

### Why Is It So?

Some find work where some find rest,  
And so the weary world goes on,  
I sometimes wonder what is best,  
The answer comes when life is gone.

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake,  
And so the dreary night hours go;  
Some hearts beat where some hearts break,  
I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some wills faint where some wills fight—  
Some fall back while some move on,  
I often wonder who are right—  
The ones who strive, or those who yield.

Some feet halt where some feet tread  
In tireless march, a thorny way,  
Some straggle on where some have fled,  
Some seek, while others shun the fray.

Some swarts rust where others clash,  
Some fall back while some move on,  
Some flags fall while others flash,  
Until the battle has been won.

Some sleep on, while others keep  
The vigils of the true and brave,  
They will not rest till roses creep  
Around their name, above a grave.

—Father Ryan

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTUAL

### Toronto Deaf-Mutes' Picnic.

The annual picnic held by the deaf mutes of the Queen City came off at Oakville on Saturday, August 14th. This event has always proved so pleasant in the past that it is certainly destined to occur every year. The day was all that had been anxiously hoped for, in order that the programme of games might be carried out without interference. It was just an ideal day for a picnic. Such greetings as "fine weather," "lovely day," "good fortune," etc., were exchanged among those in attendance with genuine feelings of thankfulness. Half an hour before the boat left the wharf the scene became lively with the constant arrival of deaf-mutes and their friends from all parts of the city, and when the time of departure came, "not one left" was reported. Every one appeared in the best of spirits at the outset, forgetting all cares of life for the day.

The Greyhound, a popular propeller plying between Oakville, Lorne Park and Toronto, started on time, at 9:30 o'clock, reaching Lorne Park over an hour later and Oakville shortly before noon. The lake was quite calm, with scarcely a ripple on the water, though the breeze was delightfully cool all the way. The committee, consisting of Messrs. Bridgen, Slater, Fraser, Elliott and McIntosh, was called, while on board, to consult about games and prizes. Decisions were made, and a programme accordingly written out. After landing at the western wharf and ascending the hill we took shelter under the refreshing shade of the elms and poplars on the picnic grounds. Lunch was then taken out of the baskets and spread in a large tent and on the grass, much to the satisfaction of the inner man.

The grove where the picnic was being held, is one of the most beautiful spots along the lake-shore, and is therefore much patronized by picnickers and excursionists. The country surrounding Oakville is famous for its crops of strawberries, thousands of boxes of which fruit being annually sold.

At one o'clock the programme of games proceeded with. Before starting each game, the prizes apportioned to it were displayed for the purpose of creating keen competition. The result was satisfactory. Following are the prizes and winners:—

Children's Race.—1st prize, soft ball Janet Wedderburn; 2nd, tennis, Alice Buchan.

Boys' Race, under 12.—1st, knife, Fred Torrell; 2nd, baseball bat, Nath. O'Neill.

Girls' Race, under 12.—1st, purse, Bessie Smith; 2nd, match holder, Gusto Ogilvie.

Young Ladies' Race.—1st, work case, Miss Violet Smith.

Married Ladies' Race.—1st, work case, Mrs. Buchan.

Potato Race.—1st, baseball bat and ball, William Watt; 2nd, measure tape, William O'Rourke.

Girls' Nail Race.—1st, ornamental match holder, Miss O'Neill; 2nd, plain match holder, Miss Munro.

Sack Race.—1st, baseball bat, Lester Smith.

Ladies' Blindfold Walk.—1st, work case, Mrs. Fraser; 2nd, ball, Miss Annie Gilleland.

Shoe Race.—1st, boot black case (made by Mr. Riddell), J. L. Smith; 2nd, picnic photo (by Mr. Elliott), Andrew Mundle.

Old Man's Race.—1st, knife, R. C. Slater.

Boot Race, three boots.—1st, money,

S. Waggoner, T. Bradshaw and R. Sutton; 2nd, one third money, P. Fraser, Wm. O'Rourke and C. Elliott.

Hop, Step, and Jump.—1st, ball, William E. Gray.

Jump.—1st, ball, Fred Torrell.

Swimming Race, three competitors.—1st, money, Chris. Gillan; 2nd, one third money, G. Wedderburn.

Bicycle Race, five competitors.—1st, money, S. Waggoner; 2nd, one-third money, J. Whealey.

Throwing Stone.—1st, fishing rod, William O'Rourke.

Tug of war.—Bachelors vs. Benedicts.—Benedicts won (as usual).

The greatest interest was aroused by the hot contest for first place in the bicycle race. Five competitors entered the field, viz., Messrs. Bradshaw, Goodbrand, McIntosh, Whealey and Waggoner, much speculation being indulged in as to which one would win the first prize. Two rounds made about half a mile. Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Whealey were allowed about fifty yards handicap. The race started amid much excitement. In turning a corner Mr. Bradshaw took a header, and Mr. Goodbrand, coming next, fell over him. The former retired but the latter, not to be discouraged, got up and remounted his wheel. He was far behind, but put on a spurt and overtook the others at a close, getting third place. Mr. Waggoner (suspected of being a professional) came out first easily, and Mr. Whealey second. The one allowed the first handicap turned up last.

During the progress of the games Messrs. A. W. Mason, Harry Mason, Pickard and others came down by boat from Toronto to join the party; Messrs. William Terrell, Bradshaw, White and Gillan wheeled in from the same city; Mr. Waggoner from Hamilton, and Mr. Darnay from Niagara Falls. About five o'clock, after the boat and swimming races were ended, a move was made to the place where Messrs. Harry Mason, Charles Elliott and James Darnay were putting their cameras in position, preparatory to photographing the group sitting and standing at the foot of a steep bank on the lake-shore, the object being to obtain a picture as a souvenir of the picnic of 1897. Tea then came. The baskets were once more brought into requisition, and their contents soon disposed of. The games of throwing the stone and tug-of-war being over, a meeting was called in the open air, and Mr. Bridgen related the incidents of the day about closed, ending his remarks with a prayer.

Alas, this most enjoyable picnic had become a thing of the past as night had stolen upon us and the headlight of the boat coming into port was sighted at the distance, which caused a move to the wharf. At 8:30 o'clock our party was taken on board and safely landed at the Toronto wharf two hours and a half later, all feeling quite weary but well satisfied with the day's outing.

Special thanks are due to Mr. J. D. Nasmith, Mr. F. Bridgen and Miss A. Fraser for making arrangements, donating prizes and doing all in their power to make the picnic a success. They will always be remembered as good friends of the deaf.

The committee deserve more than mere thanks for cheerfully helping to carry out the programme of games, etc.

The party are under obligations to Mr. R. Thomas, of Oakville, for the efficient services rendered in connection with the picnic. He is one of the few friends it is a pleasure to meet, as he possesses a fund of knowledge, having graduated from the good old school, Hartford, in 1863.

Miss Nellie Cunningham, also of Oakville, came to welcome the picnickers at the wharf. She was in excellent health.

Mr. Robert Sutton and Mr. James Goodbrand came the longest distance, viz.: Brantford, astride the gallant silent steed. They looked well and bright with their bicycles. They returned home by the same way next day.

Mr. Charles Golds, from Milton, took part in the picnic with his bride, just seven months married, (nee Miss Watt of Guelph).

Mr. Charles Mortimer and Mr. James Mosher also came from Milton to join in the merry-making.

Mr. James Darnay showed up at the picnic during the afternoon, having been absent from Toronto for a week, taking a cycling trip to Buffalo and the Falls and back. He seemed "played out," having covered sixty miles, from the Falls, where he left that morning. He is such an enthusiastic bicyclist. Some of the picnickers had a discussion

as to the best place to have the honor of holding the convention of the Ontario deaf mutes next June. Toronto, Hamilton, Belleville, Orinshy Park and Niagara Falls, Ont., were mentioned. The decision was in favor of the latter place, the reason being that the most enjoyment can be obtained out of a visit to the beautiful Queen Victoria Park, the wonderful falls and the tumultuous rapids, the picturesque Dufferin Islands, Brock's Monument at Queenston, the famous battlefields of Lundy's Lane and Chippawa Creek, and to the big city of Buffalo, all within easy distance. Thou let us boom Niagara Falls.

Since writing the report of the above picnic, the writer (one of those taking part in the discussion as to the best place to hold our next convention) went to Niagara Falls, Ont., on Labor Day, for the purpose of obtaining information as to whether or not that town possessed everything available for a convention. After making inquiries it was found to be disappointing all around. There is no hall in the immediate vicinity of the falls and park on the Canadian side, but one in the town about two miles from the falls. The Museum Hall is across the boundary line on the American side, and cannot be considered as we want to hold our meeting on our own soil. The hotels would not make much reduction in their rates. Moreover, the town is not in apple pie order, much confusion being noticed, caused by civic improvements, such as roads, drains, etc., being made. Therefore Niagara Falls is not to be thought of as the place to hold our next convention, but, as soon as it closes, the members may take a trip to the Falls from whatever place is selected by the committee of the Association.

### A Fifty Mile Run.

OVER COUNTRY ROADS, THROUGH PRETTY RESORTS AND PARKS—HIGH PARK AND ITS GENEROUS DONOR—RELICS OF OLD TIMES.

TORONTO, Aug. 31.—A cycling excursion into the country combines pleasure with exercise and an increase of geographical information. What a boon bicycling is! The man whose invention brain originated it, must be proclaimed great amongst the world's benefactors. Oakville was yesterday made the objective point of my spin. The weather in the morning was just what the touring bicyclist liked best—bright and bracing. Leaving Collier street at nine o'clock a.m., along this time, I reached High Park in Parkdale in half an hour and spent some time in contemplating with admiration the wondrous beauties of nature, and the genius of man in improving this once desolate grove.

High Park covers an area of about 400 acres, of alternate hill and dale. Several splendid roads traverse the park, making an irresistible attraction for bicyclists. A crowd of them may be seen there every fine evening. The property, now known as High Park, formerly belonged to the late Mr. Howard who lived on the estate. Being alone in the world, his wife having died some years before, he presented to the city 365 acres of the property for recreation grounds, and at his death he bequeathed the whole of it, together with the buildings thereon, to the city. Near the southwest corner of the park, a monument, of native stone, surmounted by a cross in Saxon style, marks the resting place of the generous donor and his wife.

An interesting bit of history is recorded of the iron railing that surrounds the monument. A small brass tablet, screwed to a post of the railing, bears this legend, not easy at first to understand: "Saint Paul's Cathedral for 100 years I did enclose."

On being asked for an explanation, the park caretaker said that the railing once enclosed St. Paul's Cathedral, London, England, for as many years as stated on the tablet. He further said that the vessel on which it was brought across the Atlantic was wrecked in the St. Lawrence river and went to the bottom, but the railing was recovered by divers and restored to Mr. Howard.

There are other interesting things to be seen in the park. Two old coaches and one sleigh are open for inspection in an outhouse. The following two notices as given will tell their history:

"The running gear of this carriage was given by His Royal Highness, George the Fourth, King of England, to Sir Peregrino Maitland, Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, on his leav-

ing England for Canada, about the year 1822. Sir Peregrino Maitland was called in 1828, and gave the carriage Sir William Gamble. At his death was sold at auction, and the late Chief Justice Draper bought it. Mr. Draper sold it to his groom who used it as a car for several years, and at last sold it at auction, and the donor bought it for \$1 and had a new body and steps put to it.

"This large chariot was brought to Toronto by Major Tullack about thirty-two years ago. The said chariot was built in London for Capt. Trolop for the express purpose of conveying his wife, Mrs. Trolop, by post to the different towns in England to read Shakespeare. The said carriage cost eight-hundred guineas."

Shortly after ten o'clock a.m. I broke away from the charm of this beautiful landscape, riding out of the south entrance of the park overlooking the blue waters of Lake Ontario, and turned to the right en route for Oakville. The suburban electric trolley runs between High Park and Long Branch Park, about seven miles, almost all the way within sight of the lake. The half of the track makes an excellent, though dangerous path for wheeling. Many riders take advantage of it. I dare not follow the example thus set, but instead ride along the gravel road which is just as good, if not better.

The road is good, all the way within view of the lake between Oakville and the third station to the right, about a mile from Lorne Park. At last I arrived at my destination at half-past twelve o'clock and took refreshments at the Oakville house before calling on my friends.

Oakville is decidedly a pretty village of about two thousand people. Small towns like Oakville are different from cities, the difference being in the dwellings having lawns and gardens attached in the greater hospitality and entertainment among the people, the enjoyment of the fresh country air, etc. Who would not prefer a comfortable cottage with a garden and lawn attached, to a city mansion? In this part of the country strawberries are famous, being sold in thousands of boxes every June. Plums of some varieties are also a great crop there. They are not yet ripe, but (as seen yesterday) the boughs of the trees are bent to breaking, so heavily laden are they with fruit; many are supported by poles or boards.

Socially, four deaf-mutes reside in Oakville, viz., Mr. R. Thomas, Misses Nellie and May Cunningham (sisters) and Anne Gilleland, all bright and friendly. Mr. Thomas is a highly educated gentleman, having graduated from the Hartford school in 1863. He first taught in the finger language at Charing Cross, near Chatham, where he held a private class years ago. My object in going to Oakville was to have a good chat with him and to learn the school anecdotes of his career at Hartford. But, much to my disappointment, the object could not be gained, as he had a sad duty to perform, rendering all the service he could to his grief-stricken landlady, a widow, whose eldest son had just expired after an illness of typhoid fever.

After spending two hours pleasantly with the other friends in the garden and at the park on the bank of Lake Ontario, I turned my wheel homeward at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, reaching High Park at seven, and took a seat on the beach to rest and enjoy the invigorating breeze from the lake which was so strong that one was almost deluded into thinking it was the sea which was upheaving such mighty billows.

On my way home I called at the hospitable dwelling of Mrs. Charles Wilson, Delaware Avenue. This lady, over so thoughtful, noticed my exhausted condition and made me take refreshments with that politeness which can only proceed from kindness of heart.

Here, at last, after making fifty miles for the day, with a gratifying experience added thereto. AUGUSTUS.

During the vacation we have had the pleasure of reading several very interesting and well written letters from Canada to *The Deaf Mutes' Register*, of Rome, N. Y. The writer, "Augustus," has a facile pen and we hope to receive frequent contributions from him for our own paper and Canadian readers. Above we give his last letter to *The Register*, giving an account of a trip to Oakville and his observations by the way. We are sorry, for want of space in this issue, to somewhat abridge it.