

no Secret of Success.

...of the rush... guides the pen or brush... the color shine... with these the crowning art... all its highest gains... of taking pains... the joy of years to be... for immortality... the statue's marble grace... of form and face... what hours the whiplow wrought... hand and anxious thought... the stone, with stroke on stroke... beauty stirred and woke... of music, whose sweet strain... borrow smile again... whole soul, while he wrote... heaven-inspired note... a thousand times before... the perfect score... ing manner work in scorn... for ages yet unborn... the secret of success... content with nothing less... with no aim beside... this dissatisfaction... alone in life's brief day... and honor win their way... achieve for such high gains... strenuous art of taking pains.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

[LEIDLE R. SWANZE.]

The sleighing is very good... Miss E. Metcalfe had been confined at home with a grippo, but she is now able to work again... On the 21st ult. we were surprised to see the snow in the morning, and it is about 7 inches deep... One Saturday afternoon, we were allowed to go out skating on the rink and we enjoyed it very much... It is with deep regret that we have heard of the death of Edith Major's dear sister. We all sympathize with her in the loss... Fanny Hall received a small box of paper from her sister Mabel, a former pupil of this school, which she prized very highly... Miss Annie Henderson got a photograph from her brother Jonathan, a former pupil of this school. We think it looks very good in it... We were surprised to hear that Maggie Phillimore, who left here two years ago, is going to learn dressmaking in London. We all wish her success in life... On the 23rd ult. our Matron of the institution Miss Walker, went to Kingston to spend a few days with her friends, and we all hope she will have a most delightful time visiting... On the 22nd, Annie Blackburn's uncle from Manitoba came up here to see her. She was much pleased to see him again, and had a good talk with him, and then he went back home... The 19th ult. was Annie Blackburn's birthday, she got a lovely present from her friend, with which she was much pleased. We all hope that she may be spared to see many happy returns of the day... We are surprised to hear that there are many people sick with a grippo in Belleville. However, we are keeping in good health in this Institution, and we should feel thankful to God to save us from sickness... Two weeks ago, in the evening, a new girl came here with her sister to get an education. Her name is Mary S. Louis, and she is in Mrs. Terrill's class. Her sister is working in Belleville... Miss James received a photograph from her friend, Mrs. Farnes, who lives in her home, and she showed it to the girls and they said it was lovely, and they were so surprised that Mrs. Farnes had much changed in appearance.

SARNIA NOTES.

Our own Correspondent... Duncan Morrison, the first pupil of our school, is coming here to visit his sister, Mrs. Darow... Willie Summers was home for a few days last week. He said that his father and he expect to saw 100 cords of lumber before spring... Mabel Steele, of Delaware, was visiting her aunt here for three weeks. We were not aware that she was here until she left... Alex McCormick, of Chatham, was passing through here on his way to visit his former employer, Mr. Tanner, of Sarnia township. On returning, he remained here over night.

Crank Tramps.

This letter came after our last paper was printed. It was put in type, a copy sent to a former pupil, and her reply will be found below.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

DEAR SIR, Would the British and Foreign writer of the first letter, from former pupils, in the last number of THE CANADIAN MUTE, except the hearty appreciation of a would-be admirer and forgive him the presumption of expressing it? A lady with the same kind sense of preferring home-made bread baking, it must be excellent, and a confident from even hands to look-making, that last intimacy of noble minds, is worthy of all in our Mr. Superintendent, I wish I knew what you thought of the letter, but without any breach of confidence, let me know if you find any fault with it, or if you find it against authority might offend any, or if in that direction I should be liable to be corrected. Such a commendation as good bread making, a discriminating taste for the best Scotch writing of the day and brightness enough to illuminate a Highland mountain mist, is more than magnetic. Yet will my bright young unknown pupil one who has grey hairs here and there in his beard to give expression to a little fat that indulged with the enjoyment of her letter. Is she quite sure that she made the best she could of her tramp bore. Could not that bright intelligence of hers make something more out of him than a nuisance? One who can write so well, can surely apply a little wholesome corrective caustic in the right place. We who live in the large cities, have had some new light on the tramp question forced on us the last three or four years. The problem of providing employment for mutes is one of growing difficulty, and for some at least of the tramps, the small peccating is an honorable and praiseworthy attempt to avoid being a burden on others, who can't bear it. Any one practically acquainted with the state of several branches of business in Ontario now, to which mutes have been trained, will be aware of the difficulty they have to face in getting employment. We have in view several cases in Toronto now in which the utmost efforts of the mutes themselves, of their friends, of those having some influence in the city, have failed to secure any employment for them except odd jobs at long intervals. We are also in receipt of letters from the country, referring to the same difficulties. If then a mute tramp comes by now and though peccating an inoffensive article we hope our country friends will give him the benefit of a suspended judgment.

As to Moses and Light and Darkness, well, perhaps we know the style too well. But it is to the bright virtue inside like this of a former pupil to whom we look to help improve matters, and to use their pleasing and attractive gifts to adorn the treatment of the most precious thing the world possesses. No doubt I might get the prompt return, "Doctor your own cranks." Ah, well! We are doing what we can, and bright minded deaf friends everywhere are doing as helps in the good cause. Perhaps my dear unknown will suffer a quotation, as a privilege of the grey hairs I cannot count.

Let knowledge grow from more to more, But more of reverence in us dwell; That mind and soul, according well, May make one music.

Yours Faithfully, A DEAF FRIEND OF THE DEAF, Toronto Jan 16, 1897.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

DEAR SIR, At last "Deaf Pillars" have found a champion they should rise up in a body, and reward him, each according to his means, no matter if their gratitude should take the form of corn-meal, pins, needles, thread and Louisiana handkerchiefs, which seems to be the usual stock in trade of the average mute pillar. Do you know I rather like a "Deaf Friend of the Deaf" letter. He seems so much in earnest I would not be a true daughter of Eve, were I not pleased with the many pretty things he has to say about me, but I am quite undecided as to whether they were not said sarcastically. He speaks of "Crank Tramps," a class. Now I was only alluding to one in particular, for this special crank had made himself unusually obnoxious. I am aware there are mutes who are obliged to take to peccating as a last resort. But, surely when all has been said that should be said, in regard to a mute's equipment for life, his success will depend almost entirely on his way of looking at things. Almost any fellow with a fair education can get a good deal out of life, if he knows enough to stick to things. I defy any ordinary person to make any more of my special crank than I did. It would shock the most credulous person alive, to be informed that any person had been living in darkness till some body, Moses, I believe, came along and led him out. Very considerate of Moses, I am sure. My crank was not educated in any of our Canadian institutions, I am thankful to say. About three fourths of those pillars—tax-payers—"agents," are sons of respectable farmers, and prefer to "tramp" to working on a farm. To be sure I have seen very few of that class of mutes, but I have seen quite enough to convince me that they would do better, and I would be very unsophisticated young person, were I not prepared to substantially back up any assertions I make. One characteristic of those pillars is that they make themselves so disagreeable, if you inform them that you are not in the habit of indulging in price-fights, consequently have no use for court plaster, such was my experience at any rate. I don't see any sense in a mute, and a stranger at that, coming and bring religion at you. I am far from objecting to a quiet talk on biblical matters with any sane person, but I do object to have an uneducated crank "bring" religion at me, and telling me what an awful sinner I am, and conjuring up a terrible picture in which his Betanice Majesty and myself form the main feature.

And say, Mr. Mathison, I plead guilty to a feminine curiosity, to know who the writer of that letter is. I suspect several Toronto bachelors, but can't name any particular one. Suppose we swap identities. Do you think a deaf friend of the deaf would have any objections either? Bring your powers of persuasion to bear on him, and if that will not fetch him, nothing will. I don't like to indulge in a wordy war with any gentleman, incoquino, still less one who can acquit himself of compliments in such graceful language and at the same time apply a little of that "corrective caustic" he speaks of. Trusting that I have not taken up too much valuable space. Yours sincerely, A FORMER PUPIL.

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest, the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext for doing what he likes.

Deaf-mutes In Court.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE.

DEAR SIR, I saw by the newspapers that a deaf mute of this city sued the street railway for damages to the extent of \$100, for being unlawfully put off a car. The complaint he makes is that he could not find his fare in his pockets in time to please the conductor, with the above result. The court gave a verdict of \$25 for the plaintiff. But as this will not pay half the costs of his suit, the deaf-mute in question is a poorer man to-day than when he went in, and we hope a wiser one too. But what I wish to point out is the foolishness of some deaf-mutes rushing into court when there is not a shadow of a chance of their getting any satisfaction out of it. Another deaf mute in this city a few years ago tried to recover a good deal of money for getting injured on alighting from a car, although he was strongly advised by reliable and trust-worthy friends to desist from so doing as he was sure to lose money, but as he no doubt thought he was wiser than anybody else he went right ahead and came out of it minus something less than all his expenses. This has not only reference to court affairs, but business and other matters as well. These cases are all the more strange when they happen in the city of Toronto, where the deaf have so many true friends who would willingly give free advice at any time, and it is often given unsolicited, but refused. I may say that all cases make mistakes sometimes, but some of our friends seem to be making mistakes all the time. We hope they will use better judgment in the future.

Toronto Jan. 20th 1897. JUSTICE.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent.

Miss Macfarlane spent one week of her holidays in Ottawa and returned to the McKay Institute for New Year's. Alex McLaren is the happy father of fine healthy twin boys, who were born on December 10th. Four boys in four years, truly our deaf benefactors mean well by the country. Mr. Holland spent one month with Mr. Gray, broken by frequent visits to the neighboring deaf-mutes. Queer weather we are having—rain, sleet, slush, mud, frost, and then the same over again, we have had no sleighing yet. Mrs. McClelland is at present visiting her husband's relations, as her new house is not quite ready for occupation. Willie Kay's numerous friends around here are very much pleased with his long letters to the MUTE, which are freely discussed when any of the pioneer pupils of the Institution happen to meet. Your correspondent remembers him well, very well indeed, owing to the numerous kicks his ankles received by Willie's defective vision, causing him to take them for footballs. I believe Mrs. McDermid excused him on the ground that Scotch feet were so big it was small wonder they were mistaken for footballs occasionally. We hope to read many more of his letters, as friend Willie was one of the boys that made no enemies and hosts of friends. Hoping that we will meet in the near future. Miss Bothwick has been surrounded by fires lately, nearly a quarter of a million dollars worth of property having gone up in smoke within a stone's throw of her door. Miss Jamieson paid little Miss Hunter a visit. I believe she is in too delicate a state of health to allow her to attend school. We hear that our old friend Jean Baizans has at last obtained steady employment.

RAGLAN NOTES.

From our own Correspondent. J. J. Ormiston and Frank Spiuks drove from Raglan to Toronto, a distance of forty five miles in five hours last week. They attended the Sunday morning service in the West M. C. A. Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLaren are comfortably settled in a little house of their own in the village of Raglan. J. J. Ormiston is in possession of a 100 acre farm and neat brick residence, which stands on the C. P. R., two miles above Myrtle Station. Of their eight children, six boys and one girl are living, all bright happy children possessing all their faculties. Mr. Ormiston lost his hearing through measles. His wife was born deaf and has three deaf-mute brothers and one sister. Living near the railway, tramps are a nuisance by their daily appearance at the door begging food. Should a tramp use violent language, the big faithful watch dog is over ready to defend his master, thus the trespasser is careful to keep at a safe distance. Mrs. Grace Moffatt, James' sister, died in July last. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McLaren, of Osgoode, were presented with twin boys recently. Nothing can constitute good breeding which has not good nature for its foundation.—Dulver.

It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face. As I laugh my troubles down, For all our little trials wait Our laughter's our own crown. Remember the name of a smile Our soul to will fade away As it falls the frost in early spring Beneath the sunny ray. It pays to make a worthy cause By helping it, our own. To give the content of our lives With the best we have. It pays to comfort heavy hearts Oppressed with dull despair, And leave in every well-laden life One gleam of brightness there. It pays to give a helping hand To reach, earnest youth To unite with all their waywardness. Their courage and their truth To strive with sympathy and love. Their confidence to win And let the sunshine in.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

Duncan Morrison visited Hamilton and spent a week with his aunt, Mrs. Spence. He met Hedley Grant, who conducts a harness shop in Dundas. Mr. Grant still holds Sunday service for the deaf. J. H. Newell comes a long distance by train in order to be present. Mr. Morrison left for Sarnia, where he will stay the remainder of the winter with his sister, Mrs. Samuel Darow, thence go to Spanish River, when the mill is in operation. H. Gilbert, an aged deaf mute, sued the Street Railway Company for \$1,000 damages for being rudely ejected from a car when he was slow to pay his fare. The jury gave him only \$25. Neil McGillivray had his trunk broken open and riddled of \$3.40 by a sneak thief, while he was attending Sunday service. The money belonged to the Deaf Mute Association, of which Neil is treasurer. Messrs. Spiuks and Ormiston were in the city a couple of weeks ago. Mr. and Mrs. P. Fraser rejoice over the birth of another daughter. Richard W. Wills and Geo. McDonald, of Uptergrove, made a dying visit to our city last week. Mrs. Harry Mason has recovered from her illness. Mr. Bryden finds his time well occupied evenings in training the elderly deaf mutes on Bible study at their homes. Mr. Darney has heard from his brother who moved to the Trausval Republic some months ago. Speaking of the cost of living: the rent of three rooms is five hundred dollars per year, food is very high, one of our 5c cabbages costs fifty cents and a loaf of bread 25c. Among some of the choice deaf-mute needle-women I must not forget Mrs. David Hamby. She received a very poor education, but her skill at fancy work cannot be surpassed. She is quite an old lady but still loves to spend her spare moments in completing some new pattern. It would be well for you to save up all the old trinkets, small toys, brass thimbles or relics of childhood and keep a bag to store them in. In Mrs. Hamby's parlor stands a queer ornament; upon close observation it is found to be a mould of an old teapot or some cast away vessel, this is covered thickly with soft putty and the odds and ends in the bag stuck over the mould till it is completely covered up. There were arms and feet of a doll, doll's head, marbles, rings, and a horrid rusty buckle of three score years ago. It was a pretty ornament after all. We regret to hear of the death of T. H. Ince, father of Harry Ince. His death was sudden, the result of a fall on the slippery sidewalk. Harry is in Manitoba at present. One principal reason why men are so often useless is, that they divide and shift their attention amongst a multiplicity of objects and pursuits.—Emmons. It matters not how good the plumbing may be, the use of disinfectants is advisable. The security will be greater if every week disinfectants are liberally used. One that costs but little and is perfectly odorless, is made by dissolving a heaping teaspoonful of nitrate of lead in a quart of boiling water. This will not stain. It costs about 3 cents, and if it is thrown once week down the waste pipes, it will be money well spent. Other disinfectants may be prepared, but something of the kind should be used regularly on a certain day. If a day for doing a thing is fixed, it generally gets done; if "once a week" means any day, it is often forgotten.