

The Punctuation Points.

Six little marks from school are we. Very important all agree. Filled to the brim with mystery, Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small. But where it stands the voice must fall. At the close of a sentence all Place this little mark from school.

One little mark with gown a trailing. Holds up the voice, and never falling. Tells you not long to pause when halting. This little mark from school.

It, out of breath, you chance to meet. Two little dots, both round and neat. Pause and those they guardian greet. This little mark from school.

When shorter pauses are your pleasure. One trail his word, takes half the measure. They speed you on to seek new treasure. This little mark from school.

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies. Keep up the voice, await replies. To gather information tries. This little mark from school.

One little mark, with an exclamation. Presents itself to your observation. And leaves the voice at an elevation. This little mark from school.

Six little marks, be sure to heed us. Carefully study, write and read us. For you can never cease to need us. Six little marks from school.

Julia M. Cotton.

Richy and his Motto.

The incidents of this story occurred shortly after the great Brooklyn Bridge had been completed. Mr. Mayo was sitting in his easy chair, reading the evening paper, when his son Richard—called "Richy" for short—was bending over his slate, busily solving problems in his algebra. For Richy was considerably advanced for his age. Suddenly Mr. Mayo looked up from his paper and said:

"See here, Richy! I've found something worth reading and remembering. Have you time to listen?"

"Oh, yes, if it's not too long," the boy rejoined.

"It is only a short paragraph. Let me see," scanning the columns of the paper. "Here it is:

"When the gates of the new Brooklyn Bridge were opened for foot-passengers the crowds pressing in from both ends became so great that the way was blocked. The people could not move in either direction, and there was danger of some of them being injured by the press. It was a question how to overcome the difficulty. At last the authorities caused placards to be put up at various places on which were printed these words, 'Keep to the right, and keep moving.' The crowds followed the directions given and the pressure was soon relieved."

Mr. Mayo stopped reading and looked at his son over his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"What do you think of that, Richy," he asked.

"It was a good way out of the dilemma," Richy answered, promptly.

"So it was; and it would be a good way out of many difficult places. How would those words, 'Keep to the right, and keep moving, do for a life-motto?"

A thoughtful look came to Richy's blue eyes.

"I don't know where one could find a better," he replied, returning to his problems; but, even while solving them, he resolved to make that sentence, "Keep to the right, and keep moving," the standard of his life.

There are plenty of opportunities for a boy to put such a principle into practice. The very next day an opportunity came to Richy. His problems were quite difficult, and he was feeling a little dull, if not lazy. His teacher was in the habit of solving the most difficult problems of each lesson for his own use on a pencil tablet, so that he could present them in the best form to the pupils.

During the day he sauntered around to Richy's desk, to see what progress the boy was making in the studies.

When he walked away he inadvertently left his tablet lying on Richy's desk. The latter glanced down at it, and saw at once that it contained the solution of the two most difficult problems over which he had been racking his brain in a futile effort for an hour.

How easy it would be to look hastily over the teacher's work! It would save him hours of hard study; and, more than that, it would insure him against failure. And Richy could not bear the thought of failing to-day. He had not failed with a single problem since the term began, and there was only one other pupil in the school who had made a similar record, and that was Tom

Patterson; and Richy could not afford to let Tom get ahead of him.

"Yes, I believe I'll just glance over Mr. Boyd's work," he mused. "It would help me so much."

What a temptation it was! Mr. Boyd would never know. No one would ever know—no one except Richy himself. But hold! Would it be right?

The thought of that word "right" brought another thought, which flashed like an electric gleam through his mind:

"Keep to the right, and keep moving!"

Up went Richy's hand in a trice, and he snapped his thumb and finger loudly to attract the teacher's attention.

"What is it, Richy?" asked Mr. Boyd.

"You've left your tablet on my desk," replied Richy.

"Sure enough!"

When Mr. Boyd stood before the youth and looked into his honest, unflinching eyes, he felt that no questions were needed. He simply said:

"I believe you are an honest boy, Richy," and turned away.

"If I want to keep to the right, and keep moving, I mustn't cheat, but I've got to solve my problems myself."

And he began to study "like a good fellow," as he afterward expressed it, and I am glad to say he at last succeeded with the problems.

That was Richy's first victory through his motto.

But another and a sower test came a few weeks later. It was before his mother's birthday. She was such a good, kind mother that he wanted to make her a birthday present.

"But what shall I get her?" he asked himself, again and again.

At length, one evening, when the family were together in their pleasant sitting-room his mother said, as she looked up from a magazine:

"That is exactly what I need."

"What is it?" asked Richy.

"A sewing chair. I've just been reading about one in this magazine."

"How much would it cost?" Richy questioned, interestedly.

"Five dollars."

"Who-ow!"

It seemed a large sum to Richy, who had very little money then in his possession. He pondered long and intently on the ways and means of raising five dollars before his mother's birthday.

He knew who must want the chair very much, or she never would have spoken of it, wretched woman that she was.

Two days passed, yet he saw no way of getting the coveted five dollars. In the evening, after school, his mother sent him a mile out into the country on an errand.

It was a delightful evening. Every now and then he had to stop to listen to the gay minstrelsy of the vesper sparrows and bobolinks in the adjacent fields.

Suddenly his eyes became riveted on an object lying in the middle of the road; a few rods before him.

"What's that?" he said. He went on a few paces. "It's something red," he added.

A moment later he exclaimed:

"Why, it's a— a pocket-book!"

He stopped and picked it up.

On opening it, he gave vent to a suppressed cry of mingled joy and astonishment:

"It's got twenty dollars in it!"

He looked around. No one was in sight—no one had seen him. No one would know that he had found the money. It was all his. He slipped it into his pocket, and hurried on.

"Thank goodness!" he whispered, "I can get mother a sewing-chair now."

How elated he felt! He was too full of delight to walk; so he started off on a brisk run, and soon had dispatched his errand. Then he went homeward hop, skip and jump. How many things he could get with twenty dollars! He could buy mother a sewing-chair, his father a fine gold pen and inkstand and himself a—

But suddenly he stopped short in the middle of the road.

"Have I any right to this money?" was the thought that had arrested him. Does it belong to me? It was a bitter reflection. "Why, of course, it belongs to me," he said. "Didn't I find it?"

Still, that argument did not quiet his conscience. He knew that some of his school-fellows acted on the principle that whatever they found was theirs, but he had always thought it dishonest, and had often said so.

"What if I were to lose twenty

dollars, would I think it honest for some one who found it to keep it?"

He walked home more slowly, a fierce war going on between his conscience and his desire.

The conflict waxed more intense while he was doing his evening "chores."

"Would it be right? Would it be right?" his conscience questioned, again and again.

All at once he flung down the armful of wood he held in his arms, and almost shouted:

"Keep to the right and keep moving!"

And he did "move" in a most literal way—that is, he ran as fast as his feet would carry him to the barn where his father was feeding the horse.

"Father! father!" he said, in low, breathless tones. "I've found twenty dollars. I've been awfully tempted to keep them, because I wanted to buy mother a sewing-chair for a birthday gift; but—but—" he swallowed hard.

"My motto kept me from doing wrong. I couldn't keep to the right and keep moving, and be dishonest so—so here's the money. We must try to get it back to the owner."

"You did right, my dear boy," assured his father, his voice a little husky. "I will advertise the loss in the city papers to-morrow. But such an honest deed deserves a reward, Richy. Let me see," thoughtfully. "So you want very much to get your mother a birthday present?"

"Oh, if I only could—with my own money, of course!"

"I've got a plan. I happen to have more writing on hand than I can do for several weeks. If you will write an hour and a half for me every evening, I will give you twenty-five cents a day until you have earned five dollars; and, more than that, I'll pay you in advance, so that you can get the sewing chair for your mother in time for her birthday."

Richy clasped his hands for joy.

How delighted his mother was with her birthday gift, especially when she heard the whole story of the pocket book that Richy had found, but was too honest to keep!

"Hold fast to your motto, Richy," she said, her lips on his forehead.—*J. S. Keyser, in Golden Days.*

His Own Sled.

Would you believe it, a dog coasting down hill all alone? The man who tells the story says as he was driving in the country he came to a hill, and there he saw a dog, whose name was Nep, turn over on his back and coast down the hill. When he reached the bottom, he would turn over, get on his feet, trot to the top of the hill, turn over on his back, and coast down again. The man saw the dog coast in this way several times, evidently having great fun.—*Ex.*

Fashion is only the attempt to realize art in living forms and social intercourse.

Young Horso—A woman is driving me now, and I can never understand what she wants me to do. Old Horso—That's easy. A lot of jerks backward on the reins means that she wants you to go ahead.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
West—3:15 a.m.; 1:30 p.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:25 a.m.; 3:05 p.m.;
East—1:05 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 10:17 a.m.; 12:15 p.m.; 3:05 p.m.;
MADISON AND PETERBORO BRANCH—3:45 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.; 2:10 p.m.; 3:45 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.

ILLUMINATED SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday:—
West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Bovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave., 10 of 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. Leaders—Messrs. Nasmith, Bridgen and others.
East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Streets. Service at 11 a.m. every Sunday.
Stock Classes—Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and Cor. Queen Street and Bovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. Address, 377 Clinton Street.
Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:—

MANUAL BOOKS. From 9 a.m. to 12 noon from 1:30 to 3 p.m. DRAWING from 3:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday noon of each week from 3:30 to 5 p.m.

EVESING BY BY from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for pupils and from 8 to 9 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:—

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 to 4 p.m.

Religious Exercises:—

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

EACH SCHOOL DAY 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 their work. They may teach their respective school subjects later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon 7 o'clock the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN. Rev. C. A. Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, Rev. F. J. Thompson, M. A., (Creston), Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist), Rev. H. Foxworth, (Episcopal), Rev. W. Mack, (Presbyterian), Rev. Father Connolly, R. Cate, B. D., Rev. J. J. Alice, Rev. S. H. Hink.

CHURCH CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3:15. A national series of Sunday school Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:—

PRINTING OFFICE, BOOK AND CARPET STAIRS from 7:30 to 9 a.m., and from 2:30 to 5 p.m. for pupils who attend school. Those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 p.m. and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. each working except Saturday, when the office and will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS hours are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 4 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No work on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shop and Room to be left each day when work in a clean and tidy condition.

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

Teachers, Officers and others are allowed matters foreign to the work in his interests with the performance of several duties.

Visitors:—

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be kindly welcomed any school day. Visitors are allowed Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on day afternoons. The best time for visits on ordinary school days is a short after-noon in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children:—

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

Visitation:—

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

Clothing and Management:—

Parents will be good enough to give all ideas concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. 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 let us telegrams will be sent daily to their guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTER FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUICK ABOUT TO ASK WILL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, are required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the teachers for 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 in papers and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are swindlers and only want money for which they will not return. Consult well known and experienced practitioners in cases of deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.