

Don't Give Up!

If you're tired and have not won. Never stop for crying. All that's great and good is done Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying fall. Still their wings grow stronger And the next time they can keep 'em a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known many a blast that felled her, she has risen again and grown loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you lose Who the more will prize you? Winning victory from defeat, That's the test that tries you!

Phoebe Cary

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution.

BY FRANK HARRIS.

Winter is near at hand.

We must keep in good health as winter is approaching.

Foot ball is nearly over, but hockey will be welcomed soon. The boys are fond of playing hockey.

Thanksgiving Day this year is on the 25th of Nov. We anticipate a very pleasant time, and having many sports.

Some men are putting up the poles for the electric lights and we will be using it soon. We will like it better than gas.

There are many red rosy apples in the barn. They are keeping them till winter. We expect to have lots of apples to eat this winter.

A foot ball match will be played between the Albert College and our first team at our grounds on Thanksgiving Day. We anticipate a very exciting game.

We have heard from Mr. James Brown who graduated from the school here last June. He is working on the railroad. He says that his father went to British Columbia.

We are delighted to have with us Mr. Charles Holton, a former pupil who lives in Belleville, every Sunday afternoon. He tells interesting news to the boys and they wish him to come to visit them often.

Last week, we understand that Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Mayor Johnson and the Superintendent went to Madoc to see their gold mines. Mr. Coleman was in charge of the Institution during the day and Mr. Denys at night.

On the 2nd inst., one of our old classmates, William Robson, returned to school. He could not come on the 1st of Sept., when the rest came on account of his sister's sickness with which he never. He is looking well.

On the 7th inst., it was a beautiful day and about 61 of the pupils went to the Bridge St. Methodist Church at 10 o'clock in the morning. Rev. Mr. White preached, and we were greatly pleased with him and would like to go again.

On the 3rd inst., Edward Leslie got a letter from home saying they were working up the turnips and had about 5000 bushels. One of them weighed 14 lbs. and his brother Britton, who is 9 years old, could not lift it. Who can beat that?

One of our boys received a welcome letter from Mr. Culver Bowlby lately, stating that he with his wife and baby Mabel, who is sweet, will pay a pleasant visit to London and Delaware. His wife and baby will stay with her mother in Delaware for three weeks.

It is with deepest sorrow that we heard that George Arnall, a former pupil, died on the 3rd inst. We trust that God who knows what is best for us will give us comfort in our sad bereavement. George was confined to the hospital with brain disease. His mother was with him till his death.

On the 6th inst., we were going to have a foot ball match between the Ontario Business College boys and our first eleven on our grounds, but our occupations were not realized. The O. B. C. boys did not come up as some of them were sick. We will expect to have a game with them soon.

The youth who does not look up will look down, and a spirit that does not soar is destined to grovel. - Disraeli

We are all of us more or less echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the characters of those among whom we live. - Joubert.

My Visit to Belleville Institute.

To the Editor of The Herald Echo

Sir, - Please allow me space in your valuable journal to describe my recent visit to the Ontario Institute for the Deaf, Belleville, where I spent many happy days long ago, which may be of some interest to the readers and the ex-students of that famous institution, who are now scattered the world over, some of whom may be in your province.

I took train from early one Monday morning, arriving at my destination early the same day. After partaking of breakfast at one of the leading hotels in the city I proceeded to the Institution, which is about one mile, more or less distant. Visitors or ex pupils who may happen to be in Belleville cannot but remember that the walk from the city to the school is along the famous Bay of Quinte. On arriving at the Institute I first visited the shoe shop, where I found Mr. William Nurse as usual busy, and the all day pupils pegging away at the trade. Shoe making is a good trade for the deaf, and if they take an interest in it they may make useful citizens of themselves, but it would be far better for those who intend to run a shop on their own account to start one where there is no competition. After enjoying a brief chat with Mr. Nurse I went to the Superintendent's office, where I also found Mr. Mathison very busy. It is needless to say that he was glad to see me, as all former pupils receive a warm welcome at his hands.

Then I found all in the dining room for dinner. There are about 271 in attendance at present, which number will be increased as the time goes on. Several of the parents keep their sons home to help them during harvest. Much valuable time is lost as a consequence. Although many of the old boys and girls have left school since I left about five years ago, there are a few there now with whom I have enjoyed many a pleasant talk in days gone by. There is not one of my class mates there now, - all are scattered the world over, doing well in spite of the present hard times, with perhaps a few exceptions.

I am glad to say that general good health prevails in the Institution, except a few who are laid up with sickness of a mild type. All will be in the class rooms again before long, and will try hard to catch up to the time they have lost.

After dinner I found the boys, as is the custom, playing football. Although not in the city league I am of the opinion that they can "trim" any of the best elevens in the league and take possession of the Corby cup again. In 1892 they had one of the best teams, which vanquished everything that came before them and held the cup referred to for five successive years without getting beaten once. On looking at the photograph of the 1892 team in the library I said to myself "There will not be another team like that for many years to come." Football, baseball and cricket in the summer, and hockey in the winter, are the games played there, all of which are healthful sports.

At 1:30 I found all in the class rooms. All seemed to be taking an interest in their lessons as when I asked them if they wished to go home they replied in the negative, and said that they wanted to learn more. That is right, they ought to know what it is to be without an education, and all I mean both pupils and graduates, should be thankful that there is such an institution for their benefit, and which is second to none in this wide world.

There are a few new teachers on the present staff, and all of whom are doing well. Those who taught me were Mr. Greene, Miss Sawyer and then Miss White, Mr. Watson, Miss Templeton, Mr. Ashley, Mr. Denys and Mr. Coleman. You will see that only three of these are there yet. The late S. T. Greene was a favorite among the deaf and it is to be regretted that he was cut away from them so early. The same may be said of Mr. Ashley. Although he suffered with rheumatism for many years he bore the pain with that fortitude which is always found in a man of his type.

Then the printing office was visited, where I found the foreman, Mr. Burns, busy getting up the forms for the 15th inst. issue. I shall not forget that I first learned my trade, that of printing, in THE CANADIAN MERE office. All know that printing is a good trade, but it is not as good as used to be, as the typesetting machines are daily gaining favor. When a machine is put into a printing office the compositors are the first to go.

Every one should learn how to do job work in order to be kept on.

The bake-shop, laundry, engine-room, carpenter-shop, kitchen and hospital were also visited, and I found everyone at their post doing the best. Something should be said of the hospital. All I can say is that it is a splendid building, situated as it is opposite Wood Hall, and has taken up some of the foot ball field to the west. There are many other improvements since I left school, which would take much space to describe, but all that I will say is that everything is in a clean condition and a credit to the province.

A new building is much needed for the accommodation of those in attendance which I hope the Ontario government will see fit to grant next year, or as soon as they can. At present there are at least twenty-two to a class, which is far too many for one teacher, the number should be lessened to at least fifteen.

I think I have trespassed upon too much of your valuable space, so I will make the rest as brief as possible.

After staying there a couple of days I told Mr. Mathison that I thought I had been there long enough and was going to leave for home. Mr. Mathison very thoughtfully asked me to remain longer, which I would have accepted had I had the time at my disposal. After thanking him for the kind invitation to stay longer, and for his hospitality, and saying "adieu" to all, I left for home, arriving safely at ten o'clock in the evening after stopping off at two of the principal places on the line en route to visit friends.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space you have placed at my disposal and wishing you all prosperity, I am,

Respectfully yours,

GRITTY

October 17th, 1897

SINGHAMPTON NOTES.

From an occasional Correspondent

John Taylor wheeled to Horning Mills on his bicycle to visit Thomas Middleton.

Threshing is the order of the day in these parts. Potatoes are only a half crop out this way.

There are plenty of deer and ducks and the boys are going after them.

There was a big crowd in the Methodist church lately to hear a celebrated Evangelist and he has got them all converted.

The Mennonite Camp Meeting was numerously attended and the ministers dipped 50 or more persons during August. The ministers have a hard time hitting the wicked ones.

Thomas Middleton's father built a new house. Tom has been quite busy at home and helping the cheese maker of the district.

I think the next Deaf Mute Convention ought to be held in Belleville, as it is the best place, but perhaps it is none of my business to advise the committee.

Mr. Hawkins, one of the O. B. C. foot ball players, who was in the match with the boys at the Institution, when he is at home lives near this place.

I have been helping our neighbors to thresh their grain but I do not like threshing or any other kind of work if I can get out of it. I hope you and all the old pupils of the Institution remember me and are doing well.

RAGLAN NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. James Ormiston, who went to Manitoba in April last, intending to spend a few months, found his visit suddenly checked by being called home on account of the sudden death of his only surviving brother, William. His sister, Mrs. Grace Moffatt, died only a few months before, following the death of his father and little son. Mr. and Mrs. Ormiston have our sympathy. He had another brother who was accidentally killed when a boy, and James is the only son that raised a family.

We are pleased to note that Mr. J. Ormiston will not go to Manitoba to live, as he has a good farm in Ontario.

F. Spinks went to Manitoba on the harvesters' excursion in August. Geo. McLaren is there yet and may settle down there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McLaren are the happy parents of a daughter, born on 1st September. Congratulations.

We live to expect, and when expectation is either disappointed or gratified we want to be again expecting. - Johnston

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

One fine afternoon three of our enthusiastic bicyclists started out for a spin around the city. Everything went just lovely for a short distance, when one of them suddenly disappeared. He vanished as if the earth had swallowed him or an open drain trap taken him in. His two companions turned around in amazed perplexity at his mysterious disappearance. After an anxious search they stumbled upon him, a sight for gods and men, sitting in the gutter collecting himself generally. His shoes and hat bore dire evidence of his having been in a very slough of despond. His bike looked more like a farmer's wheel barrow that had just come through the hog pen drain than a civilized city article. The sympathetic friends sat down on each side of him like Job's comforters and patted him into consciousness. When sufficiently recovered he said that while swinging along in happy meditations, free of care, he suddenly found himself in the ditch, how he got there he had not time to notice. His friends patched him up as decently as they could and got him around, not much the worse for wear and tear. We refrain from giving the gentleman's name for fear he will be tormented by sympathetic callers.

At our Sunday afternoon services lately, Mr. Nassmith has been studying with us the "Lord's Prayer." He doctored prayer as asking some one for something. God was not pleased with outward show, repetition or form but with real heart cry to Him. Beginning last Sunday with the first clause, "Our Father which art in Heaven," Mr. Nassmith emphasized the word "our," and spoke of all Christians as brothers and sisters, whether English, African, Chinese, Indian, or Canadian, we were all one in Christ Jesus. All our large family with God as our Father, and as such we should be kind, loving and sympathetic toward each other. We all know that the term father is one of the nearest, dearest and tenderest relations in the world, and as no parent can allow a child to grow up without correction, so our loving Father in Heaven has to do the same, but it is always in love. When Jesus comes for us, He will take us to Heaven where our father has prepared a home for all his children.

We are sorry to say that we are going to lose one of our most estimable young ladies, in the person of Miss Eva Elliott, for some time at least, who having decided to go to Detroit where her married sister is living. The gap her removal will make in our circle will be hard to fill indeed. We wish her much happiness, however, in her new sphere.

From a casual observation it appears that a large majority of the friends here who take an interest in the next Convention are strongly in favor of its being held either in Toronto or Hamilton.

If any of our city portrait artists have been dull during the past summer, Mr. J. H. Ford has been an exception. The reason of this is easily solved. Why? He employs three talented deaf artists, viz., Mr. A. W. Mason, and Messrs M. O'Neil and Jessio Muro. Does this not speak well for deaf talent.

We have heard it rumored that our friend, Chas. Elliott is booming a new kind of biscuit, just on the market. We would recommend him as an agent for the same, there being no more energetic, and capable hustler than he is.

We regret to announce the sickness of two of our family, viz., Messrs. Ben Terrell and Andrew Muddle. As far as your correspondent could learn, there did not appear to be any serious apprehension in either case.

Miss Jessio Muro, one of Toronto's popular young ladies, attended the morning service in the West End lately.

Flora McGregor received a photo of her late friend and chum, Maud Andrews.

The funeral of Geo. Arnall, who died at the Institution, took place from his father's residence, 86 River street, at 2 p. m., on the 5th inst. A few of the city deaf were present. George will be missed by the deaf society here, of which he was highly esteemed. His parents have our sympathy.

Don't forget that the cars run on Sunday. We have heard of one or two of our deaf who, in a moment of absent mindedness, narrowly missed being run over.

The Dorcas Sewing Circle met at Mrs. Nassmith's on the 11th. The ladies appear to show great interest, as they find it a pleasure.