

Just to Do Good.

Just to do good, enough
to feel how more than any gold
the blameless life we led of old,
What for lips kisses a mother's kiss?
All else but this,
To be good is enough

Just to be good,
to feel hearts where they are underlaid,
To feel thirst for worldly power and place
to smile back in God's face
With the glad lips our mother used to kiss,
All else but this,
To be good is enough
James Whitcomb Riley

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution.

BY HERBERT ROBERTS.]

Mr. Herbert McKenzie is known as the finest barber in the Institution.

We have had several cases of sickness lately but none of them have been so severe as to render removal to the hospital necessary.

A staff of men are at work making a cement pavement leading to the Gibson hospital. After it is finished it will make a decided improvement.

Since the classifications were made, visitors have been coming in frequently from far and near. We have had a visit from Miss Corby, whose father is the M. P. for West Hastings.

Francis Burch, one of our pupils and an all day worker in the shoe-shop, had with his aunt and uncle moved from former County of Huron, to North Augusta, County of Grenville, during the holidays.

Out of the ten printers in the printing office, only three work there all day, namely Ernest Hackbusch, Wilson Brown and George Munroe. Henry Warner, Arthur Jeffrey and John Shilton have been added to the list this term, thus making three printers' devils.

John Crough told the reporter of these paragraphs that his father and Miss Minnie O'Brien had united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the sixth of this month. This is Mr. Philip Crough's third wife. His first wife having died some 22 years ago, and his second one died a few years ago.

Charles Holton, of our school, got a letter from Alexander Swanson, an ex-pupil of this school, but now of the National Deaf Mute College at Washington saying that he had just entered his first studies at lip-reading. We desire to extend congratulations and hope he will gain great success in his undertaking.

On Saturday, the 3rd, the mutes had their first foot-ball match with the Albert College team. The game was a very hard contest, but finally the victorious banner floated in honor of the mutes. The score was 2 to 0. The return match will come off some day after this issue. Our boys have not joined the league this term.

It is more than two years since I was reporting locals. I came this year as I thought I might make some progress in my studies as well as to evoke memories of olden times. Though I will report the items for the boys' locals this term I will not likely do it any more. I have to take up lip-reading, drawing, local reporting and printing besides the classroom work.

On account of the large crop of apples this year, there is no trouble in getting any; you may see boys going there with empty pockets and returning with full ones every day. The reporter of these items had the pleasure of seeing one of the urethins say: "There ain't any fun in stealing them for there are too many they won't chase you, but we are now storing them away for the coming winter."

Last Sunday evening, while Ernest Hackbusch and Joseph Dubois were strolling across the foot ball grounds, the latter accidentally stepped on a kitten's tail, and the little quadruped began to scream and scampered off. The boys thought it was something strange and took to their heels, but our little gentleman had the worst of it on account of his slow pace, and came into the Institution pulling.

The one who answers this will surely get a prize. A woman took a basket of eggs to market, and was asked by the clerk how many she had, replied that if she took out two at a time she would have one left; if she took out three at a time she would have one

left; if she took four at a time, she would have one left, if she took out five at a time, she would have one left; if she took out six at a time she would have one left, but if she took out seven at a time she would have none left. How many eggs had she in the basket? Any one sending in an answer will get a reply whether correct or not.

The general talk of the mutes on the boys' side is about Turkey. It is a sad thing when one tribe is being massacred for the sake of its ruler, and this is what is going on with our fellow-brethren in distant Armenia. Do you think the fall of the Ottoman Empire is at hand? Are the Turks who have never ceased to be Asiatics, at last to be expelled from Europe for ever? Is Constantinople once more to be brought back to Christendom? The western hemisphere believes that the cup of iniquity of the Mohammedan rulers of Constantinople is full and running over. There is a strong feeling against the "great assassin," not only in America, but through out the world as well and we hope the Eastern Empire will be changed in the immediate future.

My Visit West.

DEAR READERS.—It may be only of little interest to a few that I give a brief account of what I saw during my stay in Essex County. I consider the month of June the most delightful month, when one would wish to view the rich, green and leafy trees in the country. After spending a day at Brantford Convention, I took the train for Essex and spent a week with my sister. While in Essex town, I met Miss Hicks, a cousin of the Misses Pettypiece, who informed me that Mary Pettypiece was married. Being near Detroit I went over and spent three days with Miss Bessie Ball, and a day with Miss Connelly in Windsor. Miss Ball has a good situation in Huntingdon & Clark's photo gallery, on Woodward Ave. Miss Connelly, who was at leisure, took me around the city of Detroit, which city I lived in when very small. Again on Sunday Miss C. took me and Miss Ball to Belle Isle Park, a most beautiful place. We were so taken up with the scenery that we did not see a run away horse within a few yards of us, but fortunately he was captured not a moment too soon, or something serious would have come to us. I regret not being able to see Miss McMurray, who was absent. I called on two deaf gentlemen, Mr. Perry and Mr. Woodhouse, two much respected mutes. Mr. Perry advises any one having plum trees effected with insects to wrap cotton batting around the trunks in early Spring. I also met Mr. Sepner and Miss Lalerty in Windsor. The deaf mutes picnic fell on the 4th of July, but I regret not being able to be present. Essex County is chiefly in peach and raspberry orchards. F. E. Mason.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent
On the 25th of July Mr. Jas. McClendland's father died at the ripe age of 72. The deceased gentleman came from the county of Armagh, Ireland fifty-eight years ago, and settled at Cantley, Quebec, being one of the first to settle in that vicinity, where he had resided continuously. His death removes another of the pioneers who have done so much to make this "Canada of ours" what it is; and in another decade there will be very few indeed of Eastern Ontario's earlier settlers left. Your correspondent has a lively recollection of hearing when he was a little boy the early settlers recounting the hardships they had to undergo when they first settled here. On the 12th of June there died in the Water Street Hospital, Ottawa, of consumption, Miss Clara Ammond, at the early age of thirty-four. The deceased lady was a descendant of a noted French Canadian family whose history is closely connected with that of Ottawa and Montreal. By her death the deaf of Ottawa lose one of their best friends and one whose place will be hard to fill, as by her uniformly bright and courteous disposition she made friends of all whom she met, and endeared herself to the deaf of Ottawa by many kindly acts.

We forgot to mention in our former letter that Mr. Norman Wilson was a guest of Mr. Wiggitt's for a few days last summer; also that Miss Mills of Montreal spent a few days with Miss Macfarlane. Miss Colligan and Messrs. Patrick and Scissons were down to see the exhibition in Ottawa.

OIL SPRINGS.

From our own Correspondent

This Hamilton County was well represented at the Convention held in Brantford last June. The delegates reported a grand time there. They were Mrs. Gustin, of Forest; Daniel Hadden, of Mooretown, Wm. Wark, of Wyoming, Walter Wark, of Sarnia; and David Turnbull of Florence.

The number of the old pupils of the old schools was surprisingly small, only five in the old photo taken in 1865 and three who attended the latter part of the 1865-6 session, namely, Mrs. Robert Riddell nee Sarah Story, Mrs. Wm. Sutton nee Mary Hurley, Mary Haines, Richard C. Slater and John Ellis (5); Thomas Noyes, John and Margaret Schweitzer (3). The ones who attended the other sessions in Hamilton, were Archibald Campbell, Wm. Smith of Shakespeare, Robert Sutton, James Braven and Daniel Hadden. Henry Moore attended the Toronto school only and Duncan J. McKillop was also there and I believe he was the only one old pupil under the tuition of Mr. Thomas, the principal of the old Chatham school, who was present at the Convention. Archibald Campbell was the oldest delegate, he having entered the Toronto school in 1861.

Likewise the number of your first pupils of the 1870-1 session was quite low, as evidenced in the list. They were Duncan J. McKillop, Archibald Campbell, Ambrose W. and Henry Mason, Wm. Smith, Robert Sutton, James Braven, Philip Fraser, John Ellis, John Terrill, Charles and Laura Elliott, Mrs. A. W. Mason nee Fannie Lewis, Mrs. William Ward (California) nee Annie Drum, and Alice Grace, your first female pupil.

I wish to direct the attention of your readers to the fact that the first session of your school closed on the 28th of June, not on the 20th as stated in my letter of June 15th. I was sorry I did not think of an excursion at the time of writing but however I concluded there was one. It took place a few days after the principal's banquet, and one afternoon the ferry-boat which plied across the bay between the city and the village, called at the Institution wharf for the party, and after steaming a few miles east, it finally landed the party at a point which afterwards became the favorite city resort for picnics. The party enjoyed themselves swinging and romping in the woods and had lunch. Toward the evening the ferry-boat returned to fetch the party home. On the way back the weather was beautiful and the water in the bay calm like glass, only disturbed by the ugly vessel ploughing along. The party was not much bothered when the boat had to turn to the city wharf to take the waiting vehicles across and was only glad when the pilot, a fat and smooth faced man, at last turned the wheel toward the Institution wharf where the party soon disembarked all well and sound. Strolling into the boys' sitting-room to my surprise I found James Beemer there alone and asked him why he did not go with the party. He said he had been sick with ague, he did not feel well enough to go and then told me a little story which did away with his loneliness. Some nice visitors unexpectedly dropped in and were surprised to find the great building empty. Mr. Beemer politely told them that the party had gone on the boat and took upon himself the responsibility as their guide through the building and before leaving they expressed much pleasure with the result of the trip and thanked the guide for his kind hospitality. This incident helped me to remember the first excursion.

While the pupils under the charge of Mr. Coleman were waiting in London on their way from your school, Mr. Wm. Esson bought his daughter Maggie a bunch of bananas which she thoughtfully distributed among the mute passengers. Still she did not forget one for Wm. Kay though nearly two weeks had elapsed before he could pay his first visit to her.

Roderick McKenzie was in London with the mute passengers and went to Petrolia where he worked for a time as a carpenter. Then he went to Dawn to visit his relatives the Showers family, among whom are the four mute sisters, Catharine, Anne, Mary and Katie. Passing through on his way to Dawn, Mr. McKenzie unexpectedly met Wm. Kay, much to the latter's surprise for he thought the former was still in Manitoba. The big mute told him that he helped to build the Showers residence and barn

cloven years ago and that his brothers John and Kenneth were in Michigan working as carpenters.

Mrs. Robert Burns, daughter of Mrs. Saucy and sister of Charles Saucy, my next neighbor, left here some time ago to join her husband in Deseronto, not far from Belleville. They contemplate making a call at your school some day.

Mr. Robert McKillop, cousin of Daniel Hadden of Mooretown, is employed here by the Tanking Company, in drilling the rig. He is a genial young gentleman.

During the summer holidays Mr. Hugh Beaton, Principal of the public schools here, turned himself into a carpenter and with the help of another carpenter, altered and fitted his old house which he purchased last spring. Now it is one of the neatest residences in this village. On Sunday evening Mr. Beaton had an enjoyable chat with Messrs. Darow and Kay.

Last July Samuel Darow, of Sarnia, returned here for one month doing some kind of job. On his way home he was accompanied by Willie Kay as far as Petrolia, where he remained three days the guest of Miss Ida Babcock.

Mr. Merchant, the principal of the London Collegiate Institute, and cousin of the Messrs. Wark, spent his holidays under the parental roof here.

Miss Millie Babcock, the oldest sister of Ida, went with Mr. Dawson of Petrolia, the lawyer and his family whose service she is in, to the Manitoulin Island where they sojourned all the summer and then returned to Petrolia last month.

On the 14th and 15th ult. Sarnia was on a grand fete on occasion of the visit of the Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen and the Countess. No doubt the mutes living in town had their good opportunity to see their Excellencies.

A Plea for the Farm.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTT.

DEAR SIR,—Much has been written about the advantages of farm life and the independence of the tillers of the soil, yet there still seems a growing disposition among farmers' sons to throw up the slow coming but sure reward of the industrious and intelligent farmer for the precarious advantages the city offers. Many of the deaf are farmers and the sons of farmers and they appear to be following the general bent, many without a proper consideration of the step. It is true, labor on the farm is hard, working hours long and social advantages few, yet, with the spectacle of the thousands of starving unemployed in the city, there should be little inducement to move there. The farmer, be he ever so poor, if he has soil worthy of the name, can raise all the food he needs for family consumption. The same industry, intelligence and perseverance that will raise a man's position in the city, will in the country make him the owner of a well appointed farm with comfortable buildings, orchard and fruit trees, and as such he is the most independent man on the face of the earth and has no cause to envy any one. He can choose his seasons for labor and rest, do his work in his own way and at times to suit himself. His products are the necessities of life rather than the luxuries, things man cannot do without, hence his products never go a begging nor is it necessary for him to rack his brain to get up stunning advertisements to sell his wares, if he takes care that his products are of good quality buyers will be found in plenty. There are seasons of the year, too, when the farmer has time for the social enjoyment and for the improvement of his mind, in fact his mind need never be idle, surrounded as he is on every side by so many things to interest him. His stock, the soil, the fruit and dairying branches should engage his skill in their improvement and should develop in the farmer the highest faculties making him the equal of any man in any profession whatever. We know of many citizens and business men who turn with longing eyes towards a rural life and wish that they could pass the evening of their lives in the quiet of the country away from the noisy whirl of the city. Many of these have spent their best years struggling for a livelihood but how few have succeeded in laying up a competency for their old age. Much more might be said but space forbids. I should be glad to have the views of my mute city friends on the much vaunted advantages of city life.

A NORFOLK COUNTY FARMER.