

A Thanksgiving of the Past.

An old time, rambling farmhouse, set
Far back among the trees,
A broad walk leading up to it,
A door which opens with ease.

A snow haired couple just inside,
To grasp your willing hand,
A merry welcome from a large
And ever growing band.

The slow and solemn service, led
By father's trembling voice,
And hymns which stir the soul and make
The weary heart rejoice.

The festal board round which we meet
In joyous, happy throng,
The stories of the year just past,
The jest and laugh and song.

The glorious old fireplace, filled
With crackling, glowing flame,
The roasted apples, cider, nuts—
Do others taste the same?

The quiet nook upon the stairs,
With only room for two,
The downcast eyes, the sweet, soft voice
That opened heaven to you—

Did ever modern Thanksgiving
Contain such joy and bliss?
Can theatre or football game
Bring happiness like this?

Tricked a Travelling Englishman.

The British tourist sat in the car and gazed idly across the back prairies.

He felt a slight touch and, looking around, found that a uniformed youth had deposited several ruddy oranges on his seat.

"He didn't wait for the money," remarked the tourist, gazing from the fruit to the rapidly retreating train boy.

"He never does," said the fellow passenger, with a knowing smile.

"Oh, I see! It is one of the advantages of your great railroad system. Free fruit for its patrons."

The British tourist was just peeling the second orange when a dainty package of chocolate confectionery was deposited on his knee.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "This is delightful. When I return home I shall write a paper on the excellence of American travel."

In less than ten minutes he was the recipient of another package. It was a little box containing a black cigar and two matches.

"No wonder you Americans like to travel," he said, biting the end of the cigar. Then he found that a comic publication had found its way to his seat.

"This is great!" he grinned. "I am going to tip the boy. Wait a moment!"

The tram boy halted and the tourist held out a dime.

"What is that for?" asked the boy.

"You owe me a half, mister."

"Owe? I thought you were giving these things away."

"Not to-day. The half, please."

"But why don't you take the money when you leave the stuff?"

"Because we'd never sell it."

The tourist reluctantly handed over the coin.

"Going to write about the excellence of American travel?" asked the fellow passenger.

"Not I," responded the British tourist. "I am going home and tell the nation about the train robberies over here."—Chicago News.

Cheap Land.

Some years ago it was proposed to the Duke of Wellington to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Stratfield Saye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition; to this proposition he gladly consented.

When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having made such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulty and forced to part with it.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" asked the Duke.

"It was valued at £1,100 and we have got it for £800," replied the steward.

"In that case," said the duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

Work is the best of safeguards, and the surest escape-valve for bodily distress.—November Ladies' Home Journal.

Night Before Thanksgiving.

(Continued from first page.)

"What are you talking about?" said John Harris. "You ain't goin' to make me feel like a stranger? I've come all the way from Dakota 'o spend Thanksgivin'. There's all sorts of things out here in the wagon, an' a man to help get 'em in. Why—don't you cry so, Mother Robb. I thought you'd have a great laugh if I come and surprised you. Don't you remember I said I should?"

It was John Harris, indeed. The poor soul could say nothing. She felt now as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old, boyish way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked and went out to send away the man to bring a wagonful of wood from John Mander's, and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles; they must get good fires started in both the bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be ready for company from out west! The great, cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still? And he remembered everything, and kissed her as they stood before the fire just as if she were a girl.

He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at last. He had struck luck, and this was the end of a great year.

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complain o' the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came;" and he told it while she cooked the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin' to write no foolish letters," John repeated. He was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together, just as they used to do when he was a homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again, with a trembling hand and a look at him. "No, I wanted to come myself," he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!"

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good, hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

Appreciation.

We are all fellow travellers on the journey of life. It is a hard journey at the best and why should we try to repress our feelings and keep back words of appreciation when we know how much good they would do those who are serving us? The help in our kitchens, the employees in our offices, the friends in our hearts would all be better off if we would but give to them more of the words of praise and appreciation that we feel but fail to express.

Remember, there comes a time when it does no good to murmur kindly encouragement. The heart that would once respond with eagerness to the note of love will lie cold and motionless beneath the frame that broke down trying to bear life's burdens all alone, with never a helping hand or genial smile to cheer the way. Remember this when next you feel inclined to repress the words that are worth far more than you can estimate.—Philadelphia Times.

Won by His Wit.

The persistency of a street urchin who wishes to earn money is sometimes annoying, but generally excusable. Now and then it becomes amusing and almost irresistible.

"Say, mister, do you want your bag carried?" asked a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the railway station.

"No, I don't," answered the man a little sharply.

"I'll carry it all the way for a penny," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't," said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

In spite of himself, the man's mouth twitched, and with a "There, take it," he passed over the bag to his persistent companion, who staggered rapidly along without another word, until the station was reached, where he received twopence with a beaming smile.—Tid-Bits.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A. Hall, Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a. m.

Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a. m.

First Avenue Baptist Church, Corner of Bolton and First Avenue, at 11 a. m.

Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p. m.

Bible Class every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in homes of the deaf.

Dorcas Sewing Circle meets every second Thursday from 2:30 to 3 p. m.

Maple Leaf Club meets every second Thursday at 10:30 Avenue at 8 p. m.

The Briden Club rooms on Adelaide St. open every evening for young men.

Miss A. FINN, Missionary to the Deaf, 7 Glen Mallie, Toronto.

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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.

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE Education and Instruction of Blind children is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address A. H. DYMOND, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

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Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS.—From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p. m. Drawing from 3 to 3:30 p. m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

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

EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p. m. for senior pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:

From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p. m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY.—Primary pupils at 9:30 a. m., senior pupils at 11 a. m. General Lecture at 1:30 p. m. Immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble. Roman Catholic pupils go to the church in the city, in charge of officers, every Sunday and at other times when the rules of the church require their attendance—weather permitting.

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 dismiss them so that they may reach their respective school rooms 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.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Canon Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, V. G. Rev. T. J. Thornton, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A., D. D. (Methodist); Rev. O. C. Elliott, (Baptist); Rev. St. W. Macleau, (Presbyterian); The Rev. Father O'Brien; Rev. J. H. Reaf, Rev. St. J. Bates, Rev. Jos. H. Locke.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3:15; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

SEWING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3:15 to 5:15 o'clock.

PRINTING OFFICE, BOOK and CARPENTER SHOPS from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 3:30 to 5:30 p. m. for pupils who attend school; for those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops 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 3:15 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shops 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 2:30 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visitors 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 leaving-taking with their children. It only makes 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 Quinle Hotel, Hurlingham 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 THAT ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will 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 99% cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in case of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.