

Fishing and Wishing.

BY STELLA COCKE.

Three little folk by the meadow brook,
With a line of twine and a bent pin hook,
And an eager, earnest, serious look,
As if they were coming a fessou look,
Sat resolutely fishing.

But either the fish were wondrous wise,
Or they had the sharpest kind of eyes,
For they wouldn't bite to the great surprise
Of the little folk, who said, with sighs,
"Let's play the game of wishing."

"I wish," said Tom, "for a pot of gold,
With every minute that has been told,
Since the day the earth was young or old;
I'd have more money than I could hold,
See what I get by wishing."

"I wish," said Ned, "that the ships at sea,
And all that is in them belonged to me,
And all that has ever been or will be;
My wish is the best, don't you agree?
And worth a day of fishing."

"I wish," said Moll, with a toss of her head,
And a pout of her lips that were cherry red,
"You'd get your wishes just as you said,
And give them to me,—now, Tom and Ned,
I've got the most by wishing."

And all day long in the woodland shade
The three little folk sat and played,
And oh, the millions of money they made,
Though never a dollar of it was paid,
Was worth a year of fishing.

—*Youth's Companion.*

Trapped.

A TALK OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

From the "Great West" Magazine.

During the occupation of Toulon by the British fleet under Admiral Lord Hood in 1793 the "Juno" frigate, commanded by Captain Samuel Baker (afterwards Admiral Sir Samuel Baker) was ordered to proceed to Malta with despatches. The brave captain, who scored a little on every breeze that blow, and longed for an opportunity to distinguish himself under the eye of his chief, promptly, but very reluctantly, obeyed his instructions.

"To bad, Welby, too bad," said he to his first lieutenant, "while we are pillaging down the Mediterranean, the rest of the fleet will be winning promotion and prize money, for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the "Johnnie" will show a bit of their nettle before long—but duty, my boy, duty."

So the "Juno" sailed away, every man aboard grumbling at his hard luck which would prevent his "having a shy at the Mosson" in the engagement which all felt was imminent. The voyage was uneventful, for the only break in its monotony was the chase and capture of a schooner flying the French flag—a mere everyday incident, scarce worthy of notice in those eventful times.

Much to Captain Baker's annoyance, on his arrival of Malta he found that he was to remain there subject to the order of the commandant of the island, and although he and his crew had absolutely nothing to do but enjoy the hospitality of the inhabitants, which was liberally extended to them, such is the perversity of the sailor man's nature that they once and all cursed the fate which forced them to luxurious ease and longed for orders which would release them from their silken bands and send them back to hard knocks and hardships. The long expected order came at last, and joyfully the crew of the "Juno" set every inch of canvas to catch the favoring breeze which wafted them towards France. Alas, dirty weather and contrary winds beset them, and a long, weary time it seemed to their longing hearts ere the entrance to Toulon harbor was made late in the afternoon of a cold, dreary day in January, 1794.

Strange things had happened during their absence; events of which Captain Baker was ignorant. When they sailed from Toulon in September (1793) British troops occupied the town and the British fleet rode at anchor in the harbor, but on Dec. 19 the French had made a successful attack on the place. Napoleon directing a large force of artillery brought to bear on the town and fleet had forced Lord Hood to retire with serious loss, a loss which he retrieved at Brest and Toulon in the following June.

In blissful ignorance and totally unaware of danger the "Juno" felt her way up the harbor in the fast increasing gloom of the short winter day. Two sharp-eyed ruddies were stationed in the tops to scan the course ahead and report the position of the fleet which was no longer there. The evening was foggy and the wind light, so the "Juno's" progress was necessarily slow.

"Deck! A ship close aboard our star-board bow!" shouted the lookout.

Almost simultaneously came a hail from the stranger.

"Ship ahoy. What ship is that?"

"His Majesty's frigate "Juno," from

Malta, with despatches," answered Captain Baker.

"Viva, "Juno!" was the reply from what was now perceived to be a brig.

"Where is Lord Hood's ship, and where is the rest of the fleet?" asked the captain.

"Luff! Luff!" came in alarmed tones from the brig; the "Juno's" helm was put hard down, but before she could come about she grounded fast on a shoal. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Fortunately the wind had been lightening till at the moment she struck it was almost a dead calm. In a moment all hands were piped aloft, the sails clowed up and hauled, and just as the men were ready to leave the yards, a gust of wind came sweeping down from landward and she slid off the shoal almost as quickly as she had grounded, all but her rudder, for as she slowed round, that was caught in the rocks and held her fast. The launch and cutter were immediately manned and lowered and a kedge laid with which to heave her off the rocks if possible.

During this time, while all was bustle and excitement aboard the "Juno," a boat from the brig had come quietly alongside and two officers from her had climbed to the deck. Around the visitors crowded every officer and man of the "Juno" not otherwise engaged, all eager, the officers to question and the men to hear the news. The newcomers informed Captain Baker that it was the regulation of the port and the commandant's order that he should take his ship further into the harbor without delay to report at quarantine. To his repeated questions as to where the flagship lay, the strangers gave evasive answers and he was beginning to have suspicions of them, when an inquisitive middy, who had thrust himself into the inner circle, blurted out, "Why, sir, they're Frenchmen! See, they wear the national cockade!"

Perceiving that further attempt at deception would be useless, the French officers, for such they were, assumed an air of bravado, and one of them, the senior, with a courteous bow addressed the astonished crowd before them:—

"Soyez tranquille, mes amis, les Anglais sont des braves gens, nous vous traitons bien. L'Amiral, lui—Lord Hood, est sorti d'ici il y a longs temps." (Ho easy, my friends, the English are brave people; we will treat you well. Admiral Lord Hood has left here a long time.)

On hearing this appalling news it is recorded that Captain Baker made use of certain colloquialisms of a decidedly emphatic nature, and the fact that they had innocently sailed into a trap flew like wild-fire through the ship.

"We assure you, my brave captain," continued the Frenchman, with a deprecating grimace and evidently feeling the least bit apprehensive of his position, "that we regret from the depths of our hearts the disagreeable necessity of having to inform you and your excellent and gallant crew, that you are our prisoners. Hion!"

By this time the whole crew of the "Juno" formed a circle about their unwelcome visitors, and although the brave Jack Tars did not understand their lingo—by read their faces and gestures and a murmur, suppressed but ominous, was heard as they pressed forward with lowering brows to get a good look at their would-be captors. The Frenchmen were evidently feeling uncomfortable; they were on dangerous ground, and instinctively they put their hands to their sabres. At this critical moment when a word or a look was sufficient to precipitate an onslaught which would have meant the instant death of the French officers, the land breeze freshened and Lieut. Welby whispered to Captain Baker: "I believe we can fetch her out if we can get her under sail."

"Thank you, Welby." Then rang out the order sharp and clear: "Marines, seize those men and confine them below. Pipe all hands aloft to set sail! Lively all! Cut away the boats and cable!"

In less time than it takes to tell it the Frenchmen found themselves snug and fast in the cockpit, every sail set and filling in the living breeze, the kedge cable and boat painters cut away, and the "Juno" once more obedient to her helm, gliding towards the open sea and liberty.

When those on the brig noticed the movement on the "Juno" they brought their guns to bear on her, and the land batteries from both sides of the harbor—roused to action by the fire of the brig—made a target of the gallant frigate, which was now making good way down the channel. But the "Juno" was not smoking away. Far from it. When the

men had performed their duties aloft, the drums beat to quarters and the guns were manned. A well aimed discharge from her stern chasers crippled the brig, which was close on her heels, and as she ran her broadsides peppered the land batteries most liberally. As she came abreast of Cape Sepat she had such small leeway that it looked as though she would have to tack, and then, when she stood up in the wind, the batteries could make a fair mark of her, but just at the instant she was prepared to go about she came up and weathered the cape like a swallow. Thus she ran the gauntlet of the batteries, keeping a little off the wind now and then to make her fire the more effective, till at last she came within range of the last of them. Then Captain Baker, feeling sure of his position, brought the ship to and poured in broadside after broadside with such good results as to silence two-thirds of the battery's guns before he sailed away in triumph.

The casualties on board the "Juno" were slight considering the number of guns directed against her. None of her crew were killed, though many were wounded by grape-shot and splinters.

One incident of the fight has been preserved, and one which throws light on the character of the men who sailed in the "Juno." Early in the action a shot from the brig passed clean through her main cabin, doing a lot of damage to her woodwork and furniture, making the splinters fly in an alarming way, but without seriously injuring any of the men. Dennis McCarthy, the captain's servant, was quartered at one of the cabin guns, and the moment the shot came tearing through he dropped his portion of the gun tackle and rushed to the main deck. His comrades were amazed at such conduct, for never before had Dennis shown the white feather when under fire, but, heedless of the peremptory shouts of the officer in charge of the gun and the jeers of the men, he deserted his post and never stopped till he gained the quarter-deck, where he took his stand close alongside his master, whose every movement he followed like a shadow. After a while the captain noticed him.

"Why, Dennis, my man, what are you doing here, away from your gun? Get down to your gun, lad. What do you mean by tagging around after me?"

And above the din of thundering guns came Dennis's brave reply: "Oh! Be the powers, yet honour, captain, dear, sure I thought ye might be killt; so I want to be near ye, so that I could be av some use to ye!"

So Dennis remained through the fight by the side of his loved master, a place which he bravely filled in many a fierce fight afterwards when they both stood together on the quarter-deck of a flag-ship.

In the stirring and important events which followed, the "Juno" took an active part, but of all her brilliant exploits none is more worthy of record than her wonderful escape from under the gaping batteries of Toulon—naval history counts few, if any, more marvellous.

Nothing is more disgraceful than insincerity.—*Cicero.*

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
WEST 3:15 a.m.; 4:30 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.;
EAST 5:30 p.m.; 6:30 p.m.;
EAST—1:30 a.m.; 10:17 a.m.; 12:10 p.m.; 5:50 p.m.;
MADRID AND PETERSBURG BRANCH—6:30 a.m.;
12:10 a.m.; 5:50 p.m.; 6:30 p.m.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday 1—

West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
And Y. M. C. A. Hall, cor. Yonge and McGill Streets, at 10 a.m.

General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave., 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. Leaders—Messrs. Nassuth, Huggen and others.

Music CLASS—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. Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto, 1 Major 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

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS. FROM 9 a.m. to 12 noon, from 1:30 to 5 p.m. DRAWING from 10 to 11 on Tuesday and Thursday week.

CHILD FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 2:30 to 4:30. EVENING STUDY from 7 to 9 p.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 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 10 a.m. and senior pupils at 11 a.m.; General Assembly at 12:30 p.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to be in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m., and the teachers in charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards discuss them, so that they may reach their respective schools not later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble, and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.

PROULX VISITING CLERGYMEN. Rev. Canon Hurst, High St.; Rev. Monsignor Farrell, O. Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A., Clarendon St.; Rev. Chas. E. Mellyre, Methodist, St. Y. H. Cowart, Baptist; Rev. M. W. M. M. (Presbyterian); Rev. Father Connelly, S. J., C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. N. H.

MUSIC CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 2 p.m., National Heroes of Sunday School, Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CARPENTER SHOP from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school; for those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 11 a.m., 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 8:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shop 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 Departments 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 their 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 3:30 on every day afternoon. The best time for visiting on ordinary school days is as soon after 1:30 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 conversation with their children. It only causes 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 Quinze 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 FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, and 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 case of adventitious deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.