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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



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POETRY

A New Year.

Here you are, little Year, Did you come in the night
When I was asleep in bed?
And how did you find your way in before light
With no sun shining out overhead?
Did you pass the old Year as he rushed out of sight
With a jack that was heavy as lead?
He looked just like you, oh! so shining and slim,
When he made his bow twelve months ago
We all said "Good morning, politely to him -
It was lantern, dear Year, as you know,
And his hand was outstretched and his eye was not dim
As he stood in his first morning glow
But his fifty-two weeks were so crowded with work
And he had such a handful of days,
That you couldn't expect, since he was not a slink,
He'd be chipper and cheery always
His story was raked up with brightness and milk,
And we'll speak of him only with praise.
As for you, little Year, you are growing so fast
As you stand in the other Year's place
That already the shadow that falls from the past
Is weaving its veil over your face
Oh! happy new Year, may your happiness last,
As you trot at the century's pace

Pat Laughed Last.

An Irishman, on seeing a notice in a haberdasher's window one day which ran as follows: "Everything sold here by the yard," entered and asked the man if he sold butter-milk.
"Yes," was the answer.
"Then give me a yard," said Pat.
"All right," said the man, and dipping his fingers into a dish of milk at his side, he drew it a yard in length on the counter.
"Anything else?" he queried, triumphantly, of Pat.
"No," said Pat; "just rowl it up in a piece of paper and I'll take it with me."
When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—South.

MISCELLANEOUS

Grandmother's Boy.

Carl Porter was sitting on the arm of his father's chair, after tea on New Year's eve. "Bess and I," said Carl, "were out in the woods getting mistle-toe and holly, and what do you think we saw? Bob lay carrying home a great bundle of wood. Squire Cannon said he could have all he could take, and Bob has carried home twenty bundles a day all the vacation." Two an hour he makes it, and at night he breaks them up, and packs and piles them in the woodshed. They have a big fire place, and he says they like fine big fires. But wasn't that a dull way to spend vacation?"
"He did not look dull, he looked jolly!" cried Bess, "strong and jolly, as if he had as good fun as we do!"
"And he wasn't a bit ashamed of our knowing the way he did, and seeing his little house, and all."
"Why should he be ashamed, Carl?" asked the father.
"Oh, well - it was so - well - shabby, you know."
"I think it was manly and honourable and noble for a boy to work cheerfully to help along. How do you know him?"
"He goes to our school. I heard some one say that his father left a little money for him, and his grandmother keeps it all to educate him, he is so fond of his books. He don't wear nice clothes, but he is way up at the top of the class, over boys of fifteen and sixteen, and he's only thirteen! He just digs in schools."
"Cousin Paul asked him to the party," said Bess, "but he said he could not come, his clothes did for school and church, but were not fine enough for parties. And he laughed and said:— 'You ask me when I'm a great lawyer or a judge, and then I'll come. Do you believe, papa, he'll be that?'"
"From what you tell me I should say he might. I fancy he is one of the boys that will stand at the top of the ladder.

Brave, honest, industrious, bright—good to his grandmother. That's the stuff men of mark are made of," said Mr. Porter.

"At school for a whole week we played court," said Carl, "and part of the time he was judge, and part of the time he was a lawyer. We had a whole lot of whiskey cases up, and he was terrible hard on the whiskey folks. Paul said to him, 'Carl, you're silly to be a temperance crank, for when you get to be a lawyer, you'll find that half the cases in court come some way from whiskey, and if there was prohibition, there would not be nearly so much work for lawyers, maybe you'd starve!' And Carl said he'd rather starve than make his living out of saying wrong is right, and making it legal to make men criminals by drink."

"I am pretty sure that your little wood-carrier will come out at the forefront of successful men," said Mr. Porter, "many 'temperance cranks' come out there."—National Temperance Advocate.

Three Silent Sisters.

"There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which present some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable," said a gentleman from the state in question, who is stopping at one of the New Orleans hotels. "The three sisters, all of whom are old maids, live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field, while the third does all the cooking and other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel like demons over a division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters have no name for themselves. They are known far and near as the deaf and dumb triplets, although this title is scarcely appropriate."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PUPILS TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matters to go out in boxes in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day excepted. The messenger is not to be sent letters or parcels, or receive parcels at post office for delivery for any other than the same as in the locked bag.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.