

The Year.

I know twelve lovely sisters,
With names both short and long,
Every year they come to see us,
But they come here one by one

The first to come is January,
With frost and sleet and snow,
Then February brings to us
A birthday we all know

The next to come is March, you know,
Then April with her showers,
And next to her comes modest May
With all her pretty flowers.

Then lovely June comes to us,
When the days stay up so late,
She says July is coming
With the day we celebrate

Then hot and weary August,
One and thirty days, does rule
Before we meet September
Who brings us back to school

October then comes to us
All dressed in red and yellow,
November brings Thanksgiving Day,
A jolly little fellow.

And last of all December comes,
The best month of the year,
She always brings us Christmas time
With Santa Claus, so dear.

—*Kinderparthen Verse*

A New Year's Duck.

"Oh! Nellie, you should see the lovely duck I got as a present this morning—it's a perfect beauty—I am going to have it for our New Year's dinner," said Mrs. English to her friend Mrs. Laue, who had come in to see her during the afternoon and talk over the Christmas celebration of a few days before.

"Is your duck dressed or alive, Kate?" asked Nellie in some haste.

"Oh! it's alive, I am going to dress it myself," answered Kate, "it's not much trouble to dress a duck—do you think it would be?"

"Well, Kate, I really pity you. I must tell you what a dreadful time I had with the one you killed last week, it yet makes me shiver all over only to think of it, it was such a terrible day the memory of it will never fade away! I really think my back has not once stopped aching since I picked that duck."

"Do tell me, Nellie, won't their feathers come out, or what was the trouble?" asked Kate. "I am beginning to feel alarmed."

"I'll begin by telling you how we got the duck," began Nellie. "One night after I had gone up stairs with the baby, and John was smoking his pipe—it must have been after 12 o'clock—there was a faint knock at the kitchen door. I heard John going to the door and speaking to some one and then he and the some one went into the garden to the chicken coop, and presently I heard a loud noise and fuss among the hens. It was Jim Peters. He had won a duck at a raffle at a tavern and asked John to let him put it in our hen coop until further notice.

"Now, either the duck did not feel very comfortable or the hens did not feel as much at ease as formerly. I don't know what caused it, but there was a constant war going on among them. Why, I didn't get one egg while that fowl was in there. So I told John to tell Jim to remove it or we would kill it. At last John bought it from Jim and killed it, and said I should roast it for dinner.

"Now, John killed it before he went to work, but I thought if I would begin to dress it after nine o'clock I could soon get it in the oven. Then I know nothing about ducks; now I am much wiser.

"I asked ma—you know ma just came the day before from the west; it's the first time she had been to see us since we were keeping house. I asked ma whether I should scald the duck or pick it dry. She said she had always picked hers dry and had saved the down for her feather beds. So I began to pick it dry.

"I picked and picked and pulled until my fingers ached—it seemed as though the feathers were grown in to stay, and it took so long I was beginning to get nervous, so when ma wasn't looking I poured some boiling water over the duck to hurry up matters.

"But, dear me, then the real trouble began. The hot water made the skin so tender and greasy that it tore off in large pieces, and the down stuck like wax. I really think if I had saved all that down it would have been enough for at least four large pillows. When I thought one side was nearly done it would be all covered with another coat of down and fuzz and pinfeathers and I don't know what all that duck didn't have to cover itself with.

"No wonder ducks never get wet when they go into the water. Why,

this one's skin was one sheet of fat and feathers.

"When the clock struck 10 that duck looked perfectly dreadful. I felt so disgusted I almost cried. Then, when ma saw the tears in my eyes she said if I would hold the baby she would pick awhile. So I sat down to rest—why, really, I felt so faint I could scarcely stand any longer, just fussing with that horrid fowl.

"Now you know how fretful the baby is—she is teething, and it takes one of us to entertain her all the time or she annoys the family on the other side of the house—every time she cries some one comes over to see 'what ails that baby.' "When John moves again I am going to have him move into a single house, and then I can let the baby cry all she wants to.

"After ma had picked until she was tired a bright idea came into my head, and I told her I would skin the duck entirely—then no one would find any pin feathers and it would look smooth and sleek all over. It only provoked me that I had not thought of doing it before. I don't know why it is, but somehow my bright ideas always come too late.

"So I gave the baby to ma and told them to watch this interesting performance.

"It was easier said than done. My, how greasy that skin was! It was almost impossible to get a good tight hold—I pulled and jerked and wished I had never had any bright ideas until it was finally skinned and the clock pointed to 10 minutes to 12 and no dinner.

"Then I had to run to the corner grocery to get some dried beef—I very well know John detested dried beef for dinner, but they had nothing else, and when John came home he ate his dinner (?) in silence. But I promised to have the duck for supper.

"With this prospect in view I went to work more cheerfully, yet not very satisfied I fear. In order to have the duck well done I put it in the oven soon after dinner, and was surprised to see how small it got—the longer it roasted the smaller it grew, and it looked so funny, something like a skinned cat; when in comes John, bringing a friend to help eat the duck!

"Well, no one can imagine my feelings. When they sat down to the table I noticed John looking around for something, and finally when he saw the horrid little shriveled-up thing he burst out into a hearty laugh, saying: 'Why, Nellie, is this all that is left of our duck?' I never before felt so mortified. John tried to find a tender piece for our guest, but it was impossible to find anything tender on the duck—it was as dry as chips, worse than the driest dried beef, and oh, so tasteless and so dark—do you think I roasted it too long, Kate?"

"I hope I may never, never again see another duck."

Speech for the Deaf.

Were it not for the deeply serious nature of it all, there would be something almost amusing in the picture furnished us of the vain efforts made to force water to run up hill, viz., to compel deaf children to relinquish the strongest inclinations of their whole being toward a living and (for them) natural means of communication, and instead thereof to confine their daily mental and heart-life to the narrow, artificial and halting medium provided through speech and lip-reading. Again and again direct or implied confession is made of the almost insuperable difficulty in getting children to really practise their speech and lip-reading on the play-ground or at home, etc. When the children go home, they are not encouraged to use what they are trying to acquire at school with such pains, including particularly their speech. In other words, the speech and lip-reading of four-fifths of the deaf when taken out of the hands of theoretic enthusiasts, and brought to the searching tests of a world, that has no theories to support, turns out to be the halting, half-useless thing that it is, a trial to all concerned, and is speedily dropped. If this be not the truth of the matter, then why is it that pressure and force are forever necessary to impel the deaf to use their speech? To one who thoughtfully and frankly observes that universal complaint about the perverseness of the orally taught deaf in yielding to the wiles of the sign language, what is the true inwardness of it all? Simply this—that you cannot force the vine to grow otherwise than toward the sunshine.—*Silent Messenger, Belfast.*

We Thank Thee.

For power that thou hast put our feet
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
For father in heaven, we thank thee,
For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in heaven, we thank thee!
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

The Faithful Watch-dog and the Incendiary.

One dark night an old and superannuated watch-dog, who had been turned out to die, was sleeping in an empty hog-head in the alley back of the big store belonging to his master, when he was awakened by a suspicious sound. Peering cautiously out of his retreat, he saw a man in a black mask creep stealthily up to the building and begin piling a lot of inflammable material against it.

"Ah," said the old watch-dog, "here is a fine chance to return good for evil, and heap coals of fire on the head of my cruel master! Only this morning he kicked me from the premises which I have guarded so long, saying, 'Begone, you worthless cur!' and bruised, humbled, and well-nigh broken-hearted, I crept in here to rest and reflect, little thinking that I would so soon have an opportunity to demonstrate my worth and earn the life-long gratitude of my master by saving his property from the torch of an incendiary."

So saying, the faithful watch-dog, summoning all his strength, sprang upon the masked intruder and bore him to the ground just as he was about to apply the match. There was a terrific struggle, but the mastiff bravely hung on until a policeman reached the spot and took charge of the would-be incendiary.

The next day the insurance authorities took the case in hand, and in due course of time the faithful and plucky old watch-dog was fitted out with a gold collar, and furnished with an easy berth and luxurious quarters in a big insurance building, while the dog's ungrateful master (for the man in the black mask was indeed he) received his just deserts by being sentenced to seven years' hard labor for attempted arson.

Moral.—It never pays to go back on an old friend—either four-legged or two-legged—especially if you are going into some crooked transaction where he is liable to catch you at it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A teacher's business is not only to know how to govern pupils, but also to teach them how to govern themselves. Almost anyone can accomplish the former, but it requires a teacher to do the latter.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
WEST—3:15 a.m.; 6:20 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:35 a.m.; 1:05 p.m.
EAST—1:05 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 10:17 a.m.; 12:15 p.m.; 5:10 p.m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—3:15 a.m.; 11:45 a.m.; 5:10 p.m.; 5:45 p.m.

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.

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, at 11 a.m.
Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. Leaders—Mosses, Nasolith, Bridgen and others.
East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Streets, between 11 a.m. and 12 p.m.
BIBLE CLASSES—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 Kingston Street.
Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto.

HAMILTON DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

MESSEURS GRANT AND DUFEY conduct religious services every Sunday, at 3 p.m., in Tremble 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. R. Hyman, Vice-President, Thom Thompson, Secy., Treasurer, Wm. Bryce, Berget-at-arms, J. H. Mosher.
Meetings are open to all mutes and friends interested.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m. DRAWING from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday.

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. EVENING READER from 7 to 8 p.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for juniors.

Articulation Classes:—

From 7 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m.

Religious Exercises:—

EVERY MONDAY—Primary pupils, 9 a.m.; senior pupils at 11 a.m.; General Assembly, 2:30 p.m., immediately after which the classes will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are taken in charge for the week, will open their books and afterwards dismiss them, so that they may reach their respective schools later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 5 o'clock the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be discontinued in an orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. J. H. Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Patrick, Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A., (Presbyterian); Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist); Rev. H. Cowart, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. V. (Presbyterian); Rev. Father Conroy, (Catholic); Rev. J. J. Rice, (Evangelical); Rev. D. D., (Rev. J. J. Rice, (Evangelical)).

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. National 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, SHOPS AND CATERING: Hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. Those who do not attend school, and those from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. each working day except Saturday, when the office will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING 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 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shops and Catering Room to be left each day when work is done in a clean and tidy condition.

PUPILS are not to be excused from the 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, desiring to visit the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 p.m. on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visiting on ordinary school days is as soon after 10 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children:—

When pupils are admitted and parents are with them to the Institution, they are advised not to linger and prolong waiting with their children. It only adds 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 wish to come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms 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 Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, the American and Dominion Hotels at most 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 on each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence:—

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF PARENTS OR GUARDIANS OR FRIENDS MAY BE QUITE AT HOME AND ARI. WELL.

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 not been 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 advised against Quack Doctors who advertise cures and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.