

The New Phone.

The phone rang last morning. John then put it in the hall. And isn't it the strangest thing to ring the bell and call some friend who lives a mile away or maybe two or three. And hear her voice so plain and clear you'd almost think that she was standing at your elbow? Oh, isn't it just great. To call up every one you know and simply state yourself with all the gossip that is going in the town. And talk to Mrs. Jones and Smith and Black and Green and Brown?

I didn't use it very much. Just called a friend or two. I talked with Ida Dennis and Nellie Donahue and said good morning to the Speers and had a talk with Bea McKelligan and Julia Crow, Nell Jones and Mrs. Hess. I chatted with the Stevens girls and called up Mollie Kane. Nell Hutchinson, Mae Mullen and Matilda Castleman. The Smiths were not at home, and so I called up Mary Krause. And chatted for a while with her and Mrs. Westinghouse.

I couldn't raise the Robinsons, their phone was out of whack. The Martin line was busy, so I rang up Stella Black. Who said she hadn't tried to do a blessed thing all day. But call our number, and each time the hello girl would say. Our line was busy. Goodness me, I never heard of such dissimulation in my life—I hadn't used it touch, but just for spite, to-morrow I'll call every one on earth. And show that hello girl I mean to get my money's worth.

Victor Telephone Journal

Fannie's Lesson.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Fannie, the milk is ready now. When you go be sure that you put on your shawl, for the weather is a trifle chilly." So speaking, Mrs. Rawley went into the kitchen, where she had been baking some pies and biscuits.

"Oh, dear!" Fannie, her twelve-year-old daughter sighed, as she heard her instructions for her tiresome walk. "Well, I suppose I must go, and get back sometime. But, dear me, it's getting to be so monotonous—this walk to Mrs. Barton's with the milk every day. I don't see why somebody else, can't take it—"

But she paused, for how very foolish this last thought was! Who else was there but herself and mother and father and Jane, the hired girl? And were they all not extremely busy the whole time? "I suppose this must go on forever!" Fannie's thoughts continued, as she pinned her plaid shawl about her and put on her little turban hat.

Then, taking the small milk-can which her mother had left on the table, she started forth on her errand.

Her walk led her upon a beautiful country road, but the many days she had traversed the same ground made the scene tiresome to her. True, the walk was a rather long one, but to a girl of Fannie's healthful constitution it was nothing. To travel this mile every day caused her no fatigue.

Her sudden dislike for the exercise lay hidden in the fact that she thought herself imposed upon when, day after day, the despoiled milk-can was set upon the table in the dining-room.

"Let Jane take it once or twice, and then she'll see how it is," soliloquized Fannie, crossly. "But, then," she suddenly remembered, "what else have I got to do in the afternoon? I can do this just as well as—no, I can't! Well, yes, I can, but I won't! Nobody over thinks that I must get tired sometimes—not even mamma. If I should get sick, then they'd have to go themselves, or else let Mrs. Barton do without her supply. I wish I'd really and truly get sick some time!"

With this desperate thought in her mind she walked along, little knowing of the conversation that was going on in the kitchen at home.

As soon as Mrs. Rawley returned to her baking, she said to Jane:

"Fannie is a good girl, Jane. Every day she carries the milk to Mrs. Barton, and I never hear a word of complaint escape her," taking a pie from the oven. "I really don't know what we should do without her."

"She is indeed a good, helpful girl," replied Jane; "and I think she ought to be rewarded in some way."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Rawley. "Let me see—in a week her birthday will have occurred. I'll give her a little surprise party. That will please her more than anything. To-morrow or next day, while Fannie is at school, you may go to the houses of some of her young friends and invite them."

The next afternoon, Fannie delivered

the milk with the same disagreeable feelings in her heart. Had she known of the invitations that had been given out that day for her surprise party, she might have been happier. But she thought herself a much abused person, and imagined the whole world against her.

All the rest of the week she went to Mrs. Barton's, for the illness she had longed for had not come upon her. Her mother did not notice her moody manner, or, if she did, paid no attention to it, thinking that possibly Fannie was worried over her lessons, for she was a bright pupil, and unusually fond of her books.

On Tuesday Fannie's party was to take place, and on Monday, the day before that grand event, she made a wicked resolve. The desired illness had not yet visited her, so she determined to "make believe sick," and let Jane take the milk one or two afternoons.

With this determination, she crept up stairs Tuesday afternoon, directly after school.

No one noticed this action, for it was not an uncommon one, as she often went to her room to study or sew.

Closing the door rather softly—for she had a guilty feeling in her heart, and imagined that she must make no noise—Fannie deliberately undressed and went to bed.

The time to deliver the milk drew near, and at half past four she heard her mother's voice calling at the foot of the stairs:

"Fannie, the milk is ready! Where are you?"

She made no reply, and the voice again called to her.

Still she did not answer, and Mrs. Rawley, fearing that something had happened, went up stairs, and, as Fannie heard her approaching her room, she involuntarily drew the counterpane over her head and hid her face.

The door opened, and Fannie heard her mother utter an exclamation of alarm.

"Why, what's the matter?" questioned Mrs. Rawley, going over to her daughter's bed. "Are you sick, Fannie, child? Tell me!" And she gently raised the bed clothes and felt Fannie's brow. "No fever, dear," she said.

"I'm—I'm sick!" Fannie managed to stammer out.

"Poor child!" ejaculated Mrs. Rawley. "Why didn't you tell me before? And this is your birthday, and—well, I think I might as well tell you now. We were going to give you a surprise party to-night, because you have been such a good little girl for so long. The children are all invited, but of course we can recall the invitations now—it is not too late. It's too bad, though."

There was silence in the room for a few moments.

Fannie had been so taken by surprise at her mother's words that she could hardly control herself.

Finally she raised herself in the bed and threw her arms about her mother's neck, bursting into tears.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried, "were you really going to give me a party to-night? And I such a wicked girl! I'm—I'm not sick at all. I'm only making believe, because—because I wanted to make Jane go with the milk—I got so tired of it. But you'll forgive me, won't you, dear mamma? I don't want the party—I don't deserve it. I wouldn't be happy among all those good children I've been so terribly naughty."

Mrs. Rawley was surprised in her turn.

"You have been very foolish, Fannie," she said; "but I hope you have learned a lesson—a rather severe one, too, for you shall not have the party now."

Soon afterward Fannie heard Jane going with the milk to Mrs. Barton's. She listened until she could hear her footsteps no more, and then fell back on the pillow.

"It's best to do your tasks cheerfully in this world," she said to herself, "and then hard lessons will not have to be learned every now and then."

Miss Litch tells of how the native Christians of Ceylon contribute for the Lord's work. Each morning when a Christian measures out the rice for the family for the day, so many handfuls for her husband, for each child, for herself, she takes one handful or so more and puts it into a box marked, "The Lord's Box." From time to time the church treasurer visits all the Christian homes, collects the rice from these boxes, sells it, and sends the money to the native missionary society.

A Boy's Mother.

BY JAMES WILKINSON BILLY.

My mother she's so good to me
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be so good. No, sir,
I can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or mad
She loves me when I'm good or bad
And what's the funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes

I don't like her to punish me
That don't hurt, but it hurts to see
Her cry. N'en I cry, an' then
We both cry, an' be good again

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little coat and Sunday clothes,
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him 'most as much as ma.

She laughs and tells him all I want
An' grabs me up an' puts my head,
An' I hug her an' hug my pa
An' love him part nigh much as ma.

Helping the Weak

An English traveller who was considerably interested in birds happened to be passing the autumn in the Isle of Crete, in the Mediterranean, and he often noticed a sound like the twittering of small birds at times when the sand-cranes were passing overhead on their way southward. As the only fowls in sight were the cranes, this aroused his curiosity, and he mentioned the matter to a friend who was a native of the island, suggesting that possibly the noise was caused by the whirring of the feathers of these great birds. His friend, however, said no, the noise, he declared, was made by song-birds that were riding on the backs of the cranes, and he further asserted that the saucy little fellows had come all the way from the coast of Europe with their good-natured companions, who lent, if not a helping hand, a helping back, which was much more serviceable. A few days later the Englishman got pretty conclusive proof of the truth of this statement. He was cruising about in a boat about fifteen miles from shore, when another flock of cranes passed overhead, and he heard the same twittering notes. He therefore discharged his gun to see what would come of it, and forthwith he saw three small birds rise up from the flock in flight. After a short time they disappeared again among the cranes. The Indians of the region south of Hudson's Bay tell a similar tale of a song-finch which travels across that great body of water and ice very comfortably on the back of a Canada goose. It seems that God has thus put into the instinct of geese and cranes to give a helping back to bear the burdens of weaker fowl. Those who name the name of Jesus Christ ought certainly to have hearts as tender as these birds. We show forth the spirit of Christ when we bare our back to carry the burdens of God's weaker singers. No music will be so sweet as the thanksgiving of such hearts whom we have gladdened by our help.—Dr. Banks.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:

WEST 10:00 a.m. 12:00 a.m. 6:00 a.m. 11:15 a.m.
1:15 p.m. 5:10 p.m.
EAST 1:45 a.m. 10:45 a.m. 12:07 p.m. 5:00 p.m.
MADON AND PETERBORO BRANCH 5:40 a.m.
12:10 a.m. 5:15 p.m. 6:40 a.m.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning this institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:
West End Y. M. C. A. corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
And Y. M. C. A. Hall, near Yonge and St. Nicholas Streets, at 10 a.m.
General Central up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 11 a.m. Lectures are given at St. Nicholas, Bridgden and others.
BIBLE CLASSES Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and our Queen Street and Dovercourt Road Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. As a Framer, voluntary to the Deaf in Toronto, 27 Davidson Street

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. on Tuesday and 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. on Wednesday and Thursday.

CHILD JANCY WORK CLASS: One hour of each week from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m.
EVENING STUDY: From 7 to 9 p.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for parents.

Articulation Classes

From 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.

Religious Exercises

EVERY SUNDAY—Prayers for the senior pupils at 11 a.m. and 2:30 p.m., immediately after school. Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m., and in-charge for the week, will be in-charge afterwards dismiss them. They may reach their respective homes later than 9 o'clock. In the 3 o'clock the pupils will assemble after prayer will be dismissed in orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. J. J. Thompson, M. A., Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A., Rev. V. H. Cowser, Baptist; Rev. J. H. Maclean, Presbyterian; Rev. J. J. Ley, Rev. C. W. Welch, Rev. J. H. Jos. H. Locke.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon, 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. National Series of Sunday School. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

Clergymen of All Denominations cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND SADDLERY: Hours from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. Those who do not attend school from 7:30 a.m. to 9:30 a.m. and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. except Saturday when the office will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. for those who do not attend school on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shoe and Saddlery, will be left each day when the room is in a clean and tidy condition.

PUPILS are not to be excused from various classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness or permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and other persons are allowed to bring their children to the school to see the performance of several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested in the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or holidays. The regular classes exercises are held on Monday afternoons. The best time to visit on ordinary school days is between 10 a.m. and 12:30 p.m. or in the afternoon as possible as the children are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and placed with them to the Institution they are advised not to linger and to be taken with their children. It is a discomfort for all concerned parties for the parent. The child will be taken for, and if left in our charge will be quite happy with the other children. In some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils to visit them frequently. If parents come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed the opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodgings or entertain guests at the Institution. Accommodation may be had in the Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen and American and Dominion Hotels at reasonable rates.

Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to advise their children to the Superintendent. Correspondence will be allowed by parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of a pupil or telegram will be sent daily to the guardians. In the absence of the guardians or pupils may be quieted as well.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every day. Letters will be written by the teachers to little ones who cannot write, stating, as far as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that are used at home, or prescribed by the physician will be allowed to be taken except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are advised against Quack Doctors who advise cures and appliances for the deaf. In 999 cases out of 1000 they will only want money for which they will not return. Consult well known practitioners in case of deafness and be guided by their advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.