

Our Twentieth Year's Emigration Work

WITH the close of our season's emigration for 1901 we complete the twentieth year of Dr. Barnardo's Canadian work, and at the same time have passed, for the first time, the thousand limit in the total of the season's arrivals. Last year we approached this number, but the arrival of the latest party left us seventy short of the four figures. This year, with 1,013 to our credit, we are well beyond the

for rejoicing and encouragement. The children who have been sent out have, we do not hesitate to say, surpassed any who have preceded them in physical condition, appearance, intelligence and general good conduct. We should be very sorry to suggest anything disparaging to those who have come out in former years and are giving so splendid an account of themselves in all parts of the Dominion; but if we except a



En Route to Paddington Station.

tall total, and the Doctor has added another to his laurels, and accomplished one more grand achievement in his work for Christ and humanity.

We record with deep thankfulness of heart that our twentieth season has been, from first to last, a most satisfactory and successful one, and as we look back upon the experiences of the past eight months, we find abundant cause in every direction

very small number of the oldest members of the parties we recognize unmistakably better results from the training and education of the Homes in England, and we are confident in expressing our opinion that the thousand young people for whom we have been instrumental in finding homes in Canada during the past year contain, in larger proportion than our colonists of any pre-

vious year, the qualifications for success in life, and the elements of honourable, useful citizenship. Undeniably there have been a few amongst the great number of whom it would be impossible to speak in such favourable terms. Here and there, we are afraid, a mistake has been made in the selection, and a boy or girl has been included in one of the parties who would have been better kept at home until his or her health or character had become more established. These mistakes will cause us anxiety, disappointment and expense in the future; but it would be almost impossible to carry on through any human agency a vast enterprise such as Dr. Barnardo's emigration work without occasional errors in judgment or lapses in vigilance. Dr. Barnardo's desire is to send to Canada only the flower of his flock—children who possess sound minds in sound bodies, and whose conduct and behaviour have been such, during the months or years that they have been under his care and observation, that he can reasonably look forward to their growing up to be decent, industrious and honest. We do not profess to import angels; the natural depravity of the human heart is as much inherent in our lads and lassies as in other descendants of Adam; we have our full share of original sin, and are subject to the same temptations and snares as the rest of humanity. Evil is as ever present with us, and the downward path is as smooth and slippery, the upward path as steep and difficult, for the feet of our boys and girls as for other folk. We have our black sheep, our ne'er-do-wells, our failures; but we do claim that we have not knowingly or wittingly, in the past, and will not in the future, thrust upon the people of Canada boys or girls whose presence will be in any sense an injury or drawback to the country, or in whose case their being sent out would be a shifting to the shoulders of the colony the burden that should be borne by the resources of the mother land. We feel sure

that the young immigrants of 1901 will fully attain to the standard of quality we have established and sought to maintain, and, with the rarest exceptions, we confidently predict of them that they will well and worthily uphold the good name and reputation of the old Homes and the old land. In regarding, therefore, both the quantity and the quality of those who have passed through our hands during the twentieth year of Dr. Barnardo's Personally Conducted Emigration Work, we realize anew the favour and goodness of Him Who has so richly blessed and guided that work in the past, and for these twenty years has brought such rich and fruitful results to pass through its instrumentality.

Nor can we regard as a small blessing the fact that 1,013 young people have been transported by sea and land without serious disaster, injury or mishap; that all have reached their destinations in safety; that we have weathered unharmed the severity of the Atlantic; that we have embarked and disembarked without hitch or accident; that none of our arrangements have miscarried; that we have escaped any of those epidemics so common on board of large passenger ships, and so frequent a cause of trouble and detention; that our commissariat has been everywhere abundant and available; that our young people have been well cared for and watched over at every stage of their journeyings, and that good order and discipline have been at all times maintained. No evil has anywhere befallen us, and for the journeying mercies abundantly vouchsafed to us we would yield the thankfulness of our hearts to Him from Whom all blessings flow.

The young immigrants of the past year have crossed in five detachments, of which the first left England on March 21st, numbering 242 boys and 15 "outsiders," the latter being the official description given to members of the parties who have not been inmates of the Homes, and comprising chiefly relatives of boys

in Canada who have advanced the necessary amount for their emigration expenses. This development of our work is increasing every year, and is one that, needless to say, we regard with the highest satisfaction. To see a lad, who has been removed from poverty and want to a position of comfort and independence, making use of his first savings to place the same advantage within reach of those related to him at home, and to give a start in life to his younger brothers or sisters, or to make a decent home for his mother in the

farewell gatherings, was understood to be suffering from an attack of bronchitis. On the previous day, however, very serious complications had developed and the heart was dangerously affected. The latest tidings that reached us from Surbiton on the evening of the day before our sailing were that our beloved chief was unconscious and apparently sinking, and amongst all the bustle and activity of our departure we were conscious of a very dreary heart-sickness at the prospect of the calamity that seemed



The Approach to the Departure Platform.

new country, is most gratifying, and there could be no more worthy and encouraging outcome of Dr. Barnardo's work than the widening in this manner of its area of usefulness.

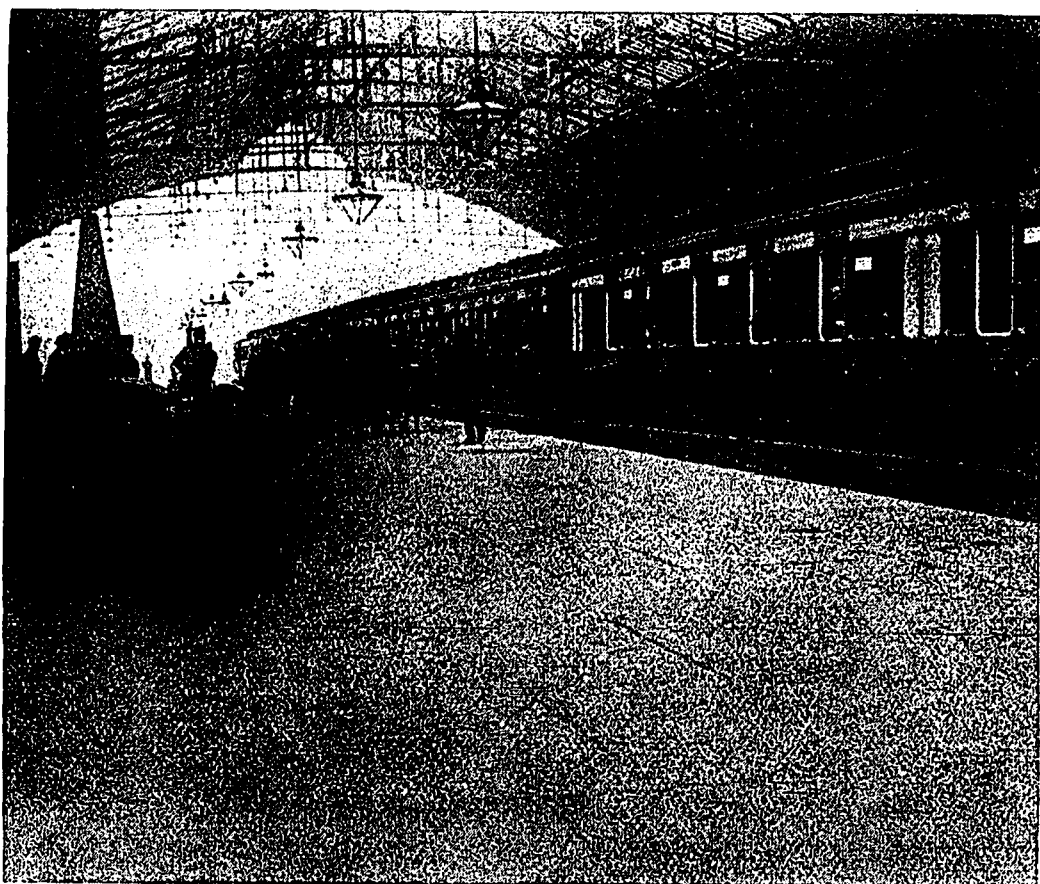
The departure of our first contingent was saddened by one circumstance only, which was not generally known even among the staff of the Homes; but those who were aware of it bore very heavy hearts. The Doctor, who had been absent from the office for several days previously, and unable to conduct the usual mat-

impending. At Liverpool, however, just before the ship sailed, we received, through the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Elmslie, a telegram containing the reassuring words, "Outlook more hopeful," while next day at Moville a telegram from Mrs. Barnardo came off to us with the mails saying, "Director - earlier, thank God," so that we sailed finally on our voyage with brighter hopes than we had at first dared to entertain. Hopes, we rejoice to say, that have since been fully realized by the

Doctor's almost entire restoration to health and strength.

The boys of the party, however, who knew nothing of the critical condition of their friend and benefactor, were brimful, as usual, of delight and good spirits, and the shouting, hurraing and cheering in honour of themselves and the occasion woke the echoes and highly amused the spectators along the line of march from Stepney to Paddington.

the busses and brakes had been loaded and the first stage of our Westward journey had commenced. The band accompanied us as usual, and the people along the route who were awake and abroad early had a musical treat that we hope they duly appreciated. The special train chartered for the conveyance of the party was timed to leave Paddington at 9.10. The utmost credit is due to the authorities of the Great Western Railway for the excellence of all



"Just Off!"

Needless to say we rise up early in the morning on these days of our departure, and soon after five the writer had seen off from the stables at Paddington the long string of railway omnibuses that were to convey the party to the station. The different sections of the party, which was recruited from the Youngs' Labour House, the Boys' Home, Leopold House, Shepherd House, and the Clarendon House at Epsom, had mustered at Stepney. Our way, in fact, had not at seven o'clock

then arrangements on each occasion when we have travelled over their line from London to Liverpool, and we must always gratefully appreciate the energy, forethought, efficiency, kindness and attention of the Passenger Agent, Mr. A. H. Nicholls, under whose charge these arrangements have been carried out. We found the approaches to the platform from which our train was to leave freely placarded with large, printed labels and pointers announcing "Dr. Barnardo's Party for Canada," ample

space had been reserved at the head of the platform for the unloading of the vehicles and marshalling of the party, and the platform had been cleared for a grand march past. This was accomplished in first-rate style, the band leading, the smallest boys in front of the column, the big lads from the Labour House, 30 in number, bringing up the rear. It certainly looked a formidable array, and as we reviewed it and noted the large percentage of very small children, some little more than babies, and when we reflected upon the long journey and possible contingencies before us, we realized that we had no light responsibility on our hands. Our two assistants joined us at Paddington—Mr. Shepherd, who was making his second trip with us in this capacity, and whose general usefulness and efficiency we had proved on the previous occasion; and Nurse Carter, who was being transferred from the staff of the Felixstowe Convalescent Home to that of Hazel Brae, and whose services we felt sure we could profitably employ when the operation of vaccination that had been performed upon the majority of the party began to produce its very beneficial but, at first, very troublesome and painful effects. A few score of "bad" arms, with the necessity for daily bandagings and dressings, is no light undertaking, and Nurse Carter was emphatically the right person in the right place, and, we may here say, stuck bravely and tenaciously to her duties despite physical conditions to which we need not particularly allude, but in which those who go down to the sea in ships, especially for the first time, can sympathize, and which made their performance a severe ordeal.

The Great Western special train by which we travelled to Liverpool was composed of corridor carriages with through communication from end to end and good lavatory and other accommodation. We rejoiced in an abundance of comfortable seating space; the train made very fast time, frequently reaching a speed of considerably over sixty miles an

hour, and making two stops only in the entire distance; we ran sharply to time, and the long journey was accomplished with as much comfort, ease and satisfaction as we could possibly have wished or expected. On reaching Birkenhead a tender was in readiness to convey the party to the *Tunisian*, then lying in the river preliminary to mooring at the landing stage to embark her saloon passengers. We embarked without delay, and by three o'clock had taken possession of our quarters, passed the medical examination and the scrutiny of the Dominion Government Agent appointed to inspect all outgoing parties, checked over our lists and tickets, seen everyone comfortably stowed away, located our baggage and rescued from engulfment in the hold such articles as we needed on the journey, including our big voyage box that contains we cannot exactly say everything from a needle to an anchor, but from a needle to a birch rod, the latter, we are glad to say, rarely in requisition, but nevertheless useful on occasions.

On the *Tunisian* we were among old acquaintances, and found ourselves cordially greeted and welcomed in every quarter of the ship. Our kind and esteemed friend, Mr. John Ennis, the Passenger Manager of the Allan Line, was, of course, on hand to receive us at the gangway and do the honours of the ship. Mr. Ennis stands at the head of the Atlantic passenger service, not only from his long experience and knowledge of every detail of the business, but from the unrivalled tact, urbanity and grace of manner that he brings to bear in his dealings with the many sorts and conditions of men that form the human freight of the modern Atlantic liner. We are not sure that Mr. Ennis has even yet quite forgiven us for having found it to our interest to transfer our business for several seasons to another company, but though we fancy he has still a grievance against us on this account, and regards us as like the gentleman, "uncertain as to what he ought to do, but determined to please," it was much

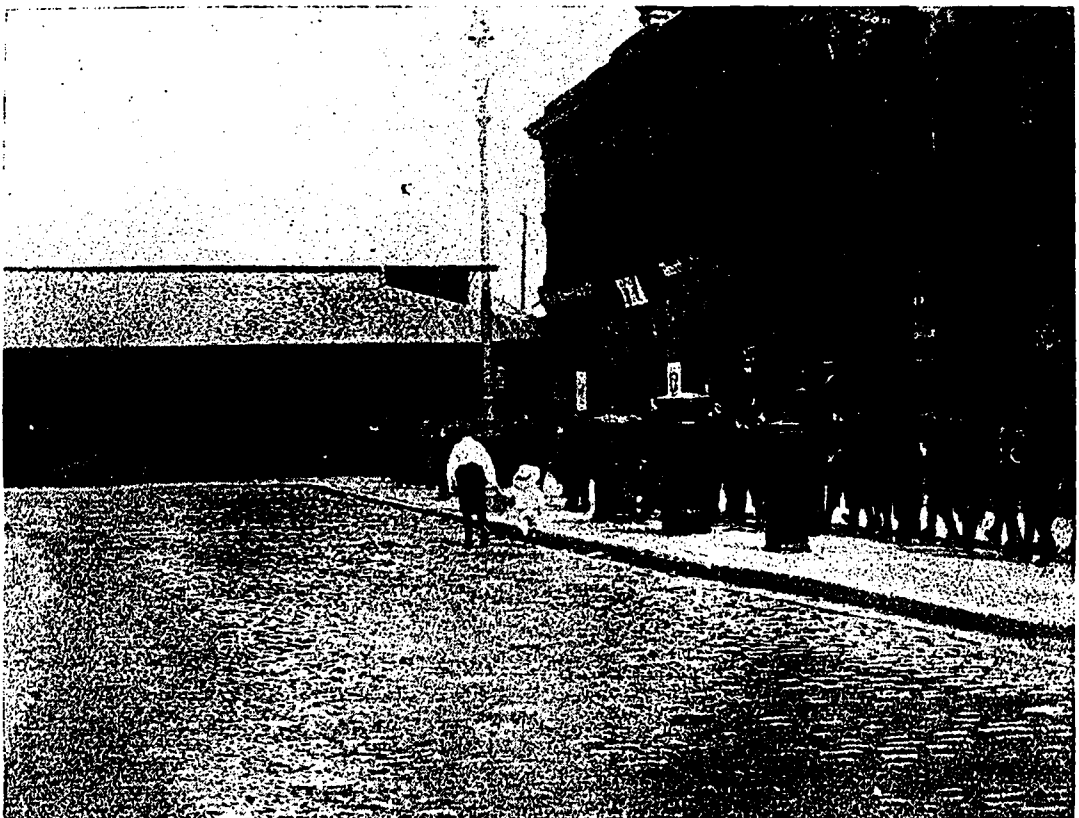
too good a diplomatist to reveal any such feelings or to fail in showing us all the attention and courtesy for which the occasion of our embarking afforded the opportunity. All the principal people of the ship's company we found at the same posts as when we had crossed with the previous party: Captain Vipond was still master, an unobtrusive, quiet, self-contained Scotchman, but a man whose whole heart and interest are centred in the navigation of his ship, and whose judgment, caution and care for the welfare of the lives and property entrusted to him are unfailing and unsparing. Mr. Cook, the chief officer, is a fine specimen, physically and mentally, of that hardy, robust type of Scotchman who seems to be peculiarly at home on the North Atlantic, and to whom the British mercantile marine so largely owes its supremacy. We hear little on the *Tunisian* of afternoon teas in the chart-room, and we have yet to hear of any lady passenger becoming sentimental over the personal and social charms of Capt. Vipond or his chief officer; but when we are making the Straits of Belle Isle on a dark, foggy night, with lots of icebergs knocking about, we would not exchange them on the bridge for any half-score of the "great ladies' men" we have ever sailed with. As chief steward we recognized our old standby, Brother Thomas Heaton, as massive and uncompromising as ever, Lancashire to the backbone, brusque in manner and rough in speech, but a man who can be depended upon, who speaks and acts straight and who more than makes up for any want of polish in manner or amiability in temper by his attention to his work, his experience and knowledge of everything connected with his department, his strict control over his staff and his loyalty to his employers' interests. Dr. Trumbull we found still ship's surgeon, and of all the professional men we have met in this capacity none is more painstaking, attentive, conscientious and devoted to his work. Among the rank and file on

board, nearly all were familiar faces. The stentorian tones of old Dan Sloan, the boatswain, seem to lose none of their richness and volume with Dan's advancing years, and in the nether regions of the ship we beheld chief cook Cheetham presiding over the galley, and to all appearances doing most of the work of that inferno, having apparently altered but little since the days when royalty in the person of Princess Louise required his presence whenever she might be crossing the Atlantic, and partook only of such food as had been prepared by his hands. The ship had a large complement of passengers in both the second cabin and steerage, but very few in the saloon. Had she been scheduled to call at a Canadian port, the number would have been much larger; but Canadians will not be prevailed upon to take a nine-day boat to an American port, and unless they can get a steamer to one of their own ports, Halifax, St. John, Quebec or Montreal, will book by a fast steamer to New York. It must be admitted, indeed, that Portland is not "in it" for saloon business, although, for our own part, we prefer it to any other port at which we disembark our parties, and experience less trouble and have incomparably better despatch than from any of the four Canadian ports.

Our party of boys had the whole of the forward part of the ship to themselves, and our quarters were spacious and most comfortable. The Labour House youths were berthed in a compartment to themselves, where they slept, ate and had their being generally, distinct and apart from the others. We always insist on this arrangement when laying out the space for our accommodation. The separation has obvious advantages, and without suggesting any analogy to the parable of the sheep and the goats, we may say that it has the effect of concentrating the least manageable element of the parties. Shut off from the younger boys by an iron bulk head, the Labour House lads had a

snug little compartment to themselves. Runchman made a very efficient and energetic sergeant-major, and his company behaved themselves remarkably well—much better than most people would expect of a lot of big, hulking lads, of the troublesome age between seventeen and twenty-one, shut up for ten days on board a ship with no occupation, and particularly prone to fall a prey to that disagreeable person who, at sea as well as on land, “finds some mischief still for idle

afternoon the wash-room was the scene of Mr. Shepherd’s activities, while for the space of an hour or more there entered the unclean, the black and the grimy, and issued forth the soaped, cleaned and garnished, while the final results were inspected by the writer at the foot of the companion ladder with unpleasant and often stinging results to anyone who had shirked the ordeal and had the evidences of his delinquency in high-water marks round the neck or an accumulation of extraneous matter



Leaving the Station at Birkenhead.

hands to do.” The rest of the party, including all but the Labour House lads, were quartered in a large, airy compartment heated by steam and lighted with electricity, with the tiers of berths against the sides and the long dining tables in the centre. A capacious wash-room, partitioned off from the larger compartment, with rows of bowls, rollers for towels and fresh water always turned on, gave us ample facilities for the ablutionary exercises that are an important feature of each day’s routine. Morning and

in the inner recesses of the organs of hearing and smell. Besides the wash-room, we were supplied on the *Tunisian* with a good pantry for the storing away of “gear,” etc., when not in use, a comfortable master’s cabin, and other necessary accommodations, the whole being most conveniently and well arranged and wonderfully contrasting to the cramped spaces in which we used to think ourselves well quartered a few years ago, with hammocks slung over the tables, light that was barely enough to make darkness visible

obtained from two or three oil lamps, the most limited appliances for washing, for which water, generally salt—fresh water being a luxury in those brave days of yore—had to be carried in cans up and down stairs from the far end of the ship, and when, instead of the tables covered with neat, white cloths, and plates, china cups and saucers and other necessary utensils laid for everyone, and supplied in the most ample quantities, there used to be served out to each boy (provided we looked sharply after it) a knife, fork and spoon, all of the cheapest, poorest and commonest metallic substance obtainable, and a tin plate and tin cup, always rusty and generally leaking. Things have marvellously changed for the better in the accommodation of steerage passengers, and it sometimes appears to us as though it is, nowadays, being rather overdone and that steerage, or third-class, passengers, as they are now called, fare better and more sumptuously than ever before in their lives, and, after the manner of man, grumble and complain accordingly. However this may be, *we* had certainly naught to complain of, and no boys could have better enjoyed themselves or more thoroughly appreciated the good fare and other creature comforts that fell to their lot than the lads of our March party. Our voyage from Liverpool to Portland was not specially eventful, although, no doubt, its incidents will long remain in the memories of our young travellers. At first they were, of course, all very ill and thought they were going to die, and afterwards very well and very lively. The weather was good for a March passage, and the lads ate well, slept well, played well and behaved well. When the sea sickness was over and everyone had been well dosed with "blackjack," we had very little occasion for the doctor, and the table-monitors were almost always able to report "all present" at the muster call after the singing of grace at each meal. For be it understood that we went by system on

board ship. Each mess table is represented by a number and is in charge of a monitor, who has the names of his company. As soon as grace is sung the numbers are called, and absentees, if any, are reported. After breakfast, and again after tea in the evening, a short service is held, and the good order, decorum and attention that prevail at these services are always the subject of highly favourable comment by any chance visitors who drop in from the saloon or elsewhere. Certainly it is generally realized that it would not be good for any boy's health to create a disturbance either at meals or at service, and any noise during these functions would be followed by noise of another kind when they were over; but it is a rare occurrence for anyone to misconduct himself in the slightest degree, and our little simple services, with the hearty singing and the sight of the rows of bright, intelligent young faces, are always among the most pleasant events of the day. The process of private interviewing—or "signing," as the boys call it, we suppose, because they sign nothing and there is nothing to sign—goes on at all available intervals between meals, services, parades and washings, and a big job it is. We have to get some personal knowledge of each boy and find out if he has friends in Canada he wishes to be near, what his ideas are in regard to his future, what training and experience he has had in the past, and to form our opinion what he is fitted for. Some of these interviews are very quaint, and many exceedingly interesting. There are some boys who talk to us intelligently and sensibly of their past life and their ideas of what lies before them; others, on the contrary, are hard to draw, while some of the little chaps are very "blank" and, in the most literal sense, "take no thought for the morrow." We make full notes of each case for our private guidance and information, and consult them closely when, towards the end of the passage, we tackle the difficult and responsible task of se-

lecting locations and choosing the boys for boarding-out in foster homes, the older boys for placing in situations and the small detachment for the Winnipeg Home. We had with us in March a list of applications as far as it was complete when we left Toronto a month before ; but, of course, many changes and additions had been made during the weeks that had elapsed, and a fresh list awaited us at Portland. Had the ship called at Halifax we should have received it there, and during the twenty-four hours' run round from Halifax to Portland we should have had ample time to revise our previous selections and make out our lists for the railway ticketing and baggage checking. But this time we were bound for Portland direct, and we were much exercised as to how and when we should find the time for all this work after we had reached the wharf and our presence was required in half a dozen places at once in connection with the arrangement for disembarking.

Providence, however, dealt kindly with us on this as on so many other occasions. We entered Portland harbour at eleven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, March 30th, a perfect Spring day, to find that the wharves were all occupied, and that we must wait to go alongside until the *Cambroman* of the Dominion Line left for sea at one o'clock. The *Parisian* had then to be shifted into the berth vacated by the *Cambroman*, and the necessary space thus left for the *Tunisian*. This three hours' delay, that under ordinary circumstances would have been so aggravating, and did aggravate the rest of our fellow-passengers, was a God send to us. Our papers came off in a boat, and by working at high pressure until the gangway was out, we had everything in readiness and could give attention to the various officials, medical officer of the port, medical officer of the State, United States quarantine officers, alien officers, Customs officers, railway agent, baggage master, etc.,

that came upon us fast and furious. The fun begins soon after the ship is made fast. "The captain's compliments, and will Mr. Owen get the boys ashore as quickly as possible, as they want to begin to discharge cargo ;" "The United States alien officer says the boys must not be landed at present, as he can't inspect them just yet ;" "Will Mr. Owen please come and pick out the baggage on the wharf ?" "The State doctor says will Mr. Owen please muster the boys at once that he may pass them ?" "A young woman in the after steerage says she belongs to Dr. Barnardo's party ; will Mr. Owen please go aft and give particulars about her to the Immigration officer ?" "There's a boy on the wharf with two telegrams for Mr. Owen ;" "I'd like to get some particulars about your party for the *Portland Fireater* ;" "Will Mr. Owen please keep the boys clear of Number 2 hatch, because they want to open it at once ?" "Will Mr. Owen please say where he wants the provisions put ?" "The chief steward says will the boys want tea ?" "The Canadian Customs officer wants to know what's in the case marked 'corned beef ;'" "Sir, der's a boy fell over one of de ropes and 'urt 'isself ;" "The Grand Trunk Superintendent says will Mr. Owen please step across to the station and see the cars and say where they shall be placed ;" "Will you please hurry up as much as possible, as we want to get your party off by the first special ;" "Two of the portmanteaus have burst open in landing ; will you please come and see to them ?" "There's an old lady in your party says she can't see her boxes, and she's raising old Harry about it," and so on, and so on. Sometimes on these occasions we say things strong things to ourselves ; but we have learned to keep cool, and it all works out right in the end. The boys were admirable, as they always are, and the United States officers who are accustomed to the rowdiness of the American youth and expect to see a party of 250 boys

rushing about like wild animals and taking charge of the town, look upon them as marvels of British discipline and old-world training. Everybody at Portland is as good to us as they can be, and although the process of landing at an American port is supposed to be encompassed with obstructions, delays and petty annoyances, we have no trouble that anyone can spare us. The Grand Trunk had provided some of their best tourist cars for the accommodation of the party, and although they were handicapped

many and various circumstances. The next day was devoted, as usual, to bathing, changing of clothes, and medical examination, when each boy passes under the scrutiny of our able, kindly and highly valued medical officer, Dr. Moorhouse, so that on the eve of his leaving us we may have the assurance that he is sound and healthy. On Tuesday morning took place the final distribution of the boys for situations, small detachments going off on all the early trains—North, South, East and West. Mr. Griffith travelled to St. Thomas



Embarking in the Tender—Woodside Stage, Birkenhead.

by the station shed having been blown down by dynamite a few hours before we arrived, in preparation for the erection of a new and more commodious building, we entrained the party without difficulty or confusion.

Our special train made the run from Portland to Toronto at express speed, and before midnight the boys were safely housed in the familiar quarters at 114 Park Avenue, that have been the temporary resting place for so many thousands under so

with the large contingent destined for points on the Southern Division, and the other detachments were consigned to the care of the conductors of the various trains, who always undertake to see that their charges are put off at the right places. We are glad to record that the distribution was satisfactorily accomplished, and without any "mix up." At our final assembling we had carefully drummed into every boy's head that there were six things that he must receive before

we take leave of him: railway ticket, card with full address of the person he is going to, letter of introduction to hand to his master, check for his portmanteau or box, the envelope containing the little book of "Directions for Lads on Leaving for Situations," with two addressed post-cards, and parcel of provisions. Our lads, as a rule, make very good travellers, and are not afraid of using their tongues to ask questions, so that it is a rare event for anyone to miss his route. On the following day Mr. Gaunt left for the North with his large detachment of little boarders for Muskoka, and with this departure the distribution was completed, and the first party of the season was off our hands. The post-cards announcing safe arrivals soon began to pour in, sometimes written by the employers, but generally by the boys themselves, and in almost every case expressing satisfaction with the boy or the home, as the case might be, so that we had the gratification of knowing that, as a rule, the newcomers are well located. We had then to address ourselves to the task of offering our regretful apologies to the many applicants whom we had been unable to supply. The demand had been enormous ever since the beginning of the year, and although we had declined all applications for the first party after the middle of January, or warned most of our clients that our supplying them was very doubtful, we had previously held out hopeful prospects to rather too many. However, most of our friends accepted the situation philosophically, and agreed to wait for the second or third party, as the case might be. Certainly, had the party been four times its size, we could have provided for every one without the slightest difficulty, and still have sent eligible applicants empty away; but, as it was, we could only console ourselves by knowing that we had done our best with the material at our disposal.

It had been settled before we left England that a party of girls should

be despatched in June, and on June 6th we found ourselves once more under way in charge of a nice little contingent of 102 girls and one small boy. Our departure with this modest consignment was a very quiet affair. Dr. Barnardo was making steady progress towards recovery, but was absent from London and unable to take leave of the party. We travelled to Liverpool very comfortably by the regular express train of the Midland Railway, and embarked on the *Tunisian* in the afternoon of the day of sailing. The girls are not as fortunate as the boys in their accommodation on the ships, it being generally necessary to berth them at the after end, where they are quartered with all the other steerage passengers, and although a special compartment is reserved and fitted up as comfortably as circumstances will permit, they are much more cribbed, cabined and confined than the male passengers at the forward end. However, the girls themselves, and Mr. and Mrs. Davis, who travelled in charge of them, made the best of the situation, and the voyage passed very pleasantly, on the whole. Mrs. Davis is emphatically the right person in the right place as matron in charge of a party of girls on board ship. We find her at her post early and late, unsparing of herself, and full of the sense of responsibility for her young charges. She has proved herself to be proof against sea-sickness, and can keep her feet and attend to her duties in any kind of weather. She is up to most of the "moves" on board ship, can hold her own with anyone, and put her hand to anything—all most valuable and indispensable qualifications in the rough-and-tumble experiences of a voyage on a big emigrant ship with the care of a large party of young females. There are few idle moments for Mrs. Davis from the time she takes charge at the London railway station till she hands over her consignment to the ladies at Peter

borough, and her eyes have to be, as much as possible, in half a dozen places at once. We should be afraid to hazard a guess as to the number of times in the course of twenty-four hours Mrs. Davis climbs up and down the steep ladders leading from the deck to the girls' living and sleeping quarters, but we should fancy that an ascent of the Alps would seem to be a very trifling undertaking after a week of that constant treadmill.

The ship carried a good complement of saloon passengers, and our

features of these unprofitable intervals spent at Quebec between disembarkation and the final departure by train are the unrivalled opportunities they afford us of studying the art of "how not to do it" in the finished state of perfection to which that accomplishment has arrived in that happy hunting-ground of French-Canadian officialdom. Officials are everywhere—superior officials smoking cigars, inferior officials smoking pipes, grand and pompous officials, genial and approachable officials, active officials



The Last of the "Old Sod."

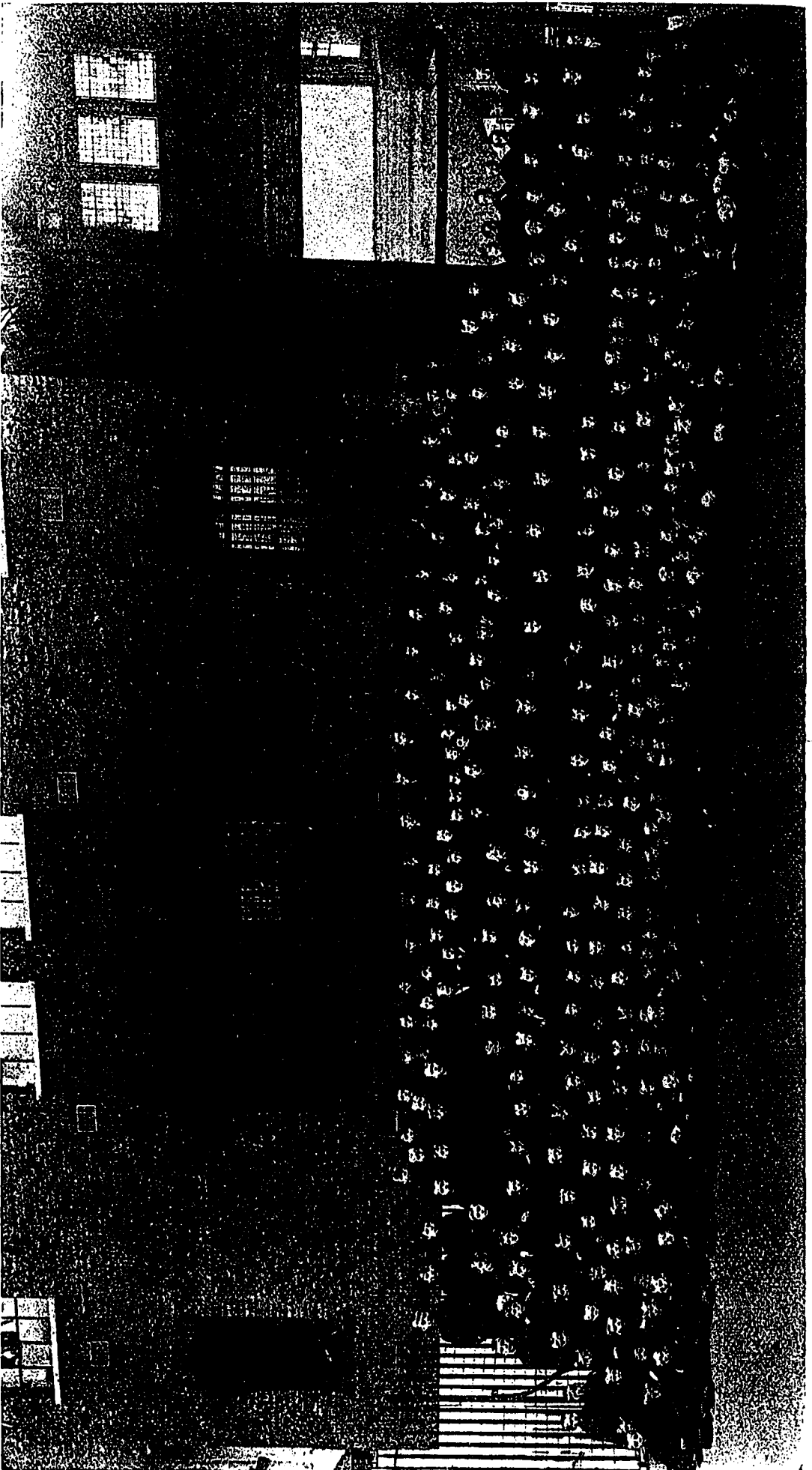
family was the object of much kindly interest, and we heard many highly flattering observations upon their creditable appearance, good manners and generally excellent behaviour. The *Tunisian* made good time, and although taking the longer route South of Newfoundland, reached Quebec at 2.30 on the morning of Saturday June 15th. The passengers disembarked shortly after daybreak and left by special train for the West at mid day. The only compensating

and indolent officials, obliging officials and disobliging officials, officials who speak many languages and tongues and officials who speak only French and gesticulate vehemently, Canadian officials, American officials, Customs officials, Police officials, Railway officials, Steamship officials, officials with responsible duties and officials with no duties at all, but all, no doubt, lusty feeders at the official trough. We navigate our way through the familiar confusion of all

things, choosing what experience has taught us to be the path of least resistance, and in time accomplish the checking of our baggage, the certifying of our lists whereby we land under the sanction and benison of a paternal government, the possession of our railway tickets and the entraining of our party. When the last feat has been satisfactorily performed, we begin the process of shunting. The Canadian Pacific Railway yards and sidings are extensive, and during the succeeding hour or two we appear to traverse half the high-ways and bye-ways of the lower part of Quebec and to pull up with a violent jerk before the doors, front or back, of half the residents of that respectable, but somewhat uninteresting, locality. The process is jarring to the spine and aggravating to the temper, but it comes to an end at last, and the children who have kept up a chorus of "Now we're off!" "No we ain't; we're goin' back!" "Oh, wasn't that a hump!" find that at last we *are* off. On the occasion of our trip in June, somewhat less time than usual was occupied during the journey from Quebec to Montreal in making repairs to the engine and in side-tracking to allow of the passing of freight trains, and we accomplished the journey at an average speed of twenty-four miles an hour. Westward from Montreal a change comes over the spirit of the dream on the Canadian Pacific, and we find ourselves bowling along behind a colossal engine at a grand rate of speed, and our express train on time to the minute despite the additional weight of our two big passenger cars and car of baggage. The tourist cars are not bad resting places, especially for tired and sleepy children, and we had some considerable difficulty in waking and rousing everybody up as we approached Peterborough at five in the morning. Awaiting us on the platform were four of the ladies from "Hazel Brae," and the train remained long enough for us to see the procession filing up George street in the bright Summer morning sun

shine, looking as bonny, healthy and happy a little party as anyone could wish to set eyes upon. We ourselves proceeded to Toronto and arrived two hours later, having been absent just nineteen days—a quick trip even in these days of twenty-three-knot steamers.

Our respite was not a long one, barely long enough, indeed, to enable us, by working at high pressure, to overtake the arrears of correspondence that had accumulated during our absence and deliver ourselves of the July Number of UPS AND DOWNS; and within a fortnight of our arrival we were once again upon the water. The third party of the season was announced to be a mixed one, and the limit of our expectations was 250 boys and 100 girls. On reaching London, however, on July 11th we found that Dr. Barnardo's return from Germany, where he had been under a special course of treatment, had reanimated every department of the work, and that as a result there were over 360 names on the boys' list and over 100 on the girls'. A mixed party of such dimensions could not, unfortunately, be accommodated on one steamer, and although we hoped it might after all be managed, it was ultimately decided that the boys should sail on the 18th on the *Numidian*, the girls following a week later on the *Parisian*. The last medical examination and final scrutiny of the party, so as to weed out all possible "undesirables," reduced the number of boys to 340; but the party was still the largest detachment of young emigrants which had ever crossed the Atlantic. In quality as well as in quantity it was a banner party. There were boys of all ages from five to nineteen. Well nigh every county and shire in England was represented, and we had boys from Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Channel Islands, France, Germany, the West Indies, Australia and the United States. Each of the English training Houses contributed its quota, and a great many of



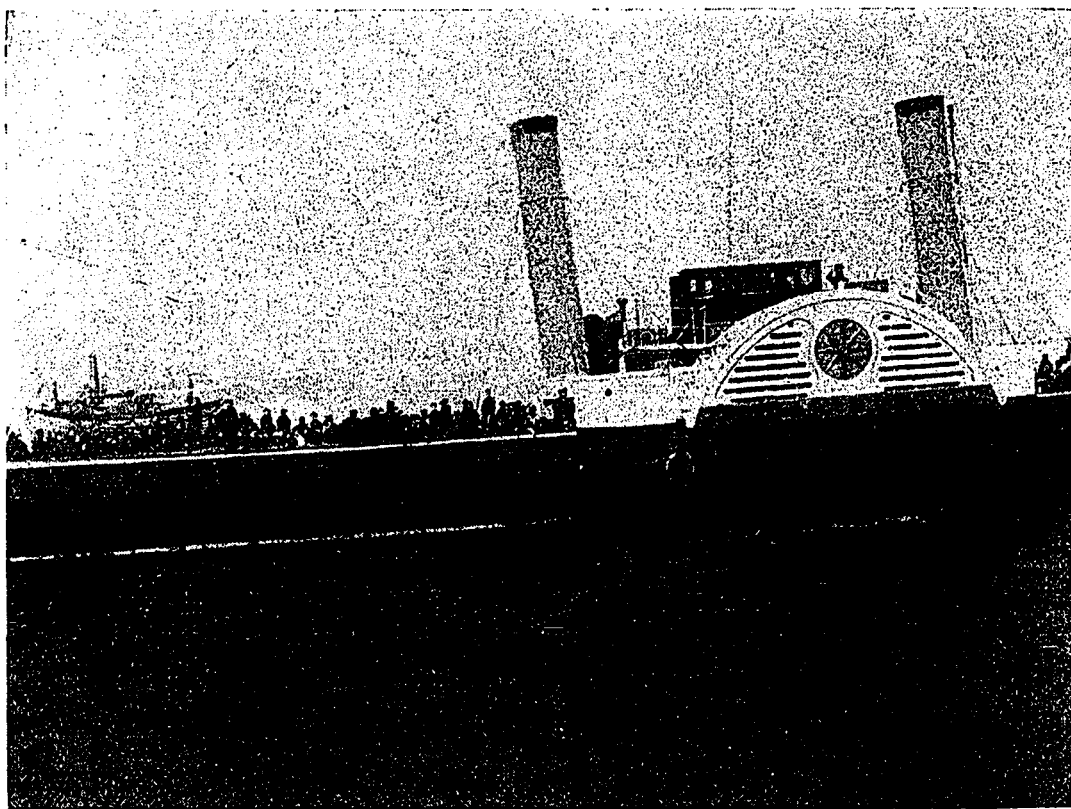
the boys had lately been recalled from country foster-homes where they had been boarded-out for many years previously. It was a party to be proud of, and proud indeed the Doctor must have felt at seeing this splendid array of the finished output of his work. There were busy times at Stepney during the last few days before their departure. Mr. Miles, the Canada clerk in the general office, looked wan and weary as he struggled with the interminable lists, and others who had to do with the outfitting and other preparations "wore a worried look." Doubtless these brethren witnessed our going forth with a lively sense of relief and satisfaction, and, without any unkindly feelings towards us personally, were devoutly thankful to see our backs. Mr. Byrne, the Agent of the Ontario Government, made the customary individual inspection of the party two days before our leaving, greeting every boy in his habitual gracious and fatherly manner. This inspection takes place under the provisions of the Act governing the placing out of British children in the Province of Ontario, and is designed to prevent the importation of children of undesirable character or by unauthorized and irresponsible people. On the present occasion, Mr. Byrne was most complimentary in his remarks upon the appearance of the party, and we appreciated his commendation, knowing that he speaks with the weight of long experience in emigration work and with a full sense of the responsibility that rests upon him to protect the Province he represents from being made the dumping ground of people, young or old, whose presence would be detrimental or unwelcome. One of the most interesting of our farewell functions was the attendance of the greater number of the boys at the noon-day prayer meeting at the Aldersgate Street Y. M. C. A. to specially commend to the loving care of the All-Father the young people who were going forth to the new country. We shall not soon forget the fervent

petitions that were offered on that occasion for the safety and welfare of the lads, or the manly, simple address of Mr. W. R. Lane, a man who carries in speech and bearing the mark of the true soldier of the Cross and proclaims his Master's message with all the power and sweetness of the gospel of Christ. There were other meetings and farewell talks with the boys at the different Homes, and we doubt not that there were impressions made in some of these young hearts that will abide throughout all the vicissitudes and temptations of the life that lies before them here, and seed sown that will bear fruit unto the life beyond.

The week of our departure was one of almost tropical heat, and our jaded colleagues in London overwhelmed us with their congratulations upon our speedy removal to cooler latitudes. We have had our own experience of the effects of the exchange from extreme heat to North Atlantic fogs and the kind of temperature begotten by a gentle breeze blowing over a few thousand leagues of field ice, and personally we prefer the heat; but man is ever a dissatisfied animal. July 18th was certainly a "scorcher," and the atmosphere was oven-like. The heat, however, had no depressing effect upon our youngsters, and we venture to say it would have been hard to find 340 happier lads in London than those who were taking their last farewell of the grim old city. We started again from Paddington, and our good friends of the Great Western had arranged everything as admirably as before for our railway journey to Liverpool. A handsome corridor train was run as a "special" for our sole use and benefit, and we have never travelled on either side of the Atlantic with a greater degree of comfort and satisfaction. The line of the Great Western passes through some of the most picturesque scenery in the Western counties of England and North Wales, and our lads must have taken with them a delightful

impression of the beauties of rural England. Leaving Paddington at 9.10, we were at Birkenhead at 2.27, where the tender was waiting our arrival to take us out to the *Numidian*, then in mid-stream. To Mr. Gelling, who, besides being a professor of calisthenics, physical culture, and other arts and sciences that to our lesser intelligence are unrevealed and incomprehensible, is an expert and successful photographer, we are indebted for the various "snap shots" of our party *en route*, that we reproduce in our

festivals, appear to us to possess all the grace and charm of the ballet without any of its obnoxious and injurious features. We were not long in making ourselves at home on the *Numidian*, and having only taken leave of her the week before, we were in familiar quarters. The *Numidian* is a respectable type of ship, steady in her goings, extremely economical in her requirements in the shape of coal consumption, but remarkably slow. Our quarters were not palatial, and one section of the party were berthed on the "Or-



In the Mersey.

present pages, and we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Gelling for the pleasure of his company on our journey to Liverpool, as well as for these artistic and well-executed productions of his camera. We could wish he might have accompanied us throughout the trip and exercised his skill at other points of the journey, but, of course, what would become of the musical drill, the may pole dances and all the other picturesque exercises that as we see them on late days and high

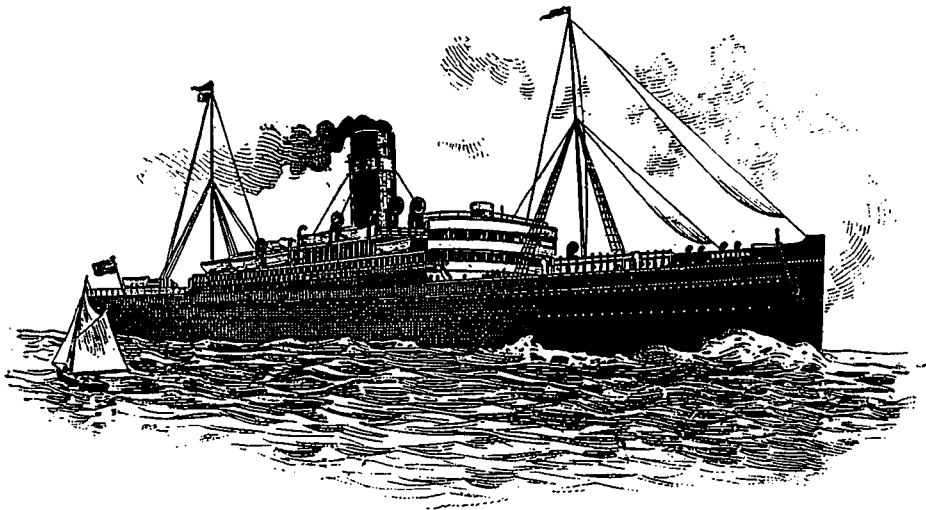
lop" deck, where the only light they enjoyed was that effused by a small allowance of oil lamps; but the best had been done with the space available, and we have often fared worse. The *Numidian* would not have been in commission in the Liverpool trade but for the demands of the transport service occasioned by the South African war, so that in having to reduce ourselves into a rather small or compass than usual, we were sharing in some measure in the sacrifices of the Empire, and we saw

no occasion for complaint. At the landing stage we were joined by our assistant, Mr. W. Barwick, whom we had engaged for the trip a couple of days previously. Suffice it to say of Mr. Barwick that, besides being a particularly genial and agreeable ship-mate, he has more than satisfied our requirements as an assistant master and fully sustained the high character that he brought with him from his career in His Majesty's navy, in which he rose to an honourable and responsible position. Our hands were full during the voyage with so large a party, and having boys in two decks meant a double supervision. We were fortunate, however, in having in the first place so capable a second in command in Mr. Barwick, and in the second place in our finding among the older lads of the party several helpful and trusty petty officers who rendered us valuable and faithful services. With Percival in charge of the bed-making we could make our minds easy that every mattress in every bunk would be properly turned over and blankets shaken and folded, and that when Miller was stationed on the stairway during the process of morning or afternoon washing, no one, big or little, would go on deck until duly inspected and passed. Order always reigned at the tables when Harris and Springall were in charge, and W. H. White and Thomas Rooke were lads that we could depend upon in any emergency. Weather conditions were favourable to us. We had much fog, but before entering the ice track, so that no time was lost, and such very moderate steaming powers as the *Numidian* possesses were kept in action. Leaving the Irish Coast on the afternoon of Friday, July 19th, we travelled through almost continued fog until the afternoon of Thursday, the 25th, when it lifted just as we were getting into the neighbourhood of ice, and shortly before we passed several large bergs. The ship signalled Cape Race at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Friday and landed her mails at Rimouski at 1.15 on Mon-

day morning. The trip was one of the longest we have made, but the time was fully occupied with so many to become acquainted with. The lads themselves began to get rather tired of the voyage, but the general conduct and behaviour were excellent among all hands and discipline and order were well maintained. We were much helped in our duties as "chaplain to the forces" by Mr. Godfrey, whom we were greatly pleased to have with us on the occasion of his first, but we hope not his last, visit to Canada. He has contributed, in the shape of a letter to old Village Home girls, an account of his trip, that will be found elsewhere in our columns and will be read with great interest, and we will only say here that both his company and his kindly help were much appreciated on the *Numidian*. Our last two days were very full, as may be imagined. The sorting out and opening up of over 300 small portmanteaus and changing of clothes for that number of boys in a limited space is no small task of itself, and Mr. Barwick and the writer wrought powerfully down below in the "tween decks" among rows of small boys exploring the resources of their kits, while outside, as the ship steamed easily up the St. Lawrence, the mercury stood well up in the 90's. "Sir, this shirt ain't got no buttons." "Sir, I ain't only got one sock." "Sir, dis lock's broke." "Whose is this key on the deck?" A roar of laughter, the cause of which is a small boy wrestling with a shirt of which the body would be an easy fit for a twenty-stone man, and the sleeves for a baby of six months; a shout in another corner hailing the grand collapse of a portmanteau which had proved unequal to the strain of the extra pressure required to induce an ill-fitting lock to perform its function; a boy in huge difficulties with his braces, another labouring to force his feet into someone else's boots two sizes too small for him, and so forth; but despite these little untoward happenings, the job progresses, and before we reach Quebec

everybody is resplendent in new clothing, outside and under, and the portmanteaus are fastened up and piled separately, as their owners are destined for the Canadian Pacific or Grand Trunk Railways respectively. Money changing is one of our last tasks, deferred till as late as possible to minimize the opportunities for the loss of silver and copper coins. On the first evening of the voyage we make a practice of gathering in the cash assets of the party, and before we land we hand back each capitalist who entrusted us with his wealth the equivalent value in Canadian currency, calculated on the basis of a cent for a halfpenny. Copper is the principal medium of exchange in

who was waiting with Mr. White to take charge of the section of the party who were destined for Manitoba. This contingent, which was to travel by the Canadian Pacific, remained at Quebec, while with the bulk of the party we re-embarked on the Grand Trunk tender and crossed to Point Levis. The night was beautifully fine and warm, and the boys strolled and sat about the wharf at Levis while baggage was being checked and loaded and tickets made out. We took possession of our five cars at 11 o'clock, and the train pulled out at 11.30. The Grand Trunk, under the *regime* of Mr. Hayes and his successor, have a fashion of doing



Allan Line S.S. "Tunisian."

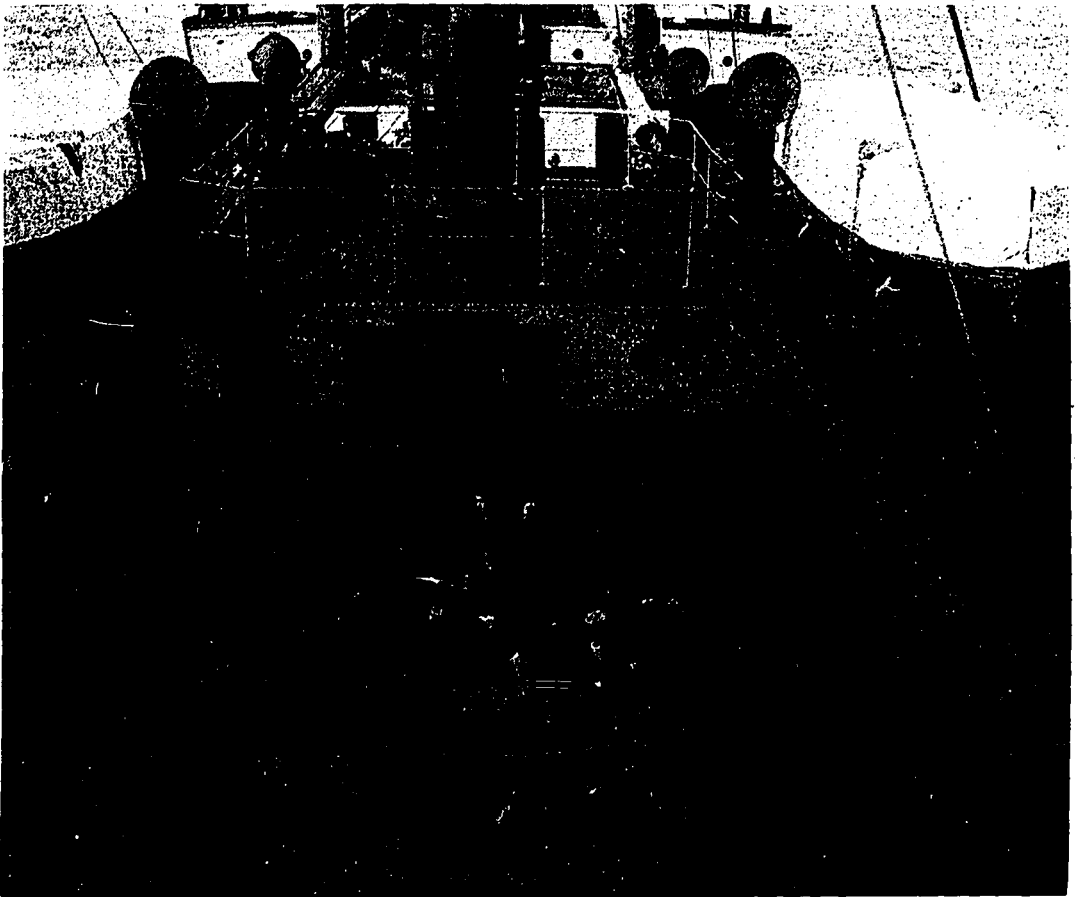
these transactions, although $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. is redeemed by a five-cent piece, 5d. by a ten-cent ditto, and those whose wealth attains to a shilling and a halfpenny are introduced for the first time to the Canadian "quarter." During the night watches between Rimouski and Quebec we wrestled with the list of applications that came to us with the mail tender, and settled finally the destinations of the party, so that as far as possible we could get through tickets from Quebec and check baggage. We ultimately succeeded in having every thing ready by the time the ship was made fast at the wharf. Then we reached about 5 p.m. Our first greeting was from Mr. Stranahan,

their shunting and making up their trains before passengers enter the cars, and we were subjected to no unnecessary detention or inconvenience. Montreal was reached early in the morning, and after stubbornly and successfully resisting the proposal of the chief night despatcher to attach our cars to No. 7, a slow day train, making all stops between Montreal and Toronto, our train was run West as a special, and we were soon putting miles behind us.

We had been met in Montreal by Mr. Griffith, and left under his charge a small party of boys whose destinations were on the line of the Canada Atlantic Railway, and who would have a few hours' wait in

Montreal; and besides those left in Montreal, we parted with boys at several points on the journey between Montreal and Toronto, where we had arranged for their being met in preference to their going up to Toronto and coming back again the next day. These wayside departures are regarded with mixed feelings by the boys, and are the subject of much searching of hearts. Sometimes the boys whose names are called and bidden to wash and make ready, are looked upon as

sometimes in the night, and we have known occasions when we have had to leave boys off in black darkness, and blinding storm and snow. The station agents, however, are always ready to take kindly charge of our little wayfarers under such circumstances, and we owe a debt of gratitude to many of these gentlemen for much kindness and hospitality to small boys whom we have committed to their care. On our July trip, however, our business was done in fine weather and



Very Sick.

specially favoured, at other times, particularly if amongst the earliest to go, is someone who is supposed to have got a black mark against him for some offence during the journey, the being put off is regarded as something in the nature of a judgment, and dreaded accordingly. A good deal also depends on the weather. Coming up the line as we do at uncertain times, on a journey from Montreal to Toronto

bright sunshine, and the boys we parted with at Brockville, Napanee and various other junction points, made their connections easily, and we were able to see them satisfactorily disposed of.

Six o'clock in the morning, and we pulling into the Union Station at Toronto, where we were kindly awaited by our friend Mr. Gorman, the Station Superintendent, and made the men completely and admirably

arrangement for running our train into the position most accessible for the long row of omnibuses that was waiting to convey the party to Farley Avenue. The cars were emptied, and the vehicles loaded in short order, and half an hour later everyone had mustered in the yard. Supper had been served in the train from the ample stock of provisions brought from Quebec, so that washing was the first order of the day, a process which, after the hot, dusty journey, our young travellers stood greatly in need of. We had to do some hard contriving to find sleeping accommodation for so formidable a contingent, but Mr. Davis is a man of expedients, and we have proved the elasticity of our housing capacity in many a similar crisis, so that before the shades of night had fallen, everyone was provided with a "shake-down." It was a case of "early to bed, early to rise," for we were a day late, and farmers all over the province had been notified a week before to expect the boys the next morning, and we must break up accordingly rather than disappoint everybody, and have people coming long distances to railway stations to find no one there, and the boys arriving the next day to find no one to meet them. So we had to banish sleep from our sorely wearied eyelids, and devote the night to preparations for the morning's exodus. Breakfast was served at 5.20, after which we had our last little talk and a few words of prayer with our young charges, and distributed to each one the tickets, cards of direction, baggage checks, etc., when it was "fall in" for the station. Mr. Gaunt went North with his big consignment for boarding out in Muskoka; Miss Kennedy acted as conductor to the boys going West on the Grand Trunk main line, and Mr. Davis left at 7.30 with the big contingent for points on the Southern Division. The boys for other trains were taken in charge by the different conductors, and early in the day we returned to an emptied car-

ment to attack the usual piles of letters which we have to wade through; we might, perhaps, more correctly say, *walk* through, as we have acquired the undesirable habit of pacing the room while dictating notes.

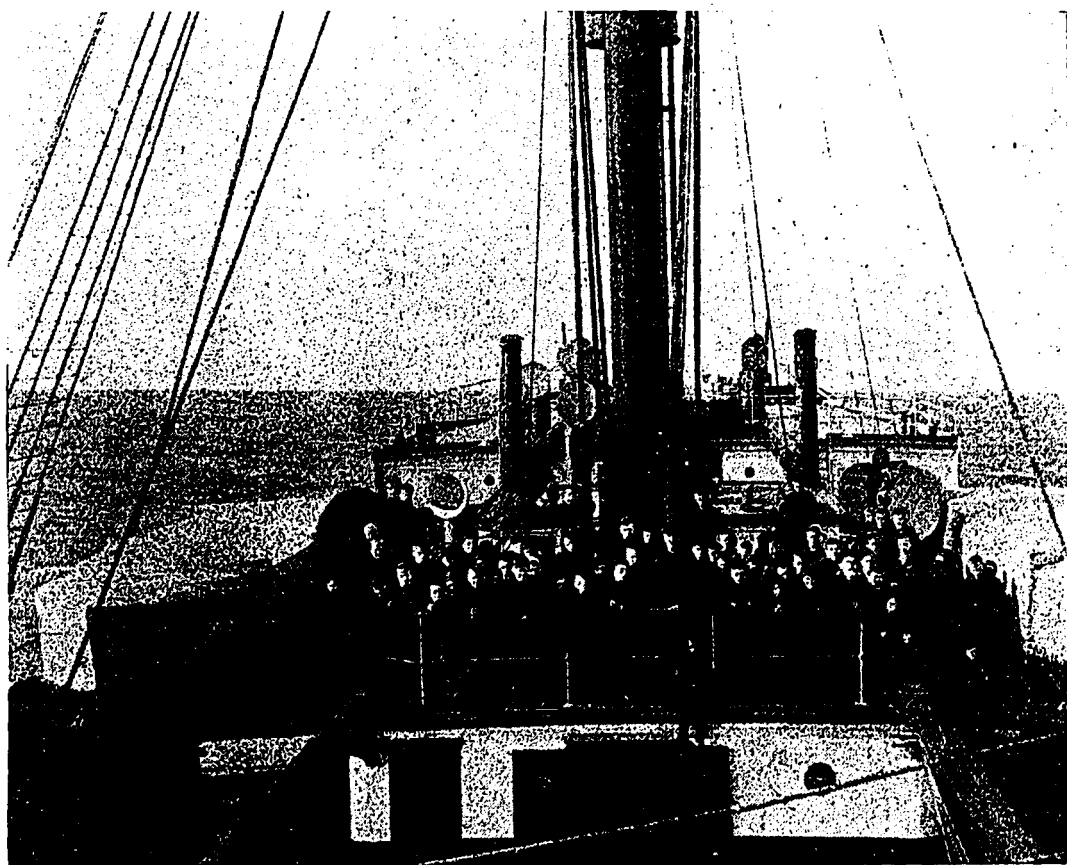
One night's rest only was vouchsafed us, as Messrs. Allans telegraphed us from Montreal the next morning that the *Parisian* had been reported in the St. Lawrence, and was due in Quebec on Friday night.

On Thursday night we had, therefore, to gird up our loins and start off to meet Mrs. Davis and her contingent of girls. We had but little time to spare, the *Parisian* making fast time up the river and reaching Quebec before 8 o'clock on Friday evening, having beaten, we believe, all records from Rimouski, and made the voyage in nearly three days less time than the *Numidian*. We hastened on board as soon as the ship was made fast to congratulate Mrs. Davis on the splendid appearance of her charges as we saw them mustered on the deck, and to hear how well they had behaved and how highly everybody on board was able to speak of their good conduct and the attentive care with which they had been looked after. Thanks to Mrs. Davis' vigilance and good management, everything had gone off well despite some defects in the sanitary accommodation which Dr. Barnardo had expressed strong disapproval of when he saw the party off at Liverpool. Mr. Rogers, the chief steward, had been unfailing in his attentions, and in the effort to make things pleasant and comfortable for the party, and they had wanted for nothing that it lay in his power to supply. All were sound and well and landed in the best of health and condition. The usual tedious waiting occurred at Quebec. We were ready to leave in ample time for the nine o'clock express, and urged the powers that be to let us get off. The C. P. R., however, have a way of their own at Quebec, and insisted on holding us for a special to follow later, which they guaran-

teed would make connection in Montreal with the train leaving next morning for Peterborough at 8.25. We would have offered guarantees that we should miss any such connection, but we were overruled, and the event abundantly justified our expectations. After a miserable journey of ten hours in covering the distance of 172 miles, we reached the Windsor Street Station at Montreal at 11.30 on Saturday morning to be told that we must now wait for the night ex-

reached our destination at 11.15 at night, where we handed the girls over to Miss Gibbs at the station and came on to Toronto with Mrs. Davis in the van of a freight train that discharged us at North Toronto at 5 o'clock on Sunday morning.

The four parties that had arrived up to this date brought the numbers for the season to 793, and our hopes ran high that the fourth detachment that we were advised to expect in September would carry us well over the thousand limit. The month of



Outward Bound—As We Look on Board Ship.

press leaving at 10 o'clock. As we were at the headquarters of the C.P.R. system and it was in business hours, we appealed unto Cæsar in the person of Mr. Ussher, the General Passenger Agent. Mr. Ussher rose in his wrath and, we fancy, must have given the Divisional Superintendent a bad quarter of an hour, for we soon learned that a passenger engine and crew were to turn out to haul our two cats to Peterborough. Accordingly we

August gave us a welcome lull to overtake correspondence and pay a flying visit to the Winnipeg Home, where we found everything in excellent working order. Our Exhibition gathering filled the first week in September, and on the night of the 6th, after the dismissal of our last visitors, we left by the evening train for New York, intending to sail next day by the *Canard S.S. Company*, that would bring us to Liverpool on the 14th, leaving an interval of

four days before sailing for Canada with the party on the 19th. To our dismay, the train broke down during the night between Buffalo and New York, and we arrived just in time to see the *Campania* steaming majestically down the harbour. We had in consequence to wait for the North German Lloyd *Maria Theresa*, leaving three days later, and ultimately reached London just thirty-six hours before the time for our departure. Under these circumstances, we saw little of the party before leaving, but heard good things of both girls and boys. The last party of the season is generally somewhat of a "scratch" party, but there was nothing suggestive of "fragments that remain" in our September consignment. We numbered 118 boys and 102 girls, the average age being about 11 years. With the possible exception of the Labour House lads, who will stand a little building up at the Farm Home before they quite come up to sample, the party was even above the average in physique, while in training, cleanliness of habits and general good conduct, they were equal to any we have ever had the privilege of escorting. Our only grievance against the boys was that there were not more of them, for though the total number of the party brought us well over the thousand for the season, they were not half enough to supply the importunities of the applicants in Canada, many of whom had waited since February or March for us to supply them. There was now no possibility of dangling a later party before their eyes, and we must offer our clients the first party of next year or to cancel their applications. The latter alternative, we may say in passing, most of them have declined, with the result that we have now, in the Autumn of 1901, as many applications for boys over fourteen as we shall be able to supply, under normal conditions, during the Spring of 1902. There was nothing specially memorable or out of the common routine in our September journey, if we except the

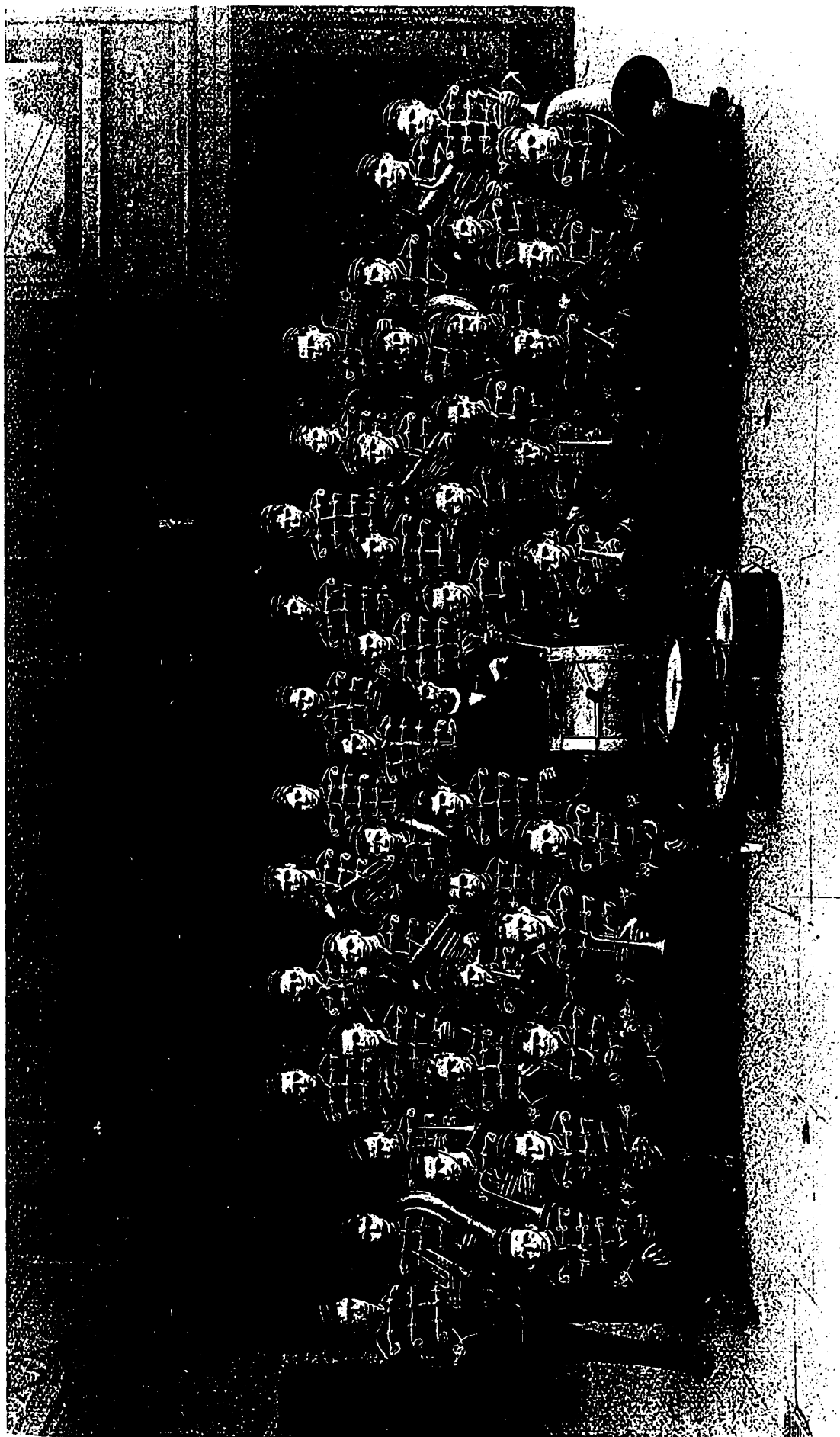
glad fact that Dr. Barnardo was able for the first time in the year to see his boys off, and that we left him looking wonderfully restored to health and vigour. We crossed again in the *Tunisian*, occupying the same quarters as before and falling generally into the same niches. Everyone on board made us cordially welcome, and we were not long in stowing ourselves comfortably away. The following is the log of our trip from London to Toronto, as taken from the rough jottings of the writer's personal diary:

SEPT. 19th.—Left Stepney 10.15, a quarter of an hour later than was intended, owing to brakes not being punctual. Got off very well. Band in splendid form. Got through the city without delay, although roads up everywhere. Reached Euston at 11.30. Barwick on hand, and Mrs. Davis, who had only arrived from Canada the evening before. Were put on at the head of the saloon passenger special. Children rather crowded in carriage and train very heavy. Served out parcels of sandwiches on the platform and milk all round after the train had started. Reached Riverside Station 4.20. Embarked by after-gangway. Same quarters as before. Boys any amount of room. Berthed Labour House lads in special compartment in foreign steerage. Ship chock full of saloon and second cabin passengers. Passed medical examination satisfactorily and got papers certified. Ship under way at 5.30. Blowing hard breeze. Children all sick. Just managed to get them berthed, money taken up, and undressed and into bed, before they turned up.

FRIDAY.—Called boys at 6. Very sick and lifeless. Girls awfully wretched. Blowing hard and ship pitching heavily. Very poor muster for breakfast. Couldn't attempt service. Reached Moville 9.30. Got everyone up and on deck. Tender alongside 1 o'clock. High sea running. Passengers had very bad time embarking, ship being so light and high out of the water. Irish passengers make up the complement on board to over 1,100. Started at 2.30. Very soon everyone prostrate. Saw to everyone's being undressed and plenty of saw-dust down—nothing more to be done.

SATURDAY.—Turned out 5. Blowing hard and sea rough. Barwick superintended washing. Got everyone out, but most of them soon crawled back. Sickness general, girls very bad. Scarcely anyone out to meals. Mrs. Davis kept very busy. Made out list. Ship's run, 288 miles from Moville.

SUNDAY.—Left at 5. Weather moderating, but rain still falling. Majority of



Our Escort—The Band of the Boys' Home.

children much better, and good turn-out to meals. Conducted service for both boys and girls in boys' quarters. Very attentive audience, and behaviour excellent. Stewards attending well to their work. Arranged for special night watchman for girls' quarters. Appointed monitors for different tables. Sunday dinner, consisting of pea-soup, fresh meat and vegetables and plum pudding, done justice to by the majority of the party. Took evening service in girls' quarters.

MONDAY.—Roused everyone between 5 and 6. Both boys and girls much better, and rapidly recovering from seasickness. Strong head breeze blowing; freshening during the day, and heavy sea running. Began to take names and interviewed about twenty. A number of particularly bright boys in the party, including some who have been for years in the Home. The Northern counties of England well represented, and several boys from Belfast. Very nearly a full muster for meals. Invited Mr. Bond, a London barrister whose acquaintance I made in the saloon, to come down and look over the various essays for prize competitions in UPS AND DOWNS, and adjudge prizes. Services as usual with boys and girls. Good order everywhere prevailed. Boys on deck most of the day, girls only for a short time. Everyone turned in early. Ship's run, 344 miles.

TUESDAY.—Turned out at 5. Watchman at entrance to girls' quarters most satisfactory institution, and a saving of much anxiety. Washing superintended, as usual, by Mr. Barwick. Gave boys good inspection. Parade on deck before breakfast, and all present at the meal. Mrs. Davis busy with the girls, of whom nearly all are able to be up and about. Weather improving, but raw and cold. Dug up, after immense search, box containing magazines and other reading matter, which were distributed amongst the children and very acceptable. Morning and evening services with boys and girls, with an hour's singing with the girls after the evening service. Made good progress in interviewing the boys. Very fine little party, with, so far, scarcely any "wrong uns." Ship's run, 320 miles.

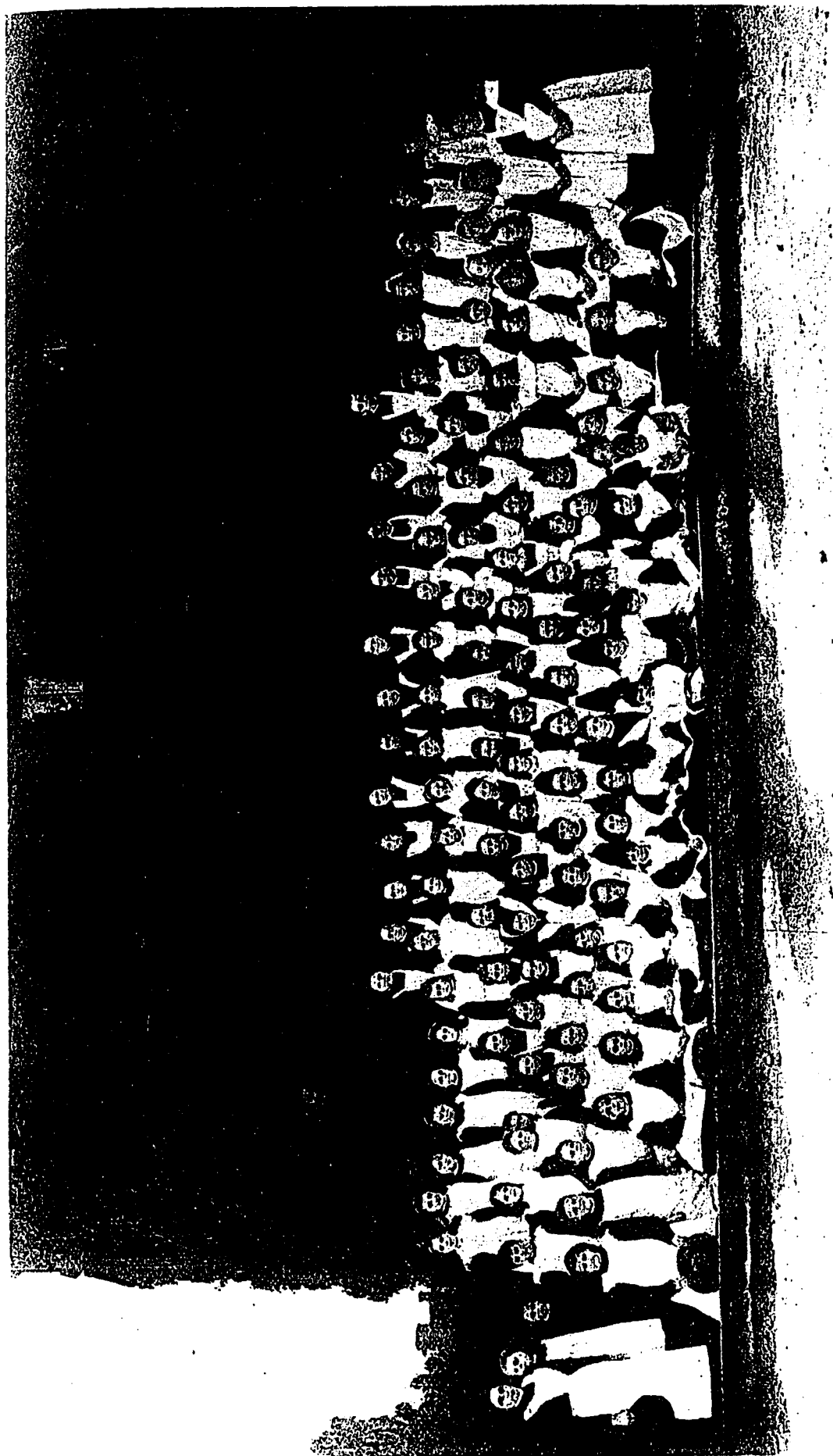
WEDNESDAY. Turned out 4.45. Fine morning. Ship steaming well. Continued taking information from boys, and selected Winnipeg party. Strong Westerly breeze, freshening during afternoon to hard gale, with driving sleet. Made Belle Isle 4.30 p.m., Captain having made splendid "land fall." Weather moderated after entering Straits, but very cold. Meals and prayers as usual. Mustered children for purser for the purpose of checking numbers, and found everything correct. Afterwards went through vaccination inspection with Dr. Trumbull. Found two boys whose marks were not considered satisfactory, who were therefore vaccinated at the sur-

gery. Ship ran from Cape Norman to Pointe Amour at speed of eighteen knots an hour. Took service with boys and girls, with singing after evening service. Ship's run, 355 miles.

THURSDAY.—Turned out 4.50; weather fine and cold. Went through usual programme. Children all splendidly well, and on deck during greater part of the day. Had visits from several saloon passengers. Worked away on lists and got everything well forward. Excellent conduct and good discipline at both ends of the ship. Girls a charming little party. Every prospect of landing all well. Ship's run, 392 miles.

FRIDAY.—Turned out 4.40. Found weather hazy, and smoke hanging low on water, causing considerable delay in making Rimouski. Reached there 7.45. Landed mails; received letters and list of applications. All well at Toronto, and nothing very startling in the occurrences of the last three weeks. Wired into packing and other preparations. Had good talk with boys after prayers, and explained to them the programme of events and the importance of strict and prompt attention to orders so as to avoid delays and confusion. Afterwards brought up trunks from the hold and changed clothes. Worked at intervals at application list settling places. Succeeded in getting brothers and particular chums located near each other. Everyone placed to best advantage. Lamentable number of good applications left unfulfilled. All hands working with a will, Mrs. Davis gathering together girls' belongings, and making everything ship-shape for landing. Arrived at Quebec 5.15 p.m., having made wonderfully fast passage for the season of the year. Disembarked without trouble. Made girls as comfortable as possible in upstairs waiting-room at Immigration Depot. Left boys to wander about the hall, where most of them amused themselves in getting rid of their money in sweetmeats and biscuits at the refreshment counter. Large number of passengers landing, and mountains of baggage. The usual confusion and lack of system in evidence. Got Manitoba party off at 10.30, comfortably bestowed in a tourists' car to be attached to the 11 o'clock regular express.

SATURDAY. Worked away all night getting hold of baggage. Left Louise Embankment in tender at 1.15 a.m. Children tired and sleepy, but very well behaved. Reached Pt. Levis 1.30. Found four good cars waiting. Entrained children at once and got them off to sleep. Spent following three hours in checking baggage. Very slow job; finished up finally 5 a.m. Left 5.15. Fairly good run to Montreal. Brought full supply of provisions. Served breakfast in cars. Reached Montreal 11; left 11.40. Comfortable journey; weather fine. Left off boys at Lancaster, Cornwall, Iroquois, Napanee, Colborne and Coburg. Two cars containing girls' party cut off at Belle



Girl Emigrants—A Recent Party Before Leaving the Village Home.

ville. Miss Gibbs waiting to take charge. Handed them over to her, and saw them coupled on to regular train for Peterborough that had been held for them. Reached Toronto 11 p.m. Brake and omnibuses waiting. Got boys washed and off to bed as quickly as possible.

SUNDAY.--Everyone in good health, cleaned and rested. Service conducted by Rev. Cecil C. Owen in the morning. Dr. Moorhouse inspected the party at 4 o'clock; much pleased with general appearance. Took evening service with boys at 7 p.m. All had been bathed and cleaned up in the interval. Packed them off to bed immediately after service. Went down to station and obtained tickets and baggage checks required for morning.

MONDAY.--Office 5.25. Boys breakfasted 5.30. Distributed cards, railway tickets, letters, etc. First detachment left 6.15. Twenty-seven for Southern Division points left by 7 o'clock train, with Mr. Davis, in special car. Others at 7.30, 7.45, 7.50, 8.25, 8.30 and 9 o'clock trains, respectively. No hitch or trouble, and all went off in best of health and spirits. Boarding-out boys for Muskoka left one o'clock train in charge of Mr. Gaunt, thus completing distribution. Heard girls reached Peterborough very satisfactorily, and arrived at the Home all well.

And thus ended our emigration work for 1901! Full as the season has been of arduous, responsible and anxious work for all engaged in the selection, preparation, conducting and distribution of these large and rapidly-succeeding parties, we are amply rewarded for our exertions in the knowledge that we have been instrumental in passing this great host over what is indeed the bridge of hope and promise. The grand possibilities of wisely-organized and carefully-conducted emigration

work have been demonstrated afresh. The careers of our boys and girls in the past abundantly justify us in looking forward with confident expectation to the success and well-doing of all but the most trifling percentage of the thousand who have been added to Dr. Barnardo's Canadian family. They have begun life in a country of magnificent resources, enjoying the blessings of a healthful climate, good government and free institutions. They have been received into an industrious, law-abiding, prosperous and progressive community. Their lives will generally be surrounded with kindly, wholesome and elevating influences. They will be safeguarded as far as possible from any kind of neglect or hardship, and the conditions of their lives will be such as to give the fullest encouragement to honest industry and persevering effort. We believe that a bright future lies before the thousand young people whom we have sent forth during the past year, and in closing our little sketch of the season's labours we can but record afresh our deep sense of the favour and loving kindness of our God, Who has vouchsafed to Dr. Barnardo, and those who are privileged to work under his leadership, such rich and manifold tokens of His favour, and under Whose good hand these great things have been brought to pass.

ALFRED B. OWEN.



Home Chat

WE lately heard of a lad who has searched one number of **UPS AND DOWNS** after another for a mention of his name, but only to find himself disappointed. He shall not look again in vain. His name is a good one, Samuel Richard Drew, and the lad who bears it is a credit to the name, and deserving of all the mention we can give him. Mr. Griffith paid his annual visit to Sam six weeks ago, and received a most satisfactory report of him. He is said to be a steady, industrious, honest lad, kind and careful of the stock, pleasant to all about him and generally liked. The first of next April will see Sam at the end of his apprenticeship, when we hope and expect that he will find his name again in **UPS AND DOWNS** as a winner of Dr. Barnardo's silver medal for good conduct and length of service.

Writing of Robert Turner, one of our recent arrivals from England, his employer, Mr. George Lee, of Walkerville, says :

In returning to you the agreement respecting Robert Turner, we wish to state that we are perfectly satisfied with all the conditions, and trust that there will be no cause for complaint or regret either from the boy or ourselves. We think that with careful treatment, and the same conditions as our own son has been, and is still, receiving, he will make a fine young man. Of course, he is not without faults, but we did not look for perfection in a child from the city. Everything here is new to him, and I believe he has thoroughly enjoyed the new life so far. He has to work, as a matter of course, but not more than his age and strength calls for. We shall be glad at any time to give any information that may be required or to receive any agent from the Home.

Employers do not always accept as readily as this the terms offered them, and we often have much troublesome correspondence before the agreement is finally signed. This has been especially the case during the past season, and we have felt justified, under the present con-

ditions of demand for every kind of labour and increase of wages, to open our mouths a little wider than in the past. Our farmer friends are not always pleased to respond to our enlarged ideas on the subject of terms, and we are constantly being reminded of this boy and that placed two or three years ago for whom so much less wages was asked or whose term of service was so much longer. We make a rule, however, to stick to our price, and having fixed what we consider a fair wage and reasonable conditions of employment, to insist upon the agreement being signed or the boy sent back. The latter alternative rarely comes to pass, and, as a rule, those of our clients who are tightest at a bargain, having relieved their consciences by upbraiding us for the extravagance of our demands, sign the agreement in the end. One gentleman, who had written us with very scant courtesy that if we wanted such conditions we could "come and get" our boy, climbed down in the following terms :

DEAR SIR, -We received your letter saying to send the boy back. We told Tommy what the letter was about, and he felt very bad over it. We have not anything against the boy, and we don't wish to part with him. He is clean and tidy about little chores about the house, and when money is left under his hands he would not take any, and we like the boy. We would feel very sorry to give him up, and we would miss his company very much, so please do not insist on asking us to give up the boy. We will promise to keep the boy for whatever time you agree to let him stay, and we will send him to school as you said, and agree to pay \$100 as you said. If he continues so as he grows up, he will be a comfort to us. I hope my last few lines did not press too hard on your feelings, and if they did, I beg to be excused.

Walter Hanna, our friend, has mentioned that we have not said that Tommy is the boy referred to in the foregoing paragraph; never. His recent experience and prospect in

the country as follows. We print it verbatim, and our doing so will perhaps help Tommy to realize that there is something to be gained by a little further attendance at school :

MOUNT HOREB, November 23rd, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—I now take the pleasure of writing these few lines telling you I have reached me home all right and live happy and comfortable. Well, I have on a farm, and of course, as you now, I have doing chores. I have a kind master and mistress, who will, I hope, make a man of me in the world. We all had a wonderful rough voyage on the ocean; a great many of them were sea-sick. My master had a letter saying that he had to send you back, and I do not wish to go. My master can't find any fault with me whatever. But he said the reason is because Mr. Owen didn't agree on the agreement. My mistress said I would have to go to school, and I do not wish to go, as the school is not very near. I keep attendance to my Sunday school, and my mistress always sends me. My master and mistress give me lots to eat and drink and warm clothes to wear. I would like to keep at my place where I have now because I have surely certain they will make a farmer of me so I do not wish to go please. WALTER THOMAS STRICKLAND.

John Edward Milton, who began life in Canada at the same time as Tommy, and, like Tommy, had been boarded-out in England for several years previously, was placed with Mr. Robert McKenzie, of Harwood. Mr. McKenzie gives us the following report of John at the end of his first four months :

Now, Mr. Owen, I must say that you have made a good selection, and he is a nice little lad, smart, kind, truthful and willing. He is doing splendid, learning very well. There will be no bad example set before him here. He is going to church and Sunday school regular. He has not commenced to go to the day school yet. We hope that he will always be as nice.

ROBERT MCKENZIE.

Thomas Mowbray, another member of our July party, has thus far earned a good character. His employer, Mr. James Argue, of Allenwood, writes of him :

Thomas Mowbray is getting along very well. I like him as yet. He seems smart and learns what I show him to do. I have sent him to Sunday school and church every Sunday since he came. He is growing fast and looks well. He says he likes his place well.

We have had a very good time at

of reports from Muskoka foster homes, from which we have selected the following very satisfactory specimens :

John Wilson is doing very well. He is in good health, and a nice little fellow.

GEORGE SPEIRS.

As for the boys (George Bowes and John H. New), they have both been well right along. They are attending church and Sunday school regular. They are both good boys and try to do what is required of them. They are doing very well in school. I am enclosing one dollar for donation of the Homes, which you will kindly accept. Yours faithfully,

MRS. CARL BRIESE.

Philip Brierly is getting along fine, likes going to school, and is more given to study than Thomas Styan ever was, and he is also becoming very useful. His health is excellent, and I like the little boy very well. I had a nice little letter from Thomas. He was a fine little fellow, and the longer he stayed with us the better we liked him, and I hope he has got a good home. I remain, respectfully yours,

MRS. I. FAWCETT.

I received your letter with enclosed cheques for maintenance of the two little boys, Edwin W. F. Baker and Albert H. Cullen. Please accept our thanks for the same. I am very glad to tell you they are both good boys, and I am quite pleased with them. They are doing well and, I believe, trying to learn well.

Yours truly, L. J. HOLINSHEAD.

My two little boys, Thomas Brooks and Ernest Stuart, are quite well, and I like them very much. They are two smart, clean little chaps. They are getting along very nicely at school, and learning fast. They are turning into little Canadians fast. Yours truly, MRS. J. MORGAN.

The little boy, John C. Howell, is well and going to school every day. You will find statement of his school attending since he came to me from his teacher. He is a real good child, and we cannot speak too highly of him. MRS. H. ROBB.

I am sending James Stone this morning to you, hoping you will get him in a good place, as he is a good boy, truthful and honest. I am sorry to part with him. I am sending fifty cents with him for his conduct in his holidays for the good of other little boys that is in the Home, and I am sending fifty cents for myself for the UPS AND DOWNS.

MRS. M. A. HARVIESON.

Thomas Dixon, our little boy, is getting along very well. He is a smart little fellow; everybody likes him. He is a good worker, and he likes to go to school and Sunday school. We miss him when he is at school. He is good company. He

has never been sick since we got him out more than a cold.

MR. CHAS. MCCONNELL.

From Muskoka to the veldt of South Africa is a far cry, but the following extracts from a long letter that we lately received from our old and esteemed friend, Joseph Ashton, who is fighting the battles of his King and country, will be read with keen interest and appreciation :

HEIDELBERG, S.A., Feb. 21st.

DEAR MR. OWEN,—I just thought it would be a very good plan to sit down and write you a line or two to let you know how things are going along out here. Well, we have been in quite a few scraps with the Boers during the last few days, and on September 12th we lost a man. He was shot right through the side and died almost instantly, and a second was shot through the shoulder, but escaped otherwise unhurt. It was a pretty exciting time for a while. I am afraid the war is not over yet for a while. At present we have to put up with considerable hardships ; however, I suppose we must content ourselves until it is ended. Dear Mr. Owen, you will, no doubt, be disappointed at me for not calling in to see you before I left for South Africa, but I must say we were recruited so suddenly, and then left for Ottawa before we knew where we were, so I hope I may be spared to meet you and many other friends whom I have met at 214 Farley Avenue. I tell you, Mr. Owen, I often think of the good times that have been spent there, during Exhibition time, in Toronto. I am sorry I have not written to you before, but the old saying is " Better late than never." Kindly remember me to Mr. Davis. We are now stationed out on the veldt, about twenty miles from any town or village, and have not seen a white woman for nearly three months. The natives out here go almost naked, and only wear a skin of a sheep or goat, and they are all decorated with brass rings and fancy work. Yesterday two Boer commanders came into our camp with the white flag, and wanted to surrender on conditions that they got their own terms ; but our captain did not accept them, so today they led them out of the camp blindfolded ; so, no doubt, they will be coming back some night to attack us. However, I believe we are well prepared to meet them on conditions that they do not outnumber us too many. The column under Gen. Knox is expected to pass through here some time to-morrow. I see by the Toronto papers that Gen. Baden Powell gives the Canadian Contingent of the S.A.C. great praise. I am sure we will do our best to keep up the good name of Canada, which she has won for herself during the war, out here. Well, dear Mr.

Owen, I believe I have told you all. Trusting you will give my best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of UPS AND DOWNS, and I trust, in God's name, this will find you all well. Believe me, I remain ever your loving friend,

JOSEPH ASHTON,

1448 Trooper J. J. Ashton, No. 15 Troop S.A.C., C. Eastern Div., Heidelberg, South Africa.

We lately received a report from Manitoba of the welfare and progress of our little friend, Robert B. Lee, with a letter from Robbie himself, both of which we have great pleasure in passing on to our readers :

DEAR SIR,—As Robert Lee has been with us nearly a year, I thought I would write and tell you how he has been getting along. We are pleased to let you know that we like him very much, and can trust him entirely. He has not much to do at present, but what he has to do he does faithfully and well. He never tries to shirk any of his work. He has grown quite a little during the year he has been with us. I was glancing over Robbie's UPS AND DOWNS to-day, and saw in one of the letters about having the best boy that was in the Home, and will just say here that there must be more than one best boy, for we have one of them. We are letting him have a horse to ride to school this Winter. It is so far to walk in the cold weather. Robert seems to be quite happy and contented, and says he would not leave us for anyone, although there has been some people trying to coax him to run away from us. This is all this time.

From Robert Lee's employers,

MRS. A. LELOND.

Arrow River, Man.

MR. OWEN, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I now take the pleasure of writing these few lines to let you know that I am all well at present, hoping to find you the same blessing. I like the place all right and I like the country all right. I was going to school last Summer about two months and a half. I have two horses and three cows to look after, and I have got two pigs to feed. I am going to school this Winter, and I am going to have a horse to go with. I was helping Mr. Lelond's boy to herd the cattle a little while this fall. I was helping in the harvest and I was building loads, and they had a cage rack, so there was not much work about it. I pulled about two wagon loads of turnips, and I helped to pick forty nine bags of potatoes. I guess this is all for this time. I remain your sincere friend. ROBERT B. LEE.

A kind friend and constant reader of UPS AND DOWNS lately sent us a

clipping from a Canadian local paper containing the following :

Many of Dr. Barnardo's boys have turned out remarkably well, but one of the most conspicuous examples of success won by merit is notified from Australia. The hero of the story is a gentleman who has just been figuring in the reception to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, namely, Mr. J. Page, one of Queensland's representatives in the new Federal Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth.

The honour of having a representative in the Dominion Parliament is still in store for us, and Australia

seen friend Dick in attitudes much less to our liking ; but he looks like a happy man in this picture, and as though he has a wife, if we may be pardoned for expressing an opinion on such a matter, who can take care of him and look after the family interests.

We have an intense dislike of cant and shun anything that savours of hollow professions of religion, but we publish the following letter from Charles Taylor, believing that he writes in the true sincerity of con-



Richard Petley and Family.

goes us one better ; but we'll " get there " yet, and meantime we offer our Australian comrade our hearty congratulations upon the distinguished position he has won for himself, and the high honour he has achieved for the Institutions in which he received his early training.

Our friend, Richard Petley, has gathered a family round him of native born Canadians, and we are very pleased to introduce Dick to our readers in the character of *per se* family with his better half and various little rattle which look like chips of the old block. We have

viction and that he has indeed been led to a saving knowledge of the truth in Jesus Christ, and has definitely enlisted himself as a soldier of the cross :

DEAR SIR— I received your letter of the 14th inst., and the medal, which I am very proud of. Thanking you very kindly for sending it to me, for it is going to be a great help to me in getting a situation, and all through life. I am very proud to think that I have earned one of those medals. I know that I have often thought while I was serving my time with Mr. Swance that I would like to be free and get out away from them, but something always told me not to do so. And I have now found out and I trust told that I had the Honour to

guide me. I always went to church with them, but I never took much interest in the meetings till the last Sunday in the old century I found Christ. I was baptized, and now I am a member of the Baptist Church in Tilsonburg, and I hope that I shall always seek the Lord Jesus Christ and follow Him. Well, the crops were none too good out here this Summer; wheat was a total failure, for it was half weeds and grass; the oats was so light and smutty that they are kind of poor feed for horses and cattle to eat. The corn was the best crop we had out here, for it was splendid; the stalks were great and they were loaded heavily with corn. I am well and in best of health. I must close, for it is getting late. Thanking you very kindly for sending me one of your medals.

Yours truly, CHAS. TAYLOR.

In reference to the early part of Charlie's letter, we rejoice to bear our testimony to the fact, which is within our daily knowledge and observation, of the number of our boys and girls who can speak of the same experience, who have been called out of darkness into the marvellous light and liberty of the gospel of Christ, and in their homes and situations all over the country are witnessing a good profession for the Master, are leading consistent Christian lives and adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour in their daily walk and conversation. May the New Year be one of great ingathering of these young lives into the fold of the Good Shepherd, and may those who have already yielded their hearts to the Saviour realize with greater fulness that the Lord is precious, and be enabled to press toward the mark for the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus.

A youngster, whose full name it would perhaps be unkind to mention, but whom we will call Charlie, lately completed his engagement and collected his wages. The sudden accession of wealth and the sense of glorious independence, having for the time being to call no man master, appear to have disturbed his equilibrium, and, to our regret and dismay, he turned up at the Home having spent the previous night at the best hotel in the West End of Toronto and divulged to us the fact that he intended to take a ship to England with cattle breeders

to say, every effort was made to dissuade the misguided youth from carrying out his programme; but advice and warning were alike unheeded, and off went Charlie. Late in the afternoon of the same day Mr. Gaunt was surprised to see him coming down Farley Avenue in the clutches, not of the law, but of the lawless. It appears he had gone to the cattle market on business, and had confided his plans to a couple of loafers, who promptly took him in charge on the pretext that he owed them some money, and did their best to hold him for ransom. After he had been rescued, he was so impressed by this unpropitious experience at the outset of the journey that he gave up the idea of going to England himself, and returned home. When we recall several instances of a similar nature, in which the victims were fleeced by sharpers and left penniless in Montreal, we can but congratulate Charlie on his lucky escape, and warn others to avoid a like experience by staying where they are well off.

Mr. Gaunt has lately sent us, from Huntsville, a report of Ernest Frank Anthwistle. Ernest was boarded-out on his arrival from England nine years ago, but was not recalled from his foster home in the usual course, his foster-mother offering to provide for him as her own, and to have him taught a trade. He was accordingly apprenticed as a tailor, and has made such excellent progress that he is now able to command good wages. We hear that next year he will begin to learn cutting, and altogether he seems likely to make a good man at the business. We only hope Ernest will remember how much he owes to the affectionate kindness of his excellent foster-mother, and show his gratitude by attention to her wishes and treating her with the dutiful respect she is entitled to, after all he has done for his behalf.

Bertie Martin, of the Temperance Society party, has written with interest, who has returned a Hindu letter after the manner of a good Christian.

his maintenance, and is now working under the usual service agreement. Mr. Gaunt tells us that he found Bertie doing thoroughly well, taking an interest in his work, and growing up to be a reliable, well-behaved boy. He seems to have a comfortable home, and to be happy and contented.

A namesake and contemporary in age of Bertie's, David Morris, who came to the country at the same time, is also doing well. Mr. Reazin visited David not long ago in his home at Beaverton, and expresses his opinion that Mr. Harrison has "a prize in David," who is a good boy and a good worker. Mr. Reazin found him driving a mower, cutting clover for seed, and making a workmanly job of it.

James Pepper commenced his Canadian career two Summers ago, and, we are pleased to report, is a good and thriving little lad. Mr. Gaunt remarks that he has "filled out" considerably, and, according to the report, he is evidently expanding in usefulness and intelligence as well as in bulk. Jimmie will never make a success as a public orator, but we look forward to his growing up to be a good, honest Canadian farmer, and he can be all that without any great fluency of speech. In the meantime he is happy in his home, and is in every way well treated and cared for by the kindly couple, Mr. and Mrs. William Fry, of Seguin Falls, with whom he is living.

Mr. Griffith, who has lately been visiting boys in the neighbourhood of Glencoe, sends some excellent reports of our colony in that part of the world. Tommy Wilson and his mistress, Miss H. E. Grant Mr. Griffith tells us, were engaged in the same occupations respectively as when he called last year: Miss Grant busy in whitewashing the kitchen, and Tommy busy looking on at the process; and the only change in the situation appears that Mr. Tommy's hands were in the pockets of a new pair of long trousers that have taken the place of the knickerbockers of his early settle-

ment that occupied the same hands last year. Far be it from us to insinuate that Tommy's hands are always thus unprofitably bestowed, and that he has not other and better uses for these extremities; but we record the circumstance as an indication that Tommy is certainly not over-worked. He has, in fact, a remarkably comfortable home, and is made a great deal of; and, on the other hand, we are much pleased to hear from Mr. Griffith that he bears a good character, and is said to be truthful and attentive to his duties.

The two brothers, Alfred and Herbert Tomlin, who are amongst our latest arrivals from England, are both settled in good places, and are, so far, doing exceedingly well. They are lads who have had many years of training in the Homes in England, and, we feel sure, will make their way in Canada. In the same locality are two other "old hands," Frederick William Marrant and James E. Lawrence, the former a recent arrival from England, and the latter one of the March, 1900, contingent. Both Fred and James were members of the musical companies whose performances as hand-bell ringers, bag-pipers and players on all the instruments mentioned by Nebuchadnezzar, and as many more besides, have made so famous a name for themselves from one end of the United Kingdom to the other, and are so popular a feature of the meetings and entertainments, on behalf of the Homes, that serve to keep the needs of the work before the British public. Fred has fallen into a good place, and says he likes farming. His master likes him indeed we think it would be a grave reflection upon that gentleman's taste in boys if it were otherwise so that we look forward to Fred's making a success of himself in the new country. James also seems to be well satisfied with his lot, and to be giving satisfaction, and is a young fellow who, we are sure, will always respect his good name wherever he might be. We have now a very respectable little

contingent of boy musicians in Canada, and the musical talent of the Homes is well represented. Perhaps, some day, we shall see a flourishing company on this side of the Atlantic—but we must not anticipate events or run the risk of betraying confidences.

By-the-bye, we had a letter a short time ago from our good friend, Mr. Henry Aaron, musical director-in-chief to the deputation department, in which, after mentioning several of his former charges, who are now in Canada, he adds: "I should like you to hear the musical boys of to-day as compared with those of '92 and '93. I think you would find that there had been an improvement. We have now in constant practice thirty-three boys, who play among them nine different kinds of instruments, excluding the bag-pipes. I have much pleasure in enclosing you a copy of our present programme, as used with Mr. Mayer's band, with which I always travel now, although I train all the boys. The bands are very popular, and for every vacancy that occurs there are always at least half a dozen applications. We do various kinds of drill

cymbal, oar, dumb-bell or bar-bell—in addition to the musical items. I think both Mr. Wookey's and Mr. Mayer's meetings are more successful as the years go by. If you could possibly find room for a picture or a few words about the 'tour boys' in your admirable UPS AND DOWNS, I think it might be interesting to your numerous readers, among whom now are a few of those who have helped so very materially to spread the knowledge of the good work, and, may I say, won such golden opinions for themselves amongst the friends with whom it has been their privilege to stay." Need we assure Mr. Aaron that it gives us the heartiest pleasure to publish his brief and modest little reference to his pupils and their performances; and as to a picture, only one thing prevents our acting at once on his suggestion, and that is

the fact that we have no picture to publish, except one that is of ancient date and dilapidated exterior. Mr. Aaron knows, therefore, what to do, and our readers what to expect, in some future issue.

Charlie Stringer was found by Mr. Griffith at school. His employer, Mr. Francis, of Strathburn, speaking of his conduct and behaviour, remarked that "no better boy could be." We hear that Charlie comes in for rather more than a fair share of teasing from his fellow-scholars at the school, who take advantage of his being a quiet, inoffensive little lad to "pick at" him. The teacher has promised to keep her eye on him in the future, and see that this sort of thing does not go too far. No doubt Charlie will soon learn to take his own part; but, after all, we had rather see him a little too gentle and retiring than forward and quarrelsome. It is the meek that shall inherit the earth.

The picture of a Manitoba threshing scene, that we publish on the adjoining page, is from a photograph taken on the farm of Charles Harris, in the Swan River district in Manitoba. Charlie himself and his team appear at the right-hand side of the picture. We are not a little proud of this illustration, as it affords tangible proof of what a lad can do who is industrious and persevering, and makes a sensible use of the opportunities this country offers for a start in the world. Of Charlie himself we can only say that we believe him to be a "hustler" and a sterling man of business, and expect to see him a rich farmer before many more years are over his head.

Mr. Ernest Snell, of Balmoral, Man., writes thus of Francis W. Shelswell, a little Leopold House boy who was placed with him last year:

MR. GORDON,

DEAR SIR:—I am glad to hear how Frankie is getting along at our employ. We find him to be a thoroughly willing and an all round boy for his age. He will be twelve years of age at the end of this month. I think he is the making of a thorough farmer. I will now close



Threshing Scene on the Homestead of Charles Harris, Swan Lake, Manitoba.

hoping you will receive this in time for the Christmas UPS AND DOWNS. I remain, yours truly,
ERNEST SNELL.

John J. Rowe, a small boy living with Mr. D. D. Campbell, of Strathburn, is well and flourishing, and reputed to be "a very good boy," and Frederick A. Rosenberg, living in the same locality, is also described as truthful and well-behaved, and, although small for his age, to be stout and strong.

Mr. Griffith tells us that he found our old friend, James Howgate, "as usual, hard at work." James is a model of steadiness, and, we are pleased to hear, expects to add again to his bank account this fall. We further learn with great interest that James is a member of the Presbyterian Church. We know well that no man is admitted into the fellowship of the great Scottish religious communion until he has given unmistakable proof of a change of heart and sincere conversion to God, and we rejoice to know that there have been such evidences in James' case, and that he has been led to unite himself to the visible Church of Christ on earth.

Willie Clarke has lately returned from a trip to Michigan, to which he was treated by his mistress, Mrs. Currie. Master Willie's lines have evidently fallen in pleasant places. He was at school when Mr. Griffith called to see him, and, we are told, was looking "extra well clad and cared for." Willie is not without faults, but he seems to be fighting against them, and we hope he will soon learn that the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, must be the rule for speech and conduct for any boy or man who would make himself respected and hopes to find favour in the sight of God and man.

We have a most interesting little account from Mr. Griffith of his meeting with our friend, Alfred Bush, whom he visited in his situation at Strathburn, the call being returned in the evening at the hotel where Mr. Griffith was putting up. Alfred is described as an exceptionally intelli-

gent, well conducted young man, and a credit to the Home in every way. We hear that Alfred is the possessor of a phonograph with which, during the Winter, he attends social gatherings and concerts throughout the country, doubtless with satisfactory results to himself, and with pleasure and amusement to his audiences.

Mr. Walter Balls, of Utterson, Muskoka, writes as follows of his two little boarders, William O'Hara and John R. Wheeler :

I am pleased to inform you that my two little boys are in capital health at present, and thoroughly enjoying the Winter



James Bevan.

weather, which always brings so much sport to the little folks of Muskoka. The little lad, O'Hara, has not had his usual bad attack this Winter, nor do I think he will. The new boy is just delighted with the place, and at school is making good headway. He is very young, but writes such sensible letters to his mother, who is evidently a very good woman. Johnnie is such a bright little chap, we are quite glad he came to us.

We publish the portrait of our friend James Bevan, one of last Spring's arrivals, and now settled with Mr. William Scott, of Forest, with whom he seems to be happy and thriving.

Living on the same concession, in the township of Plympton, is another little lad, Thomas Pilling, who came from England at the same time as James. Writing of Tommy a short time ago, his employer, Mr. Beatty, remarks: "Thomas is a smart little fellow, and we like him very much."

Our young friend, Howard Chase, is with the same Mr. Beatty, and will soon have completed his five years' term of apprenticeship. Mr. Griffith's last report of Howard was: "Very useful on the farm, can do all kinds of work, including ploughing. Generally well behaved."

We are otherwise represented in the thriving township of Plympton by Edward S. Powell, Robert Yates and Alfred Smith. The first named is a well-behaved, truthful little lad, who gives every promise of doing well. Robert Yates has developed into a big, fine lad, and will make his way in the country. He is a Yorkshireman, and a good specimen of the breed physically and mentally.

Alfred Smith, whose home is with Mr. Alfred G. Sparring, is a lad whom we can speak of as in every way a credit to the Homes. We hear of his being a member of the Church, trusty and attentive to his work on the farm, diligent at school and making good, steady progress generally.

Percy New, a twelve-year-old of last March party, has favoured us with the following cheery little report of his early experiences in Canada, which we have great pleasure in reproducing for the benefit of our readers:

SPRINGFIELD, December 15th, 1901

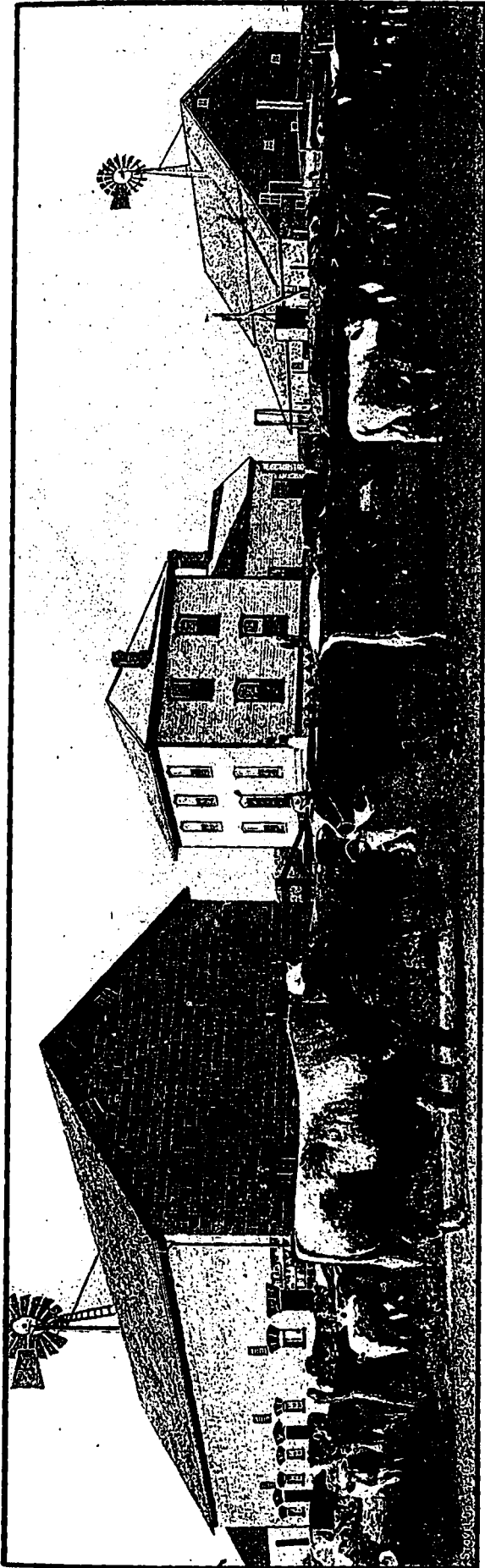
DEAR SIR, - I like my home first-rate. We have a lot of cattle and three horses, we have ducks and geese, we have eighteen pigs and two sows. I have to help to do the morning's work before breakfast, and afterwards I go to school. I am in Junior Third, and I like to go to school; the boys treat me well. I suppose you will be glad to hear I go to Sunday school every Sunday. There is a girl here, and she treats me like a brother, and I always call my master and mistress "Pa" and "Ma". Now, I am going to tell you how I spent this Spring and Summer. I came out when Spring work began, and I did all of it, and when that was over we

were busy hoeing corn till haying. I did not do much loading, but I drove the horse to unload with the horse-fork. We had thirty-six tons off seventeen acres; we had a very poor wheat and oat harvest; we had seventeen acres of oats and eight of wheat, and when we came to thresh we had 610 bushels of oats and 71 of wheat. Our corn crops turned out well; we had 360 bushels off six and a half acres. I think this is all I have to say now. Excuse pencil and mistakes. God bless you all and Dr. Barnardo. I remain, yours truly,
PERCY NEW.

Our readers will regard with interest the picture of the farm buildings and live-stock of Mr. Joseph Lawrence, of Clearwater, Man., with whom our young friend, John Henry Harrison, is at present employed. Mr. Lawrence describes himself as the owner of the "largest pure-bred short-horn herd in Canada." We can conceive the possibility of other owners of short-horn cattle in Canada differing from this statement; but, in any case, our young friend, John, is working under a very successful farmer, who, coming himself from England twenty-five years ago with no capital but his own industry and ability, is to-day the owner of a magnificent property in the shape of stock and farm lands.

Our young friend, Willie Bangs, in writing to acknowledge the receipt of Dr. Barnardo's medal, delivers himself of some very sensible and grateful sentiments in regard to the benefits he has received through the agency of the Homes. Willie has not yet achieved the honour of having a farm of his own; but he has brought out his good old mother from England and provided for her comfort, and there are some who own farms in Canada and elsewhere who have not done as much for those near and dear to them.

I received your letter and the silver medal, and I am very pleased with it, and I thank you very much for sending it to me. I will always keep it to remember Dr. Barnardo's Homes and the good work he is doing every day. I know I can thank Dr. Barnardo for what he has done for me; if it were not for him I would be walking the streets of England yet and be poor all my life; but now he has put me in



The Western Home of one of our Family.

a country that any boy can have a farm of their own if they just be industrious and good workers. The best men I find to work for are those that are short and snappy, that mean what they say, and make a boy some use in the world when he starts out in life for himself. I know I find it that way. I am well and happy, and work every day. I have only lost two days all Summer, and I like the country fine around here—Lake Ontario; but there was not much fruit this year. My mother likes it fine out here in Canada. She said she would never go back to England again.

George F. Pearce, another lad to whose credit it is recorded that he and his brother provided the emigration expenses for his father, mother and younger brothers and sisters, also writes in grateful acknowledgment of Dr. Barnardo's silver medal. He tells us that the family are happily established and getting on nicely, and that he and his brother, Frank, will soon have money to put in the bank. We commend these lad's example to all our readers, and we wish for them and the other members of the family every happiness and blessing throughout the New Year.

Frank A. Marsden, who was visited a few days ago, seems to be one of the quiet, retiring kind, who never make much stir in the world, but plod patiently along in the path of duty, taking each day's work as it comes. We should hear very little of Frank if it were not for Mr. Griffith's visits; but as it is, we get a report every twelve months of steady, commendable progress and general good conduct. Frank's employer is a first class farmer, and he seems to be fortunate in his home and surroundings.

Another report of Mr. Griffith's, stating that he

in the same neighbourhood, is typical of the sort of conditions under which our boys go astray. A well-trained, good little lad to begin with, allowed to run about the village at nights, picks up acquaintances among the rougher village boys, has his head filled with nonsense, and is made thoroughly discontented; shows his discontent by rudeness and insubordination to the female members of the establishment; women scold and aggravate—results, more discontent, more rudeness, more nagging. Obliging neighbour steps in with advice to boy to run away. The advice is acted upon; long letter of complaint comes to the Home; lot of disagreeable talk is caused in the neighbourhood; boy is brought back, employer is anxious to keep him, women to get rid of him; careful investigation into all the circumstances made by Mr. Griffith, and oil poured on troubled waters. Final arrangement—boy to remain another month to see how matters adjust themselves, when he will return to the Home, unless in the meantime he has settled down contentedly and gives no further cause for complaint; neighbour warned that by enticing and encouraging boy to leave he has rendered himself liable to very disagreeable consequences, and is requested to mind his own business in future. Verdict—employer to blame for not watching more carefully over the boy and keeping him from undesirable companions; boy for lending his ear to bad advice; women for their want of kindness and consideration for a little lad in a comparatively friendless position; neighbour for improper and mischievous interference; general public for harsh and hasty judgment passed upon all the boys because they hear of one little lad out of many having gone wrong, and, in his case, largely through the fault of others.

Harry Levy is a little lad who lives near the same village as the boy just referred to, but we are pleased to say Harry's business in the village is not to ramble about

with the young scapegraces of the place, but to fetch his book from the Public Library, which he goes home to read. Mr. Griffith received an excellent report of Harry from his employer, Mr. Colin McCallum (we almost imagine Harry must be living with a Scotchman). "When Harry says his chores are done, they *are* done," remarked Mr. McCallum. He is evidently a happy as well as a good boy, and, we are told, is treated as a member of the family and is liked by all.

Harry was boarded-out for several years in the village of Haddenham, England, and several boys from the same village were also included in the July party, and, in fact, we find, on running our eye over the lists of recent parties, a goodly contingent of boys whose foster-homes were at Haddenham.

The brothers, Joseph and John Morgan, are both very fine little lads, and have, so far, won golden opinions. They have got good homes within a short distance of each other.

Alfred Landry is boarded-out in Muskoka, and his foster-mother, in her last report, describes him as "a smart boy both at home and at school." He was visited by Mr. Gaunt on November 22nd, and, in his report, Mr. Gaunt writes: "Mrs. Lahenny thinks she has the best boy in the district. His conduct and behaviour could not be better."

James Clark is boarded-out near Uxbridge, and his foster-mother gives a most encouraging report of him, while Jimmie writes that he likes Canada, and is very happy in his new home.

Willie Giddings, who left his Haddenham friends in the Spring, has written cheerfully of his home in Canada, telling us that he calls his master and mistress "Uncle" and "Aunt" and "likes them very much."

Albert W. Jenner is described by Mr. Griffith who visited him in August, as a bright, promising boy, and seems to be contented in his



Reginald Stretton.

home, where he is well fed, clothed and cared for. Arthur Taylor, Albert's particular chum, is said by his foster-mother, Mrs. Watts, of Huntsville, to be "a thoroughly good child," and we are glad to be able to add from our own knowledge of these excellent people that they are "thoroughly good" foster-parents.

Tommy Eggleton, a Haddenham boy of the previous year, is turning out admirably well. He was not altogether fortunate in his first place; but Tommy has a good friend in Mr. Reazin, and he has now as comfortable a home as a boy could wish, and bids fair to do credit to his friends at Haddenham.

Oliver Stewart has developed into a strong, thick-set, able-bodied lad, who will make a good farmer and a good citizen. He is now earning capital wages, and has a nice little sum in the savings bank.

There are several other Haddenham boys whose names we might refer to, and who are making good headway and turning out well in Canada; but we have mentioned sufficient to satisfy the good folk who have cared, trained and had charge of these boys in the past

that we can show them good results from their efforts, and that their lads across the water are doing no discredit to their friends at home.

On this page will be found pictures of two of our boys, Reginald Stretton and John William York, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Bunning, of Sarnia. Reginald, who hails from Wakefield, Yorkshire, came to Canada eighteen months ago, and was placed on his arrival with Mrs. Bunning. She has since given us very satisfactory accounts of him, and Reggie seems likely to make a success of himself in this country. Johnnie York, who is four years younger than Reggie, is at present boarded with Mrs. Bunning and attending school. He seems to be making excellent progress, and we have heard nothing at present but what is good and creditable of John's progress and conduct. He and Reginald have a charming home, as those of our readers will agree who noticed the frontispiece of our last number, in which we reproduced Mrs. Bunning's residence, with the three boys in the foreground.

George Burtle was just off for a



John W. York.

day's hunt when Mr. Griffith called to see him, and had skunks and coons in his mind's eye. George has had a first-class home during the past five years, and has been well trained for his future in the country. His time will be "up" on the 1st of next April, and he has some thoughts of going out to Qu'Appelle to join an old boarding-out chum, Alfred Gower, and ultimately take up a homestead. We find in our register a record of six visits paid to George by Mr. Griffith since he was first placed, and the following are the entries respectively in the report sheets under the heading of "progress, conduct, and behaviour:"

Dec. 10th, 1896.—Doing very well. Only here four months; is smart in picking up his duties, and takes an interest in his work.

Jan. 4th, 1898.—A very good boy, nice in manner and cheerful. He has but little to do—feeds the pigs, milks a cow, carries in stove wood, water, etc.

Dec. 19th, 1898.—A very good boy; "truthful and honest" is the character his employer gives him. His work is light, principally choring.

Nov. 16th, 1899.—Found him ploughing to-day. Is getting to be quite useful on the farm. Cheerful in manner and truthful.

Dec. 5th, 1900.—Found him ploughing, as I did last year. Is well spoken of by the family; cheerful in manner. A fine lad and good bargain to his employer.

Dec. 11th, 1901.—Able for every kind of farm work. His employer says he is, and always has been, honest and truthful.

In the course of a recent visiting expedition in the neighbourhood of Orillia, Mr. Gaunt looked up our little friend, George Williams, the fourth of the name on our books. George is thoroughly happy in his home, and although he is by no means eating the bread of idleness, does not seem to be overworked. He is a famous little singer, and his mistress, Mrs. Hill, who was a teacher of music before her marriage, is helping him to develop his musical talents. He is a member of the church choir, and has earned quite a reputation by his vocal powers. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hill speak in the highest terms of his general conduct and behaviour.

On the same trip Mr. Gaunt found Willie Evers well and doing well, and making himself very useful to the old couple with whom he is living. Willie will attend school during the coming Winter term, which will make his sixth year of school attendance since he came to Canada.

Willie Chislett is the object of the same warm affection as ever to his kindly foster-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hacking, of Seeley. The old couple have no children of their own, and Willie is all that a son could be to them, and it is understood that he is the heir to the farm and other property. It is a case of genuine adoption, and we are delighted to hear of Willie being so thoroughly a comfort and source of happiness to his foster-parents, and a credit to the training he has received during the nine years that he has been under their care.

Our young friends, William and Henry Hurrell, seem to be thriving gloriously on their Muskoka farm, and the past season has, by all accounts, been a most prosperous one for them. The lads are the objects of great interest to the many well-to-do people from Toronto and elsewhere who occupy Summer cottages on the lakes in the neighbourhood of their property, and they do a large and profitable business in supplying the visitors with vegetables, firewood, etc., and storing ice during the Winter. They have the reputation of being great workers, and are undoubtedly making splendid headway, and, we may add, well deserve all the success they are meeting with.

Mr. John F. Broadbent, of Seeley, has two remarkably fine lads in his employ, in the persons of Henry A. Everett and Edward Careis. The two lads, who are looked upon as sons of the family, practically work the farm between them, and very probably an arrangement will be arrived at before long for their taking a share in the property. They have been with Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent one for seven years, the other

for nine, and have been well taught and trained and have had all the advantages of a happy Christian home.

We had an excellent report not long ago of Edward's brother, George, who has developed into a first-class workman, and is a lad of steady habits and good character. He is able to command high wages, and, we should hope, is laying by money, although on this latter point we are not able to speak from personal knowledge.

George Thomas Dainton, to whom two years ago we awarded Dr. Barnardo's medal on his completing six years of faithful service in one situation, has not in the least wearied in well-doing, but bears as good a character as ever throughout the neighbourhood. His brothers are making high wages up at the Soo, and have been urging George to join them; but he has a good, sensible head on his shoulders, and is in no great hurry to move from where he is well off. We should ourselves advise George to wait awhile before striking out for the North. There has been a wonderful development in the region of New Ontario during the past two or three years, and in the settlements that are springing up like mushrooms along the North shore of Georgian Bay, and in the mines and lumber camps men are in great demand and high wages are offered; but we doubt if George is quite robust enough at present for the hard, rough life of these Northerly regions, and we shall be rather sorry to hear that he has "pulled up stakes."

Our young friend, William Youton, is working on a fine farm in the same locality as George Dainton, and is gradually increasing his bank account. His balance would have been considerably larger than it is but for his having very generously advanced the funds for his brother's emigration last year. William's picture will be found in the large group that we publish in the present number, and we can point to it as the portrait of a lad of good character and sterling worth.

We had the pleasure a short time ago of entertaining our esteemed friend, Norman George Commander, during a holiday visit to the city, which we hope he thoroughly enjoyed, and which we are sure he had well earned. A few days previous to his arrival we had a letter from him enclosing \$50.00 for deposit to his savings bank account, which account, we observe with pleasure, is mounting up to a very respectable figure.

William G. Collacott was transferred last Spring to Mr. W. H. Peter, of Bervie, and here is what master and man have to say for themselves at the end of the eight months' experience of each other:

BERVIE, November 15th, 1901.

MR. ALFRED B. OWEN.

DEAR SIR,--I feel it my duty to drop you a few lines as to William George Collacott. He has been with me nearly eight months, and I have found him a good, faithful boy. Of course, I do not expect a man's head on a boy's shoulders. I think with care he will be able to save close on \$25.00, and I have refused him money many times when I saw he was going to spend it foolishly; and I am sure if I had given him all the money he wanted, he would not have one cent coming to him to-night. I want to try and teach him to save his money. He would like to stay with me another year if you are satisfied. Would you please send papers for an agreement for another year, and, if satisfactory, I will sign them, and will send you \$25.00 to put in the bank for Willie, as I feel he is entitled to the interest of it from now until April 1st; and if he does not have quite \$25.00, the balance can run on for another year. Yours truly

W. H. PETER.

BERVIE, ONT., November 15th, 1901.

DEAR MR. OWEN, As Mr. Peter is writing, I thought I would write you too. I have got a fine place here, and am perfectly satisfied to stay another year if you are willing to let me. I am only too sorry I cannot put aside more money; but as this is the first year I have been handling my own money, I will admit I spent some foolishly. I am putting by \$25 this year; am keeping enough out for Winter. I expect to put by most of my money next year, with a view of bringing my mother out to this country. I was baptized and became a member of the Presbyterian Church lately. Wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

I remain, yours sincerely,

W. G. COLLACOTT.



READERS of UPS AND DOWNS have, no doubt, often heard of "The Man with the Hoe," "The Man at the Wheel," and of "The Man Behind the Gun," but did you ever hear of "The Boy at the Stook?" If not, just look at his picture on page 61 and ponder—ponder over the immense possibilities in a country possessing hundreds of such fields as the one shown in the cut, and millions of acres of the finest wheat land the sun ever shone upon, yet unclaimed by the husbandman, which, as this boy grows to manhood, will be brought under cultivation. Compare the prospects of this boy in the wheat, who, at the time he is eighteen years of age, can go out and secure practically a free gift of one hundred and sixty acres of land—one fourth of a square mile—capable of producing in one crop, if all under cultivation, four thousand bushels of wheat, with the chances of youth in the narrow limits of the old land, where to have the employment necessary to secure food, clothing and lodging for life up to old age is esteemed fortunate, with the workhouse in view when the poor old labourer reaches a physical condition preventing continued exertion. Truly, the heritage of our Empire in the West is rich and ample for many years to come. The Manitoba boy is precocious, without a doubt, and, furthermore, owing to the ease with which the soil is cultivated, absence of troublesome stones and roots, we often see a "little shaver" behind the plough, chattering high up on the seat of a land roller, who would look quite as

much in place were he in a cradle. Why, you have all heard of Johnny Karn, of Virden, Manitoba, fourteen years of age, who prepared the land for one hundred and fifty acres of wheat last Spring, and performed the better part of the harvesting operations of the same during the continued illness of his father, and by way of acknowledgment for "something attempted, something done," was sent for by the Reception Committee at Winnipeg, in order that he might be presented to their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, upon the occasion of the royal tour. Johnny Karn is reported to have laughed at the idea of his case being singled out as anything wonderful, and stated that he knew dozens of boys of his age in the Virden district who accomplished quite as much each year as he did, which proves the writer's contention, that the boy at the stook should have his name placed alongside the name of "The Man at the Wheel," "The Man Behind the Gun;" and, so far as "The Man with the Hoe" is concerned, of whom we have heard so much of late, why, we believe our Manitoba youth can raise produce of greater value in one year from his free grant homestead than the man with the antiquated instrument on his rented and impoverished land could produce in five; and, as in proof of this statement, and to show the advancement made by Manitoba during the last thirty years, largely through the efforts of the boy at the stook, we will quote from the Thanksgiving Number of the *Winnipeg Free Press* a few lines dealing with this subject:

This transformation— one of the most remarkable in an era abounding in instances of the conquest effected by men over nature—will be more fully realized by a comparison of the conditions prevailing thirty years ago with those of the present time. The progress that in older countries takes centuries to effect, is here secured in years—often in weeks. A quickness to see opportunities, an ability to contrive means to take advantage of them, and a commercial courage and daring that is combined with judgment—these, with agricultural industry, thrift, endurance and skill, have made Manitoba what it is to-day. History has been made quickly here in consequence of such qualities.

In order to appreciate the changes that have come to Manitoba since it entered Confederation, it would be well to speak of its present achievements in terms of that time. Take, for instance, this year's crop of wheat. Fifty million bushels of the finest grain in the world is on its way, or is awaiting shipment, to feed the millions of older civilizations. To merely mention this vast total is to give no conception of its amount. To properly appreciate stupendous totals such as these, it is necessary to speak of them in terms with which people are familiar. Thus, if this year's wheat crop in Manitoba were put in standard cars, and the cars were coupled together, they would stretch from Rat Portage to Broadview—397 miles! If despatched from Winnipeg in standard trains of twenty cars, it would take two thousand five hundred such trains to haul the crop to the seaboard! If these trains left Winnipeg at fifteen minute intervals, it would take over a month, day and night, to get the wheat forwarded! It would fill every elevator in the province twice over, and still leave four millions of bushels to be disposed of!

And if the present almost perfect system of transportation is taxed far beyond the limits of its resources to handle such a grain output as Manitoba has this year, how utterly futile by comparison must the system of thirty years ago seem! Then the only means of transporting merchandise was either by steamer or Red River cart. The average load of the Red River steamer was 600 bushels. It would take ninety thousand of such steamers to carry out Manitoba's wheat this season! Cargoes of a quarter of a million bushels have been frequently taken by the steel steamers now plying the great lakes. One of these modern boats would thus take as much grain as four hundred of the craft that three decades ago painfully crept up stream between the shoals of the Red River. On land, the usual means of transport was the Red River cart, the agonizing scream of whose protesting and unlubricated wheels is familiar to the old-timer. These carried from 600 to 800 pounds. It would thus take ten million of these historic vehicles

to take out the growth of this year's wheat-fields.

The average wheat-patch thirty years ago did not exceed five acres. To-day, instances of men having a thousand acres of grain are abundant. At the average, per acre, of this year's crop—24 bushels—it would require nearly half a million such farms as were to be found thirty years ago to grow as much wheat as Manitoba has this year grown. The population of the province at the time of its entering Confederation did not exceed ten thousand, and of these not ten per cent. were whites. To-day, Manitoba is the home of a quarter of a million contented, prosperous and enterprising people, and, with the steady stream of immigration pouring in, the prophecy of Lord Selkirk, a hundred years ago, that it was capable of sustaining, by agriculture alone, a population of thirty millions of souls, seems within measurable distance of fulfilment.

The boy who was at the stooking thirty years ago has seen great advancement; but, to go back even a few years, we see wonderful developments in which Dr. Barnardo's boys have taken a noticeable part, for young wheat-growers of our clan are bobbing up in most unexpected places, and old comrades of John Phillips—party *Carthaginian*, April, 1892—will be glad to hear that the writer found him in a warehouse at Foxwarren, one day last month, handling his team of fine young Clydes harnessed to his own wagon, in which he had part of his thousand-bushel crop of 1901, for which he demanded from the grain dealer the highest market price. John's neighbours say he has an excellent farm, which he is steadily breaking up. Another young man of ours who has graduated from schooling among the stooks and secured a good farm in that famous wheat-growing district of Foxwarren, is Daniel Hallacy, of party *Mongolian*, November, 1895. Lionel Rayment, *Norwegian*, April, 1891, has just been heard from as the father of a fine boy and the owner of an excellent farm in Oakburn. Manitoba Rayment, it appears, is located in a district well suited for mixed farming, and our informant, a neighbour, writes us the young man is the owner of a fine herd of cattle. Alfred Green, *Kelly*, is another of

our old boys who has located a farm near Reston, Manitoba, and is said to be doing well. This statement must be true, as the young man has just written us that he purposes very shortly returning to the Old Land for a visit. The Postmaster at Pense, writing November 14th regarding Frederick Groves, *Sardinian*, July, 1895, says: "A decent chap and behaving in a satisfactory manner, upright and straightforward. I understand he has taken up a farm and is cultivating the same." Arthur F. Oliver, *Peruvian*, April, 1889, is reported to have sold his farm and gone to Montana, horse-ranching. It is quite evident, from the correspondence we receive, that many of our young men branch off into other pursuits than farming after leaving the situation to which they are sent; and we are reminded of this fact by the receipt of a letter from our old friend, William H. Simmons, who at one time was farming in the Plumas district:

BALFOUR, NEAR NELSON, B.C.,
November 4th, 1901.

DEAR MR. STRUTHERS,—On my arrival in B.C., some two years ago, I wrote you as requested, giving you all details of my journey, etc. This time I shall speak of its enterprise; but before I proceed I would like to remark I received no reply to my letter! I trust you will oblige me by sending me a line in the near future, for I would dearly love to hear of the doings on the "Barnardo Ranch." During the two years I have spent in B.C., I have travelled considerably. I was in Rossland, Revelstoke, Kaslo, Nelson, Trail, etc., and the United States as far as Spokane. Rossland is the "king" of the bunch; while I was there I earned my \$3.50 a day, working eight hours, as a miner in the Le Roi mine. At the time of writing there ensues a strike in this said city, otherwise I would not be here. Balfour (my present address) is a Summer resort. I've been here a month, shooting, fishing, boating, etc., and, though you may think the year is too far advanced to call it yet Summer, suffice it to say we have not had any frost for a long while, but we are being continually supplied with rain. No country, in my estimation, can compete with Manitoba for hunting purposes; B.C. is not a patch of it. Well, Mr. Struthers, I have tired extremely well since leaving Manitoba. I have investments of many kinds, my largest is 5,000 shares in the Wallaguta Gold Mining Company. I expect within a year to accumulate

\$5,000 from this property alone. I am pretty confident of such. Regarding the showings of ore already extracted from its interior, one has everything to hope and gain. I should be very thankful to you if you could forward me the address of any of the following underlined fellows: J. Toogood, R. Parsons, T. Burns. These are three Bristol fellows, of whom Toogood is a schoolmate of mine; the other two I knew for many years, and it was greatly through me that they ever got to Canada in the convenient way they did. It is very probable they all write to you once in a while. I trust you had a bountiful harvest this year; according to all reports crops were exceedingly heavy. I, from the bottom of my heart, wish the "Barnardo Ranch" every success. It is a grand institution for to emigrate with, and I have never had cause to rue the day I came to Canada. Thanking and wishing you again every success, I remain, very sincerely yours.

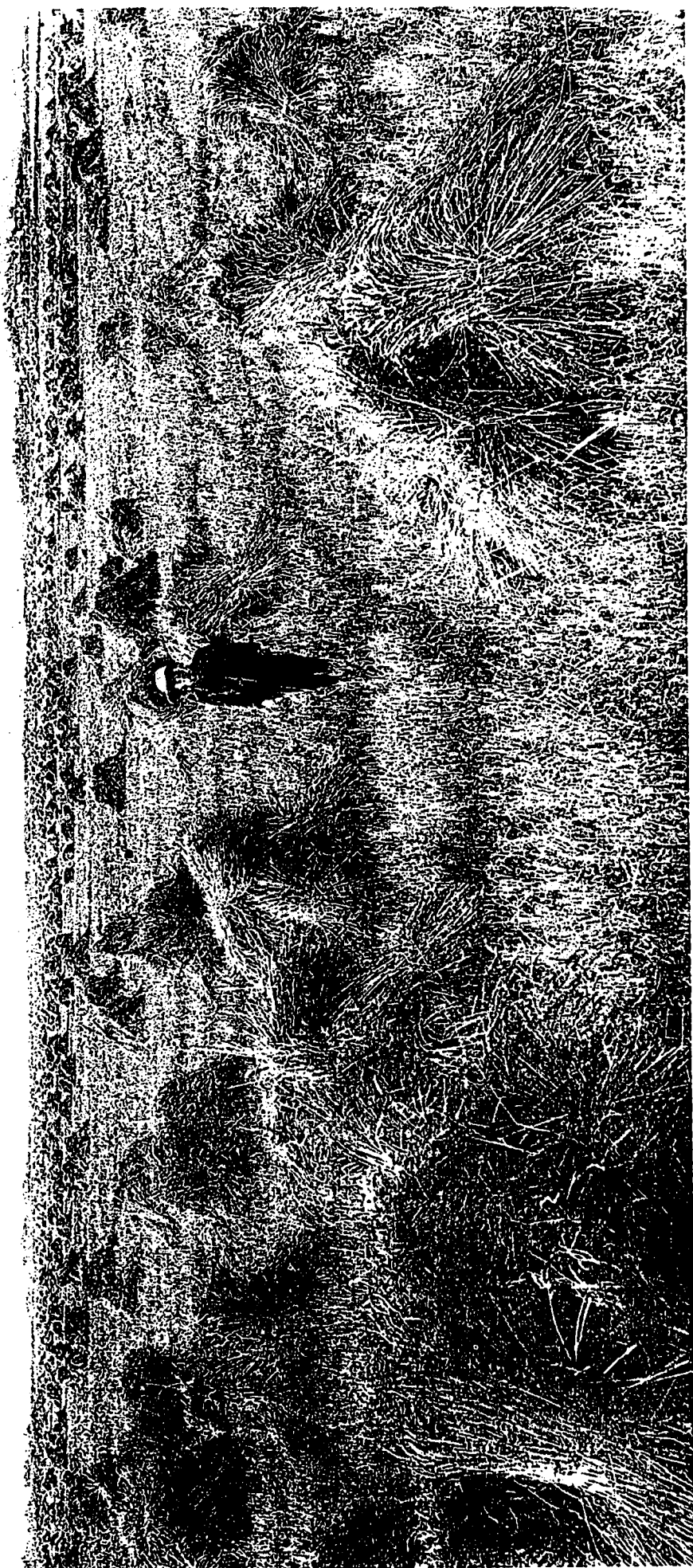
(Signed) W. H. SIMMONS.

The last party of lads for the year arrived at Russell on September 30th, having been brought through from Quebec to Winnipeg in charge of our Resident Superintendent of the Winnipeg Branch, Mr. David White. Their names and places of birth are as follows:

Thomas Corrin, Isle of Man.
Richard Devine, Belfast.
Henry Francis Franklin, London.
Arthur Gilchrist, Dublin.
Desider Gruber, Hungary.
Thomas Hinton, London.
James Swift, Portsmouth.
James Shaw, Londonderry.
Thomas Smith, Cumberland.

Left the Hive.

On October 12th, the management were pleased to place with Dr. T. A. Wright, of Russell, one of our steady-going boys, John Palmer, who has the distinction of being the only youth sent to a situation during the month of October of this year. November saw a greater number of partings, George Morris and Charles Smith leaving on the 5th of the month for the following situations: Morris to Oswald Andrew, Minnedosa; Smith to A. E. Gamey, Newdale. On November 23rd, John Stockman was also sent to Mr. Gamey's employ. Joseph Green and William Dale, a few days after Stockman's departure, left for situations in the Shoal Lake district, and



The Boy at the Stook.

we are pleased to note that letters have already been received from Green expressing great satisfaction with the situation found for him. Albert Forder, on December 3rd, was sent to the farm of Mr. Robert R. Hubbard, Grenfell; and this young man has also written that he is well pleased with his place. Little William Tilford will no more trip the light fantastic behind the Farm Home footlights, for, on the same day that Sergeant Forder left us, this little fellow left for a situation with Mr. William Pizzy, of Foxwarren. On December 7th, Thomas Bousfield left for a situation with Mr. William H. Wheatland, of Donore, Manitoba; and on the 10th, the management parted with Walter Wright, who goes to Mr. Tudge, of Wapella; Thomas Mace, to Mr. Frank Murdoch, of Bru, and William J. Clark, for whom our old friend and well-wisher, the Rev. Mr. Brayfield, had secured a situation, to Newdale.

Prize Awards.

The following lads received first prize on the dates mentioned, for cleanliness at Church Parades :

September 21st, Armistead; September 28th, Newcomb; October 5th, Forder; October 12th, J. C. Clark; October 19th, Hatherton; October 27th, Corrin; November 3rd, Bousfield; November 10th, Craxford; November 17th, J. C. Clark; November 24th, Groves; December 1st, Hatherton; December 8th, Hooper.

General Order No. 280.

A smile indicating general satisfaction and approval was noted on the faces of the staff and lads at the Industrial Farm on the night of November 22nd, when General Order No. 280 was proclaimed before the ranks at evening church parade, reading as follows:

Beginning Saturday, November 1, 1902, and until further orders, Reveill. will sound at six o'clock, Standard Time; Breakfast Bugle, 6:45; Turn to work, 7:30.

By Order

Dated: 14 November 1964.

The youth of the Industrial Farm, like most other young people, are great believers in "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep"; indeed, we have had individuals on the staff at the Farm, in times past, who considered five o'clock, the rising hour in Summer, rather a barbarous point in the twenty-four for turning out of a comfortable bed; and the writer has always felt that his chances for at least a temporary popularity were good when asked to promulgate the usual fall order for six o'clock. Not so, however, when the first of April came around, and with it the change back to the early hour. "The Encyclopædia Britannica" says: "Time is measured by successive phenomena recurring at regular intervals." Now, the only astronomical phenomenon which regularly fulfils this condition, and the most striking one to us, is the apparent daily revolution of the sun around the earth, and this phenomenon has from the remotest antiquity been used as a measure of time; however, in this Northern latitude, and particularly at the Industrial Farm in the Winter season, this ancient time-marker gives himself such late opening and early closing hours by the clock—rising this morning, the writer noted, at 8.45, standard time—that he has, to a certain extent, to be ignored, and the phenomenon which strikes the farm employee here is the regular recurrence of the sharp notes of a cavalry trumpet or a regulation military bugle.

Railways, as we all know, exert a great influence in the keeping of civil time, and, as the Canadian Pacific use, on the North-Western branch of their great system, the standard time of the ninetieth meridian of longitude, which meridian is established some six hundred miles East of our headquarters, we are placed at rather a disadvantage, say, with the people of Fort William, whose town is situated near the meridian in question. At the same time we cannot deny that the scheme set on foot in Washington, U.S.A., in the year 1884, of standard time

districts, has proved very satisfactory, and we can believe that the traveller of to-day is not nearly so likely to lose his train and to fail in his appointments as was his brother of twenty years ago, when every little hamlet proclaimed its local time and seemed puffed up with the belief that old "Sol" himself was in the habit of setting his chronometer by the timepiece in their particular town hall tower.

Creamery Department.

On November 1st, the creamery at the Farm Home practically closed its business with its outside patrons, having made during the season 36,000 pounds of butter from cream collected from fifty-four patrons, who have in the neighbourhood of five hundred cows. The writer has heard of very little complaint from these patrons, although in every district the man who sends a good percentage of skim milk and counts on obtaining the price of cream for all his product is to be found; and when our butter-maker reports the average price for the season 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ cents per inch of cream, or 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents above the highest price so far reported in the press from other creameries, the writer believes that the most exacting person of our constituency will admit that Dr. Barnardo has treated them with great liberality during the past season. However, we believe an innovation which is proposed for another year in our creamery business, viz., the closing of accounts each month, and the division of any small surplus or apportionment of losses will give the patrons a better knowledge of the manner in which the business is conducted, and a greater assurance that their interests, as well as those of the creamery, are being safeguarded.

Naturally, in this wide expanse of territory, cream collectors are obliged to travel great distances for very small contributions, and it may be of interest to our patrons to hear that our collections from individuals varied from nine pounds, the

smallest, to 2,500 pounds, the largest, contribution. We can quite believe the man who delivered the nine pounds, and then struck because our collector did not pay cash on delivery, would not care to have his name mentioned; but we do not think we will be chargeable with an objectionable breach of confidence in giving the name of the particularly satisfactory patron whose combined cheques equalled \$312.97 for a portion of the season, Mrs. Thomas Moffitt, of Binscarth. Mr. Ruddick, who has never yet failed to obtain a prize for butter in any competition in which he has entered, carried away the first prize from the Russell Exhibition on October 2nd, to the great satisfaction of himself and his assistant, John E. Anderson, a young man who, by the way, is coming to the front as a creamery man, and may, if he likes, look forward to the day when Charles J. is bossing his own creamery, and he himself has proved a creditable successor at Barnardo. We hope, with the opening of Spring, to make such improvements in our now well-equipped dairy institution that it will be found second to none in the province.

The Weather.

The weather, for the greater part of the quarter and since the last notes for UPS AND DOWNS were penned, has been remarkably mild and pleasant, the roads fine and smooth, and, up to December 8th, the ground was free from snow. However, on the Sunday mentioned, a regular downfall began, and we now have excellent sleighing, with the mercury ranging about the thirties. Mild weather and snowless roads are pleasant in the fall and early Winter; but when the real cold comes, we believe, with Dr. Drummond's Habitant, that the snow is necessary:

Il n'y a rien de bon
Quand le vent du Nord se lève,
Car quand le vent du Nord se lève,
C'est quand le vent du Nord se lève,
C'est quand le vent du Nord se lève,
C'est quand le vent du Nord se lève,
C'est quand le vent du Nord se lève,
C'est quand le vent du Nord se lève,

An' mak' de nice white blanket for cover
up de groun'.
An' de groun' she go' asleepin' 'till all de
stormy season,
Restin' from her work las' Summer till
she's waken by de rain
Dat le bon Dieu sen' some morning, an' of
course dat's be de reason
Ev'ry year de groun' she's lookin' ius' as
fresh an' young again.

Competition Number A3.

The only reply the writer has received in connection with Competition No. A3 came from the little lad, William C. Goodchild, who is in the employ of Mr. Douglas, of Spy Hill. Willie's letter reads as follows:

MILLWOOD, November 4th, 1901.
TO MR. E. A. STRUTHERS,
Barnardo.

DEAR SIR,--The name of the policeman in Competition A3 is Charles A. McConnell. Hoping I get the prize,
Yours truly,

(Signed) W. C. GOODCHILD.

The writer has already notified Willie that his answer is correct and that he will receive the reward in due course.

Competition Number A4.

The portrait numbered No. A4 represents another B. P. F.; and to



No. A4.



One of Dr. Barnardo's Grandchildren.

the first member of our rapidly-growing colony who furnishes the name of this fine-looking policeman the usual award will be given. Address, as heretofore: "Manager, Dr. Barnardo's Farm Home, Barnardo, Manitoba."

The Cradle and the Altar.

The baby shown in this page of the Manitoba Farm Notes is not, as one would be led to believe by its robust and cheery appearance, a Mellen's Food Baby; the happy-looking youngster is, however, the young hopeful of the household of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pettitt, and was christened a few weeks ago in the Barnardo Chapel; and another event which occurred on the Farm, so rapidly becoming an historic spot, was the marriage on November 6th of Mr. Thomas A. Young, a much-respected employee of the Farm Home at present, though a farmer on his own account, to Miss Lavinia Horsefield, who came out from England to meet her happy fate in June of this year. That the best wishes of our great and rapidly growing constituency will follow this industrious and estimable couple we feel certain.

B.B.B.

The Barnardo Brass Band is still in great demand, and its attendance at the Russell Agricultural Show, on October 2nd, is said by the Directors of the Association to have helped the day out in a wonderful manner. Beside having calls from different distant points, some of which they cannot see their way to comply with, the leader has just accepted a Winter engagement with the Russell Rink Association, which, it would appear, will be most satisfactory to all concerned. A little company of Russell business men, with the enterprise which always characterizes the community, erected this fall, at an expense of nearly two thousand dollars, as fine a skating and curling rink as there is in the West, lighted as it is throughout with acetylene gas, dressing rooms, band stand and hallways, the effect upon the visitors is of a cheering nature as they come in from the frosty outside; but the acme of their pleasure is not reached till they glide out on to the perfect sheet of ice prepared by the expert curler and ice-maker, Oliver Olsen. The Association are fortunate in having Mr. Archibald R. Tingley, our local barrister, in the capacity of Secretary-Treasurer, and if the Russell Rink is not a success it will be for no want of effort on the part of the official just mentioned.

North-West Mounted Police.

During the last year the writer has had quite a number of enquiries from old lads regarding the opportunities for joining the North-West Mounted Police; and while it is the mission of the management of the Farm Home to direct young men to the land and encourage them to become tillers of the same, we recognize an easily presented fact that there are members of our colony not cut out to follow the plough, for whom some other avocation must be found, so we secured, through the kindness of Commissioner Perry, the standard of requirements, which goes to show that a

candidate must be at least five feet eight inches in height, with chest measure of thirty-five inches; maximum weight, one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The applicant must not be addicted to the inordinate use of alcohol, opium or other drug, and one whose constitution has been impaired by previous indulgence will be rejected.

The lungs and heart must be devoid of disease.

The digestive organs, beginning with the teeth, healthy; the hearing and eyesight unimpaired.

The muscular system must be well developed, the eyesight good, and the fingers and toes free from defects and deformities.

Applicants must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, active, able-bodied men of thoroughly sound constitutions, and must produce certificates of exemplary character.

They must be able to read and write either the English or French language, must understand the care and management of horses, and be able to ride well.

The term of engagement is five years.

The rates of pay are as follows:

Staff Sergeants, \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day.
Other Non-Commissioned Officers, 85c. to \$1.00 per day.

CONSTABLE.

	Pay.	Good Conduct Pay.	Total per Day.
1st year's service....	\$0 50	\$0 50
2nd "	0 50	\$0 05	0 55
3rd "	0 50	0 10	0 60
4th "	0 50	0 15	0 65
5th "	0 50	0 20	0 70

Batta pay is allowed to a limited number of blacksmiths, carpenters and other artisans.

Members of the Force are supplied with free rations, a free kit on joining, and periodical issues during the service.

Married men will not be accepted.

The writer does not presume that there will be any appreciable rush in the recruiting line for the honorable service referred to, but the

particulars given will furnish many of our old lads who have thoughts of turning their plough-shares into sabres, so to speak, the kind of information they require to permit them to decide whether they can fill the bill.

Obituary.

The angel of death has again laid his remorseless hand upon another member of our colony, exemplifying in this painful case the uncertainty of life by selecting for his victim a robust and apparently healthy young man in the person of John Gibbs, who left the Farm Home in the

Summer of 1888, and was for a time employed by the then Manager of the Hudson's Bay Co., at Shoal Lake. Gibbs, at the time of his death, was filling an excellent position in the town of Hamiota, where he was highly respected. The young man, it is said, was about to be married to an estimable young lady of the district, and leaves many friends to mourn his loss.

G. A. Spent

Rhyme and Reason

If Britain were a tyrant state,
That ground her subjects under
And they objected forcibly--
Why, then, I wouldn't wonder
But as her equitable laws
Discredit this contention,
The sullen hatred of the Boer
Is hard of comprehension.

If Kruger were a youthful brave,
His threats of blood and thunder
The outcome of his bumptiousness
Why, then, I wouldn't wonder.
But hoary hairs and psalms of praise
Have strangely ill accorded
With greed of gold and lust of power,
His grasping rule recorded.

Or if the Afrikanders yearned
To burst the bonds asunder
Imposed by foreign force or fraud
Why, then, I wouldn't wonder.
But Britain reigned as suzerain
On their own invitation,
When native hordes had threatened them
With swift extermination.

The liberty their leaders claim
They have denied to strangers
Who dug their mines and made them rich
In face of death and dangers.
An oligarchy organized
To tyrannize and plunder
Their plea of injured innocents
Makes thinking nations wonder.

PETER GRANT, in !

The Barnardo Old Boys' Society

A Letter from Dr. Barnardo to the Secretary.

LONDON, November 8th, 1901.

MY DEAR SMITH, — Your letter, dated September 24th, gave me very sincere pleasure and great delight. The formation of the B.O.B.S. has been watched by me, and each step of your progress, as recorded in UPS AND DOWNS, has been followed with very great and absorbing interest. I cannot but recognize the hand of God in having drawn you all, who are members of the B.O.B.S., into the formation of so wisely planned and beneficent a Society, which must, in the future, do a great deal to promote the prosperity and happiness of those who join it.

Personally, I wish at once to offer the members of your Society my profound feelings of thankfulness for the kind expressions of attachment and good will, and of sympathy with me in my recent illness, which are contained in your first two resolutions. It is one of the brightest thoughts of all my work that, in helping young men of good character and unblemished record out to Canada, I have been instrumental, under God, in giving the Dominion those who shall be honourable and respected citizens of the greatest dependency of the Empire, and that these young men, having had just a helping hand at the most critical period of their lives, are now proving their manhood, and their thorough independence of spirit, by the way in which they have assumed the responsibilities of life.

I gratefully acknowledge that, in my recent prolonged visit to Canada, I met young men, and indeed not a few who are now in middle life, who have grown up to become themselves husbands, fathers of families, heads of businesses or trusted employes, and whose whole

record has not only been creditable to themselves, but has reflected some part of the honour they have gained upon the Institutions with which at one time they were connected. That the B.O.B.S. will result in still keeping up a link with the old Homes is to me a delightful thought, and that the connection will not be a mere formal and perfunctory one I am sure, for it is clear that in your hearts' best thoughts there is a warm place kept for your old friends.

I approve unhesitatingly of the objects of your Society as set forth in your letter, although at present I am not quite clear in my own mind as to how the formation of your Society will promote these objects. No doubt all that is before your minds, and is influencing you favourably, and some day perhaps I may understand more fully what your operations may be, and what steps you have been able to take towards the promotion of the material and social advancement of your members. I am delighted to learn that *one* of the objects of the formation of your Society is "the advancement of the interest of the Homes," and I pray God that a very warm love for the dear Homes may grow up and be constantly maintained in the heart and thoughts of every one of your members.

I gratefully acknowledge your action in electing me to the Honorary Presidentship of your Society, and I accept with emotion the honour you have put upon me. Although I notice the position is an honorary one, I hope you will give me the great privilege of contributing in some little degree towards the funds of your Society. You have not asked or sought this and I don't know how far it may be permissible

to propose it ; but if I may do so, I would ask you to accept a small gift from me to be added to your funds, not as an adequate mark of my interest in you all, and of my appreciation of your great kindness towards myself, but as a very humble contribution towards your funds, which may at first not be as flourishing as they will, no doubt, become by-and-bye. I am asking your Vice-President, and the warm friend of every one of us, Mr. Alfred B. Owen, to hand you on my behalf *a money order for \$50*, which I beg of you to accept for the funds of your Society, with my warm and affectionate esteem.

Good-bye, my dear fellow. It was a great pleasure for me to meet you when I was in Toronto. I pray God to bless and keep you and all your family, and your colleagues in this good work, and I shall be delighted to follow your course with great interest, and to observe from the magazine, if you have not time to write to me, the steps you, no doubt, will take in promoting the success and extension of the B.O.B.S.

Will you convey to all your colleagues, and to every member of the B.O.B.S., the assurances of my cordial good will and hearty wishes for their individual and corporate success.

Believe me to be, my dear Smith,
Ever your sincere friend,
THOS. J. BARNARDO.

THE foregoing letter will doubtless be of interest, not only to the members of B.O.B.S., but to all readers of UPS AND DOWNS. The Doctor's interest in the welfare of the members of his large family does not cease when they go out into the world on their own account. We have received numberless indications of this fact. One of the most delightful instances of all, to my mind, is the readiness and pleasure with which he accepts the Honorary Presidency of our, as yet, modest Society. The kindly words of encouragement and sympathy contained in his letter will be

even more highly valued than his generous and acceptable contribution to our funds. Nor should we allow our interest in the old Homes to diminish as we grow older. The helping hand held out to us at the commencement of our career should ever be in our minds, and the memory should prompt us to do all that is in our power to advance the interests of the Homes. How can I do this? Some of the lads are troubled with that "I don't want people to know" feeling. I think that if we live cleanly, soberly and uprightly, we need not be afraid of people knowing. Integrity, honesty and industry will always win respect among those whose good opinions are worth having, and we can thus do a great deal in the way of advancing the interests of the Homes by showing to the world that we are what we have always claimed to be—worthy citizens of a great country. The fact that so large a proportion of our lads have done well has had a great deal to do with the change in public opinion regarding Dr. Barnardo's work in this country ; a change that has been particularly noticeable in the last five years. One of the reasons influencing those responsible for the founding of the Society was the feeling that the time had arrived for us to assert ourselves as a body. We are not afraid of fair, candid criticism ; we are prepared to resent slanders thrown at us by individuals or bodies corporate. The time is rapidly approaching—indeed has arrived for a great many of us—when we can, and ought to, call for a full stop to the constant, if diminishing, stream of slander and vilification that Dr. Barnardo's work in general, and we as individuals, have had to contend with. There are a great many of us who are now property owners, or holding responsible positions, and having, in various ways, large and important interests in the communities in which we live. For our own sakes, and out of pure gratitude to those to whom we owe what measure of success

we have achieved, we ought to see to it that our influence is made felt, and the interests of the Homes conserved.

I receive numerous enquiries as to what action B.O.B.S. proposes to take regarding insurance, sick benefits, etc. "Go slow" is a safe policy in dealing with these very important questions. Our membership is steadily growing; but any experimenting along these lines, at the present time, would be unwise. The officers and executive have various matters under consideration, but we cannot speak with any degree of certainty regarding any of them yet. We have no doubt, however, that, with our present rate of growth, we shall eventually be in a position to submit a plan which will be workable and acceptable to all.

What interests us most just now is the increase of our membership. We wish to make a large and substantial one. Something has already been done in this direction, as we have a membership approximating 300.

We have at last succeeded in getting our revised circulars out of the hands of the printer, and expect to get them mailed at once. If the response is as cordial as heretofore, we ought to have a very good membership indeed by next Exhibition. Meanwhile, we would impress on every member that he is an agent of the Society. Become acquainted with as many of our boys living in your neighbourhood as possible. It is really surprising to find how many of our members have not met with any of our old lads since coming to Canada. And don't forget the new arrival. Many a lad just

out from Stepney, Leopold House, or the Youths' Labour House, is often aching for a kind, cheering word. Let the youngster feel that there are hundreds of fellows who have a keen sympathy and, if need be, a helping hand for him.

One matter I must touch upon briefly. On Friday, October 11th, a number of our members invaded the privacy of my house, and, on behalf of the Society, presented me with a very handsome oak desk. Many kind things were said, which modesty forbids repeating. I can only say that I am deeply grateful to the members of the Society for their kindness and generosity. The midnight oil burns clearer as I sit at the desk doing the work of the Society, and my work is much lighter by reason of having no longer to sort out the stationery into separate piles every time work has to be done.

The half yearly audit will be held immediately at the close of the year, and a detailed statement of receipts and expenditure will appear in the next issue of UPS AND DOWNS.

Below is a statement of account since August 1st:

RECEIPTS

Balance forward	\$15 27
Fees	70 50
Subscription per Dr. Barnardo	50 00
	\$135 77

EXPENDITURE

Various accounts	\$42 87
Balance in hand	92 90
	\$135 77

A. G. SMITH,

Secretary-Treasurer

To the Members of the B.O.B.S.

I cannot refrain from sending greetings to the members of the B.O.B.S. at this joyous Yuletide, when the message goes forth from one end of the earth to the other: "Peace on earth, good will toward

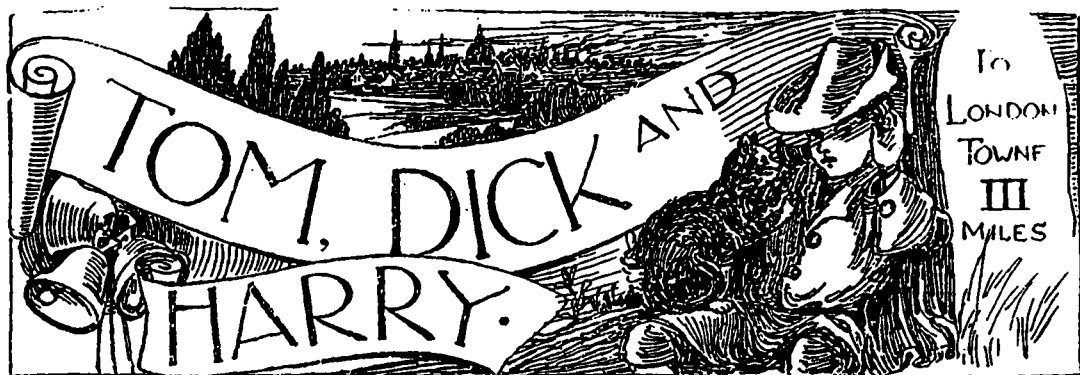
men." The meaning which lies at the heart of this time of the most callous and thoughtless men cannot help but pause for a brief moment to listen to the message that the very birth of the

leafless trees, and even the winds seem to be wafting -- "Peace on earth." We are sending to every member our greetings as comrades, which every member will receive before New Year's. We wish you, one and all, to believe and feel that the hand of every member is extended to you in brotherhood, with a God-speed for the coming year. Our Society is growing as it deserves to grow, but there are still some who are not members, whose duty to themselves, to the old Institutions, demands it. You will see, in another column of this issue, that our old friend and benefactor has, as it were, given us his richest blessing for our welfare as a Society. It will be a hard heart, indeed, that, on reading the message from our old friend, will not beat faster with emotion. Let us all thank God that ever such a man

has done for humanity, and pray that his life will yet be spared many years. Just a word as to New Year's resolutions. Let us all resolve that we will do nothing through the coming year that will bring the slightest discredit on ourselves or our connection with the old Homes. Let us take the words "Integrity and Industry" for our motto. If you should at any time meet one of our boys, don't forget that a word in season is priceless. It costs us nothing. Kind words can never die. Also remember to ask them if they belong to the B.O.B.S. If not, send to the Secretary for application form, and thus secure another member. Our aim should be 500 members this year. We can do it by everyone doing his part. Again wishing you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

JAMES WEBB, *Pres.*

P. M. Arthur, grand chief engineer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, at a recent meeting of engineers at Kansas City, is reported to have said: "Never, as long as I am at the head of the locomotive engineers, will that brotherhood go into a strike without first exhausting every fair, manly and honest effort to bring about an amicable adjustment, or while a possibility of submitting existing differences to arbitration remains. The principal factor in precipitating labour troubles to-day is an unwillingness to concede to the other man what you would desire for yourself. If employer and employee lived up to the golden rule, strikes would be a thing of the past. Do not shirk your work. Render honest service to your employer, stand firm on your feet and hold your head erect, and look him in the face as his peer and equal * * * Ever be willing to concede to others what you would ask for yourselves. Always strive to maintain amicable and friendly relations with the employers. Try to weave more closely the bond of union between master and man, and then you will ever enjoy the confidence, respect and friendship of your fellow-beings."



A WORD to the girls this time. In selecting housewifery as my theme, I am reminded of the journalist who, being given his choice of three subjects for an article he was to write, chose the one he knew least about, "because, don't you see," he said, "I shall not be hampered by facts, and so can give my imagination full play." Had there been any journalists among the Children of Israel in Egypt, no doubt they would have contrived to make bricks without straw, as now they manage, on occasions, to dispense with facts in the manufacture of canards. I would rather go without a meal any day than try to cook one, so I am not likely to follow the example of a journalist. I know who thought he would make some onion broth for himself, and was informed by his wife, on her return, that he had cooked and eaten a floral bulb she had intended to plant. Although I do not know as much about cooking as my journalistic friend, I know quite a bit about eating and living in a house, and so I propose to tell you girls "all about it"—from the masculine standpoint, of course.

† † †

Now, if I were sure that my wife would not read this, I should begin by saying that every young woman who hopes to get married and go to heaven should, in the absence of a servant in the house, consider it her bounden duty to get up and light the fire—no, I must not say it. Women are such cruel critics, you know. But you will guess what I mean. I do not really put this forward as a positive assertion, because I am pretty sure my wife *will* see it, and women will not always listen to reason.

But, joking apart, every young woman who expects to become the mistress of a household ought to receive a domestic training, and when she has to earn her own livelihood, domestic service offers the best, the only, opportunity of acquiring this before marriage; and every young man who has to choose between a domestic servant and a shop-girl, or a dressmaker, or a girl who works in an office or a factory, should unhesitatingly offer his hand and heart to the girl who can cook and is a good housekeeper, if he regards his own comfort, convenience and digestion as of any account. I am sorry for the young woman who enters the estate of matrimony without having first learned at least the rudiments of cookery and housekeeping, and I pity the man she marries. It takes more than a heap of love to digest a parboiled potato, or a heavy, sodden cake that "didn't rise" beyond the level of Amarantha's knowledge of how to make a cake. And it also takes more patience and fortitude than the average man possesses to endure without complaint years of discomfort and annoyance while Amarantha experiments, in her haphazard manner, with the ingredients of pastry, Irish stew or Yorkshire pudding. The man who knows he has a liver because it gets out of order and brings on a bilious attack, or a stomach that strikes against improper food, badly prepared and imperfectly cooked, is not the most congenial of companions, and many a woman who thinks her husband is "a cruel brute" has made him what he is by her ignorance of what is necessary to his health and equanimity. To call a husband a "duck" and then

treat him as an ostrich, will transform him into a grizzly bear, my dears. "And don't you forget it!" Quackery in cookery makes ducks and drakes of conjugal peace. Better a perfect pie than a pound of pills, and still better a plain, frugal meal than a banquet of indigestible dainties, "fearfully and wonderfully made."

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Does Maria ever think that Tom, to hold his job, must be tolerably proficient in his occupation, and that if he were lazy, slovenly, careless, or particularly if he did not know his business, he would be dismissed to make room for a better workman? She does know that once she has married Tom, she cannot very well be dismissed for incompetency, slipshod habits, or bad temper. "For better or for worse" provides for that, and sometimes puts one or the other into a very uncomfortable corner. But does she reflect that just as a steady situation, and the maintenance of herself and the home, depend upon her prospective husband's ability and industry, so do his comfort, his health, his temper, and, to an extent, his character also, depend upon her own ability and industry as a thrifty housekeeper? Does she consider her duty towards her husband in this light? Does she realize to what a degree her own happiness and the comfort and welfare of the home may be affected by her not knowing what every housewife ought to know, and doing her work as thoroughly as it should be done? A well-ordered household, and a neat, tidy housewife, kind, gentle and sympathetic, are the best bid for a husband's companionship, respect and love; whereas the reverse of these may gradually make a man a frequenter of the saloon or a harsh, uncongenial mate.

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How many women lack persistence and uniformity in their method of doing things! The cake is baked twice alike to cause

the proper ingredients, when known, are not always used in the correct proportions. Things are higgledy-piggledy and forever "in the way" for the reason that Maria has not a place for everything, and so does not put everything in its place. Dinner is delayed because she does not work systematically, and has to do one thing at a time when she should be occupied in another. Inability in the matter of management causes perpetual fuss and bother that irritates herself and annoys Tom. She always has something to do because she lacks the foresight to lay out her work instead of attending to things when they can no longer be ignored. This was overlooked, and—dear me!—that must now be done. Girls, if you only knew how much time and trouble may be saved by keeping your work well in hand and not allowing yourself to drift aimlessly through the routine of the week, you would, I am sure, go in for system and methodical arrangement of your work.

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The tell-tale corners—these show the character of the housewife. The woman who does not go into the corners has cobwebs on the brain; her thoughts are in a tangle, and she has no time to realize where she is, or what she should be doing at a particular time. She is not thorough; she is a slattern. She uses pins where her needle should be employed, and she is "a thing of shreds and patches," untidy in appearance and careless in manners. Maria, in sweeping, look out for the corners, for in them you may lose or find a reputation.

+++

A manly man admires a womanly woman—not a namby-pamby doll, petulant, frivolous, full of aches and pains, nor yet a bold, forward, flip-pant hussy, who prides herself on her pertness, but a sensible, kind, modest, gentle person, full of sunshine and grace, and that unobtrusive yet firm control of herself that commands respect and renders her

very presence a power for purity and decorum wherever she may be. A prude, as well as a mincing, affected young woman, or a chatterbox, or a vain, conceited girl, is very likely to "get left." The true man expects to find something better than himself in a woman—something to admire, and, if possible, to adore. In his struggle with the world his finer sensibilities are blunted, and he seeks in woman a companion, in every respect his equal at least, if not his superior, in her own sphere, whose refining influence shall exercise a salutary restraint upon his conduct and his morals, to whom he can turn for sympathy in his aspirations and encouragement in his ambition. In so far short as she falls in these requirements she loses touch with him as a congenial companion.

† † †

In the man strength and force are exerted to gain his ends, but God has endowed woman with a far more powerful means of accomplishing her purpose. It is tact—a subtle influence which few men can resist if rightly and judiciously used. Where tears and emotion, spitefulness and acerbity, meet with no response, tact will triumph when it has reason on its side. Girls, by all means cultivate tact. That is something which requires brains and winning ways, and the soft, persuasive art of feminine ingenuity. No woman can afford to be without it.

† † †

Gossip—that pastime so dear to the average girl—how much time is frittered away in talk that is uninteresting to tediousness to the man of a serious nature, whose thoughts are engaged in the ways and means of making a livelihood and improving his mind and educating a family. Gossip is indicative of an empty head and a shallow heart, and not to be entertained by a girl who is determined to reserve her hand for a man who can appreciate a wife who has set before herself the ideal

of pure, true womanhood. She will occupy her leisure time in reading sound, sensible books, calculated to instruct and improve her mind, and in self-examination that she may learn her faults and how to overcome them. She will deliberately set about building a character, which, as it is strengthened and beautified by age, shall cause men to rise up and call her blessed. She may, if necessary, stint herself in other ways to subscribe to a first-class domestic magazine (*The Ladies' Home Journal*, for instance) and add a few accomplishments as frills to her mind and manners. These are things of beauty and a joy forever.

† † †

She will not neglect her Bible, for in it are the words of life. If the wife and mother be not a conscientious Christian, God's name and God's Word will not be revered as it should be, let the husband and father be never so good. From the mother more than from the father the children derive their virtue and godliness, and on her rests the solemn responsibility of their teacher and exemplar in the Christian graces. Girls, a ripe Christian character is not obtained in a day or a year; you cannot begin too soon to lay the foundation of a God-fearing, virtuous family. Remember, that which you should strive for may descend to generations that shall flourish after you have gone to your reward. Is this not worthy of your best efforts and your prayerful aspirations? Think of this, girls; think seriously of it, I pray you.

† † †

Now, girls, I have said my say. I must leave you to judge how far I have strayed from the truth. You can "go for me" in a letter to UPS AND DOWNS, if you think I deserve it. I can only hope I have written something that may be of good to you. If we disagree let us still be friends.

Yours truly,
E. E. E. E. E.

An Open Letter to Old Ilford Girls in Canada



Canadian, I have felt something like a *finger-post*, which points the road, but never itself pursues it.

For many years, at certain times and seasons, I have helped to set your faces in the way to the Land of the West, and have tried to discuss and anticipate with you what you would find, and how you would fare on the other side of the ocean. Now, at last, by the great kindness of Dr. Barnardo, my own face has been turned there, and I have been able to see for myself something of what it means to go to Canada.

You will all understand that my journey was made in happiest circumstances when I tell you that I went over with Mr. Owen. Almost all of you have personally proved what it is to be under his care for an ocean

MY DEAR GIRLS :

I have just received UPS AND DOWNS for October, and find therein stated that in the next issue I shall have something to say about my visit to Canada. So it behoves me to begin my letter at once, or I may get shut out. If I said all I should like to say, I fear there would be room for very little else, even in the extra Christmas number; but I will exercise stern self-repression.

I am indeed glad to have reached at last a much-cherished but long-deferred desire. Hitherto in matters

voyage, and you will know how well I was looked after.

We started in the middle of July with a large party of boys by the good ship *Numidian*. "Good" she was in many ways—in comfort, accommodation, steadiness, and the extreme kindness and courtesy shown by all her officers, but *not* good for speed.

We took *eleven* days to steam from Liverpool to Quebec; but as the weather was fair and the sea by no means immoderately rough, the lengthened voyage was to me only an additional pleasure.

Landing at Quebec on Monday evening, I had some experience of the labour and organization needed in handling a big emigrant party; and was greatly interested in the perfect arrangements made for the despatch of the boys and their belongings in all directions. It was just midnight when Mr. Owen and I, with the bulk of the party, got off in the special train provided for us, and Tuesday night saw us safely arrived in Toronto.

Here I had the joy of meeting my dear daughter, Mabel, and by Mrs. Owen's very kind invitation we spent a few days together at her house—days which were occupied in making acquaintance with the chief features of interest in the "Queen City," and seeing something of the work of your great and busy centre of organization there.

One specially pleasing experience came to me at Toronto, of which you have already heard in *URS AND DOWNS*, namely, an evening party at Mrs. Owen's of all the old Ilford girls who could be got together from the neighbourhood at rather short notice. It was very delightful to see so many of those whom I had known long ago as little children now grown to womanhood, and almost every one of them looking so happy (and so handsome!) and doing so well; and I was especially gladdened to find how much real love still remains in your hearts for the old Home, and what eager inquiries were made for all news I could give of friends left behind.

I hope some of the young ladies then present will read this, and accept it as an expression of my hearty thanks for their share in an evening greatly enjoyed and long to be remembered by me.

From Toronto I hastened on to the spot which was truly the goal of my journey to Peterborough to HAZEL BRAE.

Beautiful for situation! Admirable arrangement! Warm in its welcome! Serene in its atmosphere of untroubled calm! You have all been

there, and so you know for yourselves how at Hazel Brae everything seems to go like clock-work, how the peace is undisturbed, the order unbroken, and the hospitality unbounded.

Even the advent of a new party from England hardly causes a ruffle on the surface of its deep tranquillity. I was able to see this myself, as I arrived just before the July party from Ilford came in; and I had the pleasure of meeting them at Peterborough station at midnight, and helping to bring them up to the Home.

For a few days the ladies at Hazel Brae were very busy placing out the new-comers, and I spent most of the time in seeing the neighbourhood and making excursions to Stoney Lake and elsewhere.

My next move on was into the Muskoka Lake district, where my daughter and I spent a week at Mr. and Mrs. Owen's charming cottage amid entrancingly beautiful scenery. With grand Summer weather and abundance of interest of every kind, we had a most delightful visit, and were able to explore the larger portion of that wonderful region of lakes and islands.

While staying there I went up to the extreme North of the lake district, to Rosseau, to see the homes where two of our little Ilford girls are boarded-out. It was rather a rough experience, as my journey on foot from the one homestead to the other—some five or six miles through uncleared forest—had to be done in the midst of a drenching thunder-storm. I had a very kindly welcome in both the foster-homes of our children, and I found them looking thoroughly well and happy; evidently loved, cared for, and valued in the families of their adoption.

This visit gave me a most interesting glimpse of Canadian country life in the districts remote from towns and only recently and partially cleared. In the scattered farmsteads of these regions many homes are obtained for our little Ilford maidens in the early days of their

Canadian experiences, and a very happy life is before them there.

My time for sojourn in Canada passed all too quickly, and I presently had to set off on my homeward journey, calling again at Peterborough and Toronto on the way to Montreal, where I embarked on the *S.S. Australasian* for the Old Country again.

Before finally quitting Canadian shores I got a good look over the fine cities of Montreal and Quebec, the latter especially abounding in historical interest.

The voyage home was quicker than the outward one, and equally enjoyable, and the pleasures of a delightful trip were crowned by a very loving welcome from all at Ilford, and the realization that God's good hand had kept all safe and prosperous there while I had been away.

In the proper place in my narrative I ought to have mentioned that while at Toronto we took the opportunity of seeing Niagara and the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo.

To Niagara I feel I could not possibly do justice in any attempt at description which the limits of this letter will allow. I had had a fear before going there that, after having heard and read so much about the Falls, I might find them hardly equal to my imagination; but when I stood before them and beheld them from many different points of view—including the exciting experience of the little voyage into the very midst of the cataracts in the *Maid of the Mist*—I felt that their grandeur and glory exceeded all I had imagined; and to have looked upon them is to have seen one of the chief wonders of the world.

Canada is a grand country! I had occasion to know this before from the oft-reiterated testimony of those who had been there, and now I have proved it and can testify for myself.

I congratulate you all, dear girls, on finding your place in such a land.

God bless you all, and grant you His help to take full advantage of all the many opportunities before you for usefulness and progress.

With every good wish for the New Year, in which Mrs. Godfrey joins me,

I remain ever your sincere friend,

J. W. GODFREY.

We grieve to have to announce that since we received the above, a heavy shadow has fallen upon the home of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, in the calling away of the sweet young life of Miss Ethel Godfrey, so well known and affectionately remembered by all who have lived at the Village Home. The end has been long expected, and the summons to the bright, beautiful home of the Saviour she loved and followed will have come as a release from much suffering and weakness; but her death must have left a dreary blank in the home circle, and we offer our respectful and heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved ones, and our hope and prayer that they may be sustained in the hour of sorrow by the thought so beautifully expressed in the lines:

One less at home.

The charmed circle broken, a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed
place;

But, cleansed and saved and perfected by
grace.

One more in heaven

A Christmas Greeting from the Village Home



making others happy. A little girl—oh, such a little girl!—one day asked if she might go to Canada. “And why do you want to go?” “Because I want to grow!”

After all, I believe a good many of our girls do grow out there. I do not mean just in height; but do you not find your *minds* grow, your thoughts expand, and altogether that you develop? For Canada is quite a country for “pushing on.” Ah! dear girls, and are you growing in your spiritual life? As the Bible says, “Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.” I know some of you love your Saviour, and have taken His name upon you. As the years roll on do

DEAR GIRLS :

Mr. Owen has asked me to write something for “Our Girls” for the Christmas number of UPS AND DOWNS, and indeed I am very glad to have a talk with you again, for I do not by any means forget my girl friends on the other side of the Atlantic; both those that I used to know so well when I was out there, and also those that have gone out lately.

Well, now, how shall I begin my letter? I remember that when I was a girl at school my schoolmistress used to say it was not nice to commence a letter talking about one's self, but, rather, about the person you were writing to. So I will begin by saying I hope you are all *well* and *doing well*, happy and

they find you better, stronger Christians? Or are you at a standstill? If so, things cannot be quite right, and I think at such seasons as the ending of an old year and the beginning of a new one, it is such a good time for thinking over these things.

Now, I think my old schoolmistress would be quite pleased if she could see how well I have followed her instructions, and begun my letter by writing all about *you*, so we will pass on to other subjects. You will, I am sure, like to know how things are going on in the “Old Country,” and in the Homes. First and foremost, you will want to hear about your dear friend and our honoured Director, Dr. Barnardo. You will remember what a dark cloud

hung over us in the Spring of the year, and what a time of anxiety we had over here in England when his health was, for some time, in such a precarious condition. You will, therefore, be very thankful to learn how wonderfully he has been restored, and that, we believe, in answer to prayer, so that now he seems just his old self, and busy as ever; indeed, some of us think he ought to be a little more careful over his returned strength. You will, I am sure, join in a very hearty thanksgiving for this good news about him, and ask our Heavenly Father to spare him to us and his much-loved work for many a year.

And what of the Village—the dear old Village? For I believe that though sometimes a Village girl, when she gets older, seems to think she would like a little change, and go off to Canada or elsewhere, still at heart she loves the old place and the old cottage Home, just as the sweet Scotch song says:

Oh! the auld house, the auld house,
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' of glee.
The wild rose and the jasmin
Still hang upon the wa';
How many cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Talking of cottages, there is a great stir still going on among them. The workmen are here yet, painting, white-washing, etc. Indeed, I heard of a cottage, the other day, whose occupants will have to eat their Christmas dinner somewhere else, and not in their own home! However, we shall hope to have everything spick-and-span at the end! Then there is a wonderful new building being erected at the far end of the meadow near the Mossford Road. What is it going to be, I wonder? We must "wait and see."

What else can I tell you in the way of little bits of news? We had a splendid harvest thanksgiving service on Sunday, November 3rd. Dr. Barnardo preached at the Vil-

lage church in the evening. His subject was the "Wheat and Tares." A great number of strangers came to the church. Mr. Darling still fulfils his loving ministrations at the dear, ivy-covered church, and still has the little children flocking round him as he goes through the Village. By the way, some of you may not know that he now has a very sweet little daughter of his own. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey are well, but anxious about dear Miss Ethel Godfrey, who, in her sweet young life, is lying very low and ill indeed; but her hand is in the hand of One Who tenderly loves and cares for His own. Then there is little "Rex," who is growing into a very jolly, sturdy little boy. Everything goes on much as usual: the children running in and out of school, already preparing for the Albert Hall; Jeffkins going backwards and forwards to the station faithfully with his carriage and horse, and his little son, another very jolly little chap, still brightening up his home.

And now you will think I have had quite a "gossip" with you; but when women get together it is always said "they *do* talk"! Never mind (between ourselves), I believe men like a good "yarn," too, as the sailors say, when they get together!

After all, I think you like to hear about these little things, and I will say no more except just that I am sure Dr. Barnardo would like me to wish you all, on his behalf, a very happy Christmas and bright New Year; and in this I know Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, Mr. Darling, Miss Stent, Miss Westgarth, and all your cottage mothers would wish to join as well as myself. It has been nice to talk to you again, for indeed, dear girls, you have a very warm place in my heart. I do not forget you, and I am so glad to hear from Mr. Owen you do not forget me either.

Your loving friend,

BESSIE COLE.

A Very Welcome Letter



3 BRADNINCH PLACE,
EXETER, ENG.

(Late Cairns House, Village
Home).

Nov. 29, 1901.

MY DEAR GIRLS,—
A Merry Christmas to
you all, and loving
greetings to each one
individually! Now see
how many names I can
remember, and then
come, all of you, and
have a chat with me:
Annie and Emily Addi-
son, Sarah King, Ethel
Dennis, Annie Bridle,
Annie Marks, Vickie
and Edie Herring,
Alice and Bessie Bar-
foot, Adelaide Cowel,
Lucy Sanders, Char-
lotte Searle, Nellie
Leigh, Nellie and
Janie Newman, Maude
and Lily Maile,
Maude Jeffrey, Agnes
Phillips, Selina and
Lizzie Smith,

IT would indeed be superfluous to offer anything in the shape of an introduction of Miss Loveys to old Village Home girls, and we can only anticipate the pleasure it will give them to read the letter of loving greeting and good wishes she has so kindly contributed for our Christmas Number. Those girls were fortunate in the past who grew up under the influence of the wise, gracious, Christian spirit that evidences itself in these lines, that will indeed bring back sweet and happy memories of the past. Most heartily do we thank Miss Loveys for her letter, and, may we add on behalf of those now in Canada who have known her in former years, that we very cordially reciprocate the good wishes her letter has expressed

Alice Perry, Annie Neale, Annie Lake, Nellie Wakelyng, Annie and Elsie Braid, Beatrice Lodge, Carrie Horscroft, Clara and Bessie Coppard, Nellie Covey, Flossy Bridgeman, Clara Boase, Mary Johns, Lily Taylor, Louie and Millie Balkwell. Now, if you will all come to me, I think we shall be just such a party as we used to be in the dear old days in Cairns House, only I should exclaim, *Where are my little ones?* Why, they have all grown so big and tall that I shall have to do without any little ones just for the half-hour we are chatting.

Now, where shall we go for our chat? "In Mother's room in Cairns House." I hear some of you say, and you would like to, I know, as some of you have written, and told me so.

and I should like it, too, just for our chat; but then, as most of you know, I am no longer in "the Village," so you must come right away to Devonshire with me, to "Mother's room" there, in Dr. Barnardo's Exeter Home, and some few of you know that little room. Well, now we will all sit down (if we can find room) and begin. Don't all talk at once, or I shall hear nothing. And first of all, let me thank you very much for the nice letters I sometimes receive from you, some of them telling me all about your Canadian life. I do not owe everybody a letter, but I do owe some, and to those of my correspondents to whom I am so indebted, I am going to say please forgive me and have patience a little longer, and in due time the debts shall be paid. But mine is now a very busy life, even more so than when in Cairns House; added to this, my sight will not now allow me to sit up into the small hours of the morning writing, as I used to do sometimes; and I am very glad to comply with your kind friend Mr. Owen's request and send you all this little note of greeting through the columns of *Ups and Downs*.

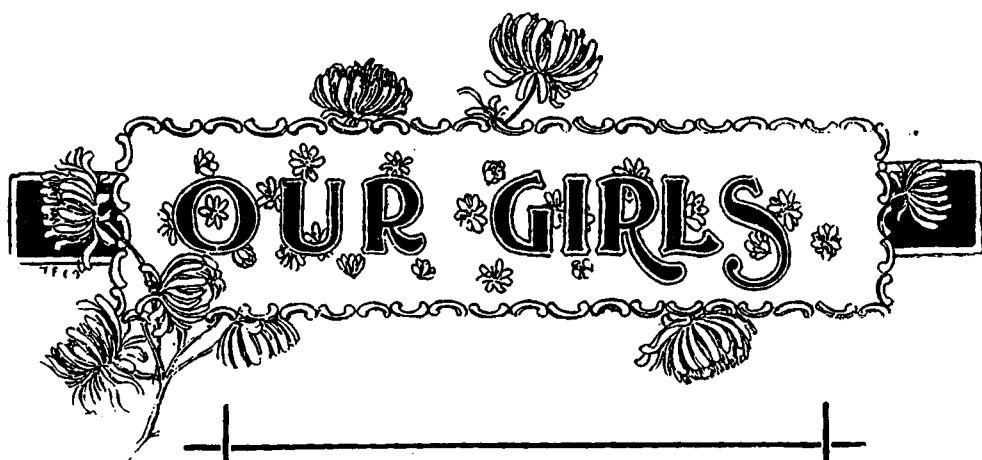
Now a word to those who do owe me letters (and there are a good many on this list). I would say please get out of debt as quickly as you can, and give me the very great pleasure this Christmas of hearing from *all* my "old girls." You must all remember I am as much interested in you now as I was when I had you all around me as little girls in the Village Home (and I do not think any of you ever doubted my love then), so you must each one believe it is unchanged now. I am always so pleased to see your names in *Ups and Downs*, as I sometimes do. Many of you will I know well, remember our happy Sunday afternoons in the play room in Cairns House, when thirty-two or thirty-three of my bairns, little and big, used to be around me for "chat," at eleven or very hot days, we could be on the grass outside

I can almost hear your voices now singing those sweet hymns.

How I should like to see you all again, and what a big surprise it would be to some of you! Your photos tell me this. Many of you have gone from childhood to womanhood, and doubtless many of you have learnt lessons—and not all easy ones—which contact with the world teaches; but, dear girls, as I have so often said to you in days gone by, if we have taken Jesus as our Friend, if we know Him as our own intimate and familiar Friend, we need not fear life's difficulties or cares; we may go forward leaning *on* Him, and looking *to* Him for all we need. To those of you, if any, who are not in touch with this loving Friend, I would say, Do not delay; give Him the morning of your lives. He deserves our very best; He has a right to our all.

There are many girls in Canada whom I knew and loved in the Village, although they were not Cairns House girls. Will each one please take from this note a loving greeting for herself? I often think of the many little chats I used to have with them in the Village Home. I am thankful to tell you dear Dr. Barnardo is very much better; but I fear he is again too hard at work for his big family. We do not see him here so often as we used to in Cairns House. Indeed a good many of you girls have seen him since I have! But he wrote me your message of love just after his return from Canada, for which I thank you all. And now I must stop, or I am sure Mr. Owen will never let you see this letter. (He said a little note!) Dear me, why I have done all the talking, and not one of you have spoken. I have never before had such a silent group of girls. Please make up for it before Christmas, or, at any rate, early in the New Year. And now, good-bye. Very much love to each one of you, and wishing you all every blessing in the New Year, believe me, dear girls, your loving Cottage Mother,

BESSIE A. LOVELL



Motto for 1902.

“Set your heart and your soul
to seek the Lord your
God.”—I. CHRON. xxii., 19.

Notes and Comments

OUR motto is full of suggestion, and if we really make it ours, will render the coming year a grand one in our history. Seeking the Lord is a plain duty, and He is found of them that seek Him; and finding Him is finding peace and joy and gladness. Peace, joy and gladness are what we all wish for. Let us seek them at the fountain-head by setting our hearts God-ward, and turning resolutely away from all that would tempt us to dishonour Him.

Christmas.

A HAPPY Christmas, dear girls! A Good Christmas! A Merry Christmas! May all three be yours. The first will come to those who unselfishly strive to make others happy, if it is only the wee household baby, whose merry laugh is called forth by some droll dolly, made of homely material, or the weary mistress, whose cares are lightened, and face brightened by the helpful performance of some daily duty, done in a cheerful spirit, ungrudgingly and well. No one ever yet made another person really

happy without gaining more than they gave. Try it, dear girls try it this Christmas Day, and you will be ready ever afterwards to recommend this plan for being happy.

“Seldom can the heart be lonely
If it seek a lonelier still;
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Empty cups of love to fill.”

How shall you have a good Christmas? By being good, of course. Peevishness, fretfulness and complaining are not good traits; banish all such thoughts from your heart and mind. Christmas Day, if rightly considered, is the foundation of all our brightness, gladness and hopefulness, as it brings us the promise of true joy, of perfect peace and of eternal security. What better can we wish for you, dear girls, than these foundation pillars of happiness? Joy—in a Saviour for you, born a babe on Christmas Day. Peace—through this same Jesus exalted at His Father's right hand there to plead for you, and Safety—because you are kept, the power

of God. May such a good Christmas be yours, that you may, indeed, rejoice now and evermore. A Merry Christmas. We can hardly tell you how to have this, but throw yourself heartily into whatever is going on in the family, and let your enjoyment be infectious. It is really wonderful how one bright, happy girl can make others merry.



New Year. ANOTHER year comes steadily toward us. Another of those wonderful 20th century years,

so full of progress and change. How shall we greet it? With words of cheer and hopefulness, with resolutions to do our duty and go forward unflinchingly in the path of truth and rectitude. Such a spirit of progress is abroad there is no room for a laggard or a sleeper; each man and woman who means to hold their own in this century have got to be up and doing; ever striving after perfection in their own particular branch of work, and maintaining a thoroughness and a high standard of excellence in all they do. Let us do with our might all that our hands find to do, and though the work be mean, common or humdrum, and passes unnoticed, without one word of praise, we may be sure the *good* will come home to us, and the habit of doing things well will, in due course, bring its own reward. Nothing is so urgently needed in this day, and in this country, as good, reliable women servants; for them the highest wages are cheerfully paid, and they can have all the privileges and liberties that are good for them. We want just now *five hundred girls* who will fit themselves by proficiency in household duties, respectfulness of bearing and thoroughgoing reliability for positions of trust and honour. And, dear girls, it is a great trust to have the comfort of a family depending upon you, and it is a great honour to be able to win for yourself the esteem, respect and affection of a community by the cheerful and faithful dis-

charge of duty. Every girl should strive to find out what branch of work she is best adapted to. If a cook, use every opportunity that offers of learning all she can in that branch. It is a great accomplishment to send potatoes to the table dry, flakey and white. Begin with the potatoes, and let care and patience go into every other piece of cooking that is entrusted to your hands, and with the help of a few good recipes, you will soon be a cook. About respectfulness. So many seem to think that this is the same as being mean and cringing. It is nothing of the kind; only such a thorough, self-respect that nothing common or degrading be permitted in the words or conduct—a self-respect that will win for itself a response from the lowest, and command the answering respect of the most exalted. Then about reliability. The person of either age or sex who can really be depended upon, trusted with secrets, honour and money, is more precious than anything else; she is, indeed, the virtuous woman “whose price is far above rubies.” Is this a New Year’s sermon? Hardly that; it is only a plain statement of what is needed, and, it is to be hoped, may be an incentive to really ambitious striving after perfection.



Marriages. THERE have been, of course, a good many marriages this year. A family of daughters as

large as ours calls for this, and there is no more blessed and happy scene than when a worthy girl is led to the altar by a brave and manly man, who esteems her his highest good. And when both are united in the tender bonds of affection, and, better still, with one interest for time and for eternity, we may hopefully and gladly look forward to a life of happiness and peace. But, alas! very often these elements are wanting, and silly girls are swayed by other motives than love, and utterly fail to *respect* the man they promise to *love*. It is all very nice to have a

home of your own, and be your own mistress, but that utterly fails as a motive for entering upon the obligations or duties of matrimony. True love has a rock-bed of respect to rest upon, and is entirely independent of the caprice which may last a month, but is usually much shorter lived. Upon respect, especially if united with congenial tastes and pursuits, we may build up a noble structure of conjugal bliss, that kings may envy and which is a fore-taste of the heavenly joy. Dear girls, if any of you are thinking of marriage as your possible lot during the coming year, be sure you look to it that love and respect form the ground-work on which you build your hopes. Poverty you can face and conquer, though we do not advise you to marry without prospects of adequate support, and no man who really respects you will wish to take you from a life of comfort to one of privation. Still it is lovely to see young people helping each other forward, and they succeed far better for the encouragement each gives the other in the difficulties and perplexities which are sure to come into every life. The marriages this year are given below, and we would now wish them each the best blessings earth has in store :

February, M. A. Ryder. Now Mrs. Pike.

February 6th, Nellie Massey. Now Mrs. W. C. Tremere.

February 6th, Mary Jane Howe. Now Mrs. James Giddings.

February 6th, Alice Curran. Now Mrs. Thomas Makewell.

April, Alice Ada Bush. Now Mrs. W. R. Castle.

June, Rose Gutsell. Now Mrs. T. Maloney.

June, Gertrude Roberts. Now Mr. Hubert McAuley.

July, Ada Buckley. Now Mr. Wm. Grant.

July, Jessie Biddle. Now Mr. A. Locke.

August, Martha Brown. Now Mr. Hess.

August, Maud M. Now Mr. Albert Stevens.

August, Rosina Brown. Now Mr. Hetch.

September, Jennie O'Connell. Now Mr. Will McIlwaine.

September, Emma Moulder. Now Mr. John Sanger.

There is also a rumour that Dorothy Black was married in November, but we have at present no date or the name of the bridegroom.



Running Away.

WE have during this year had some trying cases, where girls have taken the law into their own hands, and, when frightened, provoked or annoyed, have run away. Some have come safely through these experiences, and, after a day or two of doubt, dread and anxiety, they have reached Hazel Brae unharmed. One has suffered terribly, and now lies in the hospital in a very precarious condition, and we hardly know what the end will be. Dear girls, we want you to understand the terrible danger you run into when you cut yourselves off from the shelter and protection of a home, and face unaided the thousand and one difficulties of a tramp across the country in search of shelter. If you cannot write yourself, or get the means of posting to Peterborough when a real or fancied grievance makes you feel tempted to take these extreme measures, surely someone would let us know you were unhappy and needed our care ; and, when the visitors come to see you, talk to them without reserve. They are quite ready to give you all the sympathy you require, and could often make arrangements for your comfort which would save you from coming into these terrible straits.



Mrs. GILL.

GIRLS will be sorry to hear that this dear friend has been laid aside by an attack of rheumatism. She is now undergoing a course of treatment, which promises to drive the last vestige of the malady out of her system, and we hope ere this number reaches you she will be back at her post sound and well, which is a wish we are sure everyone who knows her will echo.

J. S. OWEN

Chit-Chat

THERE has been a goodly number of letters for this issue.

Some have had to be cut down, as they only repeated what others had already told. No one must feel discouraged; only write again about things other girls are not sharing.

Two or three married girls have called at the Home, and we have been very pleased to see them. Mrs. Arthur Skates (Alice Blaber) brought her dear little baby to see us, and had a little chat about old friends. Lilian Madden came with her. She is a bright, pleasant-looking girl, and is doing well.

Mrs. G. N. (Gertrude Caney) and her little daughter spent an afternoon at Hazel Brae. Mrs. N. has been to England quite recently to see her relatives, especially a soldier brother, to whom she is much attached.

Florence Bourne made a passing visit. She has a position in a dress-making establishment, and looked as *chic* as need be.

Bertha Allen came for a short visit, and directly she got back had an attack of sickness so severe that we had to send Alice Ward, who was here waiting for a place, to care for her. Alice was a good nurse, and Bertha is well again.

Gertrude Saalborn, Lydia Kirkby, Annie Brand, and Kate Whale all came for a brief visit, and seemed well, and bright and happy.

We have had three or four girls in the Nicholl's Hospital. Rose Newman with a severe attack of typhoid fever, which has made her convalescence long and tedious; Julia Morrish and Esther Boyden with simpler maladies; and poor little Florence Kenny, with severe frost bites, which still give us much cause for anxiety.

A local clergyman has been

cheering little note we have much pleasure in inserting, and trust all our girls will try to earn like commendation:

All the girls from your Home in my church and Sunday school living here are brought under my own instruction. It is my custom, almost every Sunday, to question every class at the close of the Sunday school exercises. I am happy to say that the girls from your Institution are among the brightest, the best behaved, and most constant attendants of my Sunday school here. I know them all, and feel a strong interest in their well-being. Their masters and mistresses second my efforts.

Visitors' Notes.

Annie and Charlotte Roberts are very near to each other on the same street of a country town, so they meet every day. Both are winning for themselves golden records for faithfulness and capacity. It is always pleasant to visit them and hear how happy and contented they are.

Edith Savin is one of our young girls; not a very little one, as she has the promise of being a big woman. She is well liked, and is quite a good help to her mistress when not at school. Edith is at home here, and enjoys her life very much.

Lily Clarke (June, 1901) is another little girl, who has found a home with kindly, good people, who will make her very happy, if she is able to bear wisely and well all the indulgence with which she is surrounded.

Kate Hibberd (June, 1901) is with some elderly people, who think very highly of their little maid. At the time of my visit the dear child was in bed, feeling very languid. She had just had a tooth extracted, and the operation was not a simple one, so she had been obliged to take chloroform.

Martha C. White has been the

1898 in the same situation. She is well and happy. The children of the home look upon her as one of the family, and now she has united with the church, and takes a prominent part in the choir; so she seems almost rooted there.

Annie Baker (Aug., 1901) is a new girl, making a good start in life. She is fortunate in her home, which is kindly and pleasant; and her employers think themselves fortunate in their girl, who is capable, modest and obliging.

Annie Bradley (June, 1901) and Edith Phillips (Aug., 1901), are near together, and both are very contented and happy. Edith is doing well at school, and has two wee babes to occupy her home life. Annie is taught at home, and is herself the youngest in the house, and, I suspect, is rather petted; but she is not likely to be much spoiled.

Ellen White (Oct., 1897) was alone at home when I called. She is quite well and happy, and seemed efficient and industrious, for her wash on the line was a good colour, and the house quite neat and orderly. Ellen is happy, and hopes to do well for herself, and win a good name for the Home in her vicinity.

Henrietta Deacon (Aug., 1901) is one of our biggest girls this year, and undoubtedly she is one of the best. Her mistress feels she will be able to make her a thoroughly good, capable servant; and Hetty is so happy. She enjoys her Sunday school and church, and feels quite at home.

Mary Williams (Oct., 1900) is happy and good. She has a comfortable, cosy home, and would be *quite* happy if her sister was near her. Possibly that will be arranged in time.

Alice Bedford is in another household of the same family, and tells her own history in the following:

DEAR FRIEND, I thought I would write a letter to UPS AND DOWNS, as it is quite a long time since I did so. I think I will tell you about my four years in Canada. I came out in the year 1897 with the Jay party. I stayed in Peterborough till Sep-

tember 3rd, and then went to live on a farm. I liked it very much at first, but got very lonely. I stayed nineteen months and then went back to the Home for a week. I went to live with a lady who had five small children. This was also a farm, and I stayed two years and three weeks. Then it seemed best to change, and now I am living with a lumber merchant. The mistress is his widowed sister; they are very nice people, and with them I intend to stay for *years* to come. Do any of you know Mary Williams? Well, she lives about nine miles from where I live, so I see her quite often, and she is such a nice little girl you could not help liking her. Milton is a very nice little town; I like living here very much. Mrs. Owen called to see me last Thursday, and stayed to dinner. I was very pleased to see her. I saw a letter in the last UPS AND DOWNS from Alice Parsons. She will remember her old play-fellow, and so will her sister, Lizzie, who came out to Canada the same time I did. With best wishes for the success of UPS AND DOWNS.

From one of your girls,
ALICE BEDFORD

Maud Adams (Sept., 1901) is very happy, and has a good home in a doctor's family. She is teachable and obliging, so we hope she will make what she promises to be a first-class servant.

Johanna Moulder (June, 1900) has won a golden record for herself. Her mistress finds her a very amiable, good girl, willing to learn and anxious to please. Johanna likes her home, and appreciates the kindly care which strives to make her, in appearance and manners, hold a foremost place in the community. She is to go and visit her married sister very soon in her cosy little home in a neighbouring town, and both are looking forward to a good time together. They have not met for years.

Emily Sanders is evidently both happy and successful:

DEAR GIRLS, I guess some of you remember me in the Old Country, and some were in my cottage. I must tell you what I think of this country. I think it is just lovely, and we ought to thank Dr. Barnardo for bringing us here. I know some of you remember my sister, Lizzie. She is living sixteen miles away from me. When you first came to Canada, did you notice how the people poke? I did, and it took me a long while to talk like them. I have been in my place a year and two months. It is the only place I have had. I get four

dollars a month, and am quite satisfied. I daresay you are longing for Christmas, and skating, and concerts, I am. We are going to have an entertainment at Christmas in the Sunday school. Dear girls, I wish you and the boys a Happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

I remain, your friend,
EMILY SANDERS.

One girl went to the Pan-American, and is good enough to give us all a share in her enjoyment.

DEAR FRIEND,—It is now evening, and as I sit in my room my thoughts travel back to the dear old home in England, where there are many, no doubt, by whom I am not forgotten. I came out here in the year 1899, in the latter part of July. I am in my second place now; I have been here two years next Spring. I am living with a family of four, my mistress and master and their two daughters (grown-up young ladies). My mistress is an invalid, so that her eldest daughter has to take her place as mistress. My mistress is very kind to me; in fact, I think she does more for me than I do for her. She took me to the Pan-American this Summer, which was very kind of her. At first we went to one of the buildings, and saw some very fine jewellery; we went around and saw a very large diamond going round and round all the time. Then we went to see some more things and came to some jewellery stalls, where we saw some funny little men with red pointed caps on their heads, also selling jewellery, and my mistress said that if I liked I might pick a brooch out for myself, so I picked out one with two little round rings at each end, blue and white, and a little square, blue and red. We went around and saw Turkish women selling silk shawls of different hues; we saw everything in that building, and we went into the Chili building, where we saw an Indian woman turned to stone, which was found in one of the copper mines in that country. We also saw some skeletons of human bodies and a skeleton of some great animal; there were a great many funny things in that building. There were also false Indian women in glass cases at their work weaving shawls, and some Esquimaux all wrapped up in furs, which I think were making silk thread. There were also some glass cases with some very fine ladies, in which was an imitation of a drapery store, with ladies buying some material, just like real life. We went into a building which was decorated with oats, wheat, barley, rye and all kinds of grain; there was also a tremendous buffalo in a sort of cage, or rather a glass case, and an awful lot of different kinds of heads of animals around the sides of the walls amongst the decorations. There were two very nice sitting rooms, in which a lot of people were eating their lunch. The next building we went into we

saw some very fine fruit, and in another a great many lovely pictures, which were hand-painted; they were very pretty. We went out of that building and took a nice, long walk around the concrete walks, and as we were looking at some show buildings all at once we saw an Indian procession coming along. First, there was a very nice band of white men, next an Indian holding a large flag in his hand, stating "The Indian Congress." Then came the Indian men and women on horse-back, who had their horses and their faces painted or chalked with different colors; most of them were yellow and red. I think that that was the funniest sight I ever saw. Then we got up to the Midway, when we saw the smallest man in the world sitting on a kind of baby's chair; he was not much bigger than a baby three or four years old. We saw some Japanese men acting to music. We stood for a few minutes looking through the gateway of the Streets of Cairo, where we saw three or four camels with saddles on their backs like little houses. We walked on again until we came to a very pretty building, which was called the pop-corn palace, made of pop-corn and pea-nuts. All the inside, the ceiling and the walls, were one mass of pop-corn. It was so pretty and so wonderfully done. We saw the woman that went over the Falls; she had her barrel and everything beside her. Then we saw a mummy; it was so cuddled-up-looking that we could not tell what it looked like. We saw a lot of machinery and carriages, and a funny thing making an awful noise, which was an embroidery machine. The spools of silk were jumping around like live creatures. Next we came to a stall where a woman was selling little pictures with the grand electric tower on, and books with pictures of all the buildings of the Pan-American.

I think now I will tell you a little about my Canadian life. I have got a comfortable home and not much work to do. We have a farm out in the country, where I sometimes go to help pack the fruit. I hope to stay at my place for a long time to come; but, of course, that depends upon myself. I go to church and Sunday school. I am sending Miss Loveday my photograph in my dainty little cap and white apron, which I think she and the other ladies will think is very nice. I write to my sister in England, and I am going to send her my picture for a Christmas present. I wish she could come out to Canada, because then she would be company for me; but that is impossible. I think if I had my choice where to live, England or Canada, I would prefer Canada, because I think it is easier for a person to make a living here than it is in England. I often wish I could go back to England on account of my sister; but I think if I got there I would want to come back again like most people. I remain, one of your girls,
WINNIE
AUNTIE FINCH



ANNIE FINCH



KEZIAH SMART



HARRIET CONORTON



MARY SELLEY



ETHEL PALMER



NELLIE OLIVER



KATE NEW

It is good to hear our girls who have gone West have done well :

DEAR FRIENDS,—No doubt some of you will remember me when you see my name. I do wish some of the girls whom I used to know in the dear old Village Home would write. I have been up here two years—dear me, how the time flies! and I like it very much. I think some of you good girls might save up money to come up here. I get \$10 a month, and the washing goes out. My mistress does all the upstairs work, but I bake all the bread and everything we eat, and have just enough work to keep me busy, as we have two very nice children. My master and mistress are also very nice and do all that lies in their power to make me happy and comfortable, and I am thankful to say that I am both. I should just hate to leave them. We were all down at Rat Portage this Summer, and had such a little, tiny hut to live in; but we enjoyed ourselves immensely. I learnt to dive and row; but, as one of our girls said in UPS AND DOWNS, it is harder to learn to swim. There were six servants right close to our hut, so we used to all get in a boat and row ourselves to church on Sunday. You can imagine what a lovely time we had. I attend the Methodist church, also the Epworth League. I do so wish we had some of the ladies to visit us. How I used to look forward to their visits. I must close now.

With love to all, I remain,

FLORENCE BENNETT BIGNEY.

Florence Bigney's employers have both sent testimonials, which we are most happy to receive and insert :

Florence has been with us for some months, and I am entirely satisfied with her work in every way. She is clean, tidy, hard-working and pleasant-mannered.

(Signed) LAURENCE H. MINCHIN.

Florence continues to be a good, hard-working girl, very respectful and willing.

(Signed) ROSA J. MINCHIN.

Another girl, who seems likely to make a good Canadian, writes :

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, I must say Canada is a beautiful country. I came out in 1897; it was very kind of Dr. Barnardo to send me out here. I have quite a nice home, and a good, kind mistress, she treats me like one of her own. I thought I would like to write a piece for UPS AND DOWNS this time. I feel ashamed to think that I did not write before. I think that letter Alice Parsons wrote was just splendid. I used to know Alice quite well. Maybe a lot of the girls will remember me when they see my name. My mistress was looking through UPS AND DOWNS, and she thinks it is real interesting. I am glad indeed that our kind friend, Dr. Bar-

nardo, is in good health again. I did not get UPS AND DOWNS this time until October 28th, and then new thoughts came into my head. The first one was, "Have I been as thoughtful of the Home as I ought to have been?" My conscience pricked me, so I thought the best way to make amends was to write something for the UPS AND DOWNS right away. Well, there is one thing I want to tell you, and it is that I am willing, if the rest are, to give \$1 a year if we could only have UPS AND DOWNS monthly. I think the same as Alice Parsons that, if we put our whole hearts in it, we will succeed. I expect to have some money saved up for the Home by Christmas time. I am going to subscribe for UPS AND DOWNS another year. I saw something about my brother, Christopher, in last UPS AND DOWNS, and I felt quite pleased about it. I must end my letter now.

Yours truly,

REBECCA SCOTT.

The following letters and extracts speak for themselves :

DEAR MADAM,—It seems a long time since I wrote a letter to the UPS AND DOWNS, so I will tell you about my trip to Toronto. I spent September 3rd and 4th there, and it was lovely. After I left the boat I took a car to take me to Markham Street; but I happened to strike the wrong car and had to transfer three or four times. I thought that was a nice long ride for nothing. When I got to Markham Street, I knew no one but Miss Godfrey; but very soon more girls came. We went into Eaton's store and many other places, and enjoyed it very much. When we had finished dinner, Mrs. Owen gave us each a car ticket, and let us go round the Belt Line. She was so kind to us all, and did her best to make us happy. It is the first time I have been to Toronto. I hope I shall be able to go again next year. The next morning, after breakfast, we all had a card to go to the photographer and had our likenesses taken; after that we strolled round the city till dinner time, and then we went to the Exhibition, which was very nice. After supper, the boys held a concert at their Home, and we girls all went, and I am sure we all spent a very pleasant evening. I hope more girls will visit the kind people who take so much interest in us next year. Soon we shall be spending another bright day, and we must not forget, amid all our pleasures, that it is our Saviour's, and that He came to save men. Let those who have not decided to serve Him do it at once, for we see all round us people dying, and we know not when our time may come. About two months ago I got a funeral notice saying that my dear mother is dead. I am grieved, but I am striving to live nearer my Heavenly Father, with whom she is dwelling; and I hope I shall see her again in that City of Light. With best wishes for all my friends,

ROSE ETHEL CHEN

Mary Ann Smith has also written us a long letter telling of her delightful visit in Toronto. We will give a few extracts about her journey, and other points not touched on before :

Mrs. Havens gave me the privilege of going. She got us all up early in the morning to get me off, and went to town the day before and got my ticket, and she let the work go and drove Ellen Morris and me down to the station. We took the electric car to Port Dalhousie, and then the boat to Toronto ; and it was such a lovely trip ; the lake was so calm and the sky so clear ; the weather was beautiful. We left home soon after six and reached Markham Street by eleven.

After telling of her enjoyment of the Exhibition, the stores, and the hospitality and the concert, she tells how Miss Gibbs saw them on board the boat and

In twenty minutes we were on our journey home. My ! I was sorry I could not stay longer ; but I could not have enjoyed myself more. Mrs. Havens says she likes the system of the Home ; she thinks you have a nice way of encouraging the girls. I am glad to hear that Dr. Barnardo is better ; he has an awful responsibility on his shoulders all the time. With love

One of your girls,
MARY ANN SMITH

Winifred Bailey writes in much the same strain of her enjoyment of her visit to Toronto. She says :

I was very glad Miss Godfrey and Miss Gibbs were there ; it made us think of the past times to see Miss Godfrey's face.

Of the concert she says :

I am sure we all had a great time, especially over the Punch and Judy, which is something rarely seen in Canada. I am sure, girls and boys, we all ought to be thankful we have such kind friends who try to do all they can for us.

Three little girls tell us of their good homes and pleasant school life, which we trust they will use to the best advantage to become strong, true Christian women :

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY, I thought you would like to know how I am getting on in Huntsville. I like being here very much. I am trying to learn housework so as to be fit for service, for I want to go when I am old enough. My mistress is showing me how when I am not at school. I can wash dishes and clean lamps and make our bed. I could not do that when I first came. The school here is not like the one in England. I think I will like it better

when I get more used to their ways. I am in the Junior Second Class, and our teacher is cross when we do things she does not like. She gives whippings often ; yet she has not given me any yet--only spoken to me for talking. She is a married lady, and her husband teaches in the same school. Lily Tovey goes to the same school, also Florence Toye. I know Janet Marshall ; she goes to the same Sunday school as Ellen and I do. She is a nice girl. We have weekly examinations on paper at our school. Ellen has come out first in her class the last two weeks, and her name has been in the town paper three times. That pleased her very much. She likes living here, but gets tired going to school some days. We generally take our lunch with us. Ellen would like to hear from her sister. We had our first snow-storm the week before last, and a lot of rain this last week.

I remain, yours lovingly,
LILIAN GRANT.

DEAR MADAM,--I am writing you a few lines to let you know how Grace and I are getting on. We are both well and happy. We are going to school, and I have passed into the Senior Third Class, which I like very much. I have got seven good dresses since I came here, besides my day ones, and so has Grace. We are getting navy blue ones made ; they are not home yet. Grace's is being trimmed with silk and silk braid, and mine with silk and buttons. Don't you think we'll be grand with our new dresses ? We are getting new ulsters, fawn colour, and two pair of fine kid buttoned boots : one pair we wear on special occasions. One good thing, we can say we are never left alone. Wherever mother goes we go, and that is what a good many can't say, even around here. Do you not think we have the best mother in the world ? Whatever would we do if anything should happen to her ? In the Summer holidays we went to Chemong Park, and had a beautiful time. We went for a row on the lake ; it was so nice. We were on the roundabouts and swinging chairs, and enjoyed ourselves very much. We are learning music ; Grace can play on the autoharp, and I can play the autoharp and the violin. We have already played in public, and mother says if there is any music in us we must cultivate it, so we are doing our best. We have had some beautiful sleigh rides, and I hope you have too. We have no one around the house but father, mother, Grace and myself. We have high times and do as we like. We are looking forward to Christmas with great delight, and expecting lots of presents. I only wish it would come twice a year. It would not make any difference to us as far as tows is concerned, for we have turkeys, ducks, geese and chickens all along, for we raise a great many and eat them. I must now close with lots of love from Grace and myself.

EDITH McLENS

Ups and Downs

Little Violet Davis writes of her new home with very great pleasure. She says :

I call Mr. and Mrs.—— Mamma and Papa. We have a big dog, and his name is Scamp. He sits up and speaks for his dinner. I have grown a lot, and gained more than seven pounds in a little more than three months.

Priscilla Castle sends us a long letter, in which she speaks very highly of her home in Dundas. She spent a delightful Summer camping with the family on the shores of Lake Ontario. She says :

We used to go in the water every day. Then I and one of the little girls would roam along the cliff, and when we came upon a piece of sandy beach, I found pretty little shells and funny stones. On Sunday I used to walk to church in Grimsby, and sometimes go to school, and then stay for tea and ride home, as it is a long way from where we camped to Grimsby. I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday, and I am getting to know nearly everyone there.

I think I shall have a jolly time at Christmas, as I nearly always do. We used to have such good times together in the Home in England. I must say good-bye. May we ever remember the Doctor in our prayers, and try to be grateful for all his kindness, which we can never repay.

Yours truly,
PRISCILLA CASTLE.

Just in time for insertion came this :

DEAR MISS LOVEDAY,—As I have never written for the UPS AND DOWNS yet, you can put this letter in if you see fit to do so. Enclosed you will find a piece of lace I have crocheted to send you for examination, and also some Bible questions which I have answered. I will just send those I could find. Please put some more ques-

tions in the next issue, for I love to search the Scriptures for them. I will do my best to find them. I think it is just lovely work, and I hope other girls and boys take an interest in it. I hardly expect to get the prize this year, as I got the first prize last year—a fine pair of scissors.

I was just counting up yesterday how many years I have been here ; it is five years January 21st next, 1902. I like my home fine, and all that is in it, for it is a *home* to me in every sense of the word, and I thank the Home and Dr. Barnardo for all they have done for me.

I have my brother, George, here with me, and we get along fine together.

I have a young heifer calf about ten months old, and a ewe lamb, besides two or three quilts and pictures, so you see I am well cared for.

I went away on a visit this Summer for a trip, and I just enjoyed myself thoroughly. I went with a young lady friend to Chatham, and took the boat from there to go to Detroit. It was a lovely day, and it was a nice trip down the River Thames and across Lake St. Clair. My adopted brother, Charlie, met me at Detroit dock. He took me to his home, and I stayed there till the next day. Then he took me to Ann Arbor on the street car to visit ma's niece and nephew, Mr. and Mrs. R——. We arrived there safe and sound. On Sunday Mr. R—— and I drove around Ann Arbor, and I never saw such pretty scenery in my life before. It is quite a hilly country ; I think it is prettier on that account. After I made my visit there, I came back to Detroit and crossed over to Windsor to visit ma's cousin there. I stayed three days with them, making in all about two weeks away from home. I could have stayed longer, but I got homesick. "There is no place like home." In fact, I found it to be so when I was away.

I suppose you will think this is a very long letter for me to write ; but I have not written for so long, I have a lot to tell you. I think I had better close now, as it is my bed-time, and I always go to bed in good time. Your sincere friend,

AMY REYNOLDS.

Girls' Donation Fund

Received of the Ladies' Aid Society, Octo-
ber 1901

Anna M. Smith, \$1.00 ; Mary A. Smith, \$1.00 ;
Mary A. Smith, \$1.00 ; Mary A. Smith, \$1.00 ;
Florence J. Smith, \$2.00 ; Fizzie Hatcher,

\$1.75 ; Charlotte K. Smith, \$1.00 ; Mary A. Smith,
\$1.00 ; Jane Langford, \$1.00 ; Rose Chen, \$1.00 ;
Bessie Tickner, \$2.00 ; Mary Vale, \$1.50 ;
Louisa Mackey, \$1.00 ; Fizzie Hatcher, \$2.50 ;
Mary A. Hughes, 25c ; Annie Finch, \$1.00 ;
Mary Hauenstein, \$1.00 ; Edith Stevens, \$1.00 ;
Sale of Hazel Brad photos, \$1.20

In Memoriam.

Since the last issue of UPS AND DOWNS another of our little ones has been called home—Rhoda Griggs—who came to Canada, July, 1900. She was placed out in the Eastern part of the Province, and returned to Hazel Brae in August with bronchitis and pleurisy, which refused to yield to treatment and medical skill, and after about six or seven weeks of careful nursing, she passed quietly away October 20th. The body was placed in our little plot by the side of the lake, there to await the resurrection call; but the spirit is now, we believe, safe in that eternal land where the children "no more say they are sick," and where "the Lamb is the light thereof."

To her little companions this is another reminder of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and another call from the loving Saviour of the children, "Be ye also ready."

Bible Questions.

Rose Ethel Chenu, Eliza Cogley, Beatrice A. Thomas, Lizzie Hamblin, Amy Reynolds. These girls have answered every question, and Kate Whelan sends answers to all the questions of this series, and sends us some for you to try to answer.

1. What did Joshua give the Israelites after the people in Canaan were conquered?

2. Why did God give so much to the Israelites?

3. Why did God command the Israelites to kill the people of Canaan?

4. Where did Joshua place the tabernacle?

5. What did God desire the Israelites to do with the wicked people's idols?

6. What did Joshua ask the people before he died?

7. What promises did the Lord make?

8. Why did Joshua place the stone under the oak tree?

9. Who was the man that the word Joshua saw near Jericho?

Additional names of girls who have sent answers to Sam's questions: Alice Long, Mary Cogley,

roll, Elfrida Mohrman, Mary Hannah Smith and Mary Newbold.

Riddle-me-ree.

The sweetest tree of all.

The tree that is left after a fire.

The tree that is two.

The tree that grows by the sea.

The tree for winter wear.

A dandy tree.

A tree which is the name of an author.

The tree that does not pay its bills.

EDITH HALLANDALE.

Prize Competition.

We are quite pleased that so many of our girls are good darners—though this fact makes the work of deciding who is the prize winner all the more difficult. We have, of course, to take age and other facts into consideration, and trust the decision will give satisfaction, and that those who did not win will only be stimulated to try again. And of the crochet work the same, though the entries are fewer, only five pieces being sent. The names of the competitors are given below.

For the darning the first prize is awarded to Annie Ellis; but running her very closely are Florence Porter, Alice Long, Emily Griffiths and Edith Hallandale, all exceedingly good work. The second prize we are glad to give to a little girl of twelve, Dorothy Minifer, who sends a very fine regular darn with which she has evidently taken great pains. Emily Cornage, Beatrice Ashby, both well done. Edith Stevens, very neat and exact. Lizzie Hodgson, good, useful work (done in five minutes). Ethel Humble and Laura Vale, very good for girls of their age. Others who have sent in specimens are: Florence Samson, Maud Gregory, Rose Bowles, F. D. Moore and Eliza Cogley.

Amy Reynolds takes the first prize for a piece of crochet. Violet Davis would take second prize if there were one. The other three names are Laura Harrie, Catherine Whelan and Beatrice Bailey. Lily Ham sent a very good piece of knitting, but this was not crochet work.

Toronto Topics

CHRISTMAS has come with all its brightness and glad remembrances, and first of all I want to wish my girls, one and all, a very happy Christmas, and for the New Year that is opening before us all the best blessings our Heavenly Father can send them. Looking back over the past year, there is much one feels sorry about—mistakes made and failure, where perhaps we had looked for such great things—while on the other hand there have been so many things to make one glad and thankful. Girls who have worked steadily and bravely in spite of illness or difficulties that only they themselves really knew of, are among those of whom we are really proud and for whom we feel thankful. Our changes have been remarkably few; in fact, the dearth of girls has been quite serious, while, on the other hand, the list of those who have kept their places for a year and over has grown quite large, and I am so proud of it, and hope that most of the one-year records will have grown to two by next Christmas. It seems so strange in these days the way girls move about, and unfortunately a few of our girls sometimes seem to catch the infection too. Why, years ago girls thought it a dreadful thing to have only one year's character from a place, and now they think nothing of only just one month.

Among those who are settling down and doing well we must mention Rose Steele. Her mistress, Mrs. S——, sent a special message: "I do want you to speak of Rosie in the next number of *URS AND DOWNS*, she is such a good girl, and a real help and comfort to me, and the children like her so much."

Margaret Milne is settling down and getting on very nicely, and she and the big dog are often to be seen about together.

Louisa MacL—— is also settling

her former mistress, Mrs. C——, and has the honour and responsibility of being left in charge during her mistress' absence in England.

Edith Dupuy, one of our newcomers, is gaining a good reputation. "Such a willing, bright girl," said her mistress, "so ready to help with the babies and do anything she can." Very good, Edith! that is the sure road to success and a good name.

Emma Dyson, another new-comer, is "a fine little girl, not so strong or capable as Lily, the former girl, but she has the makings of a fine little maid;" but then Emma is not so old as Lily, so there is yet time for her to come up equal to or even beyond her.

Gertrude Lingard is a plump, bonny little girl, in a good home, where she is treated with the greatest consideration and kindness, and we hope she will try with all her heart to overcome her chief failing, and be a really good little girl.

Alice Parsons has come to us from Paris, and we quite hope her city record will even surpass her country one, and that she will be one of our best girls.

Gladys Parsons, too, has joined us, and we hope she will soon feel at home among us, and help keep up our good reputation.

Rosina Bolt came to us from Newcastle, and we hope great things from her. With her bright face and ready, willing ways, she will win kindly feeling, and if her work matches her looks, she will have a fine record too.

Then we have Harriet Weston, Fizzie Drury, Eleanor Hall, Annie Robshawe, and Mary Hall to add to our list, and the little birds on the veranda, that we have heard about sometimes, have whispered something about Fizzie Black having returned to Canada, and, besides this, the mail has reached us of

the marriage of Amy Hodge. This is only rumour, and I do not know whether it is right to tell it or not.

We have rather a long list of sick ones again. Poor Margaret Buck has been obliged to go into the hospital and take a real rest. It seemed like loss of time, but really it will be the greatest help in the end, and we hope to see Margaret among us again very soon, quite well and strong.

Annie Easton paid a short visit to the hospital to have her throat attended to, but she is reaping the advantage now in being able to breathe freely and speak easily.

At the time of writing, Annie Lowe is in the hospital, suffering from what we fear will be a tedious illness; but we have hopes that she may be well enough to get out by Christmas time if all goes well.

For the last month or two Lizzie Steele has been very much under the weather, and work, even when lightened as much as possible as hers has been by her kind mistress is very trying to her, and Lizzie has at last consented to give up for a week and take a rest.

Although we cannot say they were really ill, several of our girls come to us with very white faces, which suggest damp feet and tramping about in bad weather at nights, and want of care generally; but they are young still, and young folks are not always willing to profit by the advice of those who have gone over the same ground before them.

Since the Summer our Sunday afternoon gatherings appear to have been a great success; at any rate, if one can judge by numbers, this has been the case. With the exception of one or two very wet Sundays, we have always had over twelve, and one Sunday evening twenty-five were in for tea, and so many come in later on for the singing and Bible reading, which they appear thoroughly to enjoy. Of course like every good thing in this crooked world, even our Sunday gatherings have their drawbacks, and we have to watch against their

degenerating into the proverbial afternoon tea and gossip, which we have all heard about. Going about from place to place, one hears so often of things that were said "at your house on Sunday." If one girl does get up at five o'clock in the morning and do the washing, the chances are that there are some things that you do that she does not have to do, and unless one knows all the circumstances one is hardly in a position to judge what a girl should or should not do. Maybe she would find something in your routine that she "would not do," and it is wisest and safest not to make any remarks, as they are much more likely to unsettle a girl and thus do her harm than do her any good.

It is so easy in repeating anything, without intending to make mischief, to alter a word or two, and, although it seems such a little thing, it really causes a great deal of trouble. However carefully we may repeat a remark made about another, it is never possible to say it exactly the same, or under the same conditions, consequently it is misunderstood and conveys a wrong impression. So let us all try in the New Year to watch our words, and if we cannot say anything good about others, not say anything at all, and never repeat what other people say.

The Bible classes, in which the girls have taken part, have been very interesting, and we wish that more would do so, and not only select their own subjects, but bring suggestions in explanation of them.

We have a very sad event to record in the first break in our circle caused by death. Our sister, Emily White, only joined us from Oakville in September; but all through did not seem to be able to get on. In her second place she was with a kind, elderly lady who we thought, would understand and consider her, and Emily went full of hope, and promising to do well and try her best. Faithfully she strove to do her duty, and at last morning she was obliged to get up and go to bed. She was in the hos-

pital just nine days, and right up to the last the doctors had no thought of her death, which took place on Sunday, November 24th. We have the comfort of knowing that she did not suffer very much, as during the last few hours of her life she was unconscious, and she looked so peaceful lying in her last sleep, with some white flowers in her hand.

The funeral was held at 323 Markham Street, and we were so pleased to see such a large turn-out of our girls, notwithstanding the very short notice given, and the kindly feeling shown to one who was almost a stranger among us. Miss Harris, who came out when Emily did, and knew the girl's mother, came up

from Peterborough to be with us; and our unfailing friend, Miss Kennedy, came too. There were three or four gifts of flowers. Miss Kennedy sent a beautiful anchor, and several of the girls brought bunches of white flowers tied with white ribbon.

It seemed sad to think of one so young taken, but Emily did not seem strong or able to cope with the difficulties of the life out here, and our Heavenly Father did just the very best for her; and her almost sudden death says to us in the words of our Master: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

EMILIE G. OWEN.

A Practical Suggestion from an Old Friend

MY DEAR GIRLS, I have a proposal to make, which I hope may meet with a response from you all.

Would you not like to join in having a good sum ready on or before our late beloved Queen's birthday, May 24th, to give to Dr. Barnardo's Hospital for Children, which, I believe, bears the name of Her Majesty's Hospital.

There are now so many of you that a "Canada" Cot may well be supported by your Girls' Donation Fund

Do try to send an extra and special sum this May.

Miss Loveday will tell us in UPS AND DOWNS what amount she receives, and I shall look out for it, and you will all be glad when you see the result of some self-denial on your own part. Your old friend,

MRS. HAULTAIN.

December, 1901.

Something saved and forthwith given.
Brings a blessing down from heaven.

Brands from the Burning

WHAT shall we do? Here we are at page 95, and here is enough manuscript to fill the next number and the editor's waste paper basket into the bargain. And all original, too, but one, the product of "our girls," who have been burning the midnight oil, and, while improving the "shining hour," have been making literature for the delectation of our readers. Conscience and compassion are alike revolted by the cremation of the fruit of such industry and commendable effort, and we snatch them as brands from the burning, to accord them what meagre justice we may in two pages.

"How I spent Hallowe'en," by Clara Donnelly—24 pages! "No go;" too long. "Owing to lack of space, the editor regrets," etc. We could write a sequel to this: "How I spent Christmas Eve," trying to discover the fourth dimension of space which our occult friends claim to have realized, in order to condense fifty pages of matter into two. We could make a most pathetic bid for the writer's sympathy in describing our earnest efforts and ultimate failure. We have explored the metaphysical limitations of space, and all to no purpose; we could find only a top and bottom and two sides. If there is a fourth dimension, we cannot find any way into it—not even a keyhole; and as palimpsest editions of current literature are now both unpopular and expensive, not to say illegible, we must reluctantly confine ourselves to a notice or synopsis of the more worthy ones and take the consequences, which, as this is particularly a season of peace and good will, we trust will be mitigated.

This first is an account of two of our girls, sisters, in domestic service in Toronto, being invited to spend Hallowe'en with Nora Singer and Rose Gyde (also two of our

girls), parlor maid and housemaid respectively at the residence of Dr. Arthur Jukes Johnson, and of their adventures and experience, and the pranks played upon them, as is customary on this occasion, though wherefore we know not. They start at 8.30 p.m., on page 2, and reach their destination on page 7, where they are accosted in a loud tone of voice by two dogs, that are requested by a voice in the darkness to "Lay down!" (Some persons might have employed the argument of a No. 9 boot to induce them to "lay up" for repairs.) However, with palpitating hearts they get into the kitchen scathless, where they behold the table spread with good things galore. Greetings, giggling, gossip (we have only room to summarize, you know). Then the fun begins. Nora, having successfully "hypnotized" Alice before the arrival of the writer and her sister, tried the same little game on them; but they were too sharp for Nora, who, failing in the blackened saucer trick, blackened her own finger and applied it to Clara's face. Laughter, etc. Then follow snap-dragon, bobbing for the apple, and then the time for saying good-bye having arrived, Nora made up a parcel, ostensibly of taffy, nuts and apples, for them to take home, which they did, getting indoors at the proper hour. But, alas! the parcel contained only empty nut-shells and apple cores. We never perpetrate puns, or we should remark, of course, this was an utter imposition. Nevertheless, they claim to have had a "good time."

"Polly's Mistake" by Nora Singer, is another version of the same party from the standpoint of the conspirators. After a very circumstantial account of their hopes and fears as to the prospects of a party, the mistress's consent is at last sought and obtained, and pre-

parations are begun forthwith. We are introduced to Bothering Biddy, Sinful Susan, Polly, Sally and Jane—fictitious names, obviously, and initiated into the secrets of the plot. How the affair passed off we have already learned; but this is how Nora's account of it ends—a practical way of showing appreciation of their mistress' kindness:

Half-past ten found Polly mopping the floor and Susan finishing the dishes. At half-past eleven both girls were in bed, laughing.

"Haven't we had fine fun?" said Polly; "and we didn't make much noise. Really, I didn't think she would let us have such fun."

"Polly, let us see how much work we can do to-morrow, to thank Mrs. Jones for our nice evening."

And with this good resolution in their minds both girls fell asleep.

Bessie Tickner, who says she has been "seventeen years out from the dear Village House," describes "A Red Letter Day" she had in Boston. She now lives at Jamaica Plains near Boston, where, she declares, she has a good home and a kind mistress. She was accompanied to Boston by the daughter of her mistress, who told her "about all the places and big buildings, and what each place was, and what it was for." A school for blind children, a playground for poor children that reminded her of Ilford, a gate that recalled a similar one in England, known as "The Kissing Gate," and the wonderful subway through which the car passed, were some of the sights she mentions. She speaks affectionately of Mr.

Godfrey, and of her concern for the health of "our dear old friend and father, Dr. Barnardo, and concludes by urging the girls to show how glad they are that the Doctor has been restored to health by sending in what they can to the Girls' Donation Fund.

Nellie Marshall has spent the Summer on Toronto Island, and boasts of having gained six and one-half pounds in weight "inside of two months," which she attributes to the good fare, bathing, and other out-door exercises which she enjoyed at Toronto's most popular Summer resort.

From Jane Lingard we have received for publication a long poem, written by the late Mrs. Sootheran, and regarded by Jane as her "dying mistress' last words" to her. The verses are entitled "A Life's Lesson; or, Thy Will be Done," and our correspondent wishes the poem to be read by all the girls, as she is sure it will be helpful to them. She herself says: "They are words of comfort to me. I think over them often, and I am now learning them off by heart," and advises our readers to do the same. Unfortunately we cannot afford them the opportunity for this privilege, as the composition is too long for publication within the limited space at our command. The verses show a devout mind and some skill in versification. With a little necessary revision and the space to spare, this would be a welcome contribution; but, as things are, it must unavoidably remain among the many good compositions that are crowded out.

When I was a little girl,
I used to sit and think,
How good my Father was,
And how he loved me so.

Then when I was a girl,
I used to sit and think,
How good my Mother was,
And how she loved me so.
God was good, you know,
Safe through trials, trials,
Will bring light to the end.

—G.W.M.

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