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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1896.

It is not always back; your work is nothing, mind the coming track. Leave what you've done for what you have to do. Don't be "consistent" but be simply true. —D. W. Homes.

Thanksgiving Day at the Institution.

Perhaps next to Christmas, Thanksgiving Day is the event of the school year. Here, books and lessons were of course laid aside and the day spent in a festive manner, and both teachers and pupils enjoyed a well earned rest. In the morning a special Thanksgiving Service was held in the chapel, Prof. Bais officiating. He read the 108 Psalm and took Psalm 95: 6 for the foundation of his address. Our many causes of thankfulness for mercies received and our dependence on our Maker for all things, temporal and spiritual, were vividly portrayed and humbly acknowledged by grateful hearts. Chapel over, the dinner was on the table, and such a spread. The tables were attractively laid out, the festive turkey crowned the board and all the other condiments for making a nineteenth century feast were all there. There was not a dainty appetite in the whole crowd of hearty boys and girls, who thronged the dining-room on that day, and we guess that they all ate a little more than they ever did before, for remember they are growing lads and lassies.

The afternoon was very cold but the Albert College foot-ball team accepted our invitation to come out and play a friendly game with us. Our grounds were frozen hard and fast play was out of the question, but both teams got an hour's good sport, which helped materially to melt down their big dinners. By the laborious way most of them played it was evident they were carrying too much ballast. The game was played in a very friendly spirit, which we were glad to see, and the College team played well considering their lack of practice for a long time. Our boys only managed to score three goals to their opponents. After tea in the evening the usual party was held, and for two and a half hours the large dining room was thronged with a crowd of happy, laughing, laughing humanity, and if any did not enjoy themselves it was most certainly their own fault. The teachers and officers present joined heartily with the pupils in the various games and all had a good time. Nuts, candies, corn and fruit were distributed and each received more than they could dispose of that evening, and were able to keep up the feast next day. The new boys and girls especially enjoyed their first party. At 10 o'clock all retired, contented and happy, except the staff of waiters who had to get down to replace and set the tables for the morning.

HOME NEWS

WM NURSE, LOCAL REPORTER.

—The storm last week blew down one of the telephone wires of the Institution circuit.

—A child's definition—Ice—Water that stayed out in the cold too late and went to sleep.

—Saturday, the 23rd, was a very wet day and the pupils did not receive the usual permission to go to town.

—The sleighs were cut for the first time on Monday last, but a sudden change in the weather brought out the wheels again next day.

—Ronald McDonald, one of our pneumonia patients, is now so far recovered as to be able to go out and with care he will soon be quite himself again.

—Dr. Farley, who was acting physician for us during Dr. Fakin's absence in Europe last summer, has been very ill. We are glad to hear he is improving.

—Mr. O'Meara has been away visiting and attending to business matters in London, Ont., for a couple of weeks. He is now back to his post in charge of the farm again.

—Little William Billing received a note from his mother a few days ago, saying that his youngest sister had died of typhoid fever. He has the sympathy of his school mates.

—We are glad to see our boys and girls taking a commendable interest in the library this year. The room is full of them on Friday evenings while books are being exchanged.

—The shoe-shop has just received an order for 12 doz. pairs of boots and shoes for the Mercer Reformatory for Females, Toronto. This order with the Institution requirements will keep the staff busy all this season.

—Mr. McKillop was the only resident teacher absent from the Thanksgiving Day social, and he had to stand a running fire of queries of his whereabouts next day. Mac thought what was everybody's business was nobody's business and was nani.

—There was a mild excitement at the hospital last week. A yell of Charlie! Charlie! brought Charlie up from the basement like chain lightning only to find that baby Ray had cut her first tooth. Ray is the only baby at the Institution, so we are interested.

—Mrs. Terrill spent Thanksgiving at home this year and came out to help entertain our boys and girls in the evening. She was the only non-resident teacher present, of course excepting Mr. and Mrs. Bais who can always be depended on for lively assistance on these occasions.

—After being here in attendance upon her son for three or four weeks, Mrs. Lightfoot left for her home in Toronto on the 23rd. Her little boy Willie was very ill with pneumonia and at one time his life was despaired of, but he recovered sufficiently to be able to return home with her and will remain away till his health is fully established again.

—Thanksgiving Day was a busy time for our attendants and none could be spared from duty, they, however, had an evening off the next day and went a few miles out into the country to the home of our head cook, Miss Humphrey, and had a social time together there. We did not hear if they dropped on another husking bee, but we suppose it was a fiddlers' bee this time.

—We are all glad to see Mrs. Richardson, the little boys' attendant, down stairs and at her duty. We hope that it will be a long time before she has to lay off again. The trouble has shifted to the girls and now Mrs. Badgely, the little girls nurse, has been compelled to lay aside her duties from illness. We hope that she too will soon be around once more. Both are too valuable to be spared.

—On Saturday Nurse Hale, Alno DeHollefeuille and Levi Lewis were taken to the city to consult Dr. Byerson, the celebrated eye specialist, with reference to the trouble with their eyes. We are glad to say that the doctor holds out every encouragement that the eyesight of all three can be completely recovered. Mr. Mathison invited Dr. Byerson to spend a day or two at the Institution during one of his visits to Belleville, and the doctor said that he would certainly avail himself of the invitation at the earliest opportunity.

—During the past three or four weeks, steam-fitters have been busy at the Gibson Hospital, under the direction of Mr. McBricty, the government steam-fitter. The result of their labors is now the completion of an excellent system of hot water heating supplied to every room in the building, the heat being generated by two Daisy Heaters in the basement. We have not yet had a sufficiently cold spell to thoroughly test its efficiency, but no difficulty is expected in keeping the rooms comfortably warm even in the coldest weather.

PERSONALITIES.

—Mr. Waggoner, an old pupil, has a good situation in Preston which he has held for the last four years.

—R. McPherson and Archie Smith, of Brantford, made a visit to Galt lately and were well received there.

—Mrs. Myers, sister of Mrs. A. Matheson and wife of the M. P. P. for Minnedosa, Man., has been visiting at Burnar Matheson's for some time. She left for home on Wednesday last.

—Mr. Stephens, Sec'y. of the Belleville Y. M. C. A., was a pleasant visitor here last week. He brought with him quite a large party of ladies and they appeared to enjoy their visit very much.

—Miss E. Burgess, of the Asylum of the Insane, Verdun, Montreal, and Miss J. Russell, of the Hamilton Asylum, spent a few pleasant days here last week as the guests of Miss B. Mathison.

—Mr. G. W. Keith, son of Supervisor Keith, spent Thanksgiving at the Institution, returning home on Monday. He is attending Toronto University at present. He enjoyed his visit here very much.

—Mr. F. G. Jefferson is back among his many friends in Chicago. They were all delighted to see him and he regaled them with an account of the pleasant trip which he had through Ontario lately. He likes Canada, still Chicago is good enough for him.

—W. J. Emery, of Peterboro, was the only one of our old boys who spent Thanksgiving Day with us this year. It is ten years since he left school, and he looks as if the world has been kind to him. He is on an extended holiday tour to Montreal and Ottawa, and will then visit Toronto.

—Miss Nash, of Milwaukee, has been the guest of her cousin, Miss Ostrom, for a few days. She is now on her way home after visiting friends in Washington, New York and other Eastern cities. She spent a day at the Institution this week and noticed many improvements since her last visit here five years ago.

—Since our last issue we have been favored with visits from Rev. Canon Hurko, Rev. V. S. Cowart, Rev. Mr. McKeown of Nova Scotia, Mr. James of Bridgewater, Miss Smart of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Moore of Toronto, Mrs. Ethel Irvine of Belleville, R. E. Finlay of Millbrook, Chas. T. Holmes of Norwich, Samuel Kerr of Gore Bay, W. P. Rogers of Midea, James Girven of Cottosloe, and G. E. Ross of Port Hope.

—We were very happy to welcome Mr. and Mrs. H. Moore, of Toronto, at the Institution a few days ago. They have been down to Belleville on a visit to Mrs. Moore's parents and so, of course, gave us a call, took dinner with us and spent the afternoon in visiting the classes. We were glad to see them looking so well. They brought greetings from Toronto friends, and when they departed in the evening, they took our regards back with them to the Queen city.

His Memory's Use.

The Philadelphia Times tells a pathetic story of poor, patient little Ned, who had been kept after school again and again to learn a simple stanza which all the rest of the class had mastered.

At last he broke down and sobbed, "I can't do it, Miss Gray, I just can't do it. Father says it's because I have such a poor—"

"A poor what Ned?"
 "You know what it is," a glimmer of light flickering in his face, "the thing you forget with."

In all great arts, as in trees, it is the height that charms us; we care nothing for the roots or trunks, yet it could not be without the aid of these.

A Few "Don'ts" for Girls.

BY RUTH RAYNOR.

Don't think loud laughing and talking on the street, in public places, or, indeed, anywhere, will cause people to notice you; certainly it will, but not in a way that is flattering to you.

Don't tell Tom or Dick or any of your boy friends that you will meet him down town or at the post-office. If you are going out with him, let him call for you at your home.

Don't have any friends you cannot ask to your home and introduce to your family.

Don't write silly letters to any one. You can never tell who will see them, and if you should see these letters again in after years what you have written will very probably cause you to blush with shame.

Don't suppose it is a sign of superior intellect to be continually arguing or advancing your own opinions in opposition to those of other people.

Don't believe you can be careless in speech or manner without having a bad moral effect on your character.

Don't go around your own home in careless, untidy dress and keep your pretty gowns for strangers.

Don't think that the world and every thing in it were made solely and wholly for you. There were quite a number of people inhabiting it before you came, and they still have a perfect right to a share of its good things.

Don't think it is of little consequence how you spend your girlhood, that you will probably come out all right in the end. It is in your own hands what you will be, an intelligent, charming woman, or a foolish and ignorant one. So if these few "don'ts" will help keep you from being the latter, don't you think you will be wise not only to read them, but to digest and practice them as well?

Sarcasm.

There is no truth in sarcasm. The teacher who is sarcastic to her pupils will evidently lose their respect and confidence. Character can not be formed with sarcasm. It is neither born of kindness, generosity nor love and it is axiomatic that no teacher can develop or improve the moral of her school unless these qualities are possessable. The untrained mind and heart of a young child are open to all pure good influences. The true teacher will be careful that nothing falls from her lips that shall lower herself in the children's estimation. If in recitation a dull boy makes a ludicrous statement do not make a ludicrous statement do not make a stinging, jesting criticism of it that provokes a smile from all the other members of the class. The boy will not easily forget your bitter remark, and the thought of it will produce an indifference that will be noticed with regret by the teacher. It will take days of careful guarded efforts of kindness and courtesy to erase the effects of one taunting, sarcastic remark. Sarcasm is a violation of true politeness. It is an excellent thing to be witty, but the teacher should know how and when to use her wit with her pupils. The shy girl in school who is the subject of the teacher's sarcastic wit grows shy and less fond of her teacher, and the boy who happens to be overgrown and clumsy is glad and happy when the sharp little teacher leaves. Before a teacher makes sarcastic, brilliant remarks it would be better to think whether it be kind, and if such a course would be a model worthy of imitation—Ella M. Powers in American Teacher.

Sympathy.

Sympathy is the foundation of every success. No man ever made a real success for himself and the world unless sympathy was the mainspring of his activity. Carlyle never wrote a truer sentence than "when the heart is sad, the eye cannot see."

No work was ever done to the limit of its possibilities that did not engage the full sympathy of the worker.

Sympathy is the key that opens the heart of king and beggar. It is the touchstone of life, and the never failing well of enthusiastic effort. Without it a man is a drudge, a slave to his necessities. He is free only as his effort is the expression of his sympathy.

The man who works without sympathy loses the beauty of life and is deprived of the inspiration of success. Everywhere sympathy is the foundation of true living.—The Outlook.