

The Stories at Mother's Knee.

BY D. BRAINERD WILLIAMSON.

The years pass over my head,
As I sit by the fire,
The light of the eyes is dead,
That shone in the other day,
And memory is faulty grown,
In much that was dear to me,
Yet never have been o'erthrown
The stories at mother's knee.

Often I think of her now,
As I muse by the fireplace,
And see the curls on her brow,
And her warm and gentle face;
The tones of her voice so dear,
They tenderly "use" to me,
And again I seem to hear
The stories at mother's knee.

They filled my soul with delight,
And made an hour I spent,
As the twilight grew into night,
Listening in blissful content,
Of the great and good she told,
And her words were sweet to me,
And better than gems or gold,
Those stories at mother's knee.

So to live I've always tried,
In the way she trained my youth,
When her dear lips sought to guide
My heart in the paths of truth;
And I pray that heaven will
This memory leave to me—
A store house to cherish still,
The stories at mother's knee.

Importance of Thoroughness.

Quite recently 191 persons took the entrance examinations in the department of English at Northwestern University. Of the number but 26 passed. The examination consisted of spelling 160 simple words and punctuating one paragraph of common English.

The students had been grinding over Greek and Latin syntax, working hard problems in trigonometry, and mastering mysteries of the natural sciences, at the same time forgetting how to spell. Most of them brought diplomas from various high schools and academies. They appeared well prepared in all other subjects. But in such little things as grammar and spelling a very large majority of them were "stumped." The errors in spelling ranged all the way from one up to fifty-eight out of 150 words, the average being twenty-eight. They faltered on such words as proceed, excitement, ammunition, dilapidate, temperance, etc.

All this is highly suggestive. It points to the very great value of elementary education. The great need of our schools at the present day is thoroughness. If this be true of hearing schools how much more so with schools for the deaf. Though many of our pupils might come off with flying colors in a spelling contest, what per cent of them could give a satisfactory summary of their history lessons or write an original composition on an everyday subject without committing gross mistakes in syntax?

The point we wish to make is: Our pupils are hurried along from one course to the next without being given a chance to master the intricacies of language. Of course this is all wrong. In the world of business no man would stand a chance of promotion unless he proved himself worthy of it.—*Ex.*

Fishing on Toe for a Call Bell.

George McGinnis, of St. Joseph, Mo., is deaf and dumb and afraid of burglars. He will never occupy a hotel room with the door left unlocked. His physical and mental ailments have resulted in a unique scheme for his awakening. He fastens a fishline around his big toe and then passes the line out through the ventilator to the hall, and when the bellboy calls him the boy pulls the line. The withdrawal of the line is the signal that Mr. McGinnis is awake.

Mr. McGinnis registered at the Columbia Hotel, Denver, and in writing described to the clerk the operation of his patent quack awakener. The Missourian was assigned to a room on the third floor and the clerk and the bellboy gave him a half hour in which to retire and then went up to his room to ascertain if he was in earnest regarding the fishline. They found the line hanging through the transom.

It was the desire of Mr. McGinnis to be called at 6:30 o'clock, but so anxious was the bellboy to try the new device for awakening guests that it was 6:12 when the lad mounted the steps. He fairly ran through the hall and, catching his breath for a few minutes, caught the fishline firmly in his hands and then fell back against the opposite wall. If there was any doubt in the mind of the boy of the successful operation of the device it was speedily removed. Almost as soon as the boy fell back came a yell from the room. Then there was a sound of some one tumbling out of bed,

and in another second the line was jerked so fast through the hands of the lad that his hands were scorched.

"Ho's up!" said the boy.
Twenty minutes later George McGinnis of St. Joseph, Mo., came down to the office, limping, and, going up to the clerk, wrote this out on a card:
"Tell that bellboy not to be so enthusiastic in waking me next time!"

Neddy's Long Word.

"Remember, Neddy," said mother one day, "always to accommodate every one that you can."

"Yes'm," said Neddy, heartily; "I will." Mother felt sure he would, for Neddy is one of the very best boys you ever saw to remember things.

The next day Mrs. Camp called to him as he was running down the street. Neddy heard her, and stopped, though he didn't much want to. He was going over on Wilson Pond skating, and in a great hurry; but he went up to the door where Mrs. Camp was standing, and pulled off his cap with a polite little bow, which pleased the lady very much.

"Will you run down to the store for me, dear?" she asked. "I want a spool of twist, and I have no one to send."

Neddy's eyes closed up the least bit in the world, but Mrs. Camp was looking in her purse for the right change, and didn't notice; and before she found it, the bright sun of good nature was shining again in Neddy's eyes, and he answered, "Yes'm," as cheerfully as could be.

It didn't take long after all. The store was not a great way off, and there were no other customers; and Neddy, in less than five minutes, was back again with the spool of twist.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Camp, smiling at him. Then she took a bright new dime from her purse. "Here is some thing for you to buy peanuts with," said she, kindly; "and I'm very much obliged, besides."

But Neddy shook his head at the dime, though he liked peanuts as well as maple sugar, which is saying a good deal.

"You're welcome as can be," said he, "but I can't take pay for going. Mrs. Camp, cause, you know, mother tells me always to a—dominate every one I can!"

Didn't Mrs. Camp laugh! She couldn't help it, though she tried so hard that she choked, and frightened Neddy, who could not think what the trouble was.

"Bless your dear heart!" said she, as soon as she could speak. Then she went to the corner closet and took out a little pyramid of maple sugar—more than Neddy could have bought at the store with two dimes. "There," said she, "I know you like sap, don't you? And this isn't pay; it's a present."

"Oh, thank you," cried Neddy, eagerly. "I'll go right home and show it to mother!"

So he did; and Mrs. Camp sat down by her window and laughed and laughed and laughed. "Bless his dear little manly heart," said she.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Order and system are nobler things than power.—*Ruskin.*

A young man once got a job sweeping out a wholesale house and unpacking boxes. He said to himself: "Now it is very important that I do this work well, for if I raise a lot of dust in sweeping I will damage the stock, and if I open boxes in a reckless manner, I am liable to render articles undesirable." Two months later he was still doing his work well, and was considered a great curiosity. He did not object when asked to do things not strictly within his line of work, and accordingly began acquiring a knowledge of work of others. He soon took a careless man's place, and got better wages. He was not overly smart, but a careful workman. Instead of studying how little he could do, he was trying to accomplish as much as possible with the time bought by his employer. So few of the other employees did this that he found himself being promoted, and yet he did not seem to be working any harder than the others. It did not take him any longer to do a thing carefully than it did to do it carelessly. He did not stop to discuss things, nor ask questions unnecessarily. He worked and did small things. He naturally fell into the biggest position in the wholesale house, and got fat while he was doing it. He now owns the store, and is called a lucky dog.—*Ex.*

The Ghost of Airlie.

Who heard the ghostly drummer of Cortachy Castle beat the death-roll of the late Earl of Airlie? His special tattoo is ever the herald of death to the Ogilvys. In bygone times there was a drummer who drummed for the "Bonny House of Airlie." The wretched player offended the Earl of those days, and was tied up in his own drum and hung from the tower. After vainly pleading for his life, the poor little drummer threatened that his ghost should haunt the family for ever and ever.

Legend has it that generation after generation the dead drummer has sounded the last post for Earl and Countess of Airlie, and the roll of his drum has through the long centuries blanched the faces of many inmates of Cortachy Castle.

In 1855 a visitor at Cortachy was dressing for dinner. A tattoo was beaten beneath her window. The lady listened in surprise, for as far as she knew, there were no handsmen at the castle. Going down to dinner she said to her host:

"Who is it that plays the drum so skilfully outside the castle?"

The Earl turned pale and shivered. The Countess could not hide her fear. The face of every Ogilvy at the table was deadly white. Within a week the Countess lay in her shroud. The drummer was the spectre of Cortachy Castle.

A few years later a young Englishman who was to shoot with Lord Ogilvy, the eldest son, at the Tulchan, a shooting lodge at the head of Glenishee, missed his way. The night was wild, and darkness had long set in before he saw the lights of the shooting lodge. Then up the glen came the long roll of the drum. There could be no mistaking it. Who could be playing out of doors on such a night, he asked Lord Ogilvy. "Silence!" was his only answer. It was the dead drummer of Cortachy Castle. The Earl of Airlie died in London within less than a week.

When the father of the Earl of Airlie, who fell in South Africa a short time ago, died, it is said that the drummer did not sound his drum. It may be true. Perhaps he has not beaten it on this occasion. But the countryside will not be denied their ghost, and it may be that we shall soon hear that the spectral drum was heard at Cortachy the day before the gallant cavalierman fell in South Africa.—*London Mail.*

Self denial is the virtue that is most admired and least practised.

Don't try to offset the meanness of to day with the goodness of yesterday.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—3:00 a.m.; 4:20 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.
1:15 p.m.; 3:10 p.m.
East—4:45 a.m.; 10:45 a.m.; 12:07 p.m.; 5:50 p.m.;
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—5:40 a.m.;
12:10 a.m.; 3:45 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 Bevercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
Charlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a.m.
First Avenue Baptist Church, Corner of Bolton and First Avenues, 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.
Boras Society meets every second Thursday, from 2 to 5 p.m., in private homes.
Lectures may be arranged if desired by addressing Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf of Toronto, 221 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.

FOR SALE.

A DOUBLE FARM of 70 acres, more or less, in the Township of Ernestown, Lennox Co., with a log cabin 18 x 22, barn 30 x 35, and plenty of water, only 11 miles from the city of Kingston and 11 miles from the town of Napawa, where there are good markets. Apply to
A. P. VANLUVEN,
MORVEN, ONT.

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE Education and Instruction of blind children is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address
A. H. DYMOND, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m. DRAWING from 3:30 to 5 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASSES on Monday afternoon of each week from 3:30 to 5 p.m.
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for senior 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 a.m., and senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture at 2:30 p.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m., and the Teachers in charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective schools at 9 o'clock later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 7 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. Canon Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Arrell, Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A. D. D. (Methodist); Rev. V. H. Cowart, Baptist; Rev. M. W. Maclean, Presbyterian; Rev. Father A. P. Sheehy; Rev. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. J. H. Locke.

SINGING CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3:15. International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATTHEW, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

SEWING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3:15 to 5:15 o'clock.
PRINTING OFFICE, SHOW AND CALISTO: Shows from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 8:30 to 9:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school; for those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m., each working day 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 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, Show and Sewing Room to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.

Pupils are not to be excused from the various classes or industrial department except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

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

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting 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 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visitors 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 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 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 Quinta Hotel, Hoffman 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 parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FROM PARENTS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE 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 nearly as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have 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 warned against Quack Doctors who advertise 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 cases of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent