the names, but a great many "old girls" who read this will remember little "Birdie" Duff, of "Billiter" Cottage, and will be pleased to know that she was of the number. "Ilex" girls will also recall Gladys Clapp's name, though when some of them left she was probably a very little child.

Our Harvest Thanksgiving Service was held a Sunday or two ago, when the Church was prettily decorated, and Dr. Barnardo preached to a very crowded congregation on "Harvest Lessons."

By-the-bye, I suppose that a good many have already heard that Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo have been living at the Village nearly all the summer in the newly reconstructed "Mossford Lodge." We have thus seen more of them here this year than for many a year before, and though I have not asked them, I think I am not wrong in saying that they have enjoyed the opportunity of being so much amongst us.

Miss Fargie's post as head mistress, which was vacant for several months after she left, has now been filled, and we cannot entertain for Miss Hill, the new mistress, a better wish than that she may be the friend and helper of as many girls as Miss Fargie, and be remembered by them when they leave us with as much affection.

The Village girls are to be very well off this season, for we are arranging some interesting concerts, lectures, and other entertainments for every Monday evening during the autumn and winter. Our new school affords us such a splendid big room for assemblies of this kind, that it would be a shame not to use it, and we are going to admit not only our own residents, but also our friends and neighbours in Barkingside to a share in these entertainments.

A sad event has just taken place here. Johnson, our head gardener, whom many of the girls in Canada will remember, has died, after rather a short illness.

Hawkins, the old gardener at Mossford, is also no longer with us. He has retired from active work after very long and faithful service.

Yours sincerely,

J. W. GODFREY

LONDON, ENGLAND
Xmas 1897.

To Dr. Fernando's Girls in Ontario, Canada

MY DEAR GIRLS, Many of you will scarcely know the name at the end of this letter, but some of you will welcome it as that of an old friend ; and I am glad, at this Christmas season, whether you know me or not, to send you all a very hearty English greeting. God bless and keep every one of you, and help to make those around you happier this Christmas, and to begin the New Year happily yourselves.

But now I want a little talk with *my friends* among you. Oh, how your names and your faces crowd up before me as I write ! How dearly I should love to grasp your hands and look into your eyes, and find out, as I think I would directly, how you are getting on .

Many of you have been married since I came back in 1894. I always read UPS AND DOWNS, so I know. Some of you have been over here, and have seen me, and gone back again. Some of you (and I feel like hiding my face while I say it) have written to me nice letters, which are still waiting for answers. These last, about a dozen—shall I tell their names?—no, I think not—but I say to them accept my loving assurance how glad I was to hear, and how I don't forget you, though I have not written.

I sometimes think we are like little boats sailing out on the big ocean of life. We meet and touch, and give one another a helping hand, then the waves separate us again, and our ways are divided.

But, oh ! if we are wise, we all have the same Captain at the helm, and we are all seeking the same port. There are, indeed, plenty of Ups and Downs on our voyage, but we will steadfastly obey, and trust our great Pilot, and never fear but His mighty grace will bring us safe home to Heaven at last.

Are we all doing this? Are any of us still *drifting* as we used to do? I hope not. I pray not. If we are, let us stop, and remember that our Great Friend is ever yet "mighty to save."

I am still busy trying to help other girls; but I often, very often, remember my dear friends, and I hope you do not quite forget me.

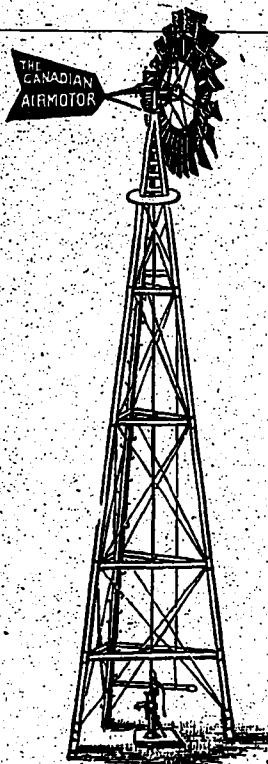
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Very affectionately yours,

MARGARET E. STENT.



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NOTICE.

A party of girls is expected from England in July.

Applications should be sent in immediately to

MISS CODE,

Secretary,

Dr. Barnardo's Girls' Home,
Peterborough, Ont.

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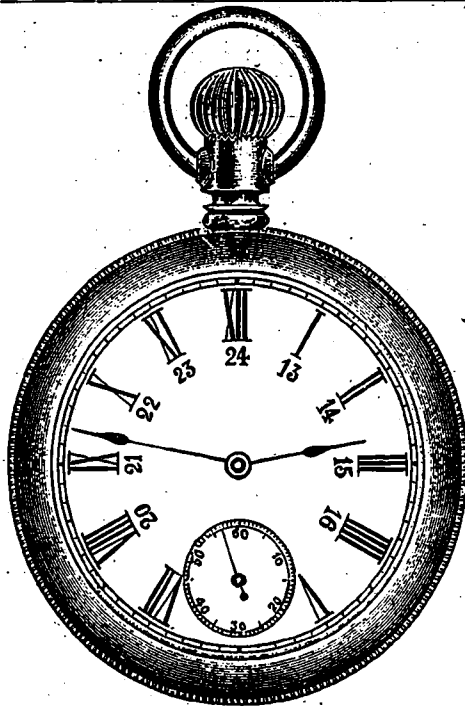
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