

The Merry Onion.

In a small Bermuda onion,
I'm the heart of all the sea
In my shining silver doublet
I'm as happy as can be.

Oh, I envy not the berry
That looks so richly grown
Or the violet or lily,
The carnation or the rose.

Oh, I shimmer in the sunshine
And I feel a joyous thrill
As the purple pinioned zephyrus
Flutter round me with a will.

Yes, I tinkle with a rattle
Till I feel about as big
As the aureoled pumpkin
That enchants the piggy bank.

And I sing, and very proudly,
Till my spirit bursts with glee
In a small Bermuda onion
But the heart of all the sea.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

-Adieu.
-Thro! Thro!
-Tickets, please.
-Glorious Twelfth.
-A smile and a tear.
-Divine syllable "Home."
-Should old acquaintance be forgot?
I go, thou goest, ho, sho, it goes, wo go, you go, they go.

-It has been shown that of 100 stutterers, 90 are men and only 10 are women.

-Mr. Walker, of Peterboro, is our examiner. We hope he will be pleased with us.

-A. Labello writes from Garth, Mich., that he has returned to work and is feeling well and happy.

-Miss Bull received a card all the way from Shanghai, China, written in good old Saxon, too.

-Bessie Woodley received a photo of her two little brothers, Fred and Willie. She is very proud of them.

-A man near Richmond captured a young bear the other day. The little fellow was up in a tree which was cut down.

-Mr. Mathison, at a recent teachers' meeting, made a feeling reference to our lateesteemed confrere, Mr. McKillop.

-Mrs. Hoodless, of Hamilton, paid us a visit. She gave us a little address in the chapel. She is a delightful speaker.

-Two men from Paris have undertaken to go around the world in fifteen days, an improvement on Jules Verne's trip.

-Good boys never touch birds' nests. The little creatures love their young as our parents love us. Give them not pain.

-It were impossible for things to look more beautiful or promising than they do now. Praise to the Divine Artist.

-A man walking in the middle of the road was asked why he did not take the sidewalk? He said, "I am holding a procession."

-We learn that Albert Edward, oldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, will come to Canada to meet his parents.

-No, child, the "Crow's Nest" of which you read is a different article altogether from the early habitation of our winged songsters.

-Some pupils will not return. There may be some thorns as well as roses on their pathway. But Heaven is sure to do its part if we do ours.

-It was lately proposed that all passengers from the west be vaccinated on landing in Montreal, not a very cheering prospect for some of us.

-We came, we saw, we conquered, would about render the look worn by some of the pupils as they handed back whole sheaves of manuscript in answer to questions.

-On the afternoon of the 15th ult. the large girls were allowed to visit the city in charge of officers. They enjoyed their outing very much and felt grateful. The boys played base ball.

-Victoria day and Empire day, even without King Edward's birthday being rolled into it, made a ringing refrain for Britain's proud patriotic millions. We enjoyed the day to the fullest, in spite of the dampness.

-A number of the Catholic pupils attended church on the day of Mr. Farrelly's jubilee. As it rained, Mr. Mathison with his never failing fore thought, had us driven down. We all felt very grateful to him.

-It is no easy task to arrange the various routes for each of some 200 children so that no law will mar the safe journeying home. The Principal gave Miss Metcalfe great credit for her valuable assistance in the office.

-A pretty robin has a nest near our window. She is very busy these days as we often see little mouths stretched quite wide above the side of their tiny home. The mother bird often stands over the cradle, asks what they like best, and then goes and gets it.

-Our good ship is nearing shore once more and lustily has she again borne herself. Whether the bride be quiet or tossing she is rigged to go on and whilst we are glad to reach port, it is with regret we say good bye to her gallant commander and men.

-The other day we saw an aged man with hair and beard white as snow, leading by the hand a curly headed little tot and listening affectionately to its innocent prattle. It was a picturesque sight, the dawn of existence and its decline, the old mariner and the infant far discussing the possibilities and perils of life's sea voyage. We know not which of the two loved the lover.

Turrill - McKenzie Home-stead.

From our own Correspondent

Old Mr. Turrill has fully recovered from his late serious illness, thus enabling his son David to return here. Mrs. James Reid, a sister of Mr. Turrill, who was also summoned to her father's bedside during his illness, has returned home to Detroit. She was accompanied by her husband and daughter Lucy.

Mrs. George Rummig of Petroska, sister of Miss Ida Babcock of your school, left for Sault Ste Marie early last month, where her husband has secured a good situation.

While in a store in Oil Springs the writer recognized his old acquaintance, Miss Gertie Ellis, a lady-clerk who smiled in amazement when the writer informed her that her old friend, the great traveller, Mr. Tom Hill, was in California. About six years ago her parents kindly took him in for their guest while in the village.

Mrs. Sam. Drow, of Sarnia, received word from her sister in law, Mrs. Duncan Morrison, of Collingwood, lately that her husband, finding it unhealthy to work in a pork factory, had returned to his favorite occupation in a saw mill.

Early in 1871 Dr. Palmer, first principal, entered Mr. Greeno's class room with two visiting priests, apparently for the first time, judging from the way they were introduced to the teacher, who then told his pupils, pointing to one of them, that he was Father Farrelly, the pastor of the Catholic church in the city, pointing toward the east. The nites here are naturally interested in his golden jubilee celebration, which occurred on the 22nd ult.

Mrs. Hugh A. Beaton and two children, Hugh Jr. and Mabel, left Oil Springs last month for Walkerville, where her husband is the now principal of public schools.

After many months had elapsed the writer was once more heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Esson, in Oil Springs, parents of your Maggie. Strango to say your strayed paper of 1st ult., addressed to Mr. Esson, unexpectedly crossed the writer's path at a road side grocery store among our mail, frequently and thoughtfully brought from Oil Springs post office by Mr. Telt, the greener, but the writer was glad to be its bearer, despite his long walk of six miles, and he is a good pedestrian anyway.

The Stratford *Beacon* told its readers recently that forty years ago, when oil was discovered in this district, where Petroska and Oil Springs now are, it was soon used for light extensively and reached that office, which had to procure oil lamps from Buffalo, N. Y., thus supplanting the tallow candles. Mr. Robt. McLagan, of Stratford, a Scotch mite, was a printer in the office at the time, having been fifteen years there.

Mr. Esson is one of the Fenian raid veterans entitled to 160 acres of land in New Ontario, freely granted by the Province of Ontario. Upon inquiry he said he was not prepared to live there as it has no attraction for him.

The St. Clair River has been so jammed with ice that the route is impassable for the steamers between Sarnia and marine city. -W. K.

Glory built on selfish principles, is shame and guilt. *Conjer.*

CHATHAM CHATS.

Beautiful spring weather reigns supreme

Strawberries - 2 boxes, 25c - soon six boxes for 25c

Str. City of Chatham has begun her summer trips between here and Detroit Round trip, 60c

Two of the gun boats, laden with munitions of war, etc., sunk in the Thames River during the war of 1812-14, were discovered submerged a quarter of a mile above the present city of Chatham lately. The news of the discovery spread like wild fire and the excitement was so great that countless crowds of men, women and children could be seen making their way to our local "mecca" from early morn till late at night. They will be raised at once by the Kent Historical Society, and placed on Tecumseh Park, where they can be seen by generations yet unborn as well as by visitors to our beautiful little city, as the hulls have been sounded and declared to be about as good as new by a special marine expert.

Mr. William Kiddo works at Gordon's tailor shop now, hence there is no immediate danger of our city becoming depopulated, at least for some time to come yet. Your scribe is informed on reliable authority that Mr. Kiddo has purchased a brand new bicycle and is practicing hard early and late as he has signified his intention of contesting for the amateur championship of the world at the Pan American Exposition. Bravo! Bravo! May he come through with flying colors, like Field Marshal Lord Roberts at Pretoria!

Mrs. Wm. Luddy and her three little boys, Masters Frank W. P. Harry and Charlie J., are visiting with Mrs. Luddy's folks in Detroit for a few weeks.

Wm. Luddy now "subs" at C. E. O'Shea Co's book and job office.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Christopher White, who left here last winter for Northern Michigan, is prospering and likes his new home. Chris. is doubtless the first Canadian mite to forswear allegiance to King Edward VII. of England.

Dan O'Gorman, formerly of this city, is still working at the Detroit Malleable Iron works and likes his job. Dan says he loves to live in "The land of the free and home of the brave!" I may comment on this some other time, suffice it to say, I have not learned nor heard of any country under the heavens yet, where freedom and bravery (true freedom in every sense of the term and not lip bravery) is better known than in this beloved Canada of ours.

It was with painful regret and surprise we received the sad intelligence of the death of our old friend, Mr. D. J. McKillop. Your school has not only sustained an irreparable loss, but all the deaf throughout the whole length and breadth of Ontario have lost a true and tried friend and counsellor. Mr. McKillop had many excellent traits of character that are not found in the average man of to day. His work was as good as bonds, and the exemplary life he led was indeed edifying. A great and good man has gone to his eternal reward. Yes, I mean to say, a great and good man, for such doubtless was Mr. McKillop in the estimation of the Judge of Judges. Now a-days men who have spent the best days of their lives in amassing wealth and plugging up millions of "yellow metal" are looked upon as "great" in this world of avarice and greed - a relic of paganism, while those who have labored the greater part of their lives and are still laboring, not only in the educating and uplifting of their fellow beings, that they may become independent and useful members of society wherever they choose to cast their lot after their school-career, but in instilling into the young minds of hundreds of children the knowledge and love of God and Jesus Christ, that we may serve Him faithfully in this world, and glorify Him for the countless ages of eternity in the next, are hardly taken any notice of at all! We are told in the Book of Books, from Jesus' own sermon on the mount: -

"Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth, where the rust and moth consume, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither the rust nor moth do consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for, where thy treasure is, there is thy heart also."

Messrs. Arthur and Edward White, of Charing Cross, were present at the funeral, and informed your correspondent that the casket was literally covered with

choicest flowers from friends and relatives far and near, and the funeral was one of the largest, if not the largest, ever seen in that section of the country, there being nearly two hundred carriages in the mournful cortege that slowly wended its way from the old homestead to the Quarr burying ground, on Sunday afternoon where, in the presence of hundreds of uncovered and bowed heads, the casket was reverently borne from the hearse to where a black robed minister stood with the sacred book in his hand - the book Mr. McKillop so loved and which had been his guide through life, and all that was mortal of Duncan J. McKillop was consigned to its last resting place. The most affecting scene was to see his aged parents, whose locks have been whitened by the snows of 40 winters and forms bowed down by the weight of years, weep like little children, which is testimony enough of Duncan's being a dutiful and devoted son.

Mr. McKillop will be mostly missed in this part of Ontario where he was wont to spend a good part of his annual vacation, and we had been looking forward with fond anticipations to this coming vacation when we learned that he was quite ill and shortly after the daily papers chronicled his demise. We beg to tender our sympathy to principal Mathison in having lost a trustworthy lieutenant and the teachers in having lost a faithful comrade, also to the family of deceased in the loss of a loving son and brother.

London, Ont.

W. H. O. in the Indianapolis Deaf World

Nelson Wood visited Miss Scott at Parkhill May 14th. He went by wheel, returning the following day. Parkhill is thirty-five miles distant.

Neil McCullam who used to work in Owassa, Mich., as a carpenter with John Rutherford, of Detroit, some years ago, visited the deaf folks in town Sunday. He is living in Belmont now, fifteen miles east of here.

M. Noonan has the heartfelt sympathy of all the mutes here in the recent loss by death of his brother. He has four sisters in Perth, all deaf. Another sister died at the Belleville school some years ago. One of them is married.

Nearly all the mutes here have work, some of them of a steady nature.

London has a free postal delivery. Some of the mutes are glad as it saves them a walk to the post-office, some of them living quite a distance from it. We have about thirty letter carries, two of them being colored.

Your scribe recently visited Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pincombe, of Poplar Hill, fifteen miles west of town, and found them well. They have five very smart and interesting children. Two of them are going to school.

Miss Lily Bryco has a steady job in the cork factory with Mrs. M. Schloski. Lily is well spoken of by her employers.

We were sorry to learn that Mrs. Harper Cowan had an attack of the grip, but are happy to state that she is around again as merry as ever.

The deaf of this city and Western Ontario are talking of holding a convention here in 1902, but the Toronto and Hamilton mutes, we hear, would like it at Hamilton in the same year.

Wm. Bryco, who has been here for several months, has left for Poplar Hill where he will work for John Pincombe during the summer. He has been active in religious work among the deaf and will be much missed.

The deaf around here have enjoyed several pleasant social events. Forming into parties with deaf friends living near the city, they have visited other deaf friends, living at a distance, much to the pleasure of all participating.

W. H. Gould was in Komoka visiting friends last Sunday.

The father of Mrs. James Oliver Smith, of Chatham, near Elberts, sustained a great loss by fire some time ago. His house and contents were burned. She has our sympathy in the loss of her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Noyes, of Denfield, enjoyed a visit among the deaf in this city recently.

The ability to efface one's self at intervals is essential to harmonious living anywhere, either at home or when a sojourner under another's roof. There are times and seasons when, for instance, married people desire each other's company, and parents and children prefer to be together without the presence of the most agreeable and welcome outsider. -*May Ladies' Home Journal.*