

Irrationalities.

- ... any reason in being proud, due to go with the rest of the crowd
- ... any reason in being shy, would ain't waiting for you to pass by
- ... any reason for being a shirk, apply for somebody else to work
- ... any reason in being afraid, nothing'll happen, 'tain't all down grade
- ... any reason for not being glad, is this life the best you have had?
- ... any reason in talkin' fast, the little you've got to say won't last
- ... any reason in not lookin' up, when as you've got to the dregs in the cup
- ... any reason in not forgivin', must keep on lovin' to keep on livin'
- ... any reason in not being true, make a beginning and carry it through
- ... any reason, or joy or beauty, to do anything less than your duty

—Cincinnati Home Journal

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

BY MAUD THOMAS.

Good-bye to all the readers, as these are my last.

Not long ago Mrs. Moore, the gardener's wife, went out fishing in the bay. I suppose she reported having good luck.

Misses Annie Butler, Eva and Ethel Payne and Donella Beatty came here on a short visit lately. We girls all feel grateful to them for their making us the pleasant afternoon.

Oh! Hurrah for "Home, Sweet Home," it is coming so quickly. The girls are thinking of it a great deal, and the dear little ones are talking of their young parents that they will hug in fond embrace.

Our much esteemed teacher Mrs. Merrill, hasn't been very well, since last April, so she stayed at home to have a rest for a week. The writer took charge of her class in her absence. We were glad to have her back again.

The English pupils have not forgotten Rev. Canon Burke's birthday, the 21st ult. They were really sorry that they didn't send him a birthday address, but they all wish him many happy returns of the day and much happiness and prosperity.

A few mornings ago Miss Dempsey was awakened by hearing the noise of a bird, so she got up and looked out of the window to see what was the matter. She saw a dear little bird, and a cat crouching on the grass ready to spring upon it. So she threw a pitcher of water at the cat, but the broken handle remained in her hand, inflicting a cut. She said she thought the mean cat ought to be punished and escaped unhurt.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent

The following resolution was passed at the Teachers' meeting held yesterday at the Mackay Institution: "Knowing of our kind President, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas' intended departure for Europe, we desire to express our sincere hopes that his holiday may be a pleasant one, and we pray that he may return in renewed health and vigor to continue his philanthropic works, and that this resolution be published in all the city papers and the *CANADIAN MERRILL*, Belleville, Ont.

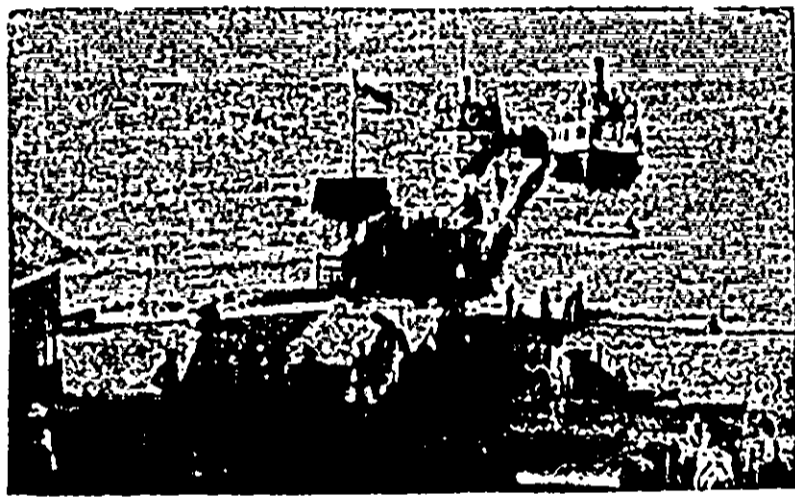
May 18th, 1888.

One at a Time.

A ticket-seller in a theatre once owned a parrot that was quick at learning to repeat the phrases he heard. Thus, among other things, he was soon able to exclaim: "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!" for this sentence was constantly in the mouth of his master. The ticket man went to the country for a summer vacation and took the educated parrot along with him. One day the bird got out of the cage and disappeared. His owner searched all about for him, and finally toward evening found him despoiled of half his feathers sitting far out on the limb of a tree, while a dozen crows were pecking at him whenever they could get a chance. And all this time the poor parrot with his back humped up, was edging away and constantly exclaiming "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!"

—Harper's Round Table.

VIEWS AT GRIMSBY PARK



Convention Notes.

—The hotels are large and there will be plenty of room for all who come.

Hearing people know a good place when they see it. They flock to the Park by hundreds during July and August.

The Sunday services will be very interesting. Toronto friends will lead one of them and teachers from the Institution the other.

This will be the last great gathering of the deaf of Ontario that will be held for two or perhaps three years. Come and help to make it a grand success.

Grimsby Park is one of the nicest spots in Ontario and the Committee were wise in their choice. So writes one who knows the park well and has no axe to grind.

All coming by rail should purchase tickets to Grimsby Park Station and get a certificate. Every certificate taken will help to swell the number to 50 and thus cheaper the return rate for the whole.

Two gentlemen from Toronto, Messrs. Ishister and Bradshaw, two from Hamilton, Messrs. Waggoner and McPherson, and a fifth from Brantford will be appointed to prepare a good programme of sports.

If you bring your bicycle, you will have delightful rides as the roads are excellent at Grimsby Park. You will find the Park Temple superior to the over-heated hall in the hot dusty city, plenty of cool fresh air in the open temple and lots of room for all. Board is as cheap and sometimes better than you get in the city. Do you want a good dish of strawberries and cream? You can get them there. Free bathing, fishing, swimming, Lawn Tennis, Baseball and Football grounds.

—The Secretary has heard from a good many friends since the circulars were sent out, and he hopes to hear from many more soon. The manager of the park hotels would like to know how many guests to expect and prepare for, so please answer the circulars as soon as you can.

—Parents of the deaf need be under no anxiety about letting their sons and daughters come to the Convention. The park is a strictly temperance place under excellent management and early hours are expected and enforced. The officers of the Convention will look after the comfort and safety of all.

—We are enabled to publish the above cuts of the Park through the kindness of the Methodist Book Room Toronto. We have also a very fine cut of the Temple where the meetings are held, which we have to leave over for lack of space, the cuts arriving rather late. The Temple is a spacious, breezy place, open all around, just the thing for summer meetings.

—It was generally considered that the programme at Brantford was too full. The committee will try to avoid this at Grimsby. It is proposed that instead of a programme previously prepared that a committee arrange one suitable for the exigencies of the occasion for each part of the day giving the members plenty of time for sociability and to enjoy the beauties of the park.

Mr. Mathison will of course be there to meet his former boys and girls now grown to young men and women and an address of cheer and encouragement from him may be relied on. As many of the teachers and officers of the Institution as can possibly arrange it will be there also. The meeting of teachers and pupils of classes in years gone by and recalling the incidents of the past will be a pleasant feature of the occasion.

The Boy who Minds his Mother.

Boys, just listen for a moment to a word I have to say. Many a man's gates are just before you drawing water every day. Don't be in a hurry while you are passing near the intervening span, that the boy who minds his mother seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures in the world we're living in. Those who start with prospects fairest off are overcome by sin. But I'm certain that you will notice if the facts you closely scan that the boy who minds his mother seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her counsel, it will never lead astray. Rest assured she has your welfare in her thoughts by night and day. Don't forget that she has loved you since the day your life began. Oh the boy who minds his mother seldom makes a wicked man.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Your correspondent received a letter from Mabel Ball now working with the T. Eaton Co., in Toronto. She seems to be well pleased with her work and new surroundings. We all wish her success.

Rev. Mann delivered a lecture in Detroit one evening lately and the Bishop held confirmation service on Sunday, but the attendance from here was small on account of the weather not being very nice.

Ed. Ball is still working steadily at the Salt works. He is blooming out into a chicken crank of the deepest dye, in fact he is almost as bad as our own A. E. If one is bad, tother is worse (on this score at least.)

The redoubtable Araminta Jones is still on deck. She may be writing a play to rival Shakespeare, for all her friends know. She had a hazy notion that her news was being crowded out, but Toronto's little compliment has given her courage to try again.

The girls working in the seed soto at Ferry's have all been laid off for the summer, Matilda Lafferty among them. She is looking for something else to do in the interval, as she does not like to remain idle.

Is "War" "War" day and night. Will nobody talk of nothing else? "The new woman," "Bicycling, anything for a change from Dewey's victories, Sampson's mysterious movements, Weyler's cruelties, &c. We go to bed at midnight and slaughter imaginary Spaniards by the score, besides hanging Butcher Weyler, only to have him bob up again with a sardonic grin when we think the job's done.

Everything has gone up here, the price of bread being in Detroit 6 cents a loaf higher than formerly. The poor find times very hard. Farm produce is very cheap, except for potatoes, which sell about \$1 a bushel up this way.

Bert Sepner had a letter from our old friend Charlie Davis, who is now in Essex, working as a mason. He says he is coming to Windsor in a few weeks and will spend a few days with Bert. We shall all be glad to see him. It is quite three years since he met a deaf mute.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sepner have removed to a new house, 100 Goyeau street, facing the G. T. R. station. It is a very pretty place and Bert intends becoming the owner. They will be pleased to see any of their old friends who call.

It seems as if very few of our mutes intend going, if any go at all to the Convention. Most of them have business which cannot be left even for a day. However, we wish all who do go a pleasant time.

There is never much news around here, as your scribe sees very few of the mutes here, having to depend on Detroiters for that kind of society.

Susan Duane, nee Campbell, lives near Mr. A. Sepner. She has a little girl nearly four years old. She works by the day for her neighbours as her husband is away. She cannot talk to the deaf now, as she has forgotten all her signs, &c.

Ex. ald. John Sepner, boot and shoe merchant and father of Bert, was struck on the cheek, while walking on a back street, by a piece of wood which laid it open to the bone. Whether it was done accidentally or intentionally can not be learned, but the prevailing opinion is that it was accidental, as no one could possibly have a motive for injuring him. A. J.