

That Sweet Story of Old.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men;
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my
head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I but earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Confession.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I'm your true friend,
'Cause I saved you a whippin' to-day,
When cook missed her custard, an' everyone said
It was puss that stole it away.
You know you're naughty sometimes, pussy dear,
So in course you got blamed, an'—all that!
An' cook took a stick, an' she 'clared she would
beat
The life out of that inizable cat!
But I—didn't I feel comfortable down in my heart,
So I saved you the whippin', you see.
'Cause I went to mamma, an' I told her I 'spect
she'd better tell cook to whip me.
'Cause the custard was stole by a little girl
Who felt drefully sorry with shame;
An' it wouldn't be fair to whip puss, in course,
When that little girl was to blame.
'Was it my little girl?' my dear mamma said;
I felt drefully scared, but I tucked my head,
An' then mamma laughed. "Go find nurse, for I
guess
There's some custard to wash off a little girl's
dress."
Well, then, course they knew
It was I, an' not you,
Who stole all the custard, an' then ran away,
But it's best to be true
In the things that we do,
An'—that's how I saved you a spunkin' to-day.
—*Christman.*

A Child's Victory.

A coal cart was delivering an order in
Clinton place the other day, and the
horse made two or three great efforts to
back the heavily loaded cart to the spot
desired, and then became obstinate.
The driver began to beat the animal,
and this quickly collected a crowd. He
was a big fellow, with a fierce look in
his eye, and the onlookers were chary
about interfering, knowing what would
follow. "I pity the horse, but I wouldn't
got into a row," remarked one.

"I am satisfied that I could do him
up with the gloves on, but he wouldn't
fight that way," added a second.

"I'm not in the least afraid to tackle
him," put in a young man with a long
neck, "but about the time I got him
down along would come a policeman
and arrest us both."

The driver beat the horse and nothing
was being done about it, when a little
girl about eight years old approached
and said:

"Please, master."

"Well, what yer want?"

"If you'll only stop, I'll call all the
children around here and we'll carry
every bit of the coal to the manhole and
let you rest while we're doing it."

The man stood and looked around in
a defiant way, but, meeting only with
pleasant looks, he began to give in, and
after a moment he smiled and said:

"Mebeo he didn't deserve it, but I'm
out of sorts to-day. There goes the
whip and perhaps a lift on the wheel
will help him."

The crowd swarmed around the cart,
a hundred hands helped to push, and
the old horse had the cart to the spot
with one effort.—*New York Sun.*

An Object Lesson.

A German merchant in London has a
servant girl who is excellent in many
respects, but is forgetful. This fault
was especially annoying at meal times,
when something essential was sure to be
lacking from the table. One day the
family were sitting at the table and the
bell was rung as usual. The girl hurried
into the dining-room. "Mario," said
Herr B., "just run and fetch the big
stepladder down from the attic and bring
it in here." Mario, who had been dis-
turbed at her dinner, gave a grunt of
dissatisfaction, but ran up the three
flights of stairs to fetch down the heavy
ladder. In about five minutes she re-
turned to the room, panting with her
exertion. "So now," said Herr B., "put
it at that end of the room and climb to
the top." Mario did as she was told, and
when at the top Herr B. quietly observed:
"Mario, you have now got a better
view than we have; just look around
and tell us if you can see any salt on
the table. My wife and I could not
find it." That did the business. Mario
never forgot the lesson.—*Exchange.*

Nero Punishes a Rogue.

Nero is a large Newfoundland dog.
He is more useful than some idle boys.
He knows a great deal, too. One day
Nero's master came in from the field
with his men. Somebody asked what
the dog was good for. "Go back, Nero,"
cried his master, "and bring my hoo!"
Nero trotted off at once, and before long
came back with the hoo in his mouth.
He had picked it out from all the others.
Nero is often sent on errands, and brings
parcels from the shops very nicely. He
goes alone to the market. He has an
order for meat in his collar, and brings
the dinner home in a basket.

But Nero has an enemy, - a fierce bull-
dog, who lives on the road to the market.
Nero is stronger than the bull dog; but
the sly rascal keeps out of sight, except
when Nero has the basket in his mouth.
Then he runs at him, and Nero is too
faithful to drop his burden, so he has to
scamper. The bull-dog has bitten him
several times before he could escape.

One day the scamp worried Nero all
the way home. He came in much ex-
cited. His mistress set the basket on a
table and took out the meat. Then
Nero leaped up, seized the basket with
his teeth, and ran out of the house.

His mistress followed to see what this
meant. What do you think she saw?
Nero went straight to the house where
the ugly dog lived. The dog saw the
basket. He thought he had another
good chance to bite Nero. So out he
rushed!

What then! Why, Nero dropped the
basket in a hurry. He gave that wicked
dog such a whipping that he never forgot
it.

Nero does not have to run now when
he brings home the meat for dinner.—
Our Little Ones.

Was Anxious to Know.

The other day a woman shipped her
husband's remains and a dog over the
Central. At Albany she appeared at the
door of the baggage car to see how they
were getting along.

"How does he seem to be doing?"
she asked, with a sniff.

"Who, the corpse?" inquired the bag-
gagemaster, kindly.

"No, the dog."

"Oh, he's comfortable," replied the
baggage-man.

"Anybody been setting down on
him?"

"Who, the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"Certainly not," answered the bag-
gagemaster.

"Does it seem cold enough in here for
him?"

"For who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

"I think so," grinned the baggage-
master.

"Does the jolting appear to affect
him any?"

"Affect who—the dog?"

"No, the corpse."

"I don't believe it does."

"You'll keep an eye on him, won't
you?" she asked, wiping a tear away.

"On who, the corpse?"

"No, the dog."

And having secured the baggage-man's
promise, she went back to her coach,
apparently content.—*Exchange.*

Patience.

Teachers, don't you get tired of the
word "patience?" It makes me out of
patience to hear the old saw, "How
much patience it must take," to teach
these children. 'Tis not patience—the
vim and energy and clear headedness.
'Tis the ability to make the children do
what you tell them to do, at once. It is
not patience, it is work. It is not pa-
tience it is "bay horse sense" that enable
us to succeed. A mother, a patient
mother, told us a few days ago that her
boy at home was so bad, that she don't
pretend to manage him. He strikes her,
scratches her, bites her, pulls the paper
off the wall, and smashes things gener-
ally. Patience has ruined that boy, com-
mon sense, and King Solomon's remedy,
freely applied would soon make homo
life much happier. Patience until it
comes to be a virtue, much enthusiasm
and good discipline, an interesting and
pleasant way with children, an iron con-
stitution, and a willingness to work are
a few of the requisites needed in a teacher.
No slipshod indefinite person need
apply. Good teachers are heaven made
—aro to the manner born—and that's the
only kind we need in an institution for
the deaf.—*Nebraska Journal.*

Love's Labors Lost.

"Just turn me loose among a lot of
girls," remarked a Berkeley Freshman
with the pretty chrysanthemum hang,
"There's where I shine," and he dusted
a little lint from his vest, gave it downy
mustache a downward curve and took
another glance at the mirror. "I'm
right at home among the ladies, and if
you've got any pretty girls in this town
trot them out."

"That reminds me," remarked a
Senior, "that a whole bus load of pretty
girls are going out for a drive over the
mountain roads this afternoon."

"Just book me for that engagement,"
said the Freshman. "A whole load is
just what I like."

"Well, I think I can arrange it for
you."

"Thanks, old man, awfully. I'll get
acquainted with the whole gang before
I get back."

That afternoon he climbed into the
bus, sat beside the prettiest girl and
commenced string bou mots right and
left. They were met by vacant stares
and an occasional smile, but not a word
could be got out of them.

"Queer girls," he thought, and he
applied himself more assiduously to the
labor of making an impression. He
chatted, laughed at his own jokes, point-
ed out bits of scenery and asked ques-
tions, but no response could he get.
The girls said not a word, even to each
other.

"Those fellows have put the girls on,"
he thought.

He made several more ineffectual at-
tempts to draw them into conversation.
Finally the driver turned around, gave
him an amused smile and remarked:

"You've made a mistake, young fellow.
Those girls are from the Deaf and Dumb
Institute. They ain't heard a word you
said."

It was 9:30 o'clock when the young
man walked into Berkeley.—*J. G. Car-
penter in San Francisco Post.*

While a deaf boy was walking on
Filbert street, he was halted by a laborer
who had lost his bearings and wanted
to know the way to his dinner. Finding
the boy could not hear, he took out a
two-inch pencil and wrote his question
on the back of an envelope. The boy,
who could not make head nor tail of the
writing, threw the envelope down in
disgust, and walked on. Soon a detective
happened along that way in search of a
clue to something. He picked up the
envelope, and consulted his cypher. In
less than four hours he had three men
in the lockup for stealing a brick house.
—*Ex.*

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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.
General Central Y. M. C. A., Cor. Spadina Ave.
and College Street, at 3 p. m. Leaders—Messrs.
Nasmith, Bridgen and others.
East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak
Streets. Service at 11 a. m. every Sunday.
Bible Class—Every Wednesday evening at 8
o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street,
and cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road.
Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable.
Address, 273 Clinton Street.

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MESSERS. GRANT AND DUYP conduct re-
ligious services every Sunday, at 3 p. m. in
Trotter Hall, John St. north near King.
The Literary and Debating Society meets every
Friday evening at 7:30 in the Y. M. C. A. Building,
corner Jackson and James Sts. President, J. B.
Byrne; Vice-President, Thos. Thompson, Secy-
Treasurer, Wm. Bryce; Serj't-at-arms, J. H.
Mosher.
Meetings are open to all deaf and friends
interested.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—3:15 a. m.; 4:20 a. m.; 11:55 a. m.; 5:05 p. m.
East—1:05 a. m.; 6:30 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.; 12:25 p. m.;
6:00 p. m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO' BRANCH—5:45 a. m.;
9:40 a. m.; 12:45 a. m.; 6:10 p. m.; 5:45 p. m.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS—From 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.,
from 1:30 to 3 p. m.
DRAWING CLASSES from 1:30 to 5 p. m. on
Tuesdays and Thursdays afternoons of each week.
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASSES on Wednesdays
and Thursdays afternoons of each week from
3:30 to 5.
SIGN CLASSES for Junior Teachers on Wednes-
days of Monday and Wednesday afternoons of
each week from 3:10 to 4.
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p. m. for
pupils and from 7 to 8 for Juniors.

Articulation Classes:—

From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p. m.

Religious Exercises:—

EVERY MONDAY—Primary pupils at 9 a. m.,
senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture,
2:30 p. m., immediately after which the
Class will assemble.
EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble
in the Chapel at 8:35 a. m., and the Teacher
in-charge for the week, will open by prayer
and afterwards dismiss them so that they
may reach their respective schools not later
than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon,
3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble
after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet
orderly manner.
TO VISIT VISITING CLERGYMEN—Rev. Geo.
Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, V. G.
Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A. (Catholic);
Rev. E. N. Baker, (Methodist); Rev. A. J.
Convent, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Mackay, (Ev-
angelical); Rev. Father O'Brien.
BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3:15. In-
ternational Series of Sunday School Lessons.
Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:—

PRINTING OFFICE, SIGN AND CARPENTERS
Hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 3:30
to 5:30 p. m., for pupils who attend school; for
those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to 11:30 a. m.
and from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m., each working day
except Saturday, when the office and shops
will be closed at noon.
THE SKIVING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a. m. to
12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p. m., for
those who do not attend school, and from
8:30 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No work on
Saturday afternoons.
The Printing Office, Shops and Sewing
Room to be left each day when work is
in a clean and tidy condition.
PUPILS are not to be excused from
various Classes or Industrial Department
except on account of sickness, without per-
mission of the Superintendent.
Teachers, Officers and others are not
allow matters foreign to the work in hand
interfere with the performance of the
several duties.

Visitors:—

Persons who are interested, desirous of
visiting the Institution, will be made welcome
on any school day. No visitors are allowed
Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except
the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on
Sundays afternoons. The best time for
visiting on ordinary school days is as soon after
10 in the afternoon as possible, as the class
are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children:—

When pupils are admitted and parents are
advised to the Institution, they are
advised not to linger and prolong
talking with their children. It only
discomfort for all concerned, particularly
the parent. The child will be tenderly
for, and if left in our charge without
will be quite happy with the others in a
day, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:—

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends
to visit them frequently. If parents
come, however, they will be made wel-
come to the class-rooms and allowed every op-
portunity of seeing the general work of
school. We cannot furnish lodging or
or entertain guests at the Institution. Good
accommodation may be had in the city at
Quinto Hotel, Huffman House, Queen's, and
American and Dominion Hotels at moderate
rates.

Clothing and Management:—

Parents will be good enough to give all
instructions concerning clothing and manage-
ment of their children to the Superintendent.
correspondence will be allowed between
parents and employees under any cir-
stances without special permission on
each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils let-
ters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents
guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS
FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE
THEY ARE WELL.
All pupils who are capable of doing so,
are required to write home every three weeks
letters will be written by the teachers for
little ones who cannot write, stating, as far
as possible, their wishes.
No medical preparations that have been
used at home, or prescribed by family phy-
sicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils
except with the consent and direction of
Physician of the Institution.
Parents and friends of deaf children are war-
ned against Quack Doctors who advertise in
papers and appliances for the cure of deaf-
ness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds
and only want money for which they
do not return. Consult well known and
practitioners in cases of deafness, and
be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent