

Lullaby.

THE ONE FILLED

Upon the bill
 I see, my own
 and the waves are still
 I'm singing to you and me
 I'm here beside the sea
 I'm sweet my own!

I have a store of wealth
 I'm sweet my own!
 I think to a little one's health
 I'll have night and day
 I'll have that has sailed away
 I'm sweet my own!

Yes, the forms that creep
 I'm sweet my own!
 I'm not and make no cry
 I'm of death have passed us by
 I'm sweet my own!

Yes, the forms that creep
 I'm sweet my own!
 I'm not and make no cry
 I'm of death have passed us by
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CHATHAM CHATS.

From our Correspondent

As requested by the editor of THE BANNER, Mr. Murr to furnish you with a few items occasionally concerning the doings of the deaf hereabouts, I endeavor to comply with your request.

All the deaf mutes living in this city and immediate vicinity have steady work and are doing well.

Henry, your erstwhile celebrated blind boy is working on Mr. Chris. Wood's farm and prefers country to city. However, he has a wheel and can spin into the city occasionally.

Mr. Arthur White was one of the finest blind men in this western peninsula and a splendid. He and his estimable wife, Mrs. Ruby Mackay, have a beautiful family of one son and two daughters and for the benefit of Prof. Murr and his disciples I will say that the children can speak and hear. Mr. White has Gilbert Leguillo as his assistant on the farm. Gilbert is a good musician and therefore makes good music.

All the deaf hearabouts join in congratulating Mr. Mathison upon his having completed his twentieth year as Superintendent of the Belleville School, and hope he may be spared for many more years.

Mr. Daniel Gorman, who has been busy in the Georgian Bay district all summer, working in the lumber camps, is back with us again, and we enjoy his company, ever smiling face but more especially his ever ready Hibernian wit. He is now engaged by the city water works department putting down new connections and fencing in the well sanitation basin. While away Mr. Gorman reports having had a good time, and got \$25.00 per month with board and \$1.00 per month, as your Windsor correspondent had it, which was either a geographical error or a huge joke of your correspondent's. Imagine a man of Mr. Gorman's stature and strength working for \$5.00 per month! This is a compliment I must give up!

Mr. Wm. Kiddle is head coatmaker at the Bond & Co. and is doing well.

Mr. Kiddle (nee Miss Hoffmann) had been on a visit to relatives and friends in Mackinac, U. S., during the summer.

Wesley Carter, who graduated from our school last June, is now working at Morley & Co's tailoring establishment.

Mr. Wm. Liddy is now editorial content at the Chatham Banner, his professor having resigned on account of ill health last August.

Among the visitors to this beautiful city which is best known as the "Maple City" were Mr. and Mrs. James and Mrs. Ada, St. Thomas, Miss Conroy, Connel, John F. Fisher, who wheeled the way here from Dundas, in company with another deaf man by the name of Sutherland, lately out from Scotland.

About the middle of August whom would call on Mr. Liddy and give him a "shaking up," but Mr. Payne, now editor of the Manitoba Daily Free Press, with whom Mr. Liddy worked for four years. It is needless to say that Mr. Liddy was taken completely by surprise. Not more than that, the composing block and rule fell out of his hands and there was a pyramid of "pl." compared with which the pyramids of Egypt would have dwindled into mole hills for the time being for, after looking around and beholding such a familiar face Mr. Liddy was completely dazed—he thought he was only dreaming of the halcyon

into-machine days when he held cases on the Free Press. After regaining consciousness he looked at Mr. Payne again, then looked around to see whether he was really still at the Free Press or not. It is not very long since Mr. P. and Mr. L. saw each other in Winnipeg, but many a sad, sore and never to be forgotten event occurred within that brief interval. Mr. Payne informed Mr. Liddy that our old friend Mr. W. F. Luxton, is now managing director of a certain St. Paul Minnesota, daily paper with a salary away up in the thousands. We were glad to learn that, because Mr. Luxton was always a warm friend to the deaf in Winnipeg and the writer will never forget his kindness to him.

Mr. Liddy is still living in his mother's place, pending a settlement. It was Mr. Liddy's mother's intention to leave the place to him—his heirs, executors, and administrators absolutely and forever, but (you cruel but) her good intentions were frustrated by her untimely and sudden demise—dying intestate.

Turrill - McKenzie Homestead.

BY WM. KAY

Last September I was for one week the guest of Willie Summers, of Wilkes port, and one day accompanied him with a load of wood and hay for his father in Sarnia. I had a happy meeting with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Darew, Mrs. Foster, formerly Miss Jane Lockhart, and Willie Murdoch. With the exception of Mrs. Darew, they all attended the first session of the old school in Hamilton, 31 years ago.

Mr. Darew is one of the employees under Mr. Ellis, the town contractor in putting down the graveline side walks throughout the growing town.

Mr. Murdoch stays with his mother and brothers James and Alex., who keep the Capitan House and is a barber by occupation.

As hitherto Mrs. Foster is always the picture of health though she has somewhat aged since I saw her last, long years ago. She stays with her brother, a Mr. Mathison, who has a special interest in her.

I met Mr. Bert Symington for the first time. He is simply a gentleman, as his father is a wealthy dry goods merchant. Last month he was around at Mr. Summers' place on his hunting trip and reported no shooting. He expects to do better next time, when the quail season opens.

Mr. Summers is now happy in possessing a good stable, fitted by Kenneth McKenzie, who is a very handy work man, indeed. In fact Mr. McKenzie took his bicycle to Oil Springs recently to have it repaired, but had to do the job himself on account of the defective mechanical skill of the employees in the foundry.

David Turrill is now drawing wood to Petrolia and comes home happy and smiling with the evidence that he was well treated by the leading citizens of the oil metropolis.

The 20th of last month saw the twenty ninth year since your school first opened. I may mention that only once in its history the imposing event happened on that day in 1875. It was the visit of the Lieutenant Governor, the late Hon. D. M. McDonald, accompanied by the local members. After the exhibition in the chapel was over, the party made a tour through the buildings and His Excellency formally opened the new gymnasium building with the first ball on the bowling alley.

Now as for Thanksgiving Day of 1873. It happened that the new quarter in the dining room eastward was just finished by that time, so in the morning an imposing service was held in the chapel, followed by a grand dinner, one table being set apart in the new quarter for the Principal, teachers and officers, and the boy writers were relieved for the occasion by all the female attendants. A grand party in that room in the evening closed the day.

The Ladies Home Journal can promise some really great features for 1920. You will hear about them very soon. Meantime, there are some good things to be published next month and beyond. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Provision is the foundation of hospitality and thrift the fuel of magnificence.—Sir. P. Sidney.

OTTAWA NOTES.

From our own correspondent

As your correspondent is not in the city very often, and cannot find out what is going on until some time after, I hope you will excuse me for not having my notes in every issue, and overlook the fact that some of the items are rather old.

We had quite an influx of visitors during the exhibition, but we are sorry to say wet weather rather marred their pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Otterson, of Huntingdon, Que., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McClelland for a few days during exhibition week. Mr. Otterson is a graduate of the McKay Institution and a prosperous farmer, and your scribe found him a very entertaining companion during a pleasant visit. Mr. Otterson paid him before returning home. We understand Mr. Otterson was the special chum of Mr. McClelland during their school days.

Mr. Smith of Lauark, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins, of Diamond, Mrs. Fraser, of Arnprior, and several other deaf-mutes whose names your correspondent can not recall, took in the exhibition. Our genial friend Mr. Gray was only in for half a day, owing to the rush of farm work, as men are scarce now on account of the numerous works being carried on here, and a farmer cannot get a man to help him for love or money, so he must get a hustle on and do it all himself. Your scribe's hands are so sore and stiff turning turnips he can scarcely hold a pen. Can any of your deaf farmers top five acres in two days? We have done it.

The boarders in Mr. Wigget's boarding house presented him with a very handsome wedding present, but take notice, oh ye fair and blushing brides to be, we are going to chronicle no more weddings unless we get a good large slice of bridesake to sample.

Mr. Wigget took a spin out to see D. Bayne and spent a couple of hours in inspecting his farm and stock. Frank is something of a farmer himself, having gained some experience in Manitoba.

Mr. and Mrs. McClelland spent two weeks with the latter's parents, and report having a very pleasant time. Farm life appears to agree with them, as they came back looking the very picture of health. We wish all the holidays may be as pleasant, as there are few more steady hard working men than our friend James.

Mr. Haldane honored your scribe with a visit and we found him a very genial and pleasant companion. We understand he made several attempts to see us before but had to turn back, being unable to locate us. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

We regret to say Mr. Lusk, of Aylmer, met with a painful accident while helping his father to fill his silo, his hand been drawn in by the feeding rollers and painfully cut. He also received a severe gash under the eye. After being four weeks under the doctor's care he is able to be about again and says a couple more weeks will find him all right.

Mrs. Northwick, in company with Mrs. Macfarlane wheeled out to the former's old home. Both these ladies are expert wheelwomen and enjoy many spins in the surrounding country. We wonder what is the matter with the Merivale road, we find it first class for driving, in fact we never made a horse spin over a better, but it is not patronized by deaf wheelchairs.

HAMILTON ITEMS.

From our own correspondent

Thanksgiving Day passed quietly in the city.

Mr. Pickard, of Toronto, and Mr. W. Wallace, of St. Catharines, were in the city lately.

Mr. Jas. Mosher is still working over time.

Mr. A. S. Waggoner is playing with the St. Matthew's football club this year for the "Spectator trophy."

Messrs. Waggoner, Gottlieb and Watt wheeled to St. Catharines three weeks ago to see Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, and Mr. Wallace. They were all well. The riders went 30 miles in 3 hours.

Mrs. H. Gottlieb and her sons spent their two weeks visit to their parents and sister in Berlin.

Mr. Lawson was in Caledonia on the 10th ult. He is working with Mr. R. McPherson in Mr. Zimmermann's tailor store.

Mr. Staley, of Stony Creek, has gone to his home in Elgin county to stay for a few months.

Off for the War.

The following message was sent to the soldier boys from Belleville who have gone to the war—

INSTITUTION DEAF AND DUMB,
 BELLEVILLE, Oct. 23rd, 1919
 W. W. MURR,
 Company D Transvaal Contingent
 Quebec

Officers, teachers and pupils of Institution for Deaf and Dumb send hearty greetings to all the Belleville boys who are going where glory waits them. Safe voyage.
 H. McPherson, Capt.

—The pupils had a half holiday on Monday last for anniversary day.

—Miss Alice Wood, of Madoc, who was visiting Miss Belle Mathison, went home on Saturday last.

—Rosa Bonheur's greatest picture, The Horse Fair, which was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for \$55,500, and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has been for the first time exactly reproduced in its original colors, with the brush marks of the artist embodied, as the principal supplement with Toronto Saturday Night's Christmas. It is said to be the greatest picture ever given with any Christmas number published anywhere. The size of the picture is 22x35.

The Brave Pilot.

Many years ago a steamboat was making her way through the sparkling waters of Lake Erie, about ten miles from the shore. A sailor named John Maynard was at the wheel. He was a true Christian and was often called "Honest John Maynard." The captain came up from his cabin and noticed a smoke coming out of the hold. He quickly ordered a sailor to go down to see what the matter was, and was soon informed that the cargo of the vessel was on fire. He remained cool and formed lines of passengers and sailors to pass buckets of water to quench the flames. After they had worked a little while, it seemed as if the flames were subdued, but soon they burst out again. The captain resolved to run the vessel ashore and gave the order to John Maynard, who stood at the stern while the passengers crowded about the bow. The flames and smoke came from the middle part of the vessel so Maynard could not be seen by the others. The sailors were sawing planks to lash the women on and many of the men throw off their coats so they could more easily save their lives by swimming.

At last the shore was near, and the captain in a loud voice asked John Maynard if he could hold on five minutes longer. "I will try, sir," was his reply. He did try. The flames came nearer and the smoke almost suffocated him, his hair was singed, and he was tortured by the intense heat. Still he held the wheel firmly till the vessel struck the shore. The passengers and sailors immediately jumped overboard from the bow and swam ashore or were picked up by boats that came to their rescue. All were saved but the brave pilot, who was never seen again. Whether he fell overboard or into the flames, no one could tell. He died doing his duty and was as great a hero as ever lived.—Michigan Mirror.

The Seed and the Grave.

In the town of Hanover, in Germany, there is buried a German Countess who denied the existence of God and ridiculed the idea of the resurrection. To further show her contempt for Christianity, she ordered that on her death her grave should be built up of solid masonry and covered by large stones bound together by iron clamps. On this tomb was engraved her defiant challenge that through eternity this tomb should never be disturbed.

But one day the seed from some tree, either blown by the wind or carried by a bird, became lodged in a small crevice of the tomb, where soon it sprouted and began to grow. And then, as if nature had seemed to mock the haughty infidel, she quietly extended the delicate roots of that seedling under the massive blocks of stone and slowly raised them from their place. And now, although scarce four generations are passed since that tomb was sealed, that most insignificant seedling has accomplished what God himself was challenged to accomplish.—D. L. Moody.