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**THE CANADIAN MUTE**

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1896.

Great works are for great souls. High thoughts are for those whose minds can soar. Sweet music for the ears that catch the notes from Heaven's bright shore. Strong words that move the multitude are not for the dull, for these. Those are the hidden ways of love and quiet hearts.

**The New Pupils.**

The following remarks clipped from an old exchange, will apply exactly to our new pupils, so we insert it for the benefit of their parents:—"The new pupils, the new recruits who have entered this term, have fallen well into their places now. All those tears of home sickness that were plentiful enough at the opening of the new session have been dried. New interests have taken the place of the old ones in the minds of the weepers; new friendships have been formed; new employments and amusements found. In short, a new view of life has presented itself to these youngsters. They all know their places in ranks, in the chapel, in the school-room, in the dormitory, in the dining-room. Their faces have lost that anxious expression that was their main characteristic during their first few days at the Institution. Some of them have now any of that pitiful, cat-in-a-strange-garret look in their faces that always belongs to a new pupil in an old school. Life is widening out for them. They begin to see their deafness is not such an insuperable barrier to communication with their kind as it must seem to them to be before they got to the Institution. Hope is holding out a bright banner for them waving them on to new life, to new endeavour. They see old girls and boys here, just as deaf as they are, but who seem to get along pretty much as the hearing and speaking get along. They see fewer obstacles in their own path. To sum up, they all appear as if endued with new life and courage. Their first great hardship is over. The rest of their course here will seem easy in comparison. They are fairly launched."—*Va. Gazette.*

The sawing and splitting of kindling wood for the furnace and kitchen fire occupied the boys one or two afternoons last week. It was a little gentle exercise for them as the steam saw did the cutting. There was a little side show in connection which greatly amused the pupils. One of our teachers whose hands we are sure have been strangers to an axe handle since he was a lad, happened around and seeing the soft snap the boys had on hand, volunteered to help do some chopping and teach them how he used to do it when he was a boy. The boys stood at a respectful distance to avoid the chips, dust and stones and after viewing the performance critically, they concluded that methods have improved of late years, but all the same thank the gentleman for his kind help.

The picture gallery which includes the portraits of the entire staff of the Ontario School for the Deaf, presented in the June 1st issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE, was appreciated here. It was like a visit in reality from our friends, and a pleasant visit it was; without an exception every one appears in his or her most engaging manner and the smile of genuine good nature that hovers around the countenance of each individual must improve the reader that they are a happy lot in Belleville.—*The Silent Echo.*

**HOME NEWS**

Dalton Gardner brought his bicycle to school with him, and he and his young friends have pleasant times riding it around. It is an old style out of date wheel but the small boys get plenty of fun out of it.

We had a thrashing machine here the other day not to thrash the boys, they don't need it, but to shell out our season's crop of oats. Some of our large boys put in a couple of hours on the job and it was soon over.

On Wednesday afternoon Rev. Mr. Baker, of Bridge St. Methodist Church, held an interesting service with the Methodist pupils, of whom there are 11 in this Institution. They would like to see Mr. Baker oftener.

Mr. Downie has lately been busy fraying and fitting up the slates for use in the new class-room, and when the desks arrive and are placed, Miss Linn and her pupils will move into it, in the meantime they occupy the chapel and use the slates there.

There are now 273 pupils in this Institution. The last two to arrive were Emily Kirby, who has been here for a year or two, and a new boy named Cleophas Lantell. The latter is nearly six feet tall and has never been at school before. Both are in Mrs. Terrill's class.

Wednesday, 2nd inst., was the girls' monthly shopping day, school closed at 2 p. m. and they marched to the city in charge of the teachers. Our young ladies being so recently from home, money was fresh, and as "a full purse never lacks friends," the candy stores welcomed them with open arms.

Miss Maggi Phillimore's friends and school-mates here were all very sorry to hear of the death of her mother a few days ago, and deeply sympathetic with her in her irreparable loss. Maggie was doing good work here last session and expected to return when school opened to complete her course, but her mother's illness intervened. We hope she may yet be able to return.

Our printing office commenced business with a very small staff of "comps." Some of the best pupils of last term did not return to school again and the accident to D. Luddy crippled the work still more as he is the best type-setter in the office this year. However, the new pupils, of whom there are several, are quickly becoming familiarized with the work and will soon make themselves useful.

Cleophas Lantell, another belated over age pupil arrived last week. He appears a clever lad and if he had come earlier he would probably have risen by rapid promotion from class to class until now, at his present age, he would have been a bright and intelligent individual, prepared to go out and fill his allotted sphere. He has been placed in Mrs. Terrill's class and every effort will be made for his improvement.

The Napawnoo Foot-ball club think that an apology is due them for our statement that they were Queen's College men on the team that played against us two weeks ago. They declare it untrue and that every member of the team were bona fide residents of Napawnoo. We cheerfully retract the statement and regret having made it. The presence of Mr. Fox, who was well known as one of the leading players on Queen's team last season, probably gave rise to the statement.

The trees in the vicinity of the buildings on the boys' side have been growing rapidly of late years and it has been found necessary to thin them out by cutting down several. During the sultry months of summer the shade was delightful, but for the gloomy days of approaching winter, their removal is a decided improvement and the place looks lighter and brighter. The ground is also to be sodded, which will involve a great deal of work, and when finished we expect the most stringent regulations will be put up to "keep off the grass."

We have missed the pleasant and obliging Miss Metcalf from the Superintendent's office for the past ten days. Illness compelled her to lay aside her duties for the time. We are glad to hear that she is improving and soon expects to be back at her post again. Miss James was also compelled to vacate her class for the same reason, but what she called a fit of laziness, the doctor, how-

ever, gave it a different name. During Miss Metcalf's absence, Miss A. Mathison filled the duties of the office, while Miss Hutchinson took charge of Miss James' class of little ones.

**PERSONALITIES.**

Mrs. Jas. McColland, of Ottawa, is visiting her parents, and brother and sister at Duart, Ont.

Mr. Marcus went up to Port Hope on Monday afternoon, 14th inst., to attend the funeral of his friend, Mr. S. W. Paterson.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the talented Canadian author, made a brief call at the Institution while in Belleville recently. He had intended spending a day or two here but was suddenly and unexpectedly called out of the city.

Mr. Cunningham went to Deseronto on the 5th inst. His son-in-law, Mr. Borden, had met with an accident in Rathbun's mill, a cedar log fell on his leg, making a clean breakage. Mr. C. naturally felt concerned and so paid him a visit.

Superintendent Mathison spent a few days last week in Toronto and London. At the latter place he attended the sessions of the High Court I. O. F. While in Toronto he arranged for some additional and much needed school room supplies.

Mr. Cummings, of Berlin, a friend and neighbour of Dalton Gardner, was in the city on a recent Saturday afternoon. Dalton met him and spent the afternoon with him, and took the opportunity to send love messages to his friends at home. When Mr. Cummings comes to the city again he intends to make a good visit to the Institution, this time it being Saturday, it was inopportune.

Mr. Charles Perogoy, a deaf-mute who lives in Baltimore, has invented a bicycle which he claims can attain a speed of sixty miles an hour on level ground. This extraordinary velocity is obtained by an ingenious arrangement of small wheels, which multiplies the power many times. He has also invented a machine with the aid of which a photograph can be completely retouched in a few minutes.

It is always a pleasure to hear of the success of any of the former pupils of the Institution, and many of them are succeeding admirably. The latest word comes from Thomas Hazelton, of Delta, who is doing well in the boot and shoe business, having all the work he can do. At the Delta Fair he exhibited some twenty-five pairs of boots of all kinds and took three first prizes and one special prize. He also captured a third prize each for two kinds of potatoes, for carrots and for pop-corn.

The poorest people in the world are those who do not know how to work, and the world is full of such young men and women—with plenty more coming on. Too many at this day are taught to despise labor, and the ruling desire is to get through the world easily. Young men are growing up all around us who choose no profession and learn no trade. They are fairly educated, but they cannot apply their knowledge to anything that will bring them bread and butter. They think it degrading to work with their hands, and as the clerks and book-keeper's vocation is overcrowded, they find themselves hedged in between manual labor and the army of do-nothings with which city, town and villages are crowded. Comparatively few young men are now found learning trades. The supply of blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe-makers and painters is certainly not likely to be very much in excess of the demand. Every young man who acquires a trade and becomes proficient in it has a fortune no one can take from him. He is "at home" wherever he goes, and will command respect from those whose good opinion is worth anything. It is well for our young men to be liberally educated, but they let them have trades also. They cannot all be doctors, lawyers and preachers, and they will find it much better to be a good shoemaker than an inefficient lawyer, a poor doctor or a tiresome preacher.—*Centralist Guard.*

A farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved, and modest. The superintendent wrote back that, unfortunately, they had only human boys in that institution.—*Ex.*

**What is an All-Around Girl? Her Important Place.**

(By Ruth Baynor in Brantford Expositor.)

Frequently there comes to us from some disheartened girl the regret that she is only an ordinary individual, that who longs to be an important person, but knows she never will be one, because she does not appear to have any particular talents or abilities. And this girl, so full of life and vigor, builds great air castles of the things she would do if only some one else's opportunities were hers. Speaking of others' opportunities, did you ever notice how very fond we all are of coveting those that come our neighbor's way? "Oh!" we say, "if I only had her chance, her leisure, or her means, wouldn't I do so much good with them!" While all the countless little opportunities that are knocking at our door are wasted.

But it was about the ambitious girl we intended to say a word. We all know that the girl who is liked the best is one who can turn her hand to anything that comes her way, and do it without making a fuss about it. She may not be remarkably clever or brilliant, but she is certainly what you might call an all-around girl. You have met scores of girls just like this one which I mean to describe to you, and if you have not already counted her worth you may be sure of this; that were she to vanish suddenly you would notice a terrible blank in your corner of the world that no one else seemed able to quite fill.

When help is scarce in the kitchen this girl of mine is quite capable of giving valuable assistance there. She can prepare an excellent dinner from the soup or fish right on through the courses to the delectable desserts. She sets the table beautifully, waits on the family when occasion requires it, with ease and grace. This same young lady sweeps, dusts, makes beds, keeps vases filled with flowers, and anywhere in the house where a touch of deft fingers is needed her's are ever on the alert. She entertains guests beautifully and plays and sings enough to please her friends and amuse herself. Her accomplishments do not end here, for she is an authority on outdoor sports, knows all the ins and outs of baseball, can "serve" and "return" scientifically in a game of tennis and rides a wheel with the air of a princess. She points with pride to jars of jolly and jam, as she tells you she had full charge of the preserving this summer, and an hour later is showing you how she has "turned and remodelled" an old dress until it looks almost like new. Her fingers, like a fairy's wand, brighten and make new again everything they touch, and the best of it all is, she is always so cheery and bright, brimming over with life and good spirits.

Yet if you asked this young girl what was her particular talent she would tell you with a merry laugh that she hadn't any, that she was only an everyday girl. And this is the kind of girls the world wants more of. There are plenty to look after the great things; it is the "little deeds of kindness" that are in danger of being neglected.

Those "all-round" girls remind one of the English violets that grow so weakly down among the grass and leaves. Walking through a beautiful garden of flowers one might very easily pass by without seeing them, so modest and lowly are they, but one cannot be long in the garden before they are attracted by the sweet fragrance of two violets, and then when they are found one would never give them for all the tall, brilliant, scentless flowers that grow.

Tulips, that rear their gay heads so proudly, the peonies that flaunt their brilliant blossoms and spread out their broad branches, are all needed to make our gardens complete. But when we want a flower to wear, or to fill our rooms with fragrance, or to send with a loving message to a friend, it is the sweet, modest violet we choose every time.

The strong-minded, clever woman is needed, there is plenty of work for her to do, and there always will be, but without the bright, cheery "all-round" girl to take up the dropped stitches in the weaving of life's web, the world would be a dreary place. So, if you cannot be a Florence Nightingale, a Maria Fry, or a Havergal, you can at least, do some thing to make your little corner of the world better because you have lived in it.

"There is a nice thing about having two babies in the house," said Sleepy-head. "What is that?" "They each cry so loud you can't hear the other."