

## A Song of Thanksgiving.

How I love to tell the story  
Of all things bright and good,  
That fill our senses with the joy,  
Of life and health and love,  
Which but our senses can enjoy,  
And what they most desire,  
Our humble, thankful hearts,  
We love to thank thee ever,  
We love to sing thy praise,  
And sing the old, old praises  
On this Thanksgiving Day.—Selected.

## PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution.

BY HERBERT ROBERTS.]

Shorter days and longer nights.

Jim Delaney, who works in the bakery all day, now kneads bread and makes two loaves at a time instead of one as was his usual custom.

The United States elections are over and Major William McKinley is in the saddle, while Bryan, his fearless opponent, lingers on by the wayside.

The 20th of this month has been proclaimed Thanksgiving day throughout Canada and the United States and we anticipate a grand time that day.

Mr Keith, our boys' supervisor, was laid up with sickness, but is on his hands again. Miss Hale, our popular nurse, took his place during his absence.

As stated lately, Herbert McKenzie is the finest barber in this Institution; he has had a good many engagements, yet he is an anomaly in the tonorial line.

Thomas McKay, of this school, got a letter from home confirming the report that his grandfather had died at the ripe age of 85. We all sympathize with him in his sad bereavement.

We had quite a lot of rain the past few days, thus rendering the "eat" or disagreeable and preventing us from playing at our outdoor sports, but we had enough of indoor games to enliven the days.

Some time ago, Thos. Green fell down the stairs and fractured his leg, but he is all right now. He seemed to be a fleeing burglar catching his foot in a rug, and coming down with more haste than grace and dignity.

It was stated lately that Colver Bowly, an ex-pupil of this Institution, would be married to Miss Steele, also an ex-pupil of this school, on the 11th inst., but we have not heard if it is true. They are both residents of Simcoe.

Mr Stewart, one of our teachers, was compelled to leave his post of duty and take to bed through a severe case of sickness for nearly two weeks, but he is at his duties again. His class was taken charge of during his illness by the reporter of those miscellaneous items.

Mr Douglas, our esteemed store-keeper and assistant supervisor, who was laid up for a month through a severe sickness, made his first appearance on Monday the ninth inst., and a shower of greetings were extended him, showing how he is esteemed by the pupils.

On the 31st ult. the larger pupils assembled in the girls' sitting-room. Both sexes spent a couple of hours in playing games, etc., and much regret was felt when the time came for closing the merry event. This was the first party we have had this season, and had we not had any desks, chairs, fences, benches, and all such things would have been whirled in every direction—that generally follows Halloween, and some of the unruly ones would have been sent home.

Some time ago some one put the box used for keeping waste materials in on the sidewalk, to play a trick on some one. They thought that some one would rush out of the door after study hours and stumble over it. This, however, proved successful, for Boucot Bordon was a victim. He came rushing out as fast as he could and not noticing the protruding object, he stumbled over it, but got up in a hurry so that he would not have been noticed, but the sharp eye of one espied him and this is how the story came to be related.

Thursday afternoon, the 8rd inst., was the date fixed for the final match between the Albert College and the city teams for the supremacy and the championship of the Belleville League. Mr. Mathison gave us permission to witness it so the various departments were closed at four, but unfortunately the teams did not make their appearance.

The cause was that the city team refused to accept the challenge, so the contest was abandoned. The same day was Miss Tompleton's birthday and she presented each of her pupils with a stick of taffy as a slight token of her love, and they in turn wished her many happy returns of the day.

Saturday, the 7th inst., was marked for being the day in which our boys lost a goal for the first time of the season. Our boys challenged the High School of Belleville, which was accepted, and everything was in readiness for the coming event. When they started it was threatening rain, but the plucky players did not heed this. Just before changing sides our boys rushed the ball through the goal and this brightened their hopes, as they thought they would win the match, but they found they were mistaken, for a few minutes after sides were changed their opponents got the ball through the goal, thus making the score even. This aroused our boys and they wished to make another score before time was up, but unfortunately they failed. They promised to play again the following Saturday, when our boys expect they will be completely beaten. The same evening the little boys and girls, through the generosity of Mr. Mathison, were invited to a party in the girls' sitting-room and they reported having a most enjoyable time. The larger ones assembled in the chapel where Mr. McKillop gave them an interesting lecture of his travels to New York during the holidays and how he narrowly escaped death while running down a hill on his bicycle at a tremendous velocity, injuring himself severely.

## A Dog that is a Deaf-Mute.

"I've just had a queer experience," said the Cheerful Liar.

"Told the truth?" remarked the young cynic.

The Cheerful Liar paid no attention to him, but went on "I've just had a queer experience. Dog story. Most remarkable dog. Little fellow, with an abbreviated tail, snubnose, most remarkable development of his front paws. I think he must have been a pug and I think probably came from Denmark.

"Cute little fellow. Belongs to the deaf and dumb school up in Harlein. Smart little doggie, he's learned the deaf and dumb language. He's deaf and dumb, you know. He wandered into the institution one cold winter's night when he was not very old, and his misfortune was discovered by the cook of the place, who talked the sign language with an Irish accent.

"The cook threw a mop at doggie. Doggie looked at her reproachfully and stood up on his hind legs and put his right paw to his heart, which meant that he was surprised and deeply pained. The doggie looked so hungry and worn out that cook took pity on him and gave him something to eat. Naturally, she expected doggie to wag his tail, but you know deaf and dumb dogs can't wag their tails. Instead of that, doggie stood up on his hind legs, patted his tummy with one paw and nodded his head up and down and smiled. Then the cook told him to get out, for there was something un-canny about him and she didn't want him around. But doggie put one of his paws to his ears and shook his head. This settled the cook. She called the superintendent of the place and all the teachers. Doggie was declared deaf and dumb, and an inmate of the institution. Been there ever since.

"He soon learned all the sign language and now talks with any person in the place. I saw him to day and had quite a long talk with him."—N. Y. Press.

## A Lady's Dress Described.

The average man usually finds himself at sea when he undertakes the description of a lady's dress. An old farmer, returning from the wedding of a niece in town, was eagerly questioned by his family as to the bride's costume. "Well," said he, "she had on some kind of a dress, with a lot of flubdubbery of some sort or 'nother down the front of it, and a thingamajig on the back of it, with a long tail of some stuff—I don't know what it was—dragging out behind, and a lot of flippop flounces over the whole thing. There warn't no arms to it, and she had a lot of white truck, soft and floppy like, on her head, and that's jist all I know about it." All of which must have been unsatisfactory to the ladies of his household.—Sacred Heart Review.

## From an Old Pupil.

DEAR MR. MATHISON:—I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am in perfect health and I hope you are enjoying the same blessing. We moved here from Cassopolis, Mich., on the 24th of Sept. I received your letter and copies of "THE CANADIAN MUTE," and was greatly pleased with both. I took great interest in reading the paper which contained an account of the Brantford Convention. Elkhart is a large city, having, I should think, a population of upwards of 15,000. I am doing well here, and Mr. Strachan, publisher of *The Liberator*, is well satisfied with my work. I expect to have steady work with him if our business continues good. We are very busy; and I would very much like to have some one who has worked with you there, to help us—but the Boss says we can get along without help for a little while. Mr. Strachan is much surprised to see my job-work. I can set type pretty fast, and I am still trying to become more expert. I don't know of any other deaf-mutes in the city. I would like to write much more worldly news, but I thought I would like to say a few words which I read in the Bible. I have been saved for two years, and I take a great interest in reading the Bible every morning and night. My parents, sisters and brothers are also saved. "For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord."—I. Thessalonians 4: 16-17. "Comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work." I send my best regards to you and all the teachers, officers and pupils, who may know me. Hoping to hear from you.

I am, yours truly,  
JOHN F. FISHER.  
Elkhart, Ind., Oct. 26th, 1896.

## From an Ex-Pupil.

To Mr. Mathison, Supt.

DEAR SIR:—I suppose it will be no surprise to any one to learn that my school days are now over, and I am delighted they are. I now ask you to let me through the columns of your valuable little paper thank all those most sincerely who taught me and those who took pains for my welfare and care while at school. I can not forget how well I was treated when I was sick and when I got my knee dislocated last fall. It makes me smile to recollect that the dear matron at your school, Miss Walker, used to order the attendant, who waited on me while I had my knee hurt, to bring me some first class pudding for fear I might get lean. I also remember the others who treated me when I was then in that helpless condition. I can look back with pleasure at many school-day incidents that are sweet to my memory and which I will keep green. It is a great blessing for the deaf of Ontario to have such a good and comfortable school as that situated at Belleville, and I am really proud to have graduated from it. I am sure it is situated on one of the most beautiful spots on the Bay of Quinte. From the time I was admitted till my graduation I have seen great improvements which have made the appearance more attractive and beautiful. Of course I do not only mean new buildings. I also mean some varieties of flowers have taken the places of others in the hot-spots in front of the Institution, more trees have been planted, more tracts of lawn have been sodded, the CANADIAN MUTE born, etc. I hope the Ontario Government will see that it is their duty to have a new school building erected and provide more accommodation, as it has been overflowing with fresh pupils. If they want Ontario to continue having one of the best educational systems in the world they must see that the education of the deaf of Ontario is making great progress so that they can be advanced up and compared with the best schools for the deaf across the border. I cannot forget the way Miss Walker treated our pallant boys during the foot ball series to abundant support, especially when I was captain of the crack second eleven during the season of 1894-5 that never had to suffer defeat nor at the sight of a pretty girl let the ball pass through their flags. I have been enjoying myself immensely during the holidays and

have been gaining strength and health. I think I have told you enough for the present so I must now conclude by sending my best regards to all at the Institution. Adieu. Yours very sincerely,  
DAVID S. LUDDY.  
Walkerton, 1896.

## TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

The address of Mr. A. W. Mason, read at the Brantford Convention and published in the last issue of THE MUTE, shows him to be a practical and level-headed reasoner of a high order. The address throughout is not only interesting reading, but instructive and full of good advice. Our young friends who wish to succeed in life cannot do better than study the points essential to success given by Mr. Mason in his address.

We learn that one of our young bicyclists had a narrow escape the other day from death or at least from having a limb or perhaps two severed from his body by coming in collision with a trolley car. The bicycle was not so fortunate as its owner for it was badly damaged and we hear it is at present lying in the hospital.

Mr. Philip Fraser has opened a repair shop at his residence, 378 Clinton street, where he will spend his spare time from his regular work at the factory. His friends requiring repairs to the soles of their shoes will do well to give him a call and we can guarantee to their not being disappointed for having done so.

Mr. Robt. Riddell has put in a wood-turning machine and an emery wheel at his shop in rear of his residence, 79 Borden street, where he is prepared to do all kinds of wood turning, sharpening skates, knives, etc. Any one requiring something done in these lines should give him a trial.

Mr. Bridgen finished his course of lectures on "Pilgrim's Progress" last Wednesday evening, the 28th ult. The part of interest in the last lecture was "Vanity Fair," which he depicted in graphic signs. He has promised to give a course of lectures once every month during the winter.

Among the orders for crayon portraits where Mary O'Neil works are recognized those of Messrs. Cunningham and O'Meara, of the Institution, and Hugh Carson, of Meaford. Mary takes lessons from A. W. Mason. Jessie Munro is expected to work there soon, after recovering from her illness.

Mr. J. J. Ormiston, of Raglan, shipped another car load of apples to Toronto lately. He with Chas. McLaren and Francis Spinks stopped over night with Mrs. Flynn's father while they were attending the Lindsay Fair.

Rev. A. W. Mann, missionary to the deaf of Ohio, U. S., writes to Mr. Mason to be kindly remembered to all his acquaintances in Canada.

We regret to record the serious illness of Mrs. J. L. Ellis, but hope for her speedy restoration to health.

F. J. Wheeler was the guest of A. W. and H. Mason for a few days before returning to his home in St. Catherine's.

Miss Winnie Ballagh and her mother have returned from a visit to Port Hope. We were pleased to see Winnie with us again last Sunday looking healthy and ruddy from the fresh country breeze.

Mr. C. Gillam, from Grimsby, has secured a situation in a broom factory in the city.

"Mrs. Morse" should have been substituted for "Mrs. Moore" in last issue of THE MUTE, in Toronto Topics. A good many enquiries were made as to who the new Mrs. Moore was.

We have been looking in vain in the last two or three issues of THE MUTE for some news from our friends in Berlin.

A copy of the *Silent Echo* was handed to us the other day and we found the editor "still writing." We would like to see him wake up once in a while.

## Tommy's Argument.

"Father," asked Tommy the other day, "Why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?"

"Why, why," the old man answered, stumbingly, "it's so because it is so, I suppose."

"Well, pa, since I am your father, I'm going to give you fifty cents to go to the circus, and a dime for peanuts and lemonade besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so mean as the rest of them are. Go in, dad, and have a good time while you're young. I never had a chance myself!"

Tommy went to the circus.