

There's a Boy in the House.

A gun in the parlor, a kite in the hall,
In the kitchen a broom, and a bat and a ball
On the sideboard a ship, and on the bookcase a flare,
And a hat for whose ownership none would dispute
And out on the porch, gallantly prancing no where,
A spirited hobby horse jaws at the air
And a well-polished pie plate out there on the shelf,
Near the tall jelly jar which a mischievous elf
Plympled as slyly and slick as a mouse,
Make it easy to see There's a Boy in the House

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout,
Above and below and around and about
A rattling, a pounding, a hammering of nails,
The building of houses, the shaping of sails,
Entrances for paper, for scissors, for string,
For every trifling, bothersome thing,
A hat of the door and a dash up the stairs
In the interest of tiresome business affairs,
And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse,
Make it easy to hear There's a Boy in the House

But oh, if the toys were not scattered about,
And the house never echoed to racket and rattle
If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat,
And one need not wipe after wee, muddy feet,
If no one laughed out when the morning was red
And with kisses went tumbling all tired to bed
What a wearisome, work-a-day world, don't you see?

For all who love with little laddies 'twould be,
And I'm happy to think, though I shrink like a mouse,
From disorder and din—There's a Boy in the House!

Tim's First Day's Work.

BY SIDNEY DYER.

Things looked bad for Tim as he awoke one morning in early spring. It was spring only by name, not by nature—just early enough for the crispness and snappiness of winter to be over, and too early for the mildness and sweetness of spring to have begun.

But this was not the worst of it for Tim. His mother had been sick a week. For days there had been plenty to eat of the provision made by her brave hard-working hand. But to day Tim got up to find nothing but potatoes and salt, with a pinch of tea for his mother.

"And it's thankful to the good Lord we'll be for that, Timmy, no boy," she said. "In the old country—a blessing be on every inch of it—we saw the bit o' mate only twice a year—at Christmas and Easter."

"I'm glad I don't live there," said Tim. "I like a piece o' bread for breakfast—and a wee scrapin' o' butter on it, too."

His mother shook her head, but whether in regret at his not having the bread and butter or in reproof for his extravagant ideas, Tim never knew, for she did not say.

"It's myself must be atnu the money for ye now, mother," said Tim, as he brought her her breakfast.

"It's the fua follow ye'll be for that when ye're grown bigger. And it's growin' fast ye are now," she said, gazing at him in pride and fondness.

Tim had spoken without much thought of "arriu," but with her words the idea really came. Why shouldn't he be doing something to help his mother? He was rather a small boy, it was true, but small boys often worked hard. He saw as he took the potatoes to cook in the ashes, that there were no more.

But what was he to do? If he had only thought of it yesterday he might have made a little, clearing from sidewalks the snow which had fallen the evening before.

He had kept the little bit in front of the house in which they had a room—it was only as long as the house was wide—so clean that people used to look relieved when they came to it. Besides this he had never done anything except the housework when his mother went out to wash.

There still might be walks to clean, so Tim shouldered a borrowed shovel and went out. He did not feel very courageous, for things were not very cheerful when his mother was sick. But just as he turned out of the narrow street into the broader one the sun came into sight, meeting his eyes with such a beaming smile that Tim felt sure he was saying: "Good morning, Timmy. You and I have our day's work before us, haven't we? And we're going to do the very best we can, hey?"

"We are that same!" Tim winked and blinked as he nodded back his answer, and stopped off with a ring of resolution in every tap of his foot on the pavement.

Most of the people in the center of the town had their sidewalks cleaned the day before. But Tim kept on until he reached a quiet street in which he found a row of small houses in rather large yards. It would take a good deal of shoveling in order to clear those walks,

and for some reason it had not been done. The snow was broken up by people who had passed, and looked as if it might make hard walking.

"This was his chance, Tim decided. But just as he decided it he found that he had no courage to ask any one if he might have the job. He had never asked in his life for work and did not know how to begin.

He stopped to think—then made up his mind that he might as well be working while he was thinking. So he began vigorously at the snow.

"What are you doing?" cried a voice and he saw a woman coming from the house towards him.

"It's just claimin' the walk, I am, ma'am," said Tim, politely taking off his hat.

"You're making a mistake. Haven't hired anybody to clean it."

"Nivet a mistake in the wuruld, ma'am. The snow's here, and it ought to be off, bad luck to it."

"If it's all the same to ye, ma'am," said Tim. "I'll be goin' on wid it. I'm expectin' to do it for the lady next door there, and it won't be well looking without this bit o' mate, too."

"Oh, you're going to do that one, are you?" said the woman, looking towards her neighbor's house. It's the first time I ever know her to hire some one to clean her walks. But you look too little to do so much work."

"Wait till you see, ma'am."

"Well, I don't mind saying I'll pay you ten cents. Not a bit more, though."

Tim touched his hat again, his whole heart swelling with pride and joy. He worked like a hero until the morning was gone, when he went to claim the pay for his well-done work.

Silver in this pocket. And of his own earning. His delight gave him courage to knock at the door of the next house.

"I'd like—it's claimin' your walk I'd like to be, ma'am."

"I don't want it cleaned," said the woman who came to the door. "There ain't much passing here, and it don't pay for spending the money."

After what he had said to the other lady Tim felt in honor bound to see that the walk next to hers was cleaned.

"If ye plaze, ma'am," he said. "I'll be glad to be doin' it without pay."

"Be off with you," said the other, going into the house.

Tim set to work, and in half an hour the woman came and looked over the fence.

"It does loo nice," she said. "And she's got hers done, hasn't she?" looking with great surprise at her neighbor's walk.

"Yes, ma'am," said Tim.

"I don't mind saying I'll give you your dinner, if you clean it all up nice. Come in when you hear a bell."

When Tim, hungry with his long morning's faithful work, went into the house at the first jingle of the bell, he found a good dinner waiting for him.

"An it's the illigant mate kitchen ye have, ma'am," he said, smiling all over a good natured, homely, freckled, round-checked face looking out from a stock of red hair.

"Two windys, and such a lot o' sunshine comin' in. And plants growin'—and a kitchen. And a bit o' mate for my dinner?"

He ate the "bit o' mate," the potatoes and cabbage and liberal supply of bread and butter. Then he got up with a face full of questioning.

"Don't you like pie and doughnuts?" asked the woman.

"If you plaze, ma'am," Tim made his bow, finding it a difficult thing to do when he had no hat on to take off. "It's my mother that's sick and doin' no work the week, and she never aittin her dinner by the blessed sunshine like this—and if it wouldn't be displasin' to ye that I'd just take 'em to her, and be back to the claimin' the walk—"

"Where do you live?" asked the woman.

"Over in Dustbin Alley."

"That's a long way. Has your mother anything to eat?"

"Yes'm, the pratties left from breakfast."

"If you're going to work this afternoon, you had better not go now. Come in when you have done, and I'll give you something for your mother. Eat those yourself."

Tim went back to his work much cheered by his good dinner. The sun seemed to follow him in all work, so closely, in fact, that he began to find it very warm as he stooped to his struggle with the well packed snow. He felt half inclined to go for a while around

the corner into the shade of a high wall. But that would be leaving his work. He had done so well so far, that he was determined to make a thorough day of it.

And just as he had decided upon this a shade passed over him, bringing a grateful coolness and taking the dazzle out of his snowblind eyes. He looked up and saw that a white cloud had hidden the sun's merry face.

"It's a gentleman ye are!" exclaimed Tim, taking off his hat and bowing low. "Thank ye for puttin' the purty veil before ye."

The afternoon was partly spent before Tim had honorably paid for his dinner and tapped at the door of the next house. The woman who came to it had a pleasant face than the others.

"My walk cleaned! Why, yes, I wanted it done yesterday, but nobody came along, and I can only pay twenty five cents."

"Twenty five cents! Tim tried hard to keep back the full radiance of his smile for fear she might change her mind and make it smaller.

"But I'm afraid you can't get it done to-day," she added.

"Oh, yes'm, I can. I know I can."

"Haven't you any mittens? Your hands look cold," for by this time a raw wind had begun to bring a suggestion of coming night, and the sun seemed to remember that he had business somewhere else.

"Oh, no'm, I keep them warm dig'n'."

"Go on then," she said.

If Tim had worked before, how much harder he worked now. Just before saying good night to the world, the sun peeped out between a cloud and a mountain, wrapping Tim and his work in a yellow glow.

"I'm most done," said Tim beaming back at him. "Be sure you come along here to-morrow and be drying up the walk after me."

The sun gave a wink and dropped out of sight, while Tim finished his job by the light of the rising moon.

"Doubt, have you?" said the lady of the house as he knocked at the back door. "Here's your money. But come in and get warm, and here's a cup of tea and some cookies before you go. Yes, I know your hands were cold," as Tim held them up before the fire. "Here's a pair of mittens my boy can't wear. He lost them out in the rain and they shrank so they're too small for him. But they're as warm as ever they were."

Warm indeed Tim found them, as with his quarter keeping company with the dime in his pocket he stopped for the something for his mother.

"It's supper for you and your mother, soolug you weren't there to get it for her. No, you needn't say so many thank-yous. It isn't any more'n you've rightly earned. That was a long walk to clean, and hard work, too."

Tea, sugar, a glass of jolly, a bottle of soup and a loaf of fresh bread. As Tim hurried along to his mother he was the proudest, happiest boy in the world. And after enjoying it to the full and seeing her surprise and delight over the money of his own earning, Tim found that he was also the trestest boy in the world, and went to sleep feeling sure the world is a very good place for boys who love their mothers, and do their earnest, honest best.—The Standard.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—3:40 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.
East—1:45 p.m.; 4:15 p.m.; 12:07 p.m.; 3:50 p.m.;
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—5:40 a.m.;
12:10 p.m.; 6:45 p.m.; 6:40 p.m.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A. Hall, Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
Charlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a.m.
First Avenue Baptist Church, Corner of Bolton and First Avenue, at 11 a.m.
Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p.m.
Bible Class meetings every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. in private residences.
Doreas Society meets every second Thursday, from 2 to 3 p.m. in private homes.
Lectures may be arranged if desired by addressing Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf of Toronto, 223 McCaul Street.

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.

GENERAL INFORMATION

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Classes:

SCHOOL HOUSING FROM 9 A. M. TO 11 A. M. FROM 1 P. M. TO 3 P. M. DRAWING FROM 3 P. M. ON TUESDAY AND THURSDAY WEEK
GIRL'S FANCY WORK CLASS ON MONDAY NOON OF EACH WEEK FROM 1:30 TO 3 P. M.
EVENING STUDY FROM 7 TO 8:15 P. M. FOR PUPILS AND FROM 7 TO 8 FOR JUNIOR PUPILS

Articulation Classes:

FROM 9 A. M. TO 12 NOON, AND FROM 1:30 TO 3 P. M.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY Primary pupils at 9:30 a.m. Senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture 2:30 p.m. Immediately after which the Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOLDAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m. and the Teacher in charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards discuss them so that they may reach their respective school rooms 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.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN. Rev. C. Burke, Night Rev. Municipal Parsonage, Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A., (Presbyterian), Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A., D. D., (Methodist), Rev. V. H. Cowart, (Baptist), Rev. M. Maclean, (Presbyterian), Rev. Father Sheedy, Rev. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rev. Jos. H. Locke

BIKER CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 1:15; in National Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

STOYD ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3:15 to 3:45 o'clock

PAINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CARPENTRY ROOMS FROM 7:30 TO 9:30 A. M. AND FROM 1:30 TO 3:30 P. M. FOR PUPILS WHO ATTEND SCHOOL; those who do not from 7:30 A. M. TO 1:30 P. M. AND FROM 1:30 TO 3:30 P. M. EACH WEEK, except Saturday, when the office and shop will be closed at noon

THE SEWING CLASS Hours are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m. those who do not attend school, and from 2:30 to 3 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons

The Printing Office, Shop and Set Rooms to be left each day when work is done in a clean and tidy condition

PUPILS are not to be excused from various Classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work to interfere with the performance of their several duties

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on Monday afternoons. The best time for visitation on ordinary school days is as soon after 12 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock

Admission of Children:

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

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the classrooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quince Hotel, Huggan House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parent or guardian. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FROM PARENTS OR GUARDIANS, FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE AT EASE AND ANXIOUS.

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

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

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise their medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in case of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent