

From our own Correspondent

There was a very good evening at the monthly social meeting at Bridger's house on the 25th and a lively time was spent. After the financial business was disposed of, a series of interesting magic lanterns were exhibited, entitled "Ten Years in a Bar Room." It would be hard to find a more striking temperance record in pictures than this. Mr. Mason accompanied the views with a detailed relation of the story, an account of the establishment of a new public house in a small town from its first inception and apparently innocent beginning, its terrible ending in the murder of the proprietor by his own son. It was the sorrow and evil wrought by the place amongst both rich and poor, the educated and uneducated, that the drink shop was overwhelmed with bad and bitter, the respectable decent man who started it and the bloated quarrelsome and swearing drunkard; his bright boy a coarse and dissipated young man; the brilliant son of a leading man of the town descending to a gambling quarrel in the drink house and riot, ruin and death in various ways were traced to the influence of the place. Some relief was given to the sadness of the story by the last picture which showed the change wrought in the life of one man who gave up the drink curse. A quarter of an hour was given to some amusing pictures of "The Lion in Love." The Misses Bridger entertained the guests as usual and dispersed with the feeling of a pleasant evening well spent. Mr. Mason handled the magic lantern with professional skill and brought out the views brilliantly, and at the conclusion of the meeting Mr. McIntosh moved a vote of thanks in a very graceful and effective style.

The crowded and enthusiastic meetings of the W. C. T. U. here during the last few days naturally leads us to consider the state of the temperance cause amongst ourselves. Women are all suffering from the curse of drink. We cannot say our hands are quite clean. We fear one or two of our women are telling stories. We fear the devil is working in some homes. We are thankful there has been no evil amongst us for some time past. The demon is not dead. Some of us have been talked of which ought to be. We hope all our friends will keep unwinking vigilance against the enemy of peace, honor and homes.

After several months silence we at last heard of several of our old friends in the west. Mr. J. R. Byrne is working in the Stratford Shoe Co., and James Duncan is at the case in Embury and expects to be there for quite a while yet. We think it a pity two so well educated and intelligent friends cannot take the trouble to give us a few words of brotherly cheer now and then through the MUTE. We hardly think they are doing their duty towards their brothers and sisters in misfortune.

Mr. W. Torrell has been experiencing a rather rough time of it lately. As soon as he had recovered from his bicycle mishap he was laid up for a few days from blood poisoning on the arm, but we are pleased to hear he is rapidly recovering. A man of William's vigor can always pull over such attacks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore have returned to the city after paying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Mellan in Kingston and friends in Belleville. We have not yet heard a report of their holiday jaunt. Their appearances are ample evidence that they had a pleasant time.

While Mr. and Mrs. H. Mason were in the country they paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. D. Hamblin in Nobleton, and report that they have a lovely house. David has rented his farm and intends retiring from active work on account of advancing years. He deserves a well earned rest as he was a hard worker.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ell's little son, who died on the 12th ult. They have our sincere sympathy.

We omitted to mention in last issue of the MUTE that we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. McClelland, of Ottawa, while they were in the city on their way west recently. We trust they will stay longer next time.

Parental restraint, if it is wise, will be exerted only with the view of rendering the child as soon as possible independent of it.



OF THE CANADIAN MUTE

Rev. Bro. J. M. Young, C. S. V.

The October 15th issue of the CANADIAN MUTE contains the sad news of the death of the above mentioned gentleman at the Mile End Catholic Deaf Institution, Montreal. A very dear old friend is gone, his mission in deaf mute education is ended. Alas, his familiar face will be much missed. In the history of deaf mute education in Canada his name may be worthily coupled, in grateful remembrance, with that of the late Prof. J. B. McGann, the pioneer teacher of the deaf in Ontario. Both were about equal in age and in the number of years which they devoted to the education of those bereft of the blessing of hearing, and each wore a flowing grey beard.

Rev. Brother Joseph M. Young died at the Mile End school on the 14th of July last, aged seventy-seven years. He had suffered for some time from heart disease. His co-workers were greatly solicitous about the health of their beloved associate. Death came suddenly, but did not find him unprepared, as it happened in the beautiful chapel connected with the school while he was at his afternoon meditations, offering thanks after receiving communion that morning. Help came to him at once, but all that tender care could bestow was unavailing. He lived just long enough to receive absolution from Rev. Father Beaudin. The day before, Brother Young climbed to the top of a new chimney, sixty feet high, which effort no doubt tended much to hasten his death. The principal, Rev. Father Belanger, warned him against doing so, on account of his weak heart. He was too late in reaching the side of his devoted servant to give his last fatherly blessing, being away at the presbytery at the time. The remains were taken to Johette, a few miles from Montreal, and buried in the cemetery belonging to the Clergy of St. Viateur, of which order Brother Young was for so many years a faithful member.

A brief biographical sketch of our dear friend may not be out of place. He was born in Metz, Lorraine, France then, but now Germany, in 1820. He was carefully brought up by his virtuous mother, who early instilled into his heart the love of God and the practice of piety, and his lessons had such an effect on him that he remained a practical Christian up to his last moment. The love he bore his mother was exceedingly strong. The writer retains a vivid recollection of an affecting incident at the school. One winter night a cablegram was received from France announcing the death of Brother Young's venerable mother, which news completely prostrated him with grief, he being inconsolable for some time. His education was undertaken at Nancy by Prof. Richardin, one of the prominent teachers in France. He made such a brilliant course of study that he was engaged to teach after graduating when yet a young man. He taught at Nancy for five years and at Soissons for ten more. About this time, feeling a vocation to become a brother in the church, he entered the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, toiling for four years in the service of the poor and uneducated. His failing health at length compelled him to retire from the hard work. In 1853 Bishop Bourget of Montreal sailed for Europe in quest of a competent teacher to educate the deaf

in his own diocese. Brother Young was highly recommended as accordingly engaged. In 1856, together with Rev. Father Belanger, the present principal, he opened the Mile End school under the direction of Rev. Father Du Haut, pastor, who in 1862 was elected principal the third in succession, which office he held for one year. He was considered the best mixer in France, and was also an able song leader. In my school he had some of the pupils, trained by the old teacher and assisted by Rev. Brother Groe (also a deaf gentleman), rendered in Montreal many a piece of acting in comedy and tragedy. In 1873 he, in company with Rev. Father Belanger, paid a visit to the Belleville Deaf school. He had worked constantly in the cause of education and religion until he was stricken down by death. Being deaf himself, the ruling purpose of his life was to serve a class with whom a common affliction had drawn him into sympathy. Sacred be the memory of him who tried to do his best for the deaf. It is to be hoped that something will be done to perpetuate it in a contribution more complete than that from the unworthy pen of one of the Rev. brother's most grateful pupils. — A. A.

OF THE CANADIAN MUTE

The Late Lotta Henry.

When David Torrell and Kenneth McKenzie were with me lately on a visit, almost the first news they communicated to me was when the latter took my hand and spelled on it the name of my old class-mate Lotta Henry. I at once knew their feelings and also had been so moved by what I read in the CANADIAN MUTE about that poor girl. Though I never saw her, I was familiar with her character and reputation. One day in the spring of 1879, in Mr. Coleman's class-room, A. A. McIntosh, who sat in front of me, we being the nearest to the south west corner, informed me that there was a nice little deaf girl in Chatham, which was his home then, spelling her name Miss Lotta Henry. In 1883, James Duncan showed me at his place in Stratford a large photograph of the whole family, taken at your school, for the first time under Mr. Mathison's regime. I thought of that girl and asked him if she was there. She was, said he, pointing to the place where she was. In 1884 A. W. Mason, taking orders for crayons in Stratford, discovered me at my old place and during our pleasant chat, my next impulse was to inquire if he had met that girl in Chatham. In reply he said he had, taking out of his coat-pocket a package of small cards which he spread on the table. He picked and showed me one of hers, saying he had enlarged a crayon from it. In 1888, when I was the guest of my last companion at your school, the late James Hadden, in Mooretown, among crayons with gilt frames hung up in the parlor, was that now grown lady. I was so touched at the thought of his generosity to execute that beautiful work, and to tell the truth, I never dreamt of his future great abilities as an artist, when in the fall of 1879, according to his childish desire to follow me into the drawing class, I brought him thither and politely requested Mrs. and Miss Walker, the teachers, to admit him. Now it was Mr. McIntosh who first learned me of that sweet and gentle girl, and again learned me that she was no more, before the CANADIAN MUTE with the sad announcement reached me. — Wm. Kay.

with the children. I must try to help Robbie. I could not stay there while he was being torn in pieces by the fierce brutes. I seized the gun from the rack and hurried to the door. The cries of the wolves still continued, sharp, eager and vicious, but still, I dared to think, with a note of disappointment and expectancy. Could it be that my boy was as yet out of their reach? I had just stepped into the snow when three rifle-shots in quick succession rang sharply and clear in the direction of the barn. These were followed by frightened, angry snarls, and I could just make out the forms of two of the wolves skulking away through the snow. I hurried forward in the direction of the shots and approached the well. There on the ground lay the bodies of three wolves. Two Indians near by stood leaning on their rifles. But no Robbie! Just then a cheery though rather tremulous, voice exclaimed:

"I'm all right, mother" and Robbie dropped suddenly from the clouds, at my feet. Then he began to cry. "I climbed up the well-sweep," he sobbed, "but I couldn't have held on much longer."

The well was near by when the wolves rushed upon him, and the little fellow had thus managed to clamber out of their reach. I turned to the Indians and tried to thank them. One of them, who, to my delight, proved to be my guest of an hour or two before, managed to tell me that, with his companion whom he had met soon after leaving our house, he was hunting in the woods, when he heard the howling of the wolves. He had judged, from the direction of the sound, that they were attacking our premises, and, grateful for his entertainment of the afternoon, had come to the rescue.

"He had barely finished his explanation, when your grandfather drove up with Uncle Henry's people."

"What does this mean?" he asked, sternly, looking at the Indians and at me. I told him. He grasped each of them fervently by the hand. "God bless you!" he said, huskily, and conducted them to the house.

The next day was the happiest Thanksgiving we ever had, and our two Indians seemed to enjoy it as much as anybody. — George B. Gardner, in *The N. Y. Ledger*.

Buying a Paper.

"Here, boy, let me have a Sun."

"Can't, mister."

"Why not? You've got them I heard you a minute ago crying them loud enough to be heard to the City Hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, yo know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling; hand me a paper, I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you no paper on this here block, mister, cos it belongs to Lumpy. He's jest up the furdor end now; you'll meet him."

"And who is Lumpy, pray? And why does he have this especial block?"

"Cos us owner kids agreed to let him have it. You see it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be lit on an' thrashed."

"Yes, I do see. So you newsboys have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're a-gom' to look out for a little cove that's lame, anyhow, you bet!"

"There comes Lumpy now; he's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse an opportunity to sell their wares, in order to give a weak, limping brother a chance in a clear field. — L. C.

Misfortune In a Name.

"A. Swindle" is the name that appears over the office door of a struggling lawyer in an Ontario village. A friend of the unfortunate gentleman suggested the advisability of his writing out his first name in full, thinking that Arthur or Andrew Swindle, as the case might be, would sound better and look better than the significant "A. Swindle." When the lawyer, with tears in his eyes, whispered to him that his name was Adam, the friend understood and was silent.