

The Pumpkin Pie.

Thanksgiving Day, when from east and west... the pumpkin pie.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution

December Winter is here.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all.

We do not know who ate the most pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving Day.

I write the locals for the first time, and I am trying to make them interesting.

We are glad that Murray Pringle is now up and hope he will improve with health.

The time is rapidly approaching for Christmas. It is only three weeks and three days.

Thomas Vance received a pleasant letter from his cousin last Tuesday afternoon, but he didn't stay here long.

The covering was put over the pumpkins last week to keep off the snow during the winter. It is always for use now.

On Thanksgiving Day we expected Mr. Emery to come here to see us, but we were disappointed. We don't know why he didn't come.

On the 20th ult., in the evening Mr. Emery gave us an interesting and amusing lecture. We were all pleased and he would lecture to us again.

On the 17th ult., Arthur Jaffray received a nice photograph from Dalton Goodmor, with which he was much pleased. We are sorry that he is not here now, it is because of poor health.

The boys are fixing our rink again, and now it is deep enough. We wait for ice, and I hope we will have lots of ice and a more excellent time skating during the winter than we ever had.

George Henry, our colored boy, bought a red cap for wearing while playing hockey. But we had a great laugh at him because the cap belongs to the school. George said "He did not care for that."

The boys should remember Mr. Emery's temperance address in the chapel a week or two ago, "Buy your own cherries." When you leave school buy strong drink and you will be able to buy cherries and many other nice things.

On the 17th ult., the writer received a home photograph from Mr. John Black, who graduated from the school four years ago. He is so much changed that some of the teachers and pupils didn't recognize him. We are glad he is succeeding so well.

Thanksgiving Day passed quietly. The game of foot-ball between "Farmers" and the "Town" boys at the Institution, on our grounds, which was very wet and muddy, resulted in a tie, the score being 1 to 1. They both had good strong teams, but the "Farmers" team, through their negligence, lost some easy scores. If they had worked hard, I think they would have succeeded in winning the game. The evening we had our party which was held in the dining-room and we enjoyed ourselves and had refreshments.

Oh heaven I desire is a heaven of peace. This holiness puts a heaven on this side of the grave, and puts a hell in heaven the other side of the grave. Jonathan Edwards.

Who indulges his sense in any excess renders himself obnoxious to his reason, and to gratify the brute in displeasure the man, and sets his two faces at variance.—Scott.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own correspondent

About fifty young folks popped in on Miss Josie Sepner the other evening. To say that she was surprised would be putting it mildly. She was simply astounded but sailed in and all had a fine time till the wee sma' hours.

Oh what some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us. 'T would frae my a' blunder free us And foolish notion.

Just what I said to myself when I read what some one said of me lately. Fancy some one telling some one I was a "rather smart fellow."

Had a cyclone come in the front door and walked off with my umbrella I couldn't have been more surprised than I was the other day when Miss Aggie Mathieson sailed in. My we talked of everything under the sun. Say, Mr. M., didn't your ears burn on the eighth inst., sometime in the morning?

Lots of things that are not so, can be said of Ed Ball, but no one can truthfully say he is "too frosh." Working in a salt mine must be good for the constitution.

Bert Sepner got a letter lately from his old chum T. Middleton, with a pressing invitation to go down and spend a few weeks, and bring his wife. Sorry we can't accept your kind invitation, Tommy. We will wait till you have a "better half."

I do think it is rather greedy of you Toronto mites. You want the car! Why can't you give some other city a show, and hold the convention at say London, Woolstock, or Hamilton where accommodation is as good and as cheap if not cheaper. Those mites who live so far west never get there. Be a little fairer Mr. President.

Isn't there something a little, interesting and mysterious in corresponding with some one you have never seen. I have an unknown correspondent. We engage in "wordy wars," punnical heads, etc., metaphorically speaking, of course. The spell will soon be broken. I've a vision of my fair unknown, conjured up from the misty recesses of my fertile brain—Grecian profile, etc. Nothing would shatter my idol so much as to find that her nose was "retroussé"—anything but that.

Next to "Crank Tramp preachers," who talk of Moses and Light and Darkness, I have an abhorrence of the mite who "knows it all." If you start talking on some subject, poetry for instance, up goes his hand to his forehead, with a resounding thump, meaning he "knows," when it is ten to one he does not. When I see one of that class I long to sit on him.

Any one who has read Jules Verne's "Trip to the Center of the Earth" can best imagine my feelings when I lost myself in Detroit last week. I walked about four miles out of my way, while returning from a call on Mrs. (Justin). A benevolent old gentleman finally started me on the right track. I vow I won't go to Detroit again—till next time.

We wonder why Matilda and Sophia Jafferty seldom go where the mites are. If all got together, a nice sociable time could often be spent. As it is, the mites here see very little of one another.

George Munroe, who learned printing in your office, helps his father in a basket factory. He calls at Mr. Sepner's often. He is anxious to get a case.

I received a letter purporting to come from a certain party in London. The letter has been proved a forgery. I would not put the matter referred to in the CANADIAN MITE, on any consideration as it is of too serious a nature, and what is more to the point, decidedly untrue, as I know for a surety.

We are looking for Mr. Bridgen to come and give us a lecture soon. We are prepared to give him a warm reception from the accounts we have heard of him. It is about time some one took us in hand. I think the Government ought to have a special minister to travel from place to place, one to each province and hold meetings for the deaf.

I went to a dental parlor in town the other day, over which a sign bore the legend "Painless extraction, 50 cts." I thought with a shudder of the struggles I had with Dr. Caldwell, while at school and the well-planted but unintentional kick I bestowed on his portly form for his pains mine too. After about two hours, in which I underwent the most horrible torture and gave vent to sundry yells, I rose minus a molar. "Call that a painless extraction, I exclaimed, wrathfully, "sir, you are a hum—" Here I was aware I was talking to the empty air, and stalked indignantly out.

We found Mr. Maun's lecture "My Trip to Europe," very interesting. We took a mental flight with him, saw Windsor Castle, in England, kissed the Blarney Stone in Ireland, and stood in the room where Robbie Burns wrote his immortal song "Auld Lang Syne." He told us Scottish Legends of the days of Bruce, recited part of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," etc. He did not finish, on account of the lateness of the hour.

Some of these days, when the thermometer is away down, I shall sit down and write my experience of "shirt making." When any one mentions shirts I blush away down to my boots, not that it shocks my modesty, only I recall the shirt I expended several days labor on and had the old man mistake it for an oat bag. Mean, wasn't it?

ARMINTA JONES.

PERTH TOPICS.

From our own correspondent

Though Mr. Webster has left his position in Caroy's shoe shop in Peterboro, he can go back and take it again if he likes.

Mr. Percy Allen has been calling on the Perth mites several times. His home is now on a farm two miles from Mountain Grove, which is thirty five miles from Perth. The last time he was here he said he was going to Montreal where he would try to get a job in the book binding department of the Gazette office at which he once worked before.

Mr. Wm. W. Smith a former pupil of your school, is doing very well at his home in Lanark Village, which is 12 miles from Perth. He is a first class carpenter and cabinet maker and lives with his mother and sister in a very comfortable house, which with his mechanical skill, he made himself. He is always very busy, having lots of engagements at his trade.

One evening while returning from work Mr. Richard O'Brien noticed a blaze in the steamer "Dore" of Ottawa, which was at the wharf, while the lights were at work. He called their attention to it, which they quickly extinguished. Your writer happened to be behind him.

Mr. Webster was in Peterboro a few weeks ago for a couple of days on important business.

Your correspondent received a letter from one of the mites of the west, enquiring if there might be an opportunity for him getting a job in the C. P. R. car shops here. Your scribe thinks it will be advisable for the benefit of anybody thinking of securing a place in the shops, to say through the Mites—that there is hardly any chance at all during the winter.

Traffic is so heavy on the C. P. R. that several accidents have occurred. Four new box cars recently turned out at the shops here are now in the yards to be repaired. They were badly wrecked in a collision at Havelock.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own correspondent

Newspaper items from the Mackay Institution are not abundant this month.

Our annual meeting was held in the building and although the number of invitations issued was limited there was not standing room for all who came. The children went through some of their school exercises, articulation and speech-reading forming a prominent part of the programme, after which tea was served by some of our girls, assisted by the Misses Raynes, Miss Sweeney, Miss Durnford and the Misses Cundill, all of Westmount, also Miss Wulferstan Thomas, Miss Williams and the teachers.

Miss Nettie Morrison, one of ours, bid farewell to her Alma Mater on Saturday last and is now engaged by Mrs. Mathieson, wife of the bursar of your Institution to assist in housework. We hope her efforts to do for herself may prove successful. We shall miss Nettie's bright face very much from amongst us. We were so glad to hear that your kind Superintendent gave her a cordial invitation to visit the Institution whenever there was any entertainment going on and also to attend Sunday service. Should any Belleville deaf come this way we will gladly reciprocate. Our housekeeper was hunting the

market this morning for a supply of turkeys and geese for Thanksgiving.

Our baby boy, Harry Armstrong, aged four, is all at his own homo with a return attack of meningitis.

The double windows are up and the furnaces are in full blast to keep the building warm during this cold snap.

Harold Haldane, of Ottawa, a former pupil, is expected to morrow night to spend Thanksgiving with us.

Miss Hall and Miss Drummond, of Perth, paid a week's visit to Mrs. Ashcroft lately.

We all sympathize most deeply with Miss Jennie Mitchell in her double bereavement. First her father and now her brother have been taken from her. Miss Mitchell, a semi-deaf young lady, is highly esteemed by all the pupils, and her numerous visits are always a pleasure.

Mrs. Ashcroft was lately the recipient of a handsome little silver jewel-box from Mr. James McClelland, of Ottawa, in acknowledgement of her kindness to his wife while she was in the hospital in Montreal. Mrs. Ashcroft is always willing to do what she can for the deaf. Mrs. McClelland's visit to the Mackay Institution was a very happy one and she made many friends.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

BY EDITH WYLIE.

—Only three weeks and four days till Christmas.

On Thanksgiving Day a new little girl, Daisy Brown, from Toronto, accompanied by her sister, came to school.

—On the 21st ult. Felicia Howitt had a call from her aunt, Mrs. (Rev.) Harris, from Mariposa, who took her to the city with her.

A short time ago Fannie Ball received a letter from home containing one of her sister Lena's photos. We think it is a pretty one.

—Last Sunday afternoon, Annie Blackburn had a call from her Aunt and cousin, from the city. Her Aunt is staying in the city visiting her relations.

On Monday morning, the little ones were bright with joy when they saw the snow. They seem to know that Santa Claus will soon be here to fill their stockings full of nice things.

Our nurse, Miss Hale, has been away from us for a month on account of the sad loss of her dear sister; but now we have her sweet self once more amongst us. We are very happy now.

For the past few weeks on Sunday evenings Miss James has been giving us a delightful story, "The Ruby Cross." We all were sorry when it came to an end last Sunday night. We enjoyed it over so much and hope she will give us another such interesting story soon.

—On the 21st ult., Laura Tudhope's father and mother and little brother came to see their little girl and spent Thanksgiving Day with her. Laura was very glad to see them. They left for home the next day. Laura is in Miss James' class and is doing well.

One of the girls who is in the sewing class, Ethel Swayze, is laid up with a very bad cold, although she is getting better now. We will be glad to have her amongst us very soon. On the 21st ult. she received a photo of her sister Maudie. We all admire it.

It was raining on Thanksgiving Day, so we had to stay indoors all day. At eleven o'clock Mr. Stewart gave us a nice address in the chapel on Thanksgiving. The little boys and girls were delighted to see some colored crayon pictures on the large slates, drawn by Willie E. Gray.

Miss Mathieson, who has been away spending her holidays in Brantford, Hamilton and Toronto, returned home the day before Thanksgiving. We are glad to see her again. Last Sunday she was in her former place teaching the Bible Class. While in Hamilton, she called on Miss Aline de Bellefeuille.

Superintendent Mathieson paid a visit to Toronto last week to place before the Government his estimates for the Institution for the coming year, and to give the necessary detailed information relative to the various items.

A young man sent sixty cents to a firm in Michigan who advertised a receipt to prevent bad dreams. He received a slip of paper on which was written, "Don't go to sleep."