

It Never Comes Again.

There are gains for all our losses
There are gains for all our pains
But when youth, the dream departs
It takes something from our hearts
And it never comes again

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet
And it never comes again

Something beautiful is vanished
And we sigh for it in vain
We behold it every where,
On the earth, and in the air
But it never comes again

Richard Henry Stoddard

FOR THE CANADIAN MITE

In the Suburbs of Toronto.

Each of the seasons has a charm peculiarly its own. A cyclist cannot with absolute fairness answer the question as to "which gains the greater admiration, the spring with its blossoms, or the autumn with its tinted leaves?" Nature is now revealing its autumnal beauties in the parks, ravines, woods, boulevards, etc., and rambling thereabouts on the wheel cannot but be delightful. On Saturday afternoon, the 9th inst., another of the several excursions was made to the suburbs in the north and east of the big city, by a party of five, viz. Messrs. Slater, Elliott, Milward, Pickard and the writer. We started from the dwelling of Mr. Chas. Wilson, on Delaware avenue, for North Toronto and Rosedale by way of Davenport Road and Yonge street. The condition of the road all the way is fine, except in two places where the clay proves a trifle treacherous. Mr. Slater, who only took to bicycling last month, and who will no doubt become in time an ardent devotee of it, experienced great difficulty in keeping along the soft clay, his wheel slipping off under him a number of times. These first lessons afforded much amusement to the others of the party, some almost going into convulsions of laughter. But Mr. S. did not get disheartened at all, but, on the contrary, rather enjoyed the experiment. We all reached Reservoir Park, a favorite rendezvous of bicyclists. One round or two was made of the smooth path on the embankment of the artificial lake, which supplies the city with water. After a rest the run was resumed across the Reservoir Park bridge over the ravine and along the winding drive to the woods where we had to dismount, walking through to the brow of the ravine. Here we were in the midst of a profusion of bright tinted leaves, and a grand view was taken of the city below, and of the blue water of the lake three miles distant. A descent was then made of the steep bank, and a short walk along the dangerous railway brought us to a road, where the golfers with their scarlet coats and caps were noticed driving their white balls. On the Rosedale lacrosse grounds we spent some time in watching a bicycle race then in progress, and were horrified at an accident in which four of the racers got too close together with the result of one of them being thrown off his wheel. Half past five o'clock being now the time, we once more resumed the run across the Rosedale and Sherbourne bridges, and at the corner of Bloor and Jarvis streets the writer parted company, arriving home for tea after a most enjoyable spin. A very pretty picture was seen of a number of charming girls and their gallant escorts returning home from the woods, each carrying attached to the handlebars of their wheels a nosegay of autumnal leaves of variegated hues. At 8 o'clock we all met again to attend a magic lantern entertainment at Mr. Bridgen's, on Rose avenue. One of the party, himself suffering from insomnia, fell into a sound sleep until late next morning, attributing this blessing to the beneficial exercise of bicycling in the fresh air of the country. —AUGUSTUS.

For more than two years Christian Kopp, an aged resident of New Middleton, Ind., has been dumb. The other night he awoke and saw a burglar in the room. He let out a yell that awakened the neighborhood and scared the intruder out, and since that time has been able to talk as well as ever, his voice having been literally scared back into him.

OIL SPRINGS.

From our own Correspondent

Now that your school is in session again and the ever-welcome CANADIAN MITE is out once more, with sincere pleasure I take up my pen and humbly ask for some space for the following notes which happened during the past summer: In the first place, it was always my pleasure and delight to resort to the residence of Mr. Wm. Esson, father of Maggie, now at your school, being pleasantly situated just outside the corporation; and in the second place, it would be so worthy to see the pumping rigs which Mr. Esson and other men run, and study how wonderfully they work the oil wells. The two rigs pump 80 wells, covering 50 acres of land belonging to Mr. Fairbank, of Petrolia, and they produce 1,000 barrels of oil monthly.

Last July it was through the kindness of my next neighbor, Mr. Chas. Sauvey, I was enabled to make a trip to the country several miles distant, where for a few days I enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Showers, parents of Misses Showers, now of your school. I could not help observing what good and thoughtful helpers the girls were in many ways—Christina, the oldest of them, managing the household quite creditably even without her mother's personal supervision. I believe that the common sense always prevail, that house-keeping is the ladies' best policy. During the two succeeding Sundays an enjoyable company was held, consisting of ten nudes. Christina and Annie Showers, accompanying Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, were in Oil Springs for the Diamond Jubilee celebration, and Mr. McKenzie took third prize in a foot-race, thus pocketing fifty cents, the second runner being Mr. James Sixk, a relative of the Messrs. Wark.

Mr. Duncan Bloom still continues to be doing very well at shoemaking in Thamesville, and by his steady habits and perseverance he has established the business there firmly and now enjoys the confidence of the whole community, not only in the village but also in other surrounding places. He is a crack bicyclist, and during the Jubilee day in Thamesville made a sweeping victory over six others, thus making himself richer by two dollars. The course was two mile and the time four minutes and fifty seconds. He expressed to me his hopes of being able to be present at the next convention, to take part in the races should there be any.

Mr. David Turrell, of Florence, who I guest I was for a few days, is now a full fledged farmer, having assumed the responsibility of the farm in conjunction with his father. They just erected a large and handsome front part to their residence, of which Mr. Roderick McKenzie was the builder. He is a good builder of frame houses and barns, such a good example to those who learn carpentering at your school. The brick work and plastering were executed by Mr. Wm. Iako, an English mite, who was educated from 1867-70 in London, England. His recitation of the Lord's Prayer in English sign system was rather amusing to the Canadian nudes. He expressed himself surprised at having not heard nor seen any other mite in this country following the same useful and worthy trade.

Mr. Kenneth McKenzie is running the rig for Mr. Debby, in Euphemia, near Shetland, who owns fourteen oil wells, and it is probable that Mr. Wm. McKenzie is the first mite employed among the wells. He and Roderick are first cousins of Mr. Michael Showers.

Mr. Albert Wright, who was only two years at your school, under the tuition of the late Mr. Greene, is leading an industrious life and is of quiet and retiring disposition, and his neighbor, Mr. John Fleming, one of my first pupils in the monitorial class, is earning his own living comfortably. Two weeks ago Mr. Charles Sauvey went to Inwood to manage the store for Mr. M. E. Taylor, and therefore I will miss my good neighbor.

Rev. Mr. McPhail, cousin of Mr. Hugh A. Beaton, stayed with him all the summer, till recently, when he left for Louisville, Kentucky, where he will complete his course in the Theological college there. He and Mr. Beaton were carpenters and painters at the latter's now house. It will be remembered that the reverend gentleman brought the late Mr. Donald Beaton from California.

Mr. Wm. Esson and his daughter, Maggie, went to London one day earlier

to take in the fair, before the latter's final departure for Belleville, and it was her first visit to the great fair.

BERLIN ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent

The last issue has just reached me and I am glad to see some correspondents so ready with their pen and hope others will follow their example.

Rev. A. W. Mann has returned from his trip to Europe and on Saturday evening gave a lecture to the deaf of Detroit on "His Trip and What he Saw." Yesterday there was service in the morning and afternoon.

The Berlin nudes are all well. On Aug. 21st Miss Eva Zingg went home to Hanover, and on Sept. 13 Miss Marion Campbell went there. They both returned three weeks later and reported having a splendid time.

Miss Alice Frazer has just returned from a month's vacation, part of which she spent in Sebringville, the rest in Fullarton, with Miss Charlotte Rice. While there she had the pleasure of spending a day or two with Miss M. Fuller and Mrs. Hoy, who says they are well and getting along nicely.

Miss Lizzie King had a two weeks vacation at home.

As all had their vacation at the same time your poor writer was all alone, and how she longed to be back in Detroit again.

On Sunday, Oct 10th, Mr. Gotthelb and Mr. Goodbrand, of Brantford, paid a wheating visit to Berlin and spent a very pleasant hour with Miss Campbell and the writer.

Early in September Mr. Brattiwanto was in Berlin for a few days seeing his numerous friends before returning to college in Washington, U. S.

If "Dove Cote" does not suit the bride and groom, how would "Eagle Nest" do. Really, Windsor, you have raised the writer's curiosity to its highest pitch by saying there is an aching void in a heart in Detroit, on account of her absence. Now I can't for the life of me imagine whose heart it can be. Won't you please satisfy my curiosity?

A young lady, whom many of your readers are well acquainted with, not very long ago called on another young lady, and wanting a drink of water fully and not wishing to give any trouble, went to the kitchen to get it.

It happened at the time that some men were working on the sewer and, of course, the water was turned off. The young lady opened both taps, but getting no water went away leaving both taps open. Both young ladies went out, about half an hour later, and when the lady of the house went into the kitchen, she could not imagine what had happened, the first impression was that the Niagara Falls was flowing into the kitchen. She hastily called her brother, who on inspecting the room found the flood was coming from the taps, the water having been turned on and was flowing at its full from both taps. Your readers will understand the effect without any explanation.

I am glad that a Dorcas Society has been formed in Toronto and hope they will keep it up and follow the good advice given by Mrs. Nasmith. If all, both hearing and deaf, were to follow such advice, how much happier many lives would be.

JARVIS JOTTINGS.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. Sam. Pugsley and your correspondent are planning a trip to Brantford in the early part of the month.

It is rumored that Mr. James Goodbrand, of Brantford, will help Mr. Thom. Crozier, of Springvale, this winter. Lucky Jim, get on the road to Springvale and you will receive a hearty welcome.

I stated in my last that a boy was living near Nanticoke who was, as I thought, deaf, it now turns out to be incorrect, as he is obtaining his education at a hearing school.

I forgot to mention in my last the arrival of a bouncing baby girl to Mr. and Mrs. C. Bowlby, of Woodhouse. Latest reports state that both mother and child are doing well.—H. W. H.

It is harder to avoid censure than it is to gain applause, for this may be done by one wise or great action in an age; but to escape censure a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.—Hume.

A Bold Stroke for Canada

Canadians are very generally aware that they have now reached an eminence from which they can look backward with relief and forward with hopefulness. The year has been an eventful one for Canada. It has seen the great west of British Columbia acknowledged by mining experts from every country in Europe; the gold finds in the Klondike region have also attracted the world's attention, whilst the social and political occurrences in connection with the Jubilee year have been of incalculable value to the country. Toronto Saturday Night's CHRISTMAS NUMBER has been prepared with a view of gaining for Canada as much as possible from the favorable state of British feeling, and of correcting some palpable misrepresentations of our climate and resources. Thousands of copies of the Christmas NUMBER are sent to Great Britain, and this year the editor attempts to correct false impressions about the Canadian climate, to show that the Klondike is its ice is a thousand miles north of the cultural Canada, and that the St. Lawrence River should attract the pleasure seekers of the world during summer.

The two beautiful, high-art, colored supplements which are this year given free with the book, also carry out the idea. One is entitled "The First Home in Canada," and the other, "Canada Sixty Years After." These are beautiful pictures, painted by Mr. J. D. Jones of Toronto. Every home that is, or has been, connected with a farm will desire to have them framed for its walls. They are said to be the finest specimens of lithographic art yet produced in Canada.

"The Graves of Three Great Canadians," an article describing the last resting-places of Sir John Macdonald, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Hon. George Brown, with photographic views of the same, and half-tone portraits of the men as you know them, will prove highly interesting.

Several first class original stories by Canadian writers and illustrations by Canadian artists, make up the bulk of the book, while a new feature will be a record of the leading sporting events of the year, with portraits of the Canadians who have won international and other triumphs.

Each copy is strongly wrapped in a pasteboard tube. The number is so arranged to attract great attention. It will be by far the best souvenir to send to your friends. It will be for sale in this town by the stationers and newspapers. The publishers' address is TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Toronto.

A Deaf and Dumb Wonder.

There has been in this city for the last few days a young African negro who claims to be a Hebrew. He came here from New Haven, and is trying to accumulate enough money to go back to Africa. If he is what he represents himself to be and if what he claims is true, he is quite an interesting character. He carries a pad of paper with him and a pencil and answers all questions by writing in Hebrew and Lo-shen Khodish. What excites the most wonder is that he writes Lo-shen Khodish very rapidly. It is the language of the books of Moses, and is made a special study of and spoken and written with words only by the rabbis and highly educated Hebrews.

This negro was sent to one of the rabbis of Hartford, who is perfectly satisfied that he is a Hebrew. He says that he came from a large town in Africa, where there is a tribe of about 20,000 black Hebrews who speak Lo-shen Khodish and are quite prosperous. He also says that his father is a rabbi in that town and that is why his father took the trouble to teach him to write these languages, which needed an extra amount of labor on account of his being deaf and dumb. He says his people do not only write Lo-shen Khodish, but it is their speaking language as well. He left home a few years ago, and has seen a good deal of the world. In each town he hunts up the Jewish section and there they give him clothes, food and money. He is now homesick, and intends to go back to Africa as soon as he gets money enough. He showed some money which they had collected for him at New Haven. What surprises him, he writes, is that no Hebrews know of his country, men in Africa.—Hartford Courant.

The imaginations of men are in a great measure under the control of their opinions.—Macaulay.