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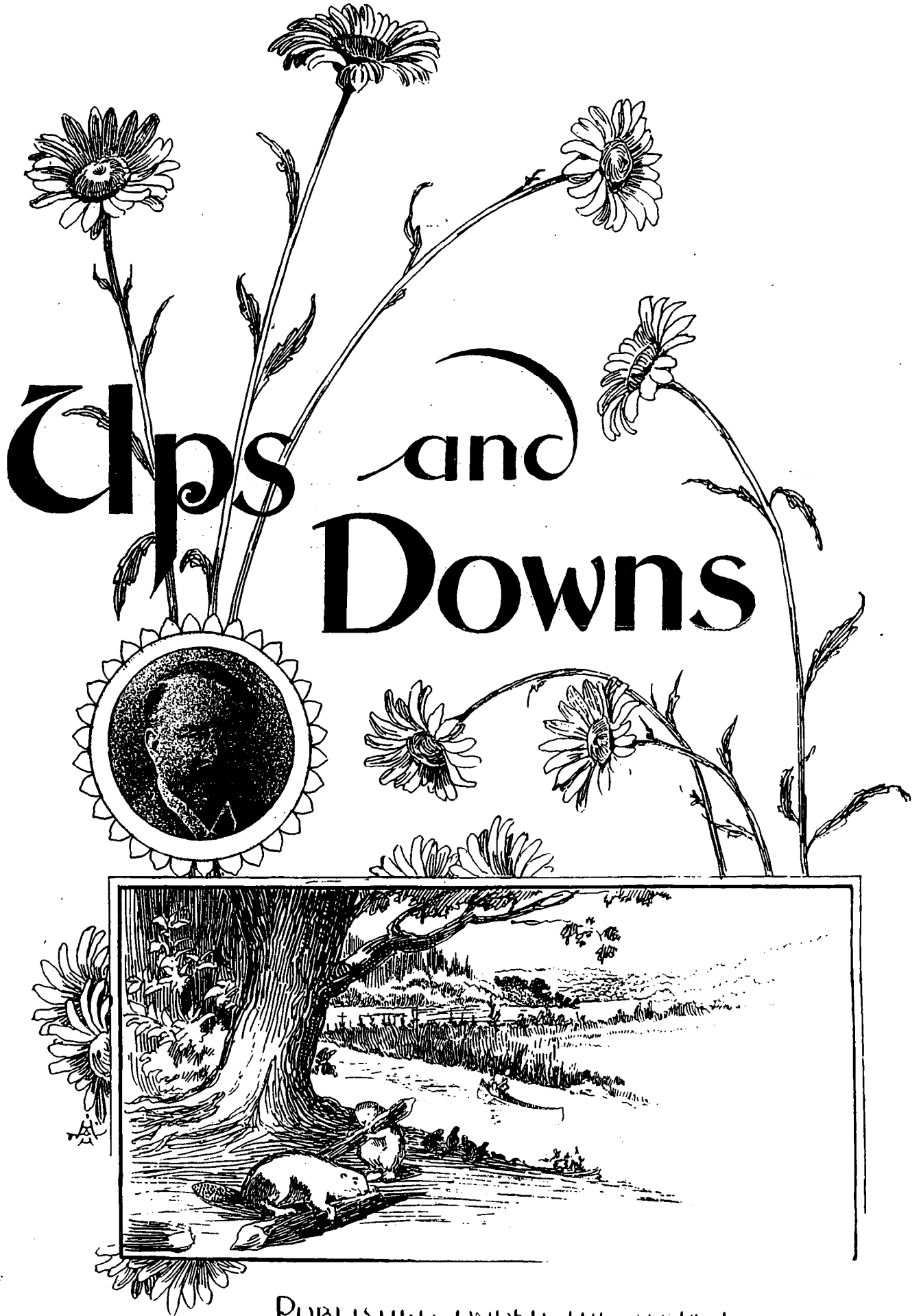
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Clips and Downs



PUBLISHED UNDER THE SUPERVISION
OF DR BARNARDON HOOPER

Published Monthly.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
214 FARLEY AVE., TORONTO. 25 CENTS

OUR FRIENDS' DIRECTORY.

The addresses given below are those of 100 boys who came from England with the Emigration Parties of 1901 and whose names have not appeared in previous lists.

NAME OF BOY	EMPLOYER	POSTAL ADDRESS
Affleck, Albert Edward	Mr. George Spring	Violet, Ont.
Affleck, Percy Thomas	Mr. William S. Duffett	Adolphustown, Ont.
Bates, Frederick Cecil	Mr. William A. Kirk	Kirkton, Ont.
Bennett, Charles	Mr. Edward F. Wiltshire	Eglinton, Ont.
Blomberg, Caesar O.	Mr. Hugh Wyatt	London, Ont.
Bathe, Harry Escott	Mr. John Anderson	Birnam, Ont.
Bulling, Francis William	Mr. Henry Bowles	Bradford, Ont.
Burden, Stephen Henry	Mr. Oscar Rhoads	Windsor, Ont.
Bannister, Arthur James	Mrs. N. McKay	312 King St. E., Hamilton, Ont.
Brooks, William	Mr. John Clark	Mount Brydges, Ont.
Church, Ernest	Mr. John Hyland	Essex, Ont.
Clow, Charles	Mr. John M. McKay	Holiday, Ont.
Clow, John	Mr. John Walshaw	Bolton, Ont.
Dawson, John	Mr. James Cameron	White Lake, Ont.
Dymond, James	Mr. John C. Macdonald	Spring Bank, Ont.
Davies, Charles	Mr. Joseph Heslop	Weston, Ont.
Foster, William Thomas	Mr. William H. Trotter	Kimberley, Ont.
Fram, James	Mr. John West	Vereker, Ont.
Fear, Henry Edgar	Mr. Samuel Kennedy	Mulgrave, Ont.
Goodwin, Charles	Mr. Charles Welstead	Homer, Ont.
Hart, Henry Frederick	Mr. Stephen Giffels	Sarnia, Ont.
Harvey, Arthur Mitchell	Mr. Joseph Lampman	St. Catharines, Ont.
Harvey, Henry	Mr. Inglis Wigle	Kingsville, Ont.
Hooper, Edward Easton	Mr. Hartnell S. Cole	Cainsville, Ont.
Hunter, Frederick	Mr. Thomas L. Carson	St. Thomas, Ont.
Jarvis, William	Mr. Albert J. Golden	Kingsville, Ont.
Knight, Henry James	Mr. George B. Cain	Clark Avenue, Ont.
Liching, Albert	Leonard Burnett, Esq., M.P.	Greenbank, Ont.
Law, John Bolton	Mr. Ernest E. Cook	Essex, Ont.
Morris, Thomas Edward	Mr. Horace Winkler	Ranelagh, Ont.
McClung, Robert James	Mr. Edwin P. Pearson	Carp, Ont.
McClung, John	Mr. James Hagan	Tyneside, Ont.
Morant, Frederick W.	Mr. Angus McTaggart	Box 87, Appin, Ont.
Newnham, Alfred	Mr. William J. Hunter	Becher, Ont.
Newman, Eric	Mr. Malcolm Stewart	Welbeck, Ont.
Pitt, Charles	Mr. Garner Stanley	Kinlough, Ont.
Prangnell, Ralph	Mr. Joseph Bouck	Irena, Ont.
Quelch, George F.	Miss Nancy Hyndman	Burtch, Ont.
Rendles, Frank	Mr. George A. Whitman	Ridgetown, Ont.
Rising, Andrew Frederick	Mr. F. T. Brimacombe	Seagrave, Ont.
Rosser, William James	Mr. Frederick A. Ross	Almonte, Ont.
Roberts, Albert	Mr. James Atkinson	Palmyra, Ont.
Stantial, Alexander P.	Mr. George Drawery	Mount Forest, Ont.
Stantial, Joseph George	Mr. John R. Dillon	Mount Forest, Ont.
Stacey, John	Mr. Frederick A. Ross	Almonte, Ont.
Smith, Sidney George	Mr. Aylmer E. Weller	Duncan, Ont.
Smith, Walter Alfred	Mr. Duncan Howson	Red Wing, Ont.
Swain, John	Mr. Leslie D. McConnell	Lakeview, Ont.
Sanders, William Henry	Mr. Joseph W. Byers	Baillieboro, Ont.
Sprague, Frederick T.	Mr. John J. Jones	Calder, Ont.
Smith, Walter	Mr. J. W. Irwin	Heathcote, Ont.
Smith, Walter Frederick	Mr. Alexander C. Clendenan	Woodstock, Ont.
Smith, Thomas	Mr. Fred. A. Sinasac	Blytheswood, Ont.
Smith, William	Mr. Joseph Robb	Robb, Ont.
Smith, Joseph	Mr. David C. Wilson	Wabash, Ont.
Smith, Benjamin	Mr. Thomas Shepard	Selkirk, Ont.
Smith, Henry	Mr. Herbert Wells	Teviotdale, Ont.
Stapleton, Albert	Mr. C. H. Armstrong	Kinburn, Ont.
Savage, Edwin	Mr. David S. McCallum	Red Wing, Ont.
Stevens, Charles Thomas	Mr. John D. Shannon	Sunbury, Ont.
Strickland, Thomas	Mr. John H. Hickson	Mount Horeb, Ont.
Steed, Charles	Mr. John Agnew, Jr.	Kilbride, Ont.
Stratford, Frederick	Mr. William Gallop, Jr.	Stayner, Ont.
Simmons, Frederick James	Mr. John Crawford	Standon, P.Q.
Stork, Alfred	Mr. A. McIntyre	Rutherford, Ont.
Treend, Joseph R.	Mr. Robert Sawyer	Box 276, Aurora, Ont.
Ternstrand, Oscar W. F.	Mr. William Culbert	West McGillivray, Ont.
Townsend, William Henry	Mr. Thomas J. Hill	Markdale, Ont.
Tovey, Arthur	Mr. McKay McKenzie	Oriel, Ont.
Turner, Robert	Mr. George Lee	Walkerville, Ont.
Toogood, William Herbert	George H. Groves, Esq., M.D.	Carp, Ont.
Tope, Sidney	Mr. John McNicol	Aldboro, Ont.
Tomlin, Alfred William	Mr. D. C. McKenzie	Strathburn, Ont.
Tomlin, Herbert	Mr. William McTaggart	Appin, Ont.
Topley, William Thomas	Mr. Samuel Stinson, Jr.	Janetville, Ont.
Thomas, Frank William	Mr. John F. Ford	Omagh, Ont.
Tidy, George William	Mr. John Patton	Glamorgan, Ont.
Townsend, Charles Thomas	Mr. Donald McGill	Orton, Ont.
Trout, William	Mr. Charles Hunt	Kinburn, Ont.
Tombing, William	Mr. John Farmer	Ramsey's Corners, Ont.
Uttley, Joseph Thomas	Mr. Thomas Lyon	Trafalgar, Ont.
Viney, Joseph	Mr. George W. Haviland	Hartford, Ont.
Wiseman, George Edward	Mr. Alexander McGregor	St. Raphael, Ont.
Williams, Bertie	Mr. James Pillage	Cold Springs, Ont.
Williams, George	Mr. Christopher Valencia	Ashburn, Ont.
Wetherley, George Charles	Mr. John Smith	Unionville, Ont.
Wood, Reginald Arthur	Mr. William Lockwood	Melbourne, Ont.
Wood, Arthur	Mr. Richard H. Smith	Starkville, Ont.
Wragg, Frederick Joseph	Mr. Nelson C. Wigle	Kingsville, Ont.
Wragg, William Anthony	Mr. William C. Scrater	Kingsville, Ont.
White, Joseph William	Mr. R. F. Dale	579 Queen St. W.
Wright, John	Mr. W. G. Cherrin	Perth, Ont.
Whitbread, Samuel R.	Mr. George D. Shill	Vroomantou, Ont.
Warren, Arthur Henry	Mr. Herbert J. Miller	Graystock, Ont.
White, Warwick Henry	Mr. Robert Johnston	Inkerman, Ont.
Watt, Charles	Mr. John S. Wallace	Mount Forest, Ont.
Watt, George Arthur	Mr. William J. Ritchie	Stayner, Ont.
Wignore, James D.	Mr. George B. Stinson	Mono Mills, Ont.
Wigmore, Francis	Mr. George Atkinson	Caledon East, Ont.
Woodruff, Roy	Mr. John Byers, Sr.	Doncaster, Ont.



A Village Home Group.



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Editorial Notes

The Coronation.

THIS being the month that will witness the coronation of King Edward VII., we must offer on behalf of our boys and girls, as loyal subjects of Great Britain, our respectful duty and homage to our Gracious Sovereign. May God save the King, and may he long be spared to bear reign over the mighty Empire of which he now assumes the sceptre, and may he maintain untarnished and unshaken the high honour, the dignity and the stability of the throne of England.



A Call to Praise.

FEASTINGS, rejoicings, holiday-makings and revellings will, of course, be the order of the day in all parts of the Empire. In Canada we shall doubtless have our full share of these festivities, and the loyalty of the people will display itself in the usual way with bunting, processions, banquetings and speech-makings. We hope our boys and girls will thoroughly enjoy themselves on Coronation Day, but we must add also our hope that it will be more to them than an occasion for eating and drinking and sight-seeing. It seems to us that the stately pageant at Westminster and the smaller functions in different parts of the Empire, upon which such enormous sums of money will be expended and for which such vast preparations are

being made, will be meaningless and futile unless they produce a stirring of feeling and an awakening of public spirit that will not pass away with the next day's weariness and headache or the reckonings of gains and losses. We hope that there will be an intelligent rejoicing over the blessings of civil and religious freedom, of law and order, of liberty without license, of security for life and property, of impartial administration of justice, of the generous facilities for education, both in the elementary and higher branches, that we enjoy under the British Constitution of which the Crown is the golden symbol. Our attitude need not be that of thanking God that we are not as other men are, but we should surely mingle with the coronation rejoicings the expression of our gratitude and praise to the Ruler of princes and Lord of lords for the rich national blessings that have been vouchsafed to us in our system of government, our laws, our public institutions, and the character of our statesmen and rulers. Throughout the British Empire we are neither oppressed by the arrogance of our nobility, harassed by the intolerance of the priesthood, or terrorized by the violence of the mob. We can serve God according to our conscience, we enjoy a fair field for our industry and enterprise, there are practically no obstacles or artificial barriers

the advancement of the humblest and poorest we are free, self governing citizens of a free, enlightened Empire



Our Lot and that of Others. WE are inclined to think that of all the territories and domains over which King Edward now formally assumes the sway, there is none more highly favoured, or that has better reason for contentment with its lot, than our fair Dominion of Canada. In the Old Country there is a remarkable degree of general prosperity, and the working classes are well employed; but there is the war to pay for, and the burden will be severely felt for a long while to come; an uneasy consciousness is abroad that American capital and German enterprise are pressing us hard in almost all parts of the world, and that we are hampered in meeting these fresh conditions of competition by a lack of adaptability and by the fetters imposed on our industry and trade development by the arbitrary tyranny of trades unionism; while Ireland and Irish politicians are a constant thorn in the flesh. Our brother colonists in Australia are a young and wealthy community, and have entered upon what promises to be a prosperous and vigorous national existence; but they show signs of suffering from political swelled head, and they have not developed as yet a Sir John A. Macdonald among the statesmen of the Commonwealth with the happy gift of pouring oil upon the troubled waters of local bickerings and interprovincial jealousies and cementing the various jarring elements into a really great federation, the object of the pride and aspiration of its citizens. In the West Indies the sugar planters are apparently unable to struggle against the adverse conditions under which their trade has for long past been carried on or to turn their industry and capital to anything more profitable, and doles from the British treasury have seemed the only means of staying off financial disaster. The teeming millions of India, although peaceable and content under British rule, are never far from the brink of famine. South Africa, although the

dawning of better days is, we may confidently hope, not far distant, has been sorely stricken by the war that, while it has saved it from Krugerdom and Boer aggression, has left it to work out the tremendous task of reconstruction, and many years must pass before Dutchmen and Englishmen can forget their animosities and settle down together as loyal and peaceable subjects of the Empire.



The Land of the Maple. IN Canada we have no harassing national problems. The presence of the French in the province of Quebec is scarcely a discordant factor, for although they introduce into the political life of the Dominion an element that has not in the past tended to its purity or the efficiency of our public service, the French population are, in the main, thrifty, industrious, law-abiding and peaceable, and under the very generous conditions by which they retain their language, ecclesiastical government and system of land tenure, they have shown themselves to be loyal to the British connexion and good citizens of the Dominion. We are too often and too generously snubbed by our big and blustering neighbour to the South to be liable to any of the dangers and drawbacks of national self-sufficiency, or to share the complaint of our friends in the Antipodes, and our political institutions are at all times subject to the bracing influence of the immediate neighbourhood of a non-friendly rival by whom we are very much overtopped in size and importance, and who loses no opportunity of impressing upon us the fact that we are held in small estimation. None the less, although Uncle Sam may regard us as only a northern fringe to his big territory, of which he leaves us in possession only till it suits his convenience to annex us, we view the present and future of Canada in a very different light, and we believe that our territory is destined to become, not an annex to the United States, but the home of a people that will soon take an important place in the community of nations. We have one of the

healthiest climates in the world, and there is no country on the face of the globe more rich in minerals, in the fertility of its soil, in the wealth of its forests and its fisheries. We have unrivalled facilities for inland transportation in our great lakes and rivers, and the development of the natural resources of the country has only been slow in the past because other countries have attracted the capital and labour necessary for that development. There are signs, however, that a new era is dawning for Canada. The tide of emigration is beginning to spread itself over the Western plains, and capital is finding its way to our mines and manufactures both in the East and West. We are steadily advancing in population, wealth and prosperity, and Canadian enterprise, energy and resource are building up slowly but surely what is destined to be a great commercial and agricultural nation. The intelligence and the character of our people are the best hope and guarantee for the success and advancement of any country, and the future of Canada is assuredly safe in the hands of the liberty-loving, God-fearing and clean living race that form the bulk of its population. We are indeed favoured in our country and in our country's prospects, and we hope every reader of UPS AND DOWNS will make Coronation Day the occasion for thanking God for His goodness and mercies to us as a people, and beseeching Him to grant a continuance of these blessings, and that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us under the reign of King Edward VII., as it has been under his beloved and honoured predecessor.



WE have lately had the
Merit and honour and pleasure of
Reward. awarding Dr Barnardo's
 silver medal to over 200
 lads, in recognition of their having
 served with credit and unblemished
 record their terms of apprenticeship.
 This periodical award of medals has
 been an established institution of our
 work for many years past, and the sub-

ject has been often referred to in UPS AND DOWNS. For the benefit of new comers, however, we may explain that Dr. Barnardo, as a means of personally encouraging his boys in good conduct and faithful service, gives each year a certain number of medals, which he authorizes us to award on his behalf to those lads who complete long engagements, having earned a satisfactory character from their employers. As is well known, the majority of the boys whom we place out are engaged, after a short period of trial, for terms of from three to five years. The engagement may be closed on either side at any time by a month's notice, so that the conditions are not severely binding, but it gives our young boys a sense of being permanently settled in their homes during the time they are learning their business and serving their apprenticeship in the country. Yearly engagements would mean a degree of unrest that is most undesirable, and, moreover, would involve an amount of bargain making that it would be impossible to accomplish with due and just regard to the interests of all concerned. We therefore adopt the long engagement method, with the stipulation that we can remove the boy at any time if we think it desirable in his interests to do so; and the employer, on the other hand, can return him to us if he fails to prove himself satisfactory. For the first year or two, during which most of the younger boys are attending school for a considerable portion of their time, they earn but little, and, we are often told—although, naturally, we decline to admit the soft impeachment—are as much plague as profit; but their employers have the later years of the engagement to look forward to to recoup them for the time and trouble taken in training the youngsters and for the non-profitable period of the engagement. If the full term is fulfilled without our receiving a complaint and the reports of the boy that reach us through the Visitors or from the employer's letters are in all respects satisfactory he is then eligible for Dr. Barnardo's medal, and the 250 who have just received them have qualified themselves in the manner stated for

the coveted distinction. They now hold what will be all through life a valuable testimony and certificate of character and conduct, and we heartily congratulate our young friends upon having earned a place on our roll of honour, and also in being so well started upon their careers in the country of their adoption. We have reviewed with great care the record of every boy before awarding him a medal, and, to the best of our belief and judgment, each one is fully entitled to the prize, and, furthermore, we believe that those who have received them will in the future well and worthily uphold the good name of the Doctor and his Homes, of which they possess such a handsome and valuable souvenir.



**A Vindication
of our Good
Name**

OUR list of medal-winners disposes satisfactorily of the question that so frequently agitates both our friends and non friends as to whether our boys do or do not keep the places to which they are sent. This is a point on which some of those who are prone to sit in judgment upon us profess themselves to be very sceptical, and it is sometimes spoken of as though it were a matter of common knowledge that the boys placed out amongst the farmers never keep their places, that they are constantly rambling about—here to-day and there to-morrow—and generally shiftless and undependable. We emphatically deny the charge, and our medallists of themselves are sufficient disproof. There are, of course, a good many changes and transfers in the course of every month. There is the small percentage who lose their places on account of ill health, or wrong doing, who are sent back to us because they have developed some objectionable habit, or become unmanageable, or have been guilty of some grave act of misconduct. There are, again,

the lads whom we move on account of their being unequal to the work required. Before placing the boy, we endeavour to form an opinion as to his capability and also of the situation in respect to the duties that will be expected of him, and we are generally successful, we are glad to say, in our selection. But sometimes it happens that an employer writes that the boy we have sent is not capable of the work for which he has been engaged and that a change is necessary. In such a case as this it generally happens that the employer recommends the boy to some neighbour whose work is lighter, and, after the necessary enquiries are made, a transfer is arranged. There are other cases in which boys are dissatisfied, or whom we find are not making the progress they should, or are not getting on with other young members of the household, or where there are obstacles in the way of their attending school. Removals occur from all these causes and many others, and add to the total of changes. Many of the bigger lads hire in fresh places for the sake of higher wages; others for the sake of change and fresh experience. But the number of those who run away from their places in defiance of their indentures is very small in proportion to the total number placed out, and marvelously small considering the conditions under which they live, the readiness and ease with which any boy can get work and, we are sorry to add, the scant scruples with which employers throughout the country will, under pressure of the general scarcity of help, not only break the tenth commandment by coveting their neighbour's servant, but surreptitiously offer him inducements to desert his service. We regard it as most creditable to both employers and employees that we have so few of such desertions to deal with, and that so large a percentage keep their places faithfully or only leave in an approved and recognized manner.



RAIN! rain! rain! one inch, two inches, three inches in one down-pour! Such is the report of our Weather Bureau Superintendent at the Farm. Now, for many years the people at Barnardo have been wishing for rain *more rain*, at this season: the General Foreman to make his crops grow, the Gardener to help his lawn and trees to come forward, and the boys and Manager to fill up the reservoir where all enjoy the swimming privileges which it furnishes through the hot summer season. Well, dear readers, like the foolish boy in the fairy tale, who wished for ice cream and was nearly frozen to death in it, then wished for a shower of silver dollars and was battered about most brutally by the heavy downpour, we have, all of us—Farm Foreman, Gardener, boys and Manager—obtained our wish and a little to boot, for the storm on Sunday and Monday last flooded the farmer's grain and scattered his fine flock of young lambs, washed out the Gardener's trees, and, alas! alas! burst the excellent dam built by our old friend, Harry Pettitt, a few years ago, allowing thousands and thousands of barrels of clear, soft rain water to run away to the Assiniboine River on its way to the sea. I have no doubt many of our young readers often note in the newspapers they read reports of rainfall in different parts of the country and have it brought before them that in such and such a storm the rainfall was, let us say, one inch. This does not seem much, but come, you mathematician, get your pencil and paper and let us sit down and ascertain what one inch of rain means to an acre of land. An acre of ploughing, as all our young farmers who have been harrowing the sticks, say this spring, all

maintain, is quite a piece of ground. It has an area of 43,560 square feet, so that an inch of rain over its surface if reduced to cubic feet by dividing the amount just given by 12, equals 3,630 feet, or in weight over 100 tons; and when we come to consider that all this immense weight was, but a few hours before the storm, lifted from the earth to its place in the clouds one-half to three-quarters of a mile in height, we begin somewhat to realize what immense natural forces are at work in this world of ours, and in humility will have to admit that "man's strength avails but little." Aside from the loss of our swimming pond, little irreparable harm was done by this great rain storm, and the crop prospects of 1902 at the Industrial Farm were never excelled since its inception in the year 1888.

Left the Hive.

Since the last notes were put in press there have been the usual spring changes of staff and a great clearance, not only from among the lads who have completed their terms of apprenticeship and been selected for situations in different parts of the West, but from the junior staff—that section of our family who as boys on the ordinary rolls have earned for themselves characters for sobriety, honesty and common sense, warranting placing them in charge of small gangs of new lads, and for this additional responsibility allowing their names to appear on the regular staff pay rolls. In this connection we will first mention the name of Arthur E. Brown, a young man who has done excellently well for the Industrial Farm and who left us to Mr. La. the flour-baking town of Bequette, where we

believe he has found permanent employment.

On May 17th the old stand-by, John Wright, much to the Farm Foreman's regret, struck out also for Neepawa, and, we are glad to know, has already found permanent employment with a farmer north of the town. It would be difficult to word a letter of recommendation for John Wright in too flattering terms, and the writer therefore feels sure that he will make a success in the country of his adoption. About one month ago George Jones, another esteemed member of the junior staff, was dispatched by way of Minnedosa and Rapid City to Madford, near Douglas, there to fill a responsible post. Jones' employer, from letters received, seems wonderfully pleased with his new assistant, and the young man describes his situation as a "snap." From among the younger lads, since April 10th, Frederick Archer has been sent to Shoal Lake, Joseph Hoare to Snake Creek, Samuel Barnes to Minnedosa, John F. Ackroyd to McGregor, Robert Elliott to Carberry, James Stevens to Yorkton, Thomas Corbin to Douglas, Thomas Smith to Shoal Lake, and the little man, Andrew Goodwin, was sent down to Baldin, on the line of the Canadian Northern Railway.

At the close of April we were forced to part with the young man, Mr. William C. Walton, who has been on the staff at the Farm Home almost continually since 1890, having practically charge of our creamery routes during the last two years of his engagement. It is needless to say that the Management miss Walton, but feel gratified to hear that in his new post in the construction department of the Canadian Pacific Railway he is not only obtaining a remunerative salary, but is giving his employers every satisfaction, as we felt sure he would, with his services, and we have tried to console ourselves for the loss of Walton by putting in his place a young man, Douglas Hooper, who already gives promise of becoming a most worthy successor to our late employee and expert cream collector.

Price List

- March 20th—1st, J. Anderson; 2nd, Francis Franklin; 3rd, Peter Smith.
- April 6th—1st, Andrew Goodwin; 2nd, Thomas Owens; 3rd, Alfred Francis.
- April 20th—1st, Bertram Toomer; 2nd, Arthur Gilchrist; 3rd, John P. Scullion.
- April 27th—1st, William Jones; 2nd, Robert Laing; 3rd, Michael Smith.
- May 4th—1st, Bertram Toomer; 2nd, Jas. C. Clarke; 3rd, John P. Scullion.
- May 11th—1st, Ernest Hilton; 2nd, Leonard Worgan; 3rd, Felix Rogan.
- May 18th—1st, William Jones; 2nd, Leonard Worgan; 3rd, Edward Bassett.
- May 25th—1st, James W. Tipping; 2nd, John Anderson; 3rd, John T. Castle.
- June 1st—1st, Bertram Toomer; 2nd, Leonard Worgan; 3rd, Ernest Hilton.

Brass Band.

Our musical organization is, as usual, in great demand, requests from no less than four different points now lying on the writer's table. However, as we are supposed to be engaged in farming, it will be impossible to meet all these calls. It is, however, extremely gratifying to the supporters of our band to find that their efforts are so fully appreciated.

Obituary.

Just as we are about to celebrate the declaration of peace in South Africa comes the painful news of the death of Robert Howard, one of our old boys, whose portrait appeared in these columns shortly after our late friend's departure from Cannington to join the Constabulary under the command of General Baden-Powell. It is with feelings of sincere regret that the writer chronicles the death of this promising young man, who from the date of his arrival at the Manitoba Farm was ever a credit to the Homes with which he was connected.



The Printing Press, Ancient and Modern

I.

CAXTON'S PRESS, A.D. 1477.

MOTHER of Liberty! Crude, cumbrous, slow.
With what laborious travail—tedious pains
Thy wooden joints were racked in giving birth
To Learning, 'midst an intellectual dearth,
By Caxton, he who counted not his gains
In gold, but how his foster-child should grow!
From thy most fruitful womb was Freedom born,
Whose saintly nimbus was the light of Truth,
At whose effulgence Error veiled her face,
Oppression sought in vain a hiding place
Sage Wisdom waited on the call of youth
And false Tradition put to open scorn
Far mightier than the implement of war
Thou canst a devoted Path lead to a goal

II.

THE WEB PERFECTING PRESS, A.D. 1902

A THING insensate, but of many parts:
Wheels, wheels and wheels in combination, set
Each for its function; rollers, bolts and bars;
Huge cylinders, whose revolution jars
The solid earth, whence all was mined to get
This shapely form—a marvel of the arts.
See! now it moves!—Ye gods, your Mercury there!
Men stand bewildered as they watch his flight
And note his missives to the sons of men
Drop, neatly folded (youth of many a pen)
In such profusion that it gluts the whole
Of bounds, their wit and fills them with surprise
O that the shades of Gutenberg might see
What his rude wooden press has come to be

Home Chat

THE past month has been a busy one with our Visitors in Ontario. Mr. Griffith, Mr. Gaunt, Mr. Reazin and Mr. Davis have all been on the move, and a considerable extent of territory has been covered and a goodly budget of reports has been added to our files. These reports, as is generally known, are made out on forms on which the information gleaned by the Visitors is recorded under different headings,—health and appearance, conduct and general progress, treatment by employer and members of his family, attendance at church and Sunday school, attendance at day school, character of the situation as it strikes the Visitor from the general appearance of buildings, etc., the terms of engagement and general remarks. The report touches, therefore, every important point and gives us year by year a full description of each boy's welfare and surroundings for entry in our books and for the fuller report that we have to send home to Dr. Barnardo at the end of each year. We are great believers in forms and method and system generally, and handling, as we do, the affairs of several thousands of young people, we should be in bad case without it; but, happily, there is no fear in any work that is being carried on under Dr. Barnardo of the object being lost sight of in the means or of the activity and development of the work being strangled by red tape and officialism.

Mr. Davis has been renewing his acquaintance with the rich County of Brant, where our family is well represented and where most of our lads are doing exceedingly well.

Frank E. Morrell is described as a bright, nicely spoken lad and receives a thoroughly good character from his employer, Mr. William Douglas of Tuscarora. His wages for the present year are \$1.00. Frank has established a remarkable and most praiseworthy record for himself in Sunday school attendance, not having missed a single attendance since 1899.

Little Herbert Weston, of the last party, has, Mr. Davis tells us, made an excellent impression in his new home with Mr. and Mrs. Deagle. Herbert is attending school at present, and Mr. Deagle is anxious that he shall improve his education, and will keep him at at school as long as possible.

Douglas Tears seems contented and happy in his home. He is by no means eating the bread of idleness, but, we are glad to find, is giving good satisfaction.

Robert Allen is working the farm of his former employer "on shares" with that gentleman. Robert seems to be prospering in the undertaking, and bears an excellent reputation in the neighbourhood both for character and business ability.

George William Page is working for a farmer near Paris, who is paying him \$1.60 for the present year. George is a faithful servant and good worker, and although there is not much of him in physical proportions, what there is seems "good stuff."

We can assuredly say the same of our old friend, Harry Williamson, with whom, as well as his brother, Herbert, Mr. Davis records having had most pleasant visits. Both lads are spoken of in terms of the highest praise by their employers, and they are young fellows of sterling worth who will unquestionably make their way in the world. The North-West is at present the goal of their ambition, and if we are spared for a few years, we confidently expect to see them settled on farms of their own in the great rich West and on the way to become wealthy and prosperous.

Edward Miller, who is now established as a milk dealer in the City of Brantford, has developed into a fine, powerful young fellow. He seems to be making a success of his business, and we are told, has a very good round of customers.

From the reports received from Mr. Gaunt send the following: Walter

From Chat

Ricketts, who is now in the State of Wisconsin, but corresponds regularly with his old friends in Ontario. Walter is said to be earning big wages and doing well, and is highly spoken of by all who knew him in Thorold.

Edward James Warner, who is working on a fruit farm in the Niagara district, is described as a good worker and a steady, well conducted young fellow. He still makes his home with his old employer, Mr. Elijah Stevens.



First Sight of the Promised Land

Arthur M. Harvey, of last September's party, has a really choice home with Mr. Lampman, of St. Catharines. He is happy, thriving and giving the best of satisfaction. A neighbour of Mr. Lampman, who recently called upon us to apply for a boy, told us that, driving past, he noticed Arthur plying the hoe like a little man, although quite by himself in the field. Evidently Arthur is no eye servant, and we believe he is a lad who will make his way in the country and prove himself a credit to the Homes.

Mr. Ernest W. Smith, of St. Catharines, in applying for a boy, asked that, if possible, we would send him a namesake. Our supply of Smiths is inexhaustible, and we had no difficulty in meeting our client's request. Little William Smith, whom we selected from the last party, has settled down very happily and has quite taken the position of an adopted son. He has a thoroughly comfortable home, to which he seems already much attached.

The two chums, George W. Barrett and Charles Thompson, of the last party, living with Mr. John E. Snyder and Mr. James J. Stevens, of Vugil, have made a good start in the country, and both seem to have dropped into good homes. Mr. Gaunt's reports of his visits are most satisfactory in every detail.

The employer of William Stocker, Mr. North, of Humber Bay, answered Mr. Griffith's question as to Willie's conduct and behaviour with the assertion, "There's no better boy in Canada." Willie is a happy as well as a good boy, and we are delighted to think that he is so thoroughly a comfort to the kindly old people under whose care he is growing up. We take this opportunity of thanking Mrs. North for her donation to the Homes, which we can assure her is a very welcome contribution.

William T. Stewart, the good boy who was taken in with Mr. George McPhaden, of Humber Bay. He is living with Mr. Hartog, a capt. and is under kind, Christian tutelage from which we look forward to the best result in the future.

Two other boys in the same locality, Albert G. Bell and Ernest J. Brace, are both giving excellent satisfaction to their employers. Albert's mistress, Mrs. Goddard, spoke warmly and gratefully of her little boy's attention and helpfulness to her in her ill-health; while with Ernest, special mention is made of the fact that he always speaks the truth.

It is always a reassurance to a Visitor when he finds a boy whistling and singing about his work, and Mr. Griffith records having heard the strains of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" at the top of the young gentleman's voice considerably before coming in sight of Master Albert Woolley. It doubtless fully prepared him for Albert's remark, "They are so good to me;" while, on the other hand, we hear that Mr. and Mrs. Patton have "quite taken to" their little employee and readily signed the agreement under which he is now engaged for a term of three years.

Frederick Linley, with Mr. John Ritchie, of Port Credit, although not yet fifteen years of age, has developed into a big, able bodied lad, capable of doing almost a man's work. His usefulness is much appreciated by his employer, and probably Fred's remarkable development will necessitate a modification in his favour of the terms of agreement which were made when Fred was a much smaller boy and gave no promise of any special growth. The climate of Canada has evidently agreed with our young friend, and we doubt not he has abundance of good fare on which to grow.

John Greenwood is, we hear, looking and doing well, earning fourteen dollars a month and his board for the season, is a member in good standing of the Baptist Church and sings in the choir.

William George Bush, who is now in the last year of his engagement with Mr. Reuben Dunn, of Port Credit, has had a good home and first class training that have made a man of William. Mr. Griffith's report is much to the credit of both master and man.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, of Delaware, Ohio, George H. Austin, is en-

gaged, are disturbed because George doesn't grow taller. No doubt he will begin to put on inches after a time; but meanwhile he is a willing, truthful little lad and very useful as general chore boy.

Frederick Scott, one of our last arrivals, is a happy little boy in his new home, where he is made much of by all the household. So far, he has given general satisfaction and already manages to make himself useful. Mr. Rutherford's place is described by Mr. Griffith as a fine, well-stocked farm with good buildings, and everything in excellent order.

Willie Grout is another little lad whose lines have fallen in pleasant places. He is attending school regularly at the present time and making creditable progress, while at home every possible care is taken of him by his excellent foster-mother, Mrs. Silas Roadhouse. Willie is very fond of his church and takes a great interest in the services. He would like to be a minister, and although he may never be able to reach this object of his ambition, we hope we may see him as he grows up ministering in the service of Christ in the best of all ways—by seeking first in his daily life the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

The last month has brought us some big budgets of reports from Mr. Reazin, who has been stirring about busily among the boys in his territory. As is always the case with Mr. Reazin's reports, they contain a great many shrewd, kindly remarks upon the boys' welfare and surroundings that show him to be not only a close observer but thoroughly in sympathy with his lads. This, indeed, we have abundantly proved, and the pains and trouble Mr. Reazin takes in individual cases, the time and thought that he gives in looking after our boys' interests, the extent and frequency to which he opens his house to them, and the energy and devotion he brings to the work, must always command our grateful and cordial appreciation. A very few extracts from the reports of the past month must suffice, although we could easily fill

pages with items of this kind and encouraging news.

Arthur Nightingale is doing well and is well pleased with his new home, that is described as a lovely spot on the shores of Lake Simcoe.

Charles Hibbert, a healthy, ruddy complexioned lad, was found driving his team on a roller. His employer described him as "the best boy in Canada," and although we must modestly decline for Master Charles the title in such extremely high praise as this—having, indeed, heard the same thing said of a good many others—we will accept for him the first degree of comparison and say that he is a good boy and gives promise of becoming a good man and honourable member of the community.

Thomas Thompson is described as a "straight, active, well-built lad," bright, quick and clever and proud of being able to handle and work the horses—no trifling achievement, we may remark, for a boy of twelve. Tommy's home and surroundings are characterized briefly by the word "excellent."

Charles Fernstrand is the possessor of a round face, blue eyes, brown hair and a pleasant expression. Charlie is said to be with kind and good people and is thriving and happy, although he will welcome the time when his work is entirely out of doors and his concern in the activities of the kitchen consists in eating the food that someone else has prepared, without thought of dishes to be washed or table to be scrubbed.

"Another of our good and clever boys" is the sentence under the space for remarks on the report of Charles Farnfield. Charlie is making rapid progress, is contented and comfortable in his home and can do almost anything on the farm.

The two boys in the category of "set," John Arnold, of Friday's Lake, Hammond and Robert E. Page, are both well spoken of. Charlie is considerably the elder and has completed his first engagement and tied the knot again with Mr. Arnold. In his own arrangements Robert was only secondarily trans-

ferred from his foster home in Muskoka, where he was always a good little boy, so that we are by no means surprised to hear that Mr. Arnold has "nothing but good words for Robert, so far."

Edgar Oliver another little ex-boarder, has grown rapidly since he was placed with Mr. Amos Worsley, of Fenelon Falls. Is happy in his home, and "may be set down as one of our best lads."

Similar praise is bestowed on Frank Scott, with Mr. James Jordan, whose general conduct and behaviour seem to be all we could possibly desire; while Fred. Hart, William Carless and George Robert Wray are all highly commended and seem to be deserving, respectable young fellows.

A very interesting and touching circumstance is mentioned by Mr. Griffith in his recent report of Henry R. King (2, '96 party). Henry lately sent home ten dollars to his old grandmother in England. It arrived just as his father had died, and in time to save him from a parish funeral which he had dreaded for himself up to the last, but which the poverty of the family would have rendered necessary if Henry's timely gift had not reached them as it did. It must, we are sure, be a source of happiness and thankfulness to Henry to know that the amount he was able to spare from his earnings for the help of his friends at home enabled them to lay his father's remains to rest with respect and decency, and without their having to obtain the assistance of public funds, which, however unreasonable and inconsistent it may be, is always a subject of the strongest prejudice among certain classes of the English people.

The following letter just received has reference to a member of the last party and while it is no more than we expected of George, we are delighted to know that our good opinion of him is so fully justified and we must heartily thank Mrs. Monteith for the very kind manner in which he has written.

Mr. George Monteith, Fenelon Falls, Ontario.
Dear Mr. Monteith, I am glad to hear that Henry is well and that you are

are very much pleased with the boy. Although he is smaller and not as strong as we wanted, he is very willing and anxious to do what is right. A bright, good natured lad who won our affection at once. We think the wages very reasonable, and will supply him with a good deal in the line of clothing that will not be counted against him. He seems to be well satisfied with the agreement, often says he is "as happy as the day is long." It is a noble work Dr. Barnardo and his staff are doing. May the Lord bless their labours. Yours truly,
MRS. ALEX. MONTEITH.

Three other letters that have lately come to hand respecting our latest arrivals we are reproducing, as samples, to show that the present spring's importations are equal to any of our previous stock:

HOLIDAY, May 23rd, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I am sending the agreement, signed, in this letter. I like Henry Dunn very well and I think he is satisfied with his place. He has picked up the farm work very quickly for a boy that never had any experience on a farm. Of course, he will be awkward for the most of this year, as all the work is new to him. We are all trying to make him at home with us and will try to promote his best interest. Yours truly,
C. J. HOWSE

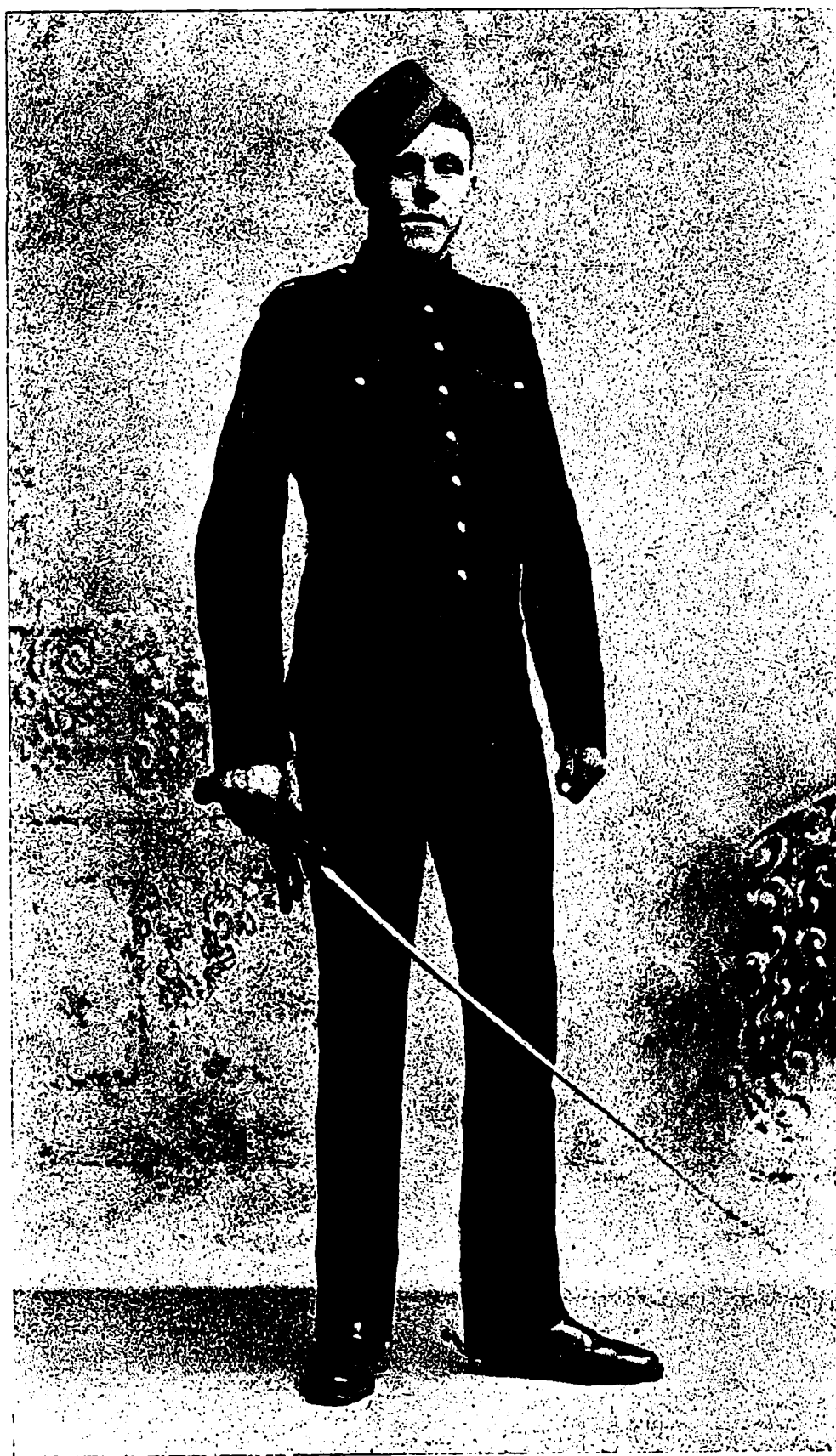
CHURCHILL, June 1st, 1902.

DR. BARNARDO
DEAR SIR, I am now forwarding you the agreement you sent me to sign, and I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how Arthur Walton is getting along. He is learning very well. Of course, the boys don't know anything about farming; they have to learn all. He can harrow some and cultivate and he is learning to do some chores. We like him very well. We are expecting your agent to call on us every day. Hoping to hear from you again, I remain, yours truly,
GEORGE F. LYNN.

LANGTON, May 17th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, Yours to hand of the 16th instant. Also agreement in regard to William White. After a short consideration I agree with you that the agreement could not be more fair. We are well pleased with our boy and we respect him in every way, as I presume a boy should be when in his position; but when we cannot do this, you will get notice. I do not send him to school yet; thought it best to wait until he could speak our language more plain. He attends Sunday school and church and seems to take great interest in it. He seems to be quite contented and jolly, which I hope he will continue. Will enclose agreement. With many thanks for sending me that kind of a boy. Yours respectfully,
FRANK SWALE

It is to be noted that the opposition from the mother of the boy, White's speaking English, and the mother of the boy, and his employer



Henry George Digweed

is not the same, but English, as she is spoken in Ontario, and in some of the counties of the British Isles, is so dissimilar that some of our youngsters have almost to acquire a new language. Comparisons are odious, and we have no opinion to express as to the relative advantages of describing a human being as a "bloke" or a "cuss," or whether the noble quadruped is more correctly referred to as a "hoss" or an "orse;" but it is generally a good thing for people who live in Rome to do as the Romans do, and the sooner our boys acquire the dialect, as well as the habits and customs of those amongst whom they are living, the better and pleasanter it is for them.

Henry George Digweed, whose portrait in the King's uniform is on page 17, has been referred to before in UPS AND DOWNS, and all we need say is that we believe Henry to be a young man of good parts and a credit to his family and country. We abstain from any opinion as to the wisdom or advisability of our friend's joining the militia, but as he has done so, we have only to wish him well and hope that he will have a very successful and pleasant career in the service.

From among a big pile of recent reports of our little Muskoka boarders, most of them, we are pleased to say, are most satisfactory and encouraging. We have selected the following half dozen for the instruction and benefit of our readers:

HILLSIDE, May 3rd, 1902.

DEAR SIR, The little boy, Henry S. Kemp, is in good health and doing very well at school and at home. He is a very truthful boy and obedient, he is merry and contented, the school teacher speaks very good of him at school. He is not very stout but he is growing tall. The boy is all right. I remain, yours truly,
LOUIS BROWN.

PORT CARLING, May 5th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, The little boy, Albert Harrison, of the Muskoka, is in good health and doing very well at school and at home. He is a very truthful boy and obedient, he is merry and contented, the school teacher speaks very good of him at school. He is not very stout but he is growing tall. The boy is all right. I remain, yours truly,
JAS. J. E. BROWN.

PORT CARLING, May 6th, 1902.

MR. OWEN,
DEAR SIR, The little boy with us, Jas. Robinson, is the picture of health, rosy and fat, and he is getting along in his studies fine. He has been with us a little over a year, and has been promoted twice in that time. He is slow in his movements, but I find him quite trustworthy and clean. I could not wish for a better little boy. He would like, and so would we, to have another little boy, not too old—not more than eight or nine years old. Yours sincerely,
JAS. J. E. BROWN.

PORT CARLING, May 2nd, 1902.

MR OWEN,
I beg to acknowledge cheques for payment of my two boys, Albert Harrison and Harry Robinson, to March 31st, 1902, and am glad to assure you of their welfare and good behaviour. They go steady to school, and are both getting on nicely. Harry is now advanced to the higher school and Albert is improving under the new lady teacher. They are both quite well and real good boys, and I think and hope they will be a credit to the Barnardo Homes. I am, Sir, yours truly,
MRS. PENSON.

DWIGHT, May 7th, 1902.

DEAR SIR, I now write to you in answer to your letter. We got the orders all right for the maintenance of William and Patrick Pitt. Dear Sir, I may let you know that my little boys are well and are learning well, and there are no little boys here like them. They are liked by everyone here, they are progressing well in their learning, there are no boys in the school learns like them, they are quite happy, so no more, with thanks from yours truly,
ROBERT KEOWN.

EEFINGHAM, May 2nd, 1902.

MR. A. B. OWEN,
DEAR SIR, In looking over the register, I see George Marshall has been at school every day this year except one. He always has his lessons well prepared and stands second in a class that is to be promoted to the Third Reader in July. He conducts himself in a very orderly and gentlemanly manner about the school. I intend to give an examination in all the subjects, and can then fill out the card. Yours truly,
EMMA WYATT, School Teacher.

George T. Clarke, of the March party of 1895, whom we last saw a year ago when he called on his way to Manitoba, has found his way to British Columbia, and no doubt many of our readers will be pleased to read the account he has given us of his experiences and of his impressions of "B.C." In publishing it, however, we must not be understood to agree with our friend, George, in his views upon the importance of Chinese. Personally we can be understood to thank him, and for John Cuthbert.

man, and we are of opinion that many who think themselves vastly superior in enlightenment and civilization might take pattern from the thrift, the industry, the sobriety and perseverance of the heathen Chinese.

REGINA HOTEL, VANCOUVER, B.C.,

April 18th, 1902.

DEAR SIR,—I thought that I would write to you to let you know how I was getting along. Perhaps you will remember that I called to see you when I was going up to the North-West. I worked at Portage-la-Prairie for six weeks. I made \$50.00. As there was not much chance of getting steady work on account of the wet weather, I hired to work in the Rossland mines at \$2.50 per day; but when I got there I found that the employees were out on strike, so I refused to work. The Union got me a job on a C. P. R. steamer at Nelson, but I didn't like the mate, though the pay was \$35.00 per month and board, so I quit and came through to Vancouver. I am now working making bolts in the lumber woods in British Columbia. I am working by the piece; the harder I work the more money I make, though, so far, \$40.00 is the most I have made in one month. I have three Ontario lads in company with me. We board ourselves. That costs us about \$3.00 a week a piece, but I made the \$40.00 clear of my board. It is hard work, but it is healthy. I think this country has a great future before it. All it takes is capital to develop its mines. Wages are higher in the Kootenay District than they are here, but a man has to pay higher for board and clothes. There seems to be quite a rush to the Klondike this spring; but I am making a good thing here and I think I shall stay. If the Dominion Government would pass a bill excluding Asiatic labour, it would make it far better than it is. From what little I have seen of them, I consider them a very low, degraded class of people, and if the present influx continues, it cannot help but bring the white people down to as low a level. People back East cannot understand what it means; but in time it will be a fight for existence. Already the Chinese have replaced women, to a large extent, in the restaurants and hotels, as cooks. The feeling between the Asiatics and the fishermen is most bitter. Now I must close with best wishes for the welfare of the Home. G. T. CLARKE.

A letter to the above address will reach me at any time.

Mr. Griffith's first trip of last month introduced him to several of the musical boys of the April party, who are settled within a short distance of each other in the townships of Fullerton, Hibbert and Osborne, admittedly, we can add, one of the finest farming districts in Canada. His reports of these lads are, with

out exception, most encouraging. We seem to have been fortunate in each case in the selection of the situations, and the lads appear thoroughly pleased with their new surroundings and to have settled down well into harness.

William Robert Berry, who made a name for himself on board the *Dominion* by volunteering for the post of ship's bugler and filling the responsible duties of that position to the entire satisfaction of officers and passengers, has found a place with our old client, Mr. John Shute, of Kirkton. The sight of our friend, Berry, in solitary grandeur on the bridge of the *Dominion* sounding forth the fire alarm and "all hands to the boats," while officers, engineers, sailors, firemen and stewards hastened to their appointed stations, was most inspiring, and gave the spectators a very good idea of what the real thing would be of which this was only a sort of full dress rehearsal. Within three weeks of his arrival, William had learned to work a team of horses, and, we hear, is much interested in his work and sure he will like farming, and he is with a master who will teach him his business thoroughly and turn him out a good, practical farmer.

Herbert Albert McDonald has already earned a high character, which we are fully assured he will always maintain. We regard Herbert as one of the best of good lads, and in sending him to Mr. Michael Stoskoff, of Carlingford, we chose a place where we knew he would be thoroughly comfortable. Mr. Stoskoff is delighted with his man, as he has every reason to be, and nothing could be more satisfactory than Mr. Griffith's report in every detail.

George Thomas, another of our right hand men on the voyage out in March, had dropped into good quarters with Mr. Robert Rice, and the most pleasant of relations so far exist between George and his employer. Mr. Griffith found him harrowing in the field with a team and doing his work in good style.



Herbert Ransom

manlike style. Mr. Rice is a first-class farmer, and George is well provided for in every respect. He had already visited his brother, Richard, whom Mr. Griffith saw on the same trip. Richard is engaged with our old friend, Samuel Snow, who twelve years ago was himself a Barnardo boy emigrant, but now a prosperous and successful farmer, and at the present time the employer of two of our lads, Richard and Henry Hallday. Richard has a comfortable home that he thoroughly appreciates and a kind and good man for his master. He is, so far, doing admirably well and giving entire satisfaction. Mr. Snow drove Mr. Griffith for his day's visiting, and on their return in the evening, Richard was engaged in mastering the art of bicycle riding under the tuition of

Henry Hallday, and on the latter's machine, with a view to riding over on the following Sunday to return the visit of his brother, George.

John, the younger brother of George and Richard Thomas, is happy and thriving in his new home with Mr. and Mrs. John G. Barr, of Cromarty, where he is within easy reach of his brothers. He is a quiet well-behaved little chap and has, so far, created a very favourable impression.

Herbert Ransom, whose expressive features will be viewed with interest and pleasure, has lately been visited by Mr. Griffith in his situation near Brampton. Herbert is a good citizen in every sense, and both he and his brother, Arthur, are young men of excellent promise.

Herbert is earning his twenty dollars a month, with board, for the present season, and has the reputation of being a first class workman.

Alfred James Bartram is settled with one of the leading farmers in the country, and Mr. Griffith mentions his walk through the extensive stables, where many of the animals were prize-winners at live stock exhibitions. Alfred's talents as a musician are much appreciated by the family, who are musical people themselves. A young lady, a niece of Mr. Switzer, whom Mr. Griffith interviewed in that gentleman's temporary absence, described Albert as "a very nice boy," and we should imagine, although it is not on record, that the compliment might have been very appropriately returned. Altogether we anticipate for our young friend, Alfred, a very pleasant time during his stay in his present situation, and we congratulate him heartily upon his start in the country.

George Ducklin, who is located in the same district, has taken well to farming. George has a thoroughly good situation with a well-to-do farmer, and gives every promise of making a success of himself. Mr. Griffith mentions that when he called on George, a bee was in progress for the removal of an immense barn, and a large concourse of neighbours had assembled, and long tables, laden with good fare, were spread for the entertainment of the visitors. George has undoubtedly found Canada a land of plenty, and we hope to see him prospering as a citizen of the Dominion as well as he deserves. If he does, we hope to see him, with God's blessing, making a good position for himself in the years to come.

There are, we are assured, many of our boys in Canada who will share with us the grief and regret with which we received the news of the death, on the 6th of May, of Mr. Anderson, formerly Resident House Master at the Stepney Home. He had been in failing health for some considerable time past and had a curious presentiment that the end was not far distant, but the call seems to have come very suddenly at the last, and we are told that the fatal illness was an attack of only three hours' duration. Mr. Anderson, as we first knew him seventeen years ago, when he had just left the colours and entered the service of the Homes, was a splendid specimen, physically, mentally and morally, of the best and highest type of the British soldier. With fine appearance, magnificent voice and soldierly bearing, he was physically an ideal leader of boys, and we believe we can say with justice he won the respect and esteem of every lad who came under his charge. He had had a long and most interesting experience of army life between the time of his first enlistment to his retirement from the post of Sergeant Major in the Devonshire Regiment, having previously been Colonel Sergeant in the Coldstream Guards. He had a knowledge of military service in its higher branches that was probably equalled by very few men of non-commissioned rank, and was an authority on tactics and field exercises. During the latter part of his military career Mr. Anderson was a staunch upholder of the temperance cause in the army, and had no mean gifts as a platform speaker. Our boys will join in offering our heart-felt condolence and sympathy to Mrs. Anderson in her sorrow and bereavement, and unite in our prayers that she may be sustained by the realized presence of the Divine Comforter.



How "Ups and Downs" is Made

(9) F the six thousand subscribers of UPS AND DOWNS I wonder how many have paused to conjecture how our magazine is produced? Not many, I may venture to guess. Surrounded, as we are, with so many wonderful things in this age of invention, when almost every day has a fresh novelty to surprise us, or an improvement on one that has ceased to be such, it is hardly remarkable that we should take what science and the arts provide as a matter of course, without asking questions which we ourselves cannot answer, and which, when the purport of them has been explained to us by an expert, we might not readily understand. The meaning of the word "science" is to know—to have definite knowledge of certain things and facts in nature. We cannot know anything unless we seek to understand it, and the first step towards knowledge is inquisitiveness. We ought, therefore, to take a lively interest in the things about us, learning from them the lessons they may teach us, and thus improve our minds.

When we consider how much of our education may be derived from reading, the art which makes reading popular by multiplying manuscripts to an innumerable extent should appeal to the curiosity—if it does not also excite an eager desire for knowledge concerning it—of every young person of average intelligence. As our lads and lasses are not deficient in this excellent trait, I may presume they will appreciate an effort to make clear to them the processes by which UPS AND DOWNS is produced.

All that you read in our magazine is first committed to writing and this is termed manuscript or "copy." If you will believe the Editor a printer has a most voracious appetite for copy, in fact he can thrive on nothing else. But as each gets faster it poots hap because, now a day, there is so little nutriment left for him that he has to devour such a lot of it so fast he has and will not get any copy. Also over

the printer finds it very indigestible when the copy is not properly prepared, and, sometimes, provocative of nightmare. Chinese and Choctaw are easy as compared with some manuscript he has to wrestle with. Let me tell you a little anecdote. Most of the copy for UPS AND DOWNS is very good indeed, for the reason that it is typewritten; but an original letter, a contribution to "Home Chat," found its way to the printer. It was exceptionally, adjectively indecipherable. I am inclined to think it was a dark mystery even to Mr. Owen (who, if I may judge of his ability—intuition, rather—in reading illegible manuscript by what the postman occasionally unloads upon him, ought to be an adept in deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics), and so he passed it on to us as what a microscopist would call a "test object." It looked to me like the "Analects of Confucius" in the original tongue interspersed with annotations in Arabic. It was a dream—a troubled dream within a nightmare. Nobody could interpret it. The foreman, seeing the compositor was not making any progress with this piece of copy, asked him ironically if he was unable to read. "Well, no sir," said he, "I can't read *this*, but if I had my flute here I think I could play it!"

The Editor, in the last number of UPS AND DOWNS, gave the printer credit of having the organ of intelligence, though he cautiously refrains from any statement as to its degree of development. Dubious though the compliment may be as to the extent of its application, there is no doubt in the mind of the writer that any discerning phrenologist would discover a considerable swelling in that part of the cranial topography allotted to the Mount of Intelligence. Indeed, in some cases he might find that the swelling, instead of being merely local, extends over the whole surface of the cranium. I have known printers on whose heads one might expect to find active volcanoes, emitting banks of molten thought

and grey matter by the bucket, accompanied by so much noise and bluster as to keep everybody else at a comfortable distance from them. But these are, of course, prodigies, who feel that they will never get their deserts in this world; but perhaps they will not be overlooked in the hereafter. As a rule, the printer without brains is generally without a steady job, yet I know of no mechanical pursuit which calls for so much care, skill and intelligence as job and book printing and, notwithstanding, yields so inadequate a remuneration. Why this is so would take too long to explain.

But to resume. The copy is handed to a compositor, who proceeds to "set it up" in type which has previously been "distributed;" for not only has type to be set up, but it must also be put back into the cases after use, one letter at a time, an operation which occupies one-third of the time taken in the setting of it up.

The type (which is a compound of lead and antimony, in the proportion of three to one, with a small portion of tin and, sometimes, copper) is contained in a pair of cases, the upper case, consisting of ninety eight square boxes of uniform size, holding the capital and small capital letters and other characters; and the lower case, filled with the small letters, figures, punctuation marks, and "spaces" and "quad rats" for dividing the words and filling out the blank part of short lines, has fifty-four boxes of different sizes, in proportion to the relative number used of the letters they contain, the vowel "e" being the largest, as more e's are required than any other character. The letter boxes are not arranged in alphabetical order, but situated so as to be most convenient. These cases are placed on a stand called a "frame" having a sloping top breast high.

With his copy placed on the left end of the upper case, on a level with his eyes, the compositor or type-setter holds in his left hand a little non-foot two inches wide by six or more inches long, having three raised edges, five eighths of an inch or not quite one high, the end nearest to him being adjustable to his width, the other

ing stick (for that is its name) long enough to take "The width in terms of pica" (about one eighth of an inch) to which this stick is adjusted determining the width of the column of type to be set up. The columns of Ups AND Downs are thirteen ems wide, which is regular newspaper measure. The compositor then begins to set up his copy by picking up the type letter by letter and placing it in the stick, with the face uppermost and the bottom (indicated by nicks in the shank of the type) outward, so that in order to read from left to right the type has to be read upside down. He puts a space after every word to separate it from the next, puts the punctuation marks where and as they are required, and when the line is nearly full he "justifies" it, or, in other words, spaces it out moderately tight. Having shifted a thin slip of brass—technically a "setting rule," type-high—from behind to the front of the line, so that the type may be placed in the stick with less friction, he is ready to begin the next line. When the stick is full of lines, he grasps the upper part of the two sides of the type with the middle finger of both hands and, with the two index fingers at the front where the rule is and the thumbs at the back, squeezes the type firmly together from four sides at once and lifts it as if it were a solid mass from the stick and places the handful on a "galley"—a long brass or zinc tray having three rectangular sides not quite type-high. To do this successfully requires a steady hand and considerable practice, as the novice learns to his dismay when he makes "pi" of the stickful by allowing it to slip into a confused heap, which has then to be put back into the cases one by one and reset. Printers are not the most reverent of mortals at the best of times, but the profane manna with which this phase of "early pica" is greeted at rarely fails to bring the blush of shame to the juvenile chief. It is and probably always to be his portion with the average printer, more especially when he is doing press work for the first time, and he is not to be called on to repeat it.

When the galley is full, the compositor sets it on a table and begins to

of wood with square edges, called "furniture," are placed beside the type and wedged firmly against it by wooden "quoins," to prevent its being "pied" or knocked out of place. The galley of type is now lifted bodily and an impression taken of it on a proof-press. The type is first inked with a composition roller, a strip of paper is laid on the type and a felt-covered heavy iron cylinder rolled over it. The impression thus obtained is termed a "galley proof," which, together with the copy, is handed to the proofreader, to whom the copy is read aloud by an assistant while he compares the proof with the copy and reads it scrutinously and critically for errors, omissions, repetitions and typographical and literary defects. His eye and brain are ever on the alert to catch a mistake; yet while he detects what the author may overlook, he too is only human, and occasionally beholds with chagrin a mistake which has eluded his vigilance, and stares him in the face with brazen effrontery when it is printed and too late for correction. A spider has eight eyes and a fly has compound organs of vision, but the proofreader has only one pair of eyes like any other human being, and with this inadequate optical equipment he is expected to be omniscient. His fallibility is, however, recognized in one publishing house where Bibles are printed, for there every proof is read by no less than five expert proofreaders, and mistakes under these conditions even have not been unknown.

The proofreader marks the corrections on the margin of the proof, and it then goes back to the compositor to be corrected, after which another proof is "pulled," which it is the duty of the proofreader to "revise," that is, to see that the corrections have been properly made. The Editor then receives a proof, and perhaps makes other corrections or alterations.

I have described typesetting by hand, but of late years it has been possible to set type by machinery. A machine known as the Linotype, by which nearly all the daily papers of the world are set up, and in precedence to others, is ever all other, at present in general use. It is operated by means

of a key board similar to that of a typewriter, the matrices of the keys struck falling into position one by one until a complete line is set, when molten metal is injected into the mould thus formed and the line cast. Type-setting by machinery is much quicker and cheaper than by hand, but for various reasons hand-work has been superseded only on newspaper and some classes of book-work.

When the type is correct in galley form, it is "made up" into pages and fresh proofs taken and read; and when the pages are ready for the press, sixteen of them are laid out on a large, thick marble slab, called an "imposing stone," and arranged in such order that when the sheet of paper is folded the right way the pages will fall into their proper numerical position. This mode of arranging the pages is termed "imposition." Several different schemes of imposition are available, the choice being governed by the way in which the magazine is to be bound. Experts in this branch of the trade are scarce, as it is intricate and hard to grasp by one to whom it has not become familiar through constant practice.

Pieces of wooden furniture are inserted between the pages, of a width necessary to give the required margins. They are then surrounded with more furniture, and the whole enclosed in a wrought iron frame, technically known as a "chase." The "forme"—as the entire pages and appliances are called—is then "locked up," or squeezed tight so that the forme may be lifted as a solid mass. This is done by means of pressure applied by metal quoins against the chase and the furniture guarding the outer sides and ends of the pages. These quoins are a simple yet ingenious device, and brought a fortune to the patentee. They consist of sloping wrought iron wedges, used in pairs, and expand as the thicker ends are forced closer together by a "key" fitting a double row of teeth on their inner sides and being turned by the hand. The forme is now ready for the press.

The first impression taken from the forme on the press is a perfect one. It is indistinct and often illegible in some

and in formes containing cuts or electrotypes it is generally more so. Therefore the forme has to be "made ready." This is a long, tedious process, and, in the case of a sixteen-page forme of UPS AND DOWNS, is rarely accomplished in less than five hours, and frequently it takes a longer time than that when the "overlays" for the "half-tone" cuts have not been previously made. Let me describe it. A number of impressions are taken on paper of various thicknesses, and upon one sheet the pressman marks with a blue pencil the parts that are indistinct, usually indicating how many thicknesses of paper are required to "bring up" the impression. Patches of paper are cut to correspond with the marks and are pasted in successive layers on a sheet, which is pasted on the cylinder of the press, and a sheet of paper over that again. These "overlays" have the effect of extra pressure on the low parts of the forme, and make a clear, even impression all over it, as well as emphasizing the lights and shades in a half-tone cut. When the forme is ready to be "run off," the printing is done at an average speed of from 750 to 1,000 impressions per hour; but some rotary presses on ordinary work will print at the rate of 2,000 to 3,000 per hour, while newspaper presses that print from the "web," or roll of paper, will turn out 24,000 24-page newspapers, folded complete, in one hour.

The kind of press upon which this magazine is printed is a massive, complicated piece of mechanism, and may cost anywhere from \$2,000 to \$5,000. The blank sheet of paper is fed into the machine from an elevated board on a level with the huge cylinder, equipped with "grippers," which, like fingers, seize it at the right moment and carry it round with the cylinder until it meets the forme on the "bed" of the press, which travels backwards and forwards on roller bearings in unison with the revolutions of the cylinder, which presses the sheet upon the surface of the forme and strikes an impression, carrying the sheet as it revolves until a certain point is reached where the grippers release the sheet, which is then taken from the cylinder

and laid in an even pile on a table at the other end of the press. After every impression the bed of the press travels back, carrying the forme beneath inking rollers, and as it returns for the next impression a large ink slab, which has received a fresh supply of ink from a "distributing roller" previously brought into contact with the steel roller of an "ink duct," is drawn simultaneously under the composition inking rollers for the purpose of replenishing them. The manner of regulating the flow of ink, controlling the speed, and other minor operations, I have not the space to describe; but I would recommend the reader to seize the first opportunity of seeing for himself such a press in operation.

In the last number of UPS AND DOWNS, which comprised sixty-four pages, there were four formes of sixteen pages each, making a total of 24,000 impressions. The edition of 6,000 copies, allowing half a ream for spoilage, consumed twenty four and one half reams (12,250 sheets) of "Double Royal" paper 28 inches by 42 inches, which, at seventy pounds to the ream, makes a total weight of 1,715 pounds.

While the edition is being printed, let us briefly enquire into the art and mystery of making the beautiful cuts which adorn our pages. There are three processes at present in use, viz: wood engraving, zinc etching (or "line engraving," as it is called) and half-tone engraving.

We have no example of wood engraving in our last number, for the reason that for general purposes, and magazine work especially, this has been superseded by the two more modern methods. It is not so many years since wood engraving was the only method employed for all typographical illustration; but with the introduction of the half-tone process, the photographic effect so produced, together with an appreciable saving in the cost, has had the tendency of driving the former almost out of the market. It is seldom used now except for commercial drawings where sharpness is required. The making of good wood cuts is essentially a mechanical, rather than a mechanical process, and a half-tone cut

graving. Line engraving is cheaper even than half-tone work, being only a trifle over half the price of the other. The cover of *UP AND DOWNS*, with the exception of Dr. Barnardo's portrait, and the departmental headings are examples of zinc etching; while the group and individual portraits are specimens of half-tone work. Drawings for line work are done in pen and ink only. A photographic negative of the drawing to be reproduced is taken through a prism, so that the picture is not reversed. A plate of zinc is polished with charcoal, and then dried and coated with a sensitized solution. The negative is placed face-downward on this plate and exposed to the light, so that the light will go through the negative and print it on the sensitized surface. The plate is then taken into the dark room and rolled over with etching ink. The surface is then one black mass. It is next held under a stream of cold water, and rubbed with absorbent cotton in a whirling motion all over the surface. The ink will then be seen to leave all parts that should be white and adhere only to the lines of the drawing. When this has been done, the plate is dried over a gas stove, and so-called powdered "dragon's blood" (a kind of resin) shaken over it, after which it is brushed from right to left, and, being turned, from left to right, with a fine hair brush. It is then heated over the gas stove again until the dragon's blood amalgamates with the ink, when it is cooled and put into a weak solution of nitric acid, where it is etched - or the white parts eaten away - to the depth of the thickness of a piece of thick paper. The plate is again dried and powdered as before, and etched deeper, and this is repeated five times, or until the plate is etched one thirty secondth of an inch deep. The plate is then nailed on a piece of birch board, which makes it the height of type, and is ready for use.

Half-tone cuts are made from photographs or "wash drawings" which are painted in black with a brush. The full-page groups of portraits which you saw in our last number were prepared for this process of reproduction by the

individual photographs being allowed to soak in water until the paste is dissolved and the photograph comes off the mount. The portraits are then grouped according to a design and pasted on a large piece of cardboard, artistic embellishments being painted in with a brush by an artist. A reduced photograph is then taken of the group as an entire picture through a screen composed of two panes of glass ruled with a diamond in parallel lines and filled with a black substance, and the one placed crosswise over the other so as to form a network of square lines like mosquito netting. The picture being taken through this screen causes a mass of small dots, varying in size according to the intensity of colour in the lights and shades of the original photograph or drawing. This effect may be seen with a sharp eye in the half-tone cuts in this number, but will be observed to better advantage under a magnifying glass. This negative is then etched on copper or zinc and mounted exactly as in line engraving already described. The closer the lines are ruled on the glass screen the smaller will be the dots, and the smaller the dots the finer will be the cut.

When it is desired to duplicate a cut or any matter in type, it may be electrotyped, which is done as follows. The face of the cut or type is first covered with blacklead, and beeswax is melted on a sheet of copper until it flows evenly over the surface to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch. It is then allowed to cool, when the waxed surface is also blackleaded with a fine brush. This being done, the cut or type is turned face downward upon the wax and put into a press and squeezed together until the wax receives its impression. The cut or type is next removed, and the mould thus formed is hung in a solution of "bluestone" (which is virtually liquified copper). In two hours the bluestone will deposit itself on the blackleaded wax mould in a state of pure copper as thick as tissue paper. The mould is taken out of the bluestone battery, when the deposit of copper may be peeled from the mould as a thin shell bearing the impression. This is turned over on an

iron slab, filled with molten lead, cooled, carefully hammered flat, trimmed level on the back, mounted type high on a piece of birch, and is then ready for the press, an exact duplicate of the original.

A cheaper and easier method of duplicating line engravings and type matter, known to the trade as stereotyping, is often adopted for common work, where durability and appearance are of less consequence than the cost.

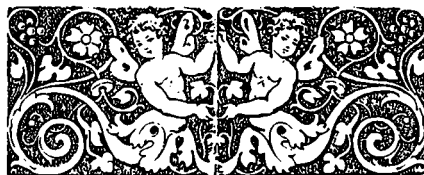
We may now suppose the sheets are all printed and dry, so we will follow them to the bindery. Here they are folded by girls (I beg pardon; there are no girls in long dresses now-a-days—all "young ladies," even though they chew gum, lack polite manners and talk slang!) As we are discussing the last issue of sixty-four pages, there will be four sheets of sixteen pages each to every book. When the sheets are all folded, they are "collated," or gathered together, in lots of four, in numerical order—the first section comprising pages 1 to 16; second section, 17 to 32; third section, 33 to 48; fourth section, 49 to 64. They are then taken to wire stitching machines, the four sections are stitched together to make a complete book, and there you are—a copy of UPS AND DOWNS, with the Editor's and printer's compliments, and what do you think of it?

But wait awhile: they are not mailed yet. There is a rush for the addressed wrappers, and the nimble fingers of the girls—the *young ladies* are busily engaged, some in pasting the ends of the

wrappers, some in wrapping, and some in tying them in bundles to facilitate sorting at the postal dispatch office. Presently all this is done, they are put into their respective mail bags and the bags duly labelled, driven to the postal department at the Union Station, where they are weighed in bulk to ascertain the cost of postage, sorted, hustled on the different trains, and are soon speeding merrily along the rails to the homes of Tom, Dick and Harry, Mary Jane and Susan Elizabeth, and to the Doctor at home, bringing him good tidings of great joy from the pens of hundreds of his great and growing family in this our broad, and long, and great, and prosperous Dominion of Canada.

Hurrah! Whoop la! Encore! The worst of our troubles are now at an end—for a few days, when we must turn to and start on the next number—drat it! The Editor and printer shake hands; a cheque finds its way into the printer's safe, to be presently disbursed as wages, as pabulum for the insatiable wholesale paper dealer, as a solatium to the landlord to please to keep the bailiff out just a little longer, and to meet sundry other *chances* that haunt the midnight vigils of the poor, down trodden printer (would that he could weep with type as with tears!); there is a reminiscence of might have-beens and wasn'ts; and the Editor and the printer feel almost as delighted as the author now is that he can say that "I've done my best to make one of the black arts light, and, thank goodness, I'm through!"

WILLIAM F. JAMES



Barnardo Old Boys' Society

IN the ranks of the great political parties, in the religious world, in the many associations for the amelioration of the conditions of the working man, indeed, in all movements which band men together for any specified object, are to be found those who are self-seeking, those who are indifferent or ill-informed, and the whole-souled enthusiasts who keep things on the move.

One man associates himself with a political party because, like the red-headed boy, he was born that way and can't help it. Then there is the man who joins one party because his neighbour belongs to the other, and the man who hopes to secure an appointment when the ins are out and the outs are in. But we are fain to believe that the great mass of adherents to the various parties are such because each firmly believes that in his party and its policy alone lies the salvation of the country.

Those having the advantage of early religious training in the home are apt to identify themselves with the denomination of their parents, often without bothering about the fine points of doctrine which separate the various denominations. But the great Church militant, in all its branches and under whatever name known, is composed largely of men and women who have an abiding faith in God and a keen desire for the uplifting of their fellows.

Doubtless patriotism was the motive that impelled the young men of Canada to volunteer for service in South Africa, but it will not be doing them an injustice to say that love of adventure, the desire to see strange lands, a hope of personal distinction, and, by no means the least, the characteristic Anglo-Saxon love of a fight or of encountering "insurmountable" difficulties with the intention of surmounting them, all had to do with the ready response to the call to arms when Britain's need was shown.

In the case of the Barnardo Old Boys' Society, however, the object and force of it will be made plain to all eyes. It is a case of a pride of ours to know that one of the members of the Victoria House Parliament acted

the new Commonwealth is an old Barnardo boy, who hides neither his light or his origin under a bushel. The theological colleges are not unknown to our lads. The Sunday schools enlist a large number of our boys and girls as superintendents and teachers, and there is more than one pedagogue who teaches the young Canadian idea how to shoot, and keeps it from shooting too freely by the occasional use of the strap. If Canada had sent troops to South Africa in proportion to the number of our lads who were in the ranks of the various Canadian contingents as privates or non-coms., it is calculated that no less than 30,000 men would have been sent there. Fortunately, Britain's need was never so great as to demand such a test of Canada's loyalty; but whatever the need, Canada was prepared to meet it.

We have looked for the various motives which have led our lads to apply for membership in this Society, and have been agreeably surprised to find how little the desire for personal benefits actuates our would-be members. An intense loyalty to the Doctor and to the old Homes, a desire to become members of an organization looking not only to the material and social advancement of its members but to the future advantage of Dr. Barnardo's work, and a wish to be brought into closer touch with old friends, seem to be the reasons why our members approve of and join the Society.

We expect to have a particularly interesting gathering of our members at Farley Avenue in September next, when the future policy of the Society will be discussed. Already arrangements are being made for the various meetings, concerts and entertainments which will be held, so that certain difficulties we met last year may not trouble us at our next reunion.

Arrangements for the entertainment of the members will be left very largely in the hands of the Executive, who may be relied upon to do their utmost to make the first official rally of B.O.B.S.—and dang to be remembered—

A. G. SMITH, Sec. Treas.



OUR GIRLS

Notes and Comments

Donation Fund. THE annual donations are all in, and, dear girls, we ought to be very much ashamed of the list. It might be a respectable quarter's subscription, but for the whole year, is it possible that girls care so little for the dear Home, which has sheltered and protected them in their earlier days, that they cannot deny themselves one little luxury of dress or pleasure to give a dollar to advance its good work? Only 133 girls contributed to this \$162, for four girls sent \$5 each and a small amount was realized by the sale of photographs of Hazel Brae. We shall be very disappointed if we have not four times this amount next year; indeed, if every girl who is receiving wages sent one dollar we should have more than eight times this sum. See to it, dear girls, that you each do your share, so that you have no part in the shame that falls to the lot of the mean ones.



Service. LONG years ago, a battle was fought by British men upon a foreign shore. Then, as now, the dear old British flag was victorious, and among the vanquished was one who wore as his motto "*Ich dien*." This motto the victorious prince took for his own, and wore proudly on his helmet and shield these words, which, translated, mean "I serve." Down through the ages this motto has descended, and he who so soon will receive the highest honours this world can give has borne through fifty years of his life these words. Some girls are silly enough to shrink from being called servants, and as for men, they like

one and wearing a cap, that seems simply terrible; yet in the earthly and heavenly kingdoms alike the highest honours are service. Our King, when he takes his vows of office, becomes thereby the chief servant of our State, and can never rest from the cares which his office entails; and for the saints in glory the supreme promise is that they "shall serve." Be proud, then, dear girls, to rank yourself with king and saint and wear as the highest honour any badge that sets you apart as one who is pledged to serve. That is, you are the one who will make the home comfortable, see that its many needs are attended to, keep all fair, smooth and bright, and become thereby one of the chief factors in its happiness.

G. O'NEILL

Chit-Chat.

Our picture page is a typical one this month, and will revive many memories of the past.

Harriet Bloor is in a clergyman's family at Kingston, and has earned a good report.

Florence Earl is still in her first place on Dundas Street.

Nellie Groundwell has won a good name for herself and now has charge of a dear baby, where we hope she will do well.

Rose Durbridge is going to England to keep her place.

Mary Beadle will be a great help to the list of old friends.

Rosa Stannard is still in her first place.

Miss C. C. C. is still in her first place, and we hope she will continue to be so.



MURIEL OSBORNE

MARY BEADLE



ROSE STANNARD

NELLIE GROUNDWELL

FLORENCE EARL



HARRIET BLOOR

ROSE DURBRIDGE

The experiences that fall to the lot of a Visitor are not always pleasant, and one of the most painful is to find that a girl has been keeping something back that she ought to have told. The following paragraphs are taken from our Visitors' notes:

A girl said to the writer on a recent trip, "I used to hope that some time I should be able to tell you the truth." We even knew one girl to run away and hide when the Visitor came. My dear girls, do you not know that the Visitor is your friend, and will make it her chief business to see to your interests and advance them by all means in her power? Accept her questions as based upon this principle, answer them clearly and fully and, as far as possible, give her your entire confidence.

Maud Johnson is one of our 1895 girls. She keeps her place well and is quite one of the family, the comfort of the infirm grandfather and the dearly loved elder sister of the baby.

Margaret Hornby is a plump little lassie, who is proving herself a very useful helper in her present home. She goes regularly to school in the winter, and there, as at home, she does well.

Alice Church is another 1900 girl, who is having careful teaching and training and promises to do well.

Amy Rose is growing big and strong and doing well in her new home, where she is winning for herself and us a good name.

Dorothy Blakey is quite one of our elder girls. She has a very happy home, has united with the neighbouring church and is one of the most prominent workers.

Clara Vallins is the happy little maid in a sweet, sunny rectory. She is faithful in her varied duties and bright and cheerful in their fulfilment.

Grace Bastable is a near neighbour of Clara's, and Grace's mistress thinks she has the better girl. We hope they will long continue this rivalry for faithful service.

Florence A. Frowe has the pleasure of being the comfort and helper of her mistress in her lonely widowhood.

Rosina Gate is very happy in her new home, and Mrs. F. feels well pleased too, so we may fairly hope this will be a long engagement. Rosina has quite recovered her nerve with cows and does not expect to be tossed again.

Ada Pearch, who is living with elderly people and is treated as a child of the house, writes us a note of warm appreciation of UPS AND DOWNS:

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—Will you please send me the UPS AND DOWNS, for I like to read it very much. I have nothing to read now. I am very lonesome without it, and Grandpa would like to see it too. I must tell you that Mrs. Owen was here. I was glad to see her. She heard me read when she was here. I am not going to school now, but I have got school books. I am, yours truly,
 ADA PEARCH.



Lilian and Daisy Madden.

Daisy Madden seems to have many friends and companions, which we are always pleased to hear, but we hope they will not interfere with the faithful discharge of every duty:

DEAR MADAM,—I am writing you about the UPS AND DOWNS. I started liking it the year, and I like it very much. My work is easy and pleasant here. There are only four of us, counting myself and the hired man. I live on a farm about sixteen miles from Fenborough and near my sister. I often go to see her. We drive about four miles to church very regularly, and I go to Sunday school when ever it is fine enough. We have the cows,

and one ten and ten birds, so I have lots of company. There are three Home girls and two Home boys, and we all meet together at our Sunday school. My sister and I are sending you a picture to be put in *Up and Down*. I remain your Home girl,

DAISY MADDEN.

Minnie Neville, who is still in the same place near Christina, writes as follows:

DEAR FRIEND,—I received the bank book all right, and I am sending the names of Jesus I found in the Old Testament. Nellie was quite well the last time I saw her. I am glad we are getting *UPS AND DOWNS* every month now. I am quite well and happy, and hoping all are the same at Hazel Brae, I will say good-bye with love. MINNIE NEVILLE.

The New Party.

The May party arrived in good health and spirits. For the first few days Hazel Brae was kept busy dispatching the groups of girls in different directions: but the big ones were soon all gone, and now we have a large family of little ones, very few over eleven, but bright, bonnie, healthy children, who seem well adapted to life in this country and likely to grow up strong, useful women.

We have tried, as far as possible, to put sisters or very special friends near to each other, and in most cases have been very fortunate in arranging this. The two Baxter's, two Harding's, two Ovey's have each been placed in the same neighbourhood. Alice Foote has gone a few miles from her sister, Beatrice, who came out last year. Rose Simmonds went to visit her sister, Nellie, and will probably remain. Jane Brown has gone into the house where her brother is living, and so on. In one instance where a sister was unknowingly sent some distance from her brother, we got the following reply to a suggestion of changing her:

I intended writing you this evening and thanking you for sending me such a nice little girl. She is so quiet and gentle and has such a pleasing manner, we have already become quite fond of her. Amy is quite settled with us now. She has her little bedroom fixed up just to her taste, and she seems very happy. The May spring house cleaning all done before she came, just so that I should have plenty of leisure to give to her, and now you ask me to send her back. Can you not send another girl to the other lot, and let me keep my little maid for a while, at any rate?

The following are extracts from letters telling of safe arrivals and first impressions of mistresses and girls:

It is with pleasure that I write to you of the safe arrival of our little girl. We are perfectly satisfied, as far as we know her, and hope and trust both of us may always have that to say. She appears quite at home.

The little girl arrived safely. I was somewhat disappointed in finding her so small; but she seems a willing little thing, and can do some light work. I intend to teach her every Sabbath afternoon for one hour from the Bible and Catechism; also her sister, if she is allowed to come, at my own home, of course.

The little girl you selected for us reached us safely last Thursday. She seems very much pleased with her new home. She says she thinks she will like it splendid. I think she is quite a nice little girl from what I see of her.

The girls arrived here safely on Thursday. I think the one you sent me will suit very well. She seems to be a smart, tidy girl and willing to learn.

We received our little girl yesterday. She came through all right, and I think will prove satisfactory, and I hope she will be happy and contented with us. I think she will be helpful and save me many steps.

The little girl, Mary, arrived here all right. She is rather small, but, so far, seems like a nice girl, and I think she will be quick to learn. She seems very happy and contented, and likes the children very much.

Lydia arrived safely, and is thoroughly contented and delighted with the country.

Mabel arrived at my home on Thursday the 15th. I like her manner very much, and I think she feels quite at home.

Alice arrived on Saturday, and is now quite settled in her new home. She seems to be a bright little girl, and is fond of Baby. She prepared her lesson and was at Sabbath school yesterday.

Alice arrived all right. Of course, I would have liked a larger girl, but she seems willing to learn to do what she is able. I think she will be quite a help after a while.

Lily arrived safely. Thank you very much for sending us such a nice, smart little girl. We all like her; you just seemed to know exactly who would suit us.

I received Bella all right, and am very pleased with her. She appears to be a very nice little girl.

Our little girl arrived safely last evening, and so far, we are quite pleased with her. When she first got here, she was a little home sick. I think she was lonely leaving her little sister, but she has been quite bright and happy to-day, and has helped me with the work and looking after the children.

Florence arrived here all right. She is getting along fine, and the children seem quite fond of her. I want to teach her to write. When I go out she comes too.

Annie came to us on Thursday. I think I will like her very well. She seems very willing to do what she can, and anxious to learn.

We were at the station last evening. The little girl arrived safely. She appears to like the place very well. She is a smart, intelligent child, and we are very well suited.

I think I shall like Mary, but shall know better in a week or two. She is willing, and cheerful, and fond of Baby.

Our little girl arrived safely. I like her quite well, and think she will make a smart girl. She has gone to Sunday school both Sundays so far. She was greatly pleased. I took her to the village with me on Saturday, and she was just delighted.

Our little girl arrived all right. Am well pleased with her, just as well as if I had chosen her myself. You may be sure we shall be kind to her and treat her well. She seems pleased with her new home.

These notes all seem to be very satisfactory in tone, and we trust we shall continue to have good news of the children. It is good to begin well, but it is the patient continuance in well-doing that brings its own reward and makes the hearts of our friends glad.

A list of the names of the girls comprising the May party of 1902 are given below:

Acton, Agnes Alice	Hobart, Jane E. J.
Acton, Ellen	Hobart, Florence
Alford, Amelia	Hough, Annie S.
Alleyne, Edith	Hughes, Mary Jane
Atkins, Florence M.	Jeffreys, Charlotte
Bailey, Mary Ann	Johns, Lily
Bailey, Kate	Johnson, Sarah Alice
Baker, Edith	Kelsey, Gertrude M.
Bartlett, Rosanna	King, Gwendoline
Baxter, Sarah Ellen	King, Daisy
Baxter, Louisa	Lee, Amy
Baynes, Jessie	Lee, Ellen
Bebbington, Catherine	Levy, May
Brindley, Matilda	Limbourne, Elizabeth
Boddington, Isabella	Melhuish, Helena
Bowcher, Helen E.	Melhuish, Catherine
Bridges Charlotte	Mitchell, Mary Ann
Bridges, Rose	Odley, Alice
Brooks, Rebecca M.	Ovey, Elsie
Brown, Jessie	Ovey, Beatrice
Brown, Jane	Pelow, Mary Ann
Brown, Annie	Pearson, Mabel
Bullock, Daisy	Pearson, Datsy
Burns, Elizabeth Jane	Pearson, Mildred
Bridge, Mary Jane	Poston, Annie
Cahill, Winifred	Pottle, Lydia
Cahill, Margaret Ann	Preston, Eliza
Carter, Emily	Read, Dorothy
Cherante, Dorothy	Reeve, Mary
Cherante, Olive M.	Riley, Rosamund

Conquest, Lilian	Sears, Jessie Mabel
Cooly, Eliza	Simmonds, Frances
Davenport, Agnes O.	Stanley, Ivy
Dussold, Elizabeth G.	Stoneman, Mabel
Edwards, Florence A.	Smith, Catherine M.
Edwards, H. M. E.	Smith, Edith K.
Edmonds, Mary Jane	Sullivan, Ellen
Finnemore, Maud	Sullivan Frances
Foote, Alice	Thompson, Kathleen
Gamble, Edith	Thorne, Ruth
Gardner, Charlotte F.	Turton, Violet
Gardner, Ann E.	Unthank, Emma
Gee, Mary	Usher, Emma E.
Gothberg, Svea E. C.	Webb, Minnie L.
Gothberg, Signe A. B.	Webb, Henrietta
Green, Rose Ann	Webb, Rose Mary
Griffiths, Georgina	Whitton, Ellen
Grubb, Emma Victoria	Wilson, Alice
Harding, Ethel Violet	Wilson, Maude
Harding, Jane	Winder, Florence
Hartfield, Alice	Woolam, Louisa
Hefford, Lottie Eliza	Woolley, Janet
Henrickson, Kate	

We have long since arrived at the conclusion that the lot of an editor is not a happy one. He has so constantly—at least the Editor of UPS AND DOWNS has so constantly—to set himself to tasks that, if he were a lazy boy at school, he would say, "I'd rather not," "I don't know how," "I can't think of anything to say." Here, for example, we are face to face with the portrait of Mrs. Charles Owen, the writer, we may add, of all that appears in UPS AND DOWNS over the signature "S. Owen," and the obligation devolves upon us of making some appropriate remarks thereupon. We feel ourselves hopelessly incompetent to do anything approaching justice to the subject, and such efforts as we might put forth are further embarrassed by the fact that we are speaking of our kinswoman and, withal, a lady of strong mind and pronounced opinions, whom it would be profanity to treat of with less than due respect. Our admiration for Mrs. Owen's attributes and qualifications might indeed carry us far and high if we were to indulge the expression of any personal opinion; but we prefer, under the circumstances, to confine ourselves—and that very briefly, to the safer ground of historical fact, and to inform those of our readers who are not already aware thereof that she now shares with Miss Gibbs the work of visiting the pulp placed out from Her Majesty's territory comprising all the Province of Ontario west of Toronto.

while Miss Gilbe takes the territory to the east. Mrs. Owen's association with Dr. Barnardo's work is no new thing, and many years ago perhaps more years than she would care to be mentioned she was a deaconess in connection with the Gospel Mission work at the Edinboro' Castle, and her face was a familiar one at the Coffee Palaces, Mission Halls, Gospel Meetings and in

Barnardo's work once again, she is, as it were, returning to her first love. She brings to her duties a life experience in Christian work, while, from her long residence in Canada and the States as a pastor's wife and widow, she is no novice to the conditions of life under which most of our girls are growing up, but can administer warning, counsel and rebuke with all the weight of



Mrs. Charles Owen.

at the Homes of the poor in the East End of London that are the field of so much of the Doctor's rescue and evangelistic labours. She married in the midst of her work and was, during her married life, the earthly support and happiness of one of the best of men. In her widowhood she has brought up a family of daughters whom to know is to esteem and now in taking up Dr.

experience and authority. We must only permit ourselves further to offer our congratulations to the girls in the western counties of Ontario in having as their Visitor and the visible representative to them of Dr. Barnardo and the Homes one so gifted and highly qualified for her work and so active and wholehearted in her labours for their welfare.

Toronto Topics

TORONTO topics? well, not exactly, as there is not much news to tell; but, better still, we have news from the Village Home. This spring the opportunity came for a trip to England and the privilege of coming back again with the first party of girls, and it was too good a thing to miss, giving, as it did, the chance to see our dear and honoured Director and so many friends who had been out here and were now in England. It is so many years since my last visit to Ilford, most of my girls were not thought about then, and all of them know the Village looking so different from the one I remember. There was no new Village, with its charming red-tiled cottages, no pretty children's church. We used, in those days, to take our children to service up in the old school-room. The dove-cote is in the centre still, but one cannot see up the length of the Village, for the bushes have grown so tall. Of course, the Governor's house is still in the same place, though it looks different because of the new cottages beyond it. Cairns' House, with the bow windows giving such a pretty view of the Village, is new, and Mossford has been enlarged. We only went into two cottages. Cyril, where there were a number of girls employed in doing the most beautiful drawn-work and mat-making. One was working a knitting machine, and they have a spinning-wheel there, and hope soon to get the loom to weave their own linen. And Mayflower, Miss Williams' cottage, where we saw the poor lassie who has had to lie on her back so many years. How thankful we ought to be for our health and the power to run about how and where we will!

First of all, I know most of the girls will be asking the same question that greeted us with the Toronto girls, "How is Dr. Barnardo? Did you see him?" Yes, I saw him, and he looks wonderfully well when we remember how very seriously ill he has been; and he was just the same as ever—so kind and thoughtful, asking about the girls and expressing pleasure in those who are doing well. Surely, girls, when you think of all he has done for you and

the way he has put you each on the way to prosperity and a good name and good position, it is a little too bad that you are not more ready to acknowledge it and that some should want to disown the old Homes. There is an idea that our girls have a bad name; but it is not so with the majority of people, but only with those who have chanced to know one or two who are not a credit to the Homes and have not come across the many good ones we have who are hiding their light under a bushel.

Miss Code is not the least bit altered—as bright and cheery as ever, so pleased to receive all the loving messages of which I was the bearer, and so glad to hear that the girls remembered her. She did not seem to realize how dear her name is to Toronto girls, at any rate, as it no doubt is to all who knew her out here.

Miss Stent, just the same as of old, was in her office; so glad to hear of one and another of the girls in whom she takes such an interest and for whom she has so large and loving a heart.

Miss Westgarth, looking just as usual but a little tired, sent very much love to the girls, especially the "big girls" for whom she has so much special thought and sympathy, realizing what temptations they have and how much they need grace and help to withstand them.

And now, last but not least, and not that we think the girls will be any less eager to hear, but it is difficult to say all one would like to in a little space about Mrs. Godfrey, *the* Mother of the Village, how, when a name was mentioned, she knew the cottage, and was so glad to hear of the girl's well being. She was looking so well, too, notwithstanding all she has to do and the many and manifold calls on her time and sympathy. Mr. Godfrey was just the same as ever here, there and everywhere, so cheery, and brisk and ready for any emergency.

The evening before leaving Toronto we had service in the church, and Mr. Darling gave a farewell address to the little girls leaving so soon for their new homes. It was a pretty sight, all the

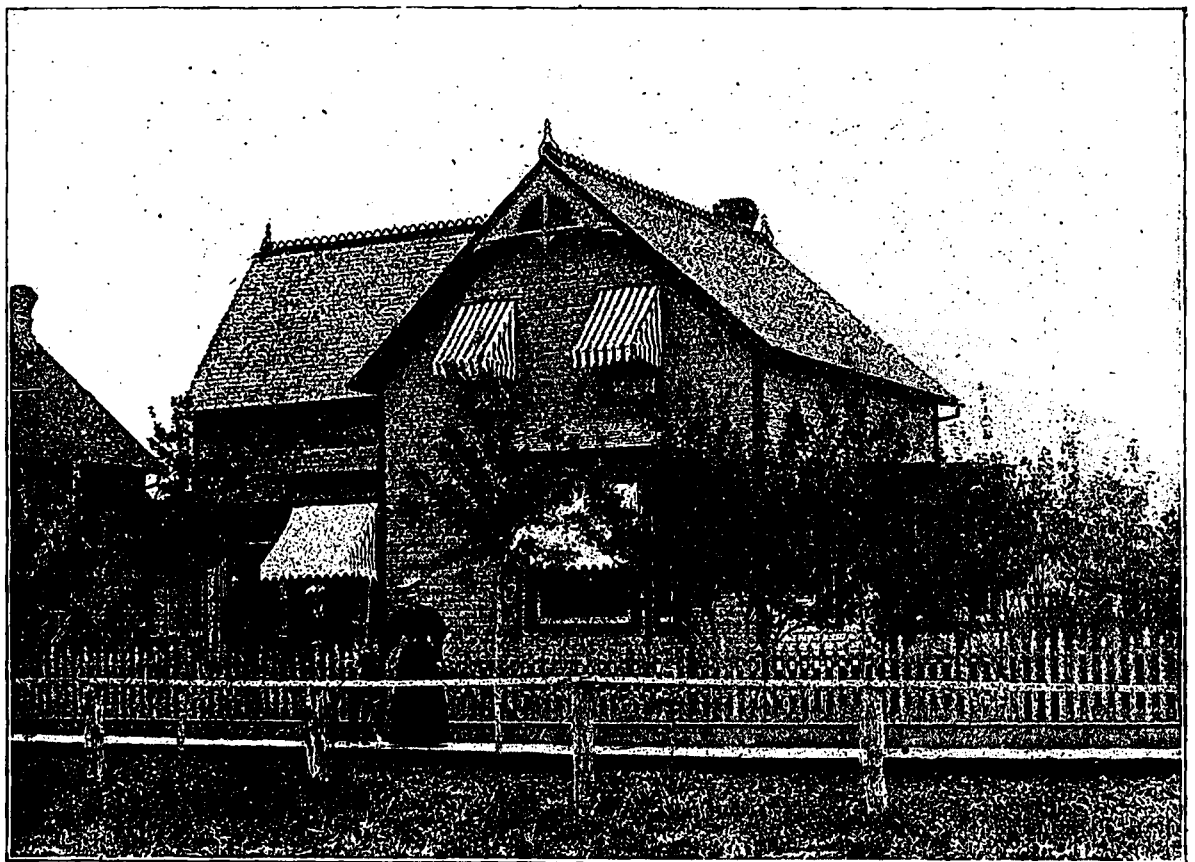
Ups and Downs

bright, girlish faces filling the church. Early next morning the gathering was "on the asphalt," with the string of omnibuses on the drive in front waiting for their passengers, who quickly packed in after a verse of the hymn, "God bless you," and prayer, led by Mr. Godfrey. The start was sharp at seven o'clock, and the drive to Paddington long and, to those on the top of the 'buses, very cold; but we met Dr. Barnardo there and Mrs. Davis, who took all the little travellers into her kind care at once, and from that time on, whenever the word came "there's a little girl not feeling well," it was Mrs. Davis who went at once with a kind, cheery word and, if necessary, a remedy; but, fortunately, that was not often needed. The voyage was wet and cold,

ending up on Saturday with heavy snow, so we had to be downstairs a good deal; but managed to keep happy and occupied with songs and recitations, etc. At Quebec we had a long wait, but got off at last and reached Peterborough on Monday morning all well and glad enough to be "at home."

We have had busy times since we got back to Toronto, and lots of things have been happening; but the Editor tells us we must cut it short this month, and as there will be another number of UPS AND DOWNS coming out very shortly, we must keep back "Toronto Topics" proper for next time, and only say how pleased I was to see our girls again and how much I thank them for their loving welcomes.

EMILIE G. OWEN.



The Western Home of one of our Girls

Our Sunday Hour

Who is wise will ponder these things.

THE shortness of the interval between the last and the present issue of UPS AND DOWNS has made it impossible for us to receive many contributions from our readers to "Our Sunday Hour" page, but we have had numerous verbal communications and references to the subject that encourage us to hope that it will be taken up later on and will become an interesting as well as a useful department.

We have received the following from one who is well able to speak from rich experience of the way of salvation and the life that is led by faith in the Son of God:

"It is good to know the plan of salvation, but it is better to know it is the plan for my salvation, and it is best to know I am in the plan. I personally found I was in the plan when I read one day, 'We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.' Since then I have had many other experiences, grasped new truths and learned more of God's love to me. Still I go often back to the old 'We know,' and rest myself there and rejoice not in my poor love for others, who are fellow-heirs with me of the glory, but in the fact that Love won me, Love keeps me, and Love will keep till in the presence of God I rejoice forever in Love Eternal. Won by Love and kept by Love, what a glorious path the believer ought to tread! If with loving eyes I see each of my brothers, how tenderly I shall judge him, with what forbearance I shall suffer from his folly or want of judgment and how gently I shall try to win the wanderer back to the paths of right. It is a glorious privilege to belong to Christ, and privilege spells itself out in duty all the way through. The sons of a King must have court manners—speak, act, live as those who are born to a high inheritance, and not be deeply moved by trifles or let the honour of the name they bear be degraded. We are the sons of the King of kings

and must ever seek to hold high above all scorn or shame the Name we bear, not by haughtiness, pride or display, but in gentleness, meekness and faith daily show forth His praise."

We delight in the thought here suggested that the infinite love of our Father, as manifested in the redemption wrought out for us in Jesus Christ, is the ground and assurance of our eternal life. Our salvation from the enslaving power of sin in this world, and from the penalties of sin both here and hereafter, lies in the great and glorious fact, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and "being saved" is not a mere mental condition, the result of passing emotion, and which may be affected by temperament or purely physical causes. "I know I am saved because I feel so happy" is a very weak and insecure position to rest in, but "I am saved because God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" is the true anchorage of the soul. Happiness, even spiritual ecstasy, is no test of security. Very likely the man who built his house on the sand was happy enough in it until the tempest began to arise; but "these sayings of Mine," "the words which I speak unto you," and which are spirit and life, had found no place in his heart. He was a stranger to Christ, his foundations were laid in the treacherous quicksands of earthly conceits and human fallacies, and in the time of storm and stress that in which he had placed his faith was found to be giving way beneath his feet, and disaster and destruction befell him. The man whose house was built upon the rock was he who had hearkened to and accepted the teachings of Christ, who had taken Christ's yoke upon him and was learning of Him the lessons of love, of service, of self-sacrifice that He had come to teach. He had yielded him- self to Christ and had devoted himself to Christ's will.

and thenceforth he was built upon the rock. This did not by any means bring always sunshine and brightness upon his surroundings, or calm the waters around him, or still the tempest. Rains descended, floods came and winds blew about and around him as upon the other. He had the trials, the hardships, the conflicts of life to struggle against. The furious storms of temptation, the hurricanes of passion, the dark waters of evil beat upon the soul of Christ's servants as often and as fiercely as upon those who know Him not; but when the waters have subsided and the dark storm-cloud has rolled by, they are found, it may be, battered and marred, but still safe and unmoved, because their foundations are upon the Rock of Ages, the unchangeable love and faithfulness of the Eternal God.

The following has reached us just as we are going to press, coming from a young friend and constant reader of UPS AND DOWNS, whose name we are perhaps not at liberty to mention, but who, we are sure, had the Master been alive on earth, would have been among the foremost of those to cast their garments at His feet:

"The first question, 'What think ye of Christ?' was asked by the Lord Jesus Himself to His friends. They all hoped that He was going to be King, but each one knew Him as a personal Friend. The very best friend a girl can have is Jesus. He is a Comfort and Guide in every joy and sorrow, no matter how small. We also know that Jesus had the right to be King over all the world, but He chose to be one of us and live among His people. Our Lord would do the lowest and meanest work if it was to honour God. He washed the feet of His friends, which was considered the work of the lowest slave, and was not ashamed of it. This tells us that we need not despise our labours, but consider them done for Christ's glory. We know that Christ was very poor, for on earth He had no place to lay His head. He would suffer great fatigue and hunger in His Father's service, but was continually kind, sympathetic and merciful. People crowded to hear Him and be healed by Him, but as His earthly life was drawing to a close He was despised and forsaken, and all this trouble was borne without complaint or murmurings. To die on the cross was the most shameful death in the old Roman days, and our Lord died there to save all of us. No friend could do more than give his life to preserve, and we have one Friend who died for each person's sake.

Still another girl correspondent has written us at the eleventh hour, and we are pleased to open our "Sunday Hour" column for her contribution. We know her well in her home life as well as in her church life, where she was lately received into full fellowship, and we believe that she is herself striving sincerely to take up the cross of daily duty and service and follow Jesus in the way:

Thursday Evening, June 12th, 1902.

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is quite a long time since I wrote anything for our magazine, so I thought, as I had time to spare, I would do so now. I noticed in our last issue of UPS AND DOWNS that our Editor is going to devote a part of the paper to a subject which I am sure will be very interesting and, to many of us, very helpful. I must say myself that I often wondered why a portion of our paper was not devoted to religious subjects, but I think perhaps the editor must have been waiting for us to start, and now that he himself has, let us contribute all we can to our paper by telling each other of our experiences in the Christian life, and perhaps it may be the means of bringing many of our brothers and sisters to love their Saviour, and give their hearts to Him, and in other hearts we may kindle a fire which heretofore have been dead and cold toward their Saviour, who, we all know, waits patiently to receive them. I sometimes think that we who profess to be Christians should do what we can to promote the cause of Christ, otherwise I think we shall be counted as unworthy servants of Jesus, for He Himself came into the world to minister and do good, and bore all our sins for us on the cruel cross, so that we now have every chance to be with Jesus in Heaven, and all Jesus requires of us is to believe on Him, and follow Him, bearing our cross patiently. I really think we ought to try to do this, since He has borne the greater part of the load. Jesus is ever loving and forgiving, caring for us in all our trials and temptations. We are surrounded by dangers and temptations, and, therefore, must watch our every movement, and must exercise great forethought and foresight to avoid these dangerous obstacles and to take heed to our way. I think we especially, dear brothers and sisters, should do this, for really we have to, as it were, thread our way through this world, so let us think of these things and take Jesus as our Friend and Guide through life, and if we but ask Him, He will help us all and keep us unspotted from the world, and at last will reward us as His faithful servants. What a blessed promise Jesus has given us: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Perhaps I am taking up too much space. I think others of you ought to write a little on this subject, because I think it is our duty as well as a privilege. I remain, one of the girls.

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APPLICATION.

*I, being an old Barnardo boy and approving of the objects of the Society desire to become a member. Enclosed find fee for one year (50c.)**

Signature.....

Full Address

*Boys not receiving wages strike this line out

Donations to the Homes

The following amounts have been donated to the Homes by our boys since the last issue, and include all contributions received up to June 15th

Ashmore, Arthur.....	\$1 00	Jarvis, Fred. C.....	\$2 00
Anderson, George F.....	2 00	Martin, Alfred E.....	2 00
Anderson, John Foster.....	1 00	Maynard, Stewart.....	2 00
Brumwell, Fred.....	5 00	Middleton, Alfred.....	1 00
Barge, Walter C.....	4 00	Morgan, George.....	5 00
Boothroyd, Henry.....	5 00	Neil, Sylvester H.....	75
Boothroyd, Francis.....	5 00	Nash, Fred. H.....	5 00
Byles, James H. G.....	2 00	Pow, Robert.....	5 00
Bowsher, George.....	10 27	Price, Thomas.....	2 00
Buckle, Christopher.....	5 00	Press, Benjamin.....	1 45
Brooks, Henry.....	5 15	Pearce, Henry (1, '07).....	5 00
Cummings, Henry J.....	1 16	Potter, William.....	5 00
Crossland, William E.....	1 00	Ryons, William.....	1 00
Cochrane, Frederick B.....	5 00	Rudd, S. A. H.....	3 00
Childs, Albert H.....	1 00	Stocker, John G.....	1 00
Davies, Fred. W.....	1 00	Stocker, Fred Wm.....	50
Daubney, William J.....	1 00	Self, Walter B.....	1 00
Davies, William (2, '96).....	5 00	Skinner, Edwin.....	10 00
Defew, William.....	4 25	Smith, John J.....	25
Denton, William.....	5 00	Trout, William.....	50
Forster, Thomas.....	5 00	Vick, Thomas.....	1 00
Griffin, Charles.....	73	Venney, William Jas.....	1 00
Gill, Ernest William.....	1 00	White, Frederick J.....	5 00
Griffith, Ernest F.....	4 00	Whitlaw, Robert.....	1 00
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Hayward, Charles.....	4 50	Woodstock, William.....	2 00
Hart, Stanley G.....	1 75	Waldon, Thomas.....	5 00
Harwood, Fred. A.....	5 00	Weil, Albert V.....	8 50
Heard, John.....	50		
Harwood, William H.....	5 00		

We have also received contributions from the following boys since the last issue and DOWN as follows:

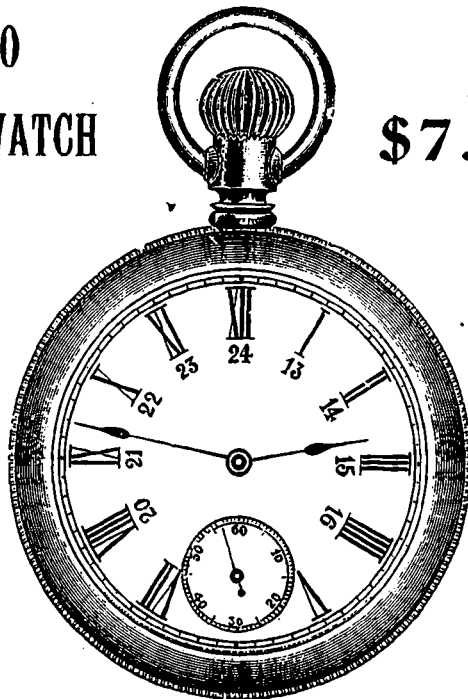
Phipps, Richard, Esq. J. F.....	1 00
Verrall, Albert.....	1 00

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DOMINION " Aug. 2, " "
DOMINION " Sept. 6, " "
DOMINION " Oct. 11, " "

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