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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. III.,

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 1, 1894.

NO. 8.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. J. M. GIBBON.

Government Inspector:
DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHISON, M. A., Superintendent.
M. MATHISON, Harpur.
J. L. KIRK, M. D., Physician.
MISS RABIEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

H. COLTMAN, M. A., Head Teacher.
J. DENT, Miss C. HALL, B.A., Miss M. H. OSTROM, Miss MARY BULL, Miss FLORENCE MAYBER, W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss MELVIA L. HALL, Miss ANA JAMES, Monitor.

MISS MARGERY CUKLETT, Teacher of Attention.

MISS MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
MISS EDITH M. FARWOOD, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS L. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

J. G. SMITH, FRANK FLYNN, Monitor and Clerk, Master Carpenter.

WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NUMAK, Supervisor of Boys, Master Shoemaker.

MISS A. GALLAGHER, D. CUNNINGHAM, Instructor of Sewing, Master Tailor.

J. HEDDERMAN, THOMAS WILLS, Engineer, Gardener.

MICHAEL O'SKARA, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford educational advantages to all the youth of the Province who are, on account of deafness, either partial or total, unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty, not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are bona fide residents of the Province of Ontario, will be admitted as pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly three months during the summer of each year.

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Deaf mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

It is hoped that all having charge of deaf mute children will avail themselves of the liberal terms offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and closes the third Wednesday in June of each year. Any information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to me by letter or otherwise.

M. MATHISON, Superintendent.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



When October Comes.

"When October comes,
And poplars drift their leafage down in flakes of gold below,
And beeches burn like twilight fires that used to tell of snow,
And maples bursting into flame set all the hills afire,
And humber from her evergreens sees Paradise draw nigher—
A thousand sunsets all at once distill like Hermon's dew,
And linger on the waiting woods and stain them through and through,
As if all earth had blossomed out, one grand Corinthian flower,
To crown Time's graceful capital for just one gorgeous hour!
They strike their colors to the king of all the stately throng—
He comes in pomp, October! To him all times belong;
The frost is on his sandals but the flush is on his cheeks,
September sheaves are in his arms, June voices when he speaks!
The elms lift bravely like a torch within a Grecian hand,
See where they light the monarch on through all the splendid land,
The sun puts on a human look behind the hazy fold,
The mid-year moon of silver is struck anew in gold."
—BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.



A Case that Puzzles Physicians.

After being mute for two years the little 7-year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Brock, of Vineland, through seeing the blood flowing from a cut on her finger, suddenly regained her speech. The case is a remarkable one, and has excited the interest of physicians and of those who are acquainted with the circumstances of her affliction and most remarkable recovery. Two years ago the little girl, who was then 6 years old, suddenly lost her power of speech. She was eating an apple at the time, and in some way dislocated one of her teeth. She ran into the house and threw herself on the lounge with blood flowing from her mouth, refusing to answer questions, and the enquiries of her parents only elicited sobs and moans.

The next day the child was still mute and also refused to partake of food. The parents became alarmed and physicians were called in. They were unable to diagnose the strange malady and the child grew worse. Medical skill was of no avail and she grew weak and emaciated. After several weeks the child died, apparently, the doctors pronouncing her dead and left. The little form was covered with a shroud and preparations for the funeral begun, when signs of life were discovered in the seeming corpse.

The girl sat up and with her fingers made signs indicative of her desire for food. From that moment she began to mend, slowly, and in the course of a year regained her former good health and spirits. She was still, however, silent as a sphinx. Nothing could induce her to utter a word, and she continued in this condition until a short time ago. She accidentally cut her finger one day while playing, and the red blood flowed from the wound. Either the sight or smell of the fluid seemed to have a strange effect upon the child, and that day marked the turning point in the history of the case. During that same night, while in bed, she startled her sister by speaking her name quite distinctly. She also uttered several other words very plainly. Since then she has been improving daily, and can now articulate quite well.—Kansas City Journal.

"I made a speech at the doctor's dinner last night." "That accounts for it." "Accounts for what?" "Two men who were present said they had discovered a new opiate."—Judge.

The Thirty-four Puzzle.

A new puzzle is raging in the east, and it promises to fairly eclipse the "fifteen puzzle" that set everybody wild a dozen years ago.

The new contrivance for badgering the brain of the curious is a card ruled into sixteen squares with the same number of little pieces of pasteboard, each bearing a number, running from one to sixteen.

The trick is to so arrange these numbers on the card that the result will be

9	7	14	4
6	12	1	15
3	13	8	10
16	2	11	5

The Thirty-four Puzzle Solved

thirty-four, no difference which way you add them.

It is said that the new puzzle has taken a strong hold at Washington, and that senators and representatives could be seen every day whiling away the time in trying to solve its intricacies while long-winded speeches were being made on the tariff and other questions.

A Pointer for Boys.

"There is a science in doing little things just right," said a downtown business man to a reporter for the New York Sun a few days ago, and I noticed it in my office. I had two office boys there whose main duty it was to bring me notes or cards that were sent in to me, or to fetch things that I wanted to use. One of those boys, whenever I sent him for a book or anything heavy, would walk rapidly by my desk and toss it indefinitely towards me. If it happened to miss me and land on my desk it was all right. If it fell on the floor, the boy always managed to fall over it in his eagerness to pick it up. Then if he had a letter or a card to deliver, he would come close up to the desk and stand there scanning it over with minute care. This being concluded he would flout it airily in my direction and depart.

The other boy always came and went so that I could hardly hear him. If it was a book, inkstand or box of letters he would set it quietly down at one side of my desk. Letters and cards he always laid—not tossed—right where my eyes would fall on them directly. If there was any other doubt in his mind about whether he ought to lay a letter on my desk or deliver it to some other person in the office, he always did the thinking before he came near me, and did not stand annoyingly at my elbow studying the letter. The boy understood the science of little things. When New Year's came he got \$10; the other boy got fired.

A small boy in one of the Germantown public schools wrote a composition on King Henry VIII. It read as follows: "King Henry 8 was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Annis Domino, in the year 1060. He had 610 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and afterwards executed, and the 21 was revoked. Henry 8 was succeeded on the throne by his great-grand mother, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, sometimes called the Lady of the Lay of the Last Minstrel."—Philadelphia Record.

The Sense of Hearing.

IN DELICATE PERCEPTION THE EAR IS MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE EYE.

The ear is a wonderful comprehensive instrument. As compared with the eye, it is vastly superior in extent of the sensations. It is capable of experiencing. The eye possesses barely an octave and a half of sensations, whereas the average ear, as we know, has a range of six or seven, while more acute ears have a compass of fully 11 octaves. And then the ear is a wonderfully accurate instrument and capable of appreciating minute differences that would be wholly impossible in the case of the eye. According to Dr. Stone, "an architect or draftsman who, between two lines neither parallel nor in one plane, made an error of estimation by eye not exceeding one thirtieth, would gain credit for unusual precision. But in the ear one thirtieth amounts to a quarter of a tone, and by ear one forty-fifth is easily determined." A skillful pianoforte tuner can do much more. He is called upon, for instance, to distinguish between a true and an equally tempered fifth, where the difference is only the hundredth of a tone. He should accordingly be able to recognize at least 600 different sounds in an octave. More than this, according to the investigations of Professor Mayer, it is possible under specially favorable conditions and for sounds whose pitch is near that of C3, to distinguish from each other notes which do not differ by more than a one-hundred-and-twentieth of a semitone.

In the rapidity of its appreciation the ear is remarkable. In a fraction of a second it can accurately refer any note to its place in the scale and can just as easily and quickly separate from each other several widely different notes. According to recent investigations, the ear is capable of hearing a sound when only two vibrations are made. It should, therefore, hear the middle notes of the pianoforte in the two or three-hundredth part of a second. It requires more time, however, for the ear to distinguish the full characteristic of a note. To do this, according to the experiments of Exner, Auerbach and Kohlrausch, from 2 to 20 vibrations are necessary.

With proper training and practice the organ of hearing can be rendered remarkably sensitive and accurate. There is rarely any physical defect in the ear itself. The defects ordinarily noticed and spoken of are such as can be easily remedied by cultivation. The organ truly may never be able to retain the remarkable range of audition we have spoken of above; it may never become so "apprehensive and discriminant" as the ear of Mozart, but its delicacy can be increased and its general appreciation of musical sounds wonderfully improved. This is especially true if the work of instruction is begun in childhood, when the organ of hearing is naturally most sensitive and most readily susceptible of cultivation. In making experiments with rods and tuning forks giving very accurate sounds, I have frequently been struck with the very great difference in the ability to perceive such sounds as manifested by young and old persons. Even when the latter were trained musicians, they were incapable of hearing some sounds that were quite audible to children who had no musical training whatever. This fact, like many others that might be adduced, is a striking commentary on the necessity of beginning early the training of the young, when eye and ear—not to speak of the other senses—are over on the alert and quick to detect sounds and forms and colors, which at a later period would entirely escape their observation.—Paris Etude.

The child wishes to rise superior to himself, and this is why he will imitate by preference, after his companions, his superiors and his teachers.—Comptre.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Nearer, my God, to thee
Nearer to thee,
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Though, like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dream, I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise,
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

LITTLE SILENCE.

The Story of a Mute Witness.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

One morning when Byrd Nolan, a detective, came down to breakfast, he was made aware of the fact that another crime had been committed.

When the detective took his seat at the table, one of the boarders tossed the paper to him saying

"There's more work for you. But this time, from the surroundings, you detectives will have your hands full, for the murderer left no clew, and already the police are at fault."

Nolan had returned on the late train and knew nothing of the tragedy, therefore he took the paper with a good deal of curiosity. He found the paragraph, and while waiting for his coffee, read that a Mrs. Peters, a sewing-woman, had been killed, while she was alone, her only child, a mute boy, having gone to bed some time before.

The detective knew nothing about the Peters family. He read that the murdered woman was a widow, economical and industrious, making a living for herself and child with her needle, and he could not see why she should be singled out for assassination.

He paid no heed to the theories advanced by the boarders for the purpose of drawing him into a net, but discussed his breakfast and left the table.

He had nothing to do, the trial which had taken him from the city had been finished, and he was at liberty to take up the one that now presented itself.

Nolan always had a heart for the wrongs of the poorer classes. He had felt the stings of poverty when a boy, and when he read of the murder of the sewing-woman, he secretly resolved to hunt the murderer down and avenge the dastardly crime.

When he reached the house, he found it in charge of the police and was told that for once they were balked—that the murderer had killed and vanished. He had not left behind a single clew, and his motive was totally unknown.

"Where's the boy?" asked Nolan.

Little Harvey Peters, a bright-looking boy of ten, was brought into the room, but of course he could tell nothing. He had not been educated in the sign language of mutes and knew nothing of communication. It was repeated that the boy was asleep when the blow was struck, for the persons who discovered the crime found him on his couch in that condition.

The day after the funeral, the commissioner of Public Charities took possession of Harvey Peters,

and Nolan learned that he was to have a home beneath a public roof.

He went home and wrestled with the dark problem of blood and death. The sewing-woman had been killed with a dagger, which, finding her heart, produced instant death; the house had not been plundered so far as he could see, and the slight struggle which had taken place between the victim and her enemy had given him no clew.

"The boy must talk," said the detective. "It all lies with him. He must tell what happened that night, and we must know whether he was asleep when the murderer came, or whether he did not see something." That afternoon he presented himself at the office of the Commissioner of Charities.

"I want Harvey Peters," said he. "I will take care of him. He shall be reared by my sister, who used to teach in a deaf and dumb school, and he shall lack for none of the comforts of life."

After some discussion the boy was handed over to Nolan, and that day he found a new home beneath a roof which did not belong to the great city.

Mary Nolan was kind and winning; she loved children, and when her brother came in leading the little mute, her heart went out to him and she took him in her arms.

"I will do my part," she said to her brother. "This boy shall learn how to talk to us. It will take time." "I will wait, if it takes years." "But after all he may tell us nothing."

"We must take that risk, Mary. This crime is absolutely clewless. I never saw anything like it. Take care of Little Silence and teach him the mute's alphabet."

From that day Harvey Peters was "Little Silence" to the detective and his sister. They called him nothing else, and Nolan watched with interest the slight progress the boy made at the beginning.

"So you've taken the widow's son to your sister's," said a druggist to Nolan one night.

The little pharmacy was situated near the scene of the crime, and Nolan was in the habit of dropping in at night and talking with the junior partner on his way home.

"Yes; I took him out of the House of Charities, and Mary is going to look after him."

"Do you think he can learn the mute's language?"

"I don't know. Some children are very apt, others very dull. Time will tell in this case."

"The boy was asleep, you know," continued the druggist. "He saw nothing of the crime, and therefore all your labor on him may be for naught. A good deal of time lost, eh, Nolan?"

"Not lost, not at all. We will adopt the boy, and he will be a comfort to Mary and I, repaying us ten times over for our teaching."

Weeks passed. Nolan, with all his acumen seemed entirely lost in the mazes of that mysterious murder. He could not pick up a single clew, and when the other detectives left the case and chaffed him for clinging to it, he merely shook his head and thought of Little Silence.

One night, six months after the crime, he discovered a man watching the house where his sister lived. The detective saw the dark figure half hidden by trees, and when it moved off, he followed it and tracked it to a plain-looking house in another part of the city.

"That was Dothen, the druggist. This is an odd way he has of courting my sister Mary," said the detective. "I wonder what led him to watch the house?"

Within the last three months the young druggist had managed to become acquainted with Mary Nolan,

and his attentions had become so marked that he was looked upon as the sister's lover. Dothen was a man of property, had a good business, and, on the whole, was considered a good catch by several ambitious mamma's. But Nolan did not like him. He could discover nothing about his past beyond Dothen's own story that he had come from the West, where he was respectably connected.

To see him watching his sister's house at an unseasonable hour aroused Nolan's suspicions, and when a day or two after, Little Silence fell sick after a visit to the house by the druggist, who had watched with interest a lesson given the boy by Mary Nolan, the detective told his sister about the secret vigil in front of the building.

"He was not here that night," said Mary. "Mr. Dothen was not here on that date, and why he should watch the house is beyond my comprehension."

Little Silence grew worse. Dothen called and left not only his sympathy, but some medicines, as he had been a doctor, and Mary administered it to the mute.

Day by day Little Silence faded like a flower before the frost of fall. He seemed to have been smitten with a strange disease, which was taking him off, and before the little white hands, which were almost bloodless, could tell in sign-language the secret of the murder.

Mary Nolan bent over the mute with a sympathetic heart and smoothed his fevered brow, receiving from him a look of thanks which would have melted a heart of stone.

"Shall I continue the lessons? He is learning to form words with his fingers," said the detective's sister one day. "The effort weakens him, but he seems eager to learn."

"By all means go on," was the answer. "When he is gone all will be dark, and the crime of Cherry Street is our only hope."

Nearly all of the detective's spare time was spent at the home of his sister.

Every now and then, however, he would drop into the drug store and talk with Dothen. The druggist took a great interest in the dying mute, and would ask after him whenever Nolan called.

"Do you know that the boy will never learn the making of words?" said the detective one afternoon. "He seems to have lost his powers to pick up anything and keep it very long. Mary is going to get him to spell out words, but I fear he will die without learning how to do it."

"Why, what did you expect to get from the boy?" queried Dothen.

"Not much, after all," was the reply. "We thought perhaps he saw something that night—that he might not have been asleep, you know."

"But that is largely guess-work with you, Nolan?"

"Yes. If the boy dies without telling anything, you will be frustrated."

"Of course." That night Nolan sent for the druggist, and in half an hour the figure of Dothen crossed the doorway of the sister's home.

Perhaps he wondered why he had been summoned to the house, but when Mary Nolan approached him and whispered that Little Silence was dying, the question was answered, and he stole on tip toe to the mute's chamber.

In a darkened room, propped up by pillows, sat a boy, reduced by his mysterious disease to a mere shadow. But his eyes were as bright as stars, and his hands nearly transparent, seemed endowed with unworldly motion.

He did not see Dothen, who went

to the head of the couch and half hid himself from the boy's look.

Mary Nolan bent over the boy and was trying to hold his gaze.

"Ask him now," said the detective. "It is now or never, Mary."

Swiftly flew the sister's fingers and the dying mute fixed his eyes upon them.

He had spelled some thing for Mary, but slowly, and this had encouraged her.

"Harvey, dear, what did you see the night your mother died?" asked Mary Nolan.

The hands of the boy were lifted and his fingers began to move.

Slowly they met and parted as they formed the silent letters of the strange alphabet, and Nolan, who knew something about them, leaned forward and watched the fingers with all his eyes.

"Go slow, Harvey," said Mary. "Think before you talk. What did you see that night?"

"I saw a man come into the room where we sat," said the moving hands. "I saw him when he opened the door, but mamma did not. He almost frightened me from the room, for he wore a black mask and I could not see much of his face. When mamma looked up he came forward and she was caught before she could meet him. There was a struggle in the room and I ran away. When I came back mamma was lying on the floor, so still? I hardly know what happened after that, only I fell to the floor and cried. I must have gone to bed crying, for they found me there the next morning."

It cost the boy a great effort to tell this much.

Mary Nolan and her brother looked at one another.

"Ask him if he saw anything peculiar about that man," said the father. "Quick, Mary, for the child is dying."

Mary put the questions, and then sprung forward and lifted the sinking boy.

"I saw his forehead above the mask. There was a livid scar over one of the eyes."

Mary Nolan uttered a sharp cry and fell back.

"Why, where is Mr. Dothen?" she exclaimed. The druggist was gone; he had stolen from the house as noiselessly as a spectre, and neither brother nor sister had been the wiser for his going.

"Look to the boy!" said Nolan clutching Mary's arm. "The poor boy has given me the clew. He has spoken with death at his heart."

Out of the house rushed the detective. He crossed over the city and rapped at a certain door on the other side.

When it was unlocked, he went up a flight of steps two at a time and burst without ceremony into a room where there was a light. Dothen white-faced and statue-like faced him with the look of a tiger.

"I thought you would come," said he, through clinched teeth. "I am the man. I killed Mrs. Peters because she knew me in the West and knew that I was once in the penitentiary for horse-stealing. The only way to silence her was to kill her. You persevered with the boy until you made him talk. Look I am the man with the scar, and throwing back his hair, Dothen revealed the scar seen by Little Silence the night of the murder."

When Nolan, with the look of a victor, left the house that night he was not alone. Dothen went out with him, and the next day the whole city recalled the death of the sewing-woman of Cherry Street when it read of the arrest of the druggist and the death of the mute, who had breathed his last in Mary Nolan's arms.—*The Banner Weekly.*

SOME OF THESE DAYS.

Some of these days all the skies will be lighter—
Some of these days all the burdens be lighter—
Some of these days all the happy souls will be whiter—
Some of these days

Some of these days, in the forests of springing,
Fountains shall dash, while the joy bells are
ringing,
And the world with its sweetest of birds shall
be singing,
Some of these days!

Some of these days let us bear with our sorrow
Fathoms in the future—its light we may borrow,
There will be joy in the golden to-morrow—
Some of these days!

—Atlanta Constitution.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent.

During the holidays we have been favored with visits from the following gentlemen: Mr. and Mrs. Nurse, J. H. Bryne, Miss B. McKillop, Bossie Ball, Hiram J. McClelland, J. Darnoy, Dan Hadden, A. Bowen, Miss B. Lawrence, Miss F. Zingg, D. J. McKillop, Mr. Irvine of Chicago, W. J. Campbell, of Philadelphia, Miss A. James, Miss Bull, Mrs. Sutton, Miss Grace, Miss Francis, Mrs. Lizzie Mason, Francis Spinks, Lora Henry, Mrs. Pottiford, R. M. Thomas and several others.

Messrs. Bradshaw and Pickard returned from a bicycling tour through Ontario, looking brown, but no worse after some hardships.

Miss Ball returned home last August, after spending a few weeks with some of her school mates in this city.

After the nutes of this city arrived from the Convention, they had a great deal of talk about their experiences there, some of them being very amusing, however, all agreed that they had a very interesting time and that the Convention was a great success. We hear it is already beginning to bear fruit.

Time and tide wait for no man, and the Institution is again open for another term. There was quite a scene at the Union Station on the 10th ult., the day the pupils returned to school. The nutes in this city never forget to be at the station on such occasions, to meet and see old friends. They put in a very interesting time.

There was no annual excursion and picnic this year. We concluded our time at Belleville sufficient for our summer outing. But on July 2nd quite a number of us arranged to spend the afternoon together in High Park, where a pleasant time was spent. Messrs. Harry Mason and Darnoy took photographs which were considered very good. In the evening it commenced to rain and a general stampede took place for shelter.

Mr. Darnoy is now in the city and will probably stay here if he finds a situation. He hails from Ottawa.

Our friend, Mr. J. W. Boughton, recently received word from England announcing the death of his mother. It was a very severe blow to him. He has our sincere sympathy.

Quite a number of the nutes here have been spending their holidays in the country during the past summer. Mrs. Baddell spent some weeks with her uncle, in Sussex. Her daughter Mary accompanied her. Mrs. Boughton, with her two little children spent a few months with her friends down east. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were in Belleville part of the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Bridgen were holidaying at St. Andrews, N. B.

Mr. Charles Hambly, father of David Hambly, died recently in his 87th year. We tender Mr. and Mrs. H. our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

Mr. R. M. Thomas has gone to spend a few months in New Haven, Conn., U. S. We wish him a pleasant time.

A large number of the nutes of this city were favored with a visit from their country friends, during the fair. It was hard to find accommodation and grub for them all, but they had to find it some way.

Miss Lola Hillhouse, of Clifford, was the guest of Miss Minnie Slater during the fair.

Since the last issue of THE METS, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser have had a new arrival at their home, in the shape of a young son and heir. They have our congratulations.

On Sunday July 8th, about twenty of the nutes were administered the Holy Sacrament by Rev. Mr. Stephenson. The services were interpreted by Mr. Geo. Bridgen, a son of F. Bridgen.

We learn that Mr. John Needham, of Philadelphia, Ontario, has gone to the States to live. His family will soon follow. We wish them success.

While Messrs. Bryne and Nurse were

in the city, they very kindly assisted in Sunday meetings, and their services were highly appreciated.

Near Penotang, July 25th, Joseph Robins, a deaf-mute, was struck by an engine and horribly mangled. When picked up it was found that one arm and one leg were broken and that he had received several wounds about the head; he was taken to his home in Penotang and, although he received every care, he has since succumbed to his injuries.

Mrs. A. W. Mason has been having a visit from her mother, from Leamington.

Mrs. Chas. Wilson has had her sister from the States, staying with her for a few days.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent.

In the Methodist church at Metchburg, on the 6th of September, Michael Lewis Hodgins and Miss Jessie Mick were united in wedlock by the Rev. Joseph Cornell, in the presence of a crowded church, even the aisles being packed by the friends of the popular and accomplished young bride. Miss Laura Baker, of Woodlands, made a charming bridesmaid, while Miss Jessie Burke, the pretty young niece of the bride, acted as maid of honor. Mr. John Patrick filled the place of groomsmen. The presents received by the bride were both numerous and costly, several beautiful pieces of silverware being received from friends in the States, attesting to the large circle of friends. On the morning of the 6th, the young couple started for home, accompanied by the bridesmaid and best man, also the brother and several friends of the bride. On their arrival they were met by Messrs. Bayne, of Merivale, Grey, of Metcalfe, Simpsons, of South March, and numerous other deaf-mute friends of the bride and groom. Dancing and other amusements were kept up till the wee sma' hours, when the company separated, wishing the young couple every happiness.

On the following morning Messrs. Grey and Bayne drove over to see Miss Montgomery, where they were kindly received by Mr. Montgomery and family, and shown over the farm by their genial host. I may here say that Mr. Montgomery's farm is a model one in every respect, having received the gold medal for being the best kept farm in the township where he resides. After spending a pleasant afternoon they started for Mr. D. Bayne's residence, arriving there at 7 p. m., having travelled a distance of 70 miles.

All who attended the Convention are loud in praises of the treatment they received, and are offering condolence to those who did not attend.

Mr. Darnoy has gone to Toronto to reside, and Mr. Wiggott to Montreal. Miss Macfarlane, after stopping a few weeks in Ottawa, spent the remainder of her vacation with friends in Quebec. Miss Northwick spent her holidays in Ashton, with her friends, Mrs. (Rev.) G. T. Bayne and Maud Culligan. Messrs. McClelland and Darnoy spent the 24th of May with Miss Montgomery, at the hospitable home of her father. John Patrick spent a few days in Ottawa, he expresses a desire to become a printer there. Eva Jameson has spent the summer at Britannia, where her father has a summer residence. This is Ottawa's favorite watering place and is growing in popularity yearly.

"From labor, health, from health contentment springs, contentment opens the source of every joy."—Boswell.

The *Chatham Banner*, of a recent date, gave an account of the doings of a deaf man named Kennedy. We are sorry that Kennedy had not the privilege of being a pupil of our school, had he been we hardly think he would have behaved so badly. The *Banner* says "A deaf and dumb picture peddler, named Louis Kennedy, from Tibury, arrived in town recently, and was run in by P. C. Groves last night for being drunk and disorderly. Yesterday he got sufficient liquor aboard to make him excessively polite. He wanted to shake hands with nearly every one he met. His bows and gesticulations made up for lack of speech. He went into several hotels and when drunk was refused, became very abusive in his actions, and it became necessary to call a policeman. The magistrate found him guilty, but let him go, at the same time giving him to understand that if he is found in town he will be likely to get a long sentence."

How they Enjoyed Themselves.

There are no individuals in the Province who more richly earn a long vacation than the officers and teachers of this Institution after their nerve-consuming, vitality-exhausting labors of nine months, spent in earnest and faithful efforts on behalf of the "children of silence." And we are pleased to know that most of them spent a very pleasant holiday.

Mr. Mathison, the Superintendent, was detained at the Institution most of the time under pressure of many important duties. He, however, found time, after the sick pupils had been sent home, to take a pleasant trip down to Quebec by boat. He spent a few days in Kingston and Peterborough. He also devoted a few afternoons to short fishing excursions, but did not succeed in enticing many of the finny inhabitants of the bay to accept the tempting bait he offered them.

Mr. A. Matheson, the Bursar, was in faithful attendance to his duties at his office here every day.

Mr. Coleman thinks, and rightly, that there is no prettier or pleasanter place than Belleville to be found on the continent, so he spent his vacation at home. He entertained friends from North Carolina, who were delighted with the city and with what they saw of the Institution and its surroundings.

Mr. Derys, as soon as school closed, hid himself away down to his parental home in Quebec and spent the vacation with his aged parents. He also had the pleasure of seeing his brother safely launched on the stormy matrimonial sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Balis—well, they went nearly everywhere. Among other places, they visited New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Rochester, Buffalo, Utica and Chautauque. At the latter place they attended the meeting of the American Association for Promoting the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf. They also visited several Institutions for the Deaf in various parts of the United States.

Mr. McKillop put in his holidays very pleasantly with relatives at London and at Duart, near St. Thomas.

Mr. Campbell, of course, went to Peterborough to renew old acquaintances and friends, who are as many in number as there are inhabitants in that town. He also spent a short time in old haunts at Stony Lake.

Mr. Douglas spent most of his time at the Institution. He, however, made a three weeks' visit to Toronto and Brantford.

Mr. Smith also visited his parental home, which is at Ridgetown, only a few miles from that of Mr. McKillop. He also spent two weeks in Toronto.

Mr. Burns spent a short time at the Thousand Islands. The rest of the time he was at home.

Mr. Nurse and his wife spent part of the vacation at Nowmarket and the remainder with deaf friends at Toronto, by whom they were most hospitably entertained.

Mr. Flynn took a long journey down to St. John, N. B., as a delegate to the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. He enjoyed the trip very much, but returned with the conviction that Ontario is the banner province of Canada.

Miss Walker spent some ten days with friends in Berlin, and then a short time with her sister and brother-in-law in Hamilton. After her return from the west she spent a few weeks in Kingston and Brockville.

Miss Gallagher spent part of her vacation at Chicago, where she saw and experienced some of the terrors of the great strike. She, with others, had the honor of being escorted out of the Windy City by a regiment of Uncle Sam's soldiers.

Miss Templeton spent most of the summer at Mountain View, Massachussetts Point and other places in this vicinity, enjoying all the pleasures offered here for boating, fishing and other pastimes, and by way of variety took trips to Ottawa and Toronto.

Mrs. Terrill could not be said to have enjoyed her vacation, eight weeks of it having been devoted to nursing her son Alfred, who was very ill in Peterborough, but who, we are glad to know, is now fully recovered. She spent one week in Hamilton with her daughter and son-in-law. The latter, Dr. Forster, is resident physician for the Hamilton Insane Asylum.

Miss Curlette visited Stony Lake,

Toronto, Walkerton, Kingston, and other places. She was on the *Vatuna* when its shaft broke and for a time endured some of the terrors, if not the actual danger of shipwreck, as the boat sank in the water even with the lower deck. However she is evidently none the worse for her experience.

Miss Maybee spent part of the summer among the beauties of the Thousand Islands, and the remainder of it with friends at Peterboro' and Stony Lake.

Miss Ostrom made short visits to New York and Toronto. The remainder of the holidays she spent quietly at home.

Miss James sojourned with friends in Toronto, London, Port Stanley and Aylmer.

Miss Bull spent a most pleasant holiday with friends in Parkdale and Toronto.

Miss Metcalfe enjoyed a few weeks' visit with friends in Toronto and Brantford.

From Former Pupils.

Miss Annie McPhail, who graduated in June last, writes:—"I suppose you will not be surprised to learn that my school days at Belleville are over, but I feel that it is my duty to write you a short letter expressing my gratitude for the many acts of kindness that I received while a pupil of the Institution. I thank all in the Institution for the instruction received and for the watchful care exercised over me during the past eight years, and sincerely trust that I may be able to follow their good advice given me through life. My parents and friends are highly pleased with my education, and are very thankful to you all for the pains you took in teaching me." Annie has the good will of hosts of friends who wish her prosperity and happiness.

To the Readers of THE CANADIAN METS.

MR. DEAR FRIENDS,—I will try and write a little about my visit to the Institution. Twenty three years ago, when I first went to the Institution, there were no real shady trees, no rose-bushes and flowers, as it was now then. Now the buildings are almost hidden by tall trees and climbing ivy, with rose bushes and beautiful beds of flowers here and there. I must say we all received a hearty welcome from Principal Mathison. Many improvements have been made; there is a new printing office, bakery, laundry and workshop, also a large hospital, which stands a few yards back of the main buildings. The floors and walls of the Institution are beautifully white and clean, large airy dormitories with lots of snow-white beds. The Matron, a sweet-faced lady, spared no pains in showing us through the laundry, bakeshop, &c. She says there are several girls of fourteen and fifteen years of age who are beginning first class trousers, and whom she expects can make a good living at the business.

On Sunday we visited the graves of our dear departed friends, Mr. McGann, Mr. Greene and Mr. Ashley. Some were melted to tears when thinking that six years ago Mr. Greene led us to Mr. McGann's grave, but now he rests by his side.

Monday we had a pleasant sail down the Bay, on the steamer Merritt, visiting Forester's Island, where Dr. Oronoby took a summer residence was being erected. After tea there was a photo taken of the members of the Convention, grouped in front of the Institution.

Tuesday there were several instructive papers read, to a large delegation, in the girls' sitting room, by Mrs. J. G. Terrill, Messrs. Balis, McAloney, Mason, Fraser, and a kind letter of greeting from Prof. Derys, who was unable to be present. The Convention then closed with hearty votes of thanks to Principal Mathison and the officers who had worked so hard to make it a success.

I could mention the names of many old school mates, some I had not met for years, and whom it gave me great pleasure and joy to meet again, but space forbids.

Wednesday morning I bade adieu to the dear old school of my happy girlhood days. May we not soon forget the kind hospitality we received, and may we live to have another such pleasant visit.

Toronto, 1891.

F. M.

"I doubt if hard work, steadily and regularly carried on, ever yet hurt anybody."—Lord Stanley.



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

- First.—That a number of our pupils may learn type setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.
- Second.—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.
- Third.—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance

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THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO.



MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1894.

After the Holidays.

The officers and teachers of the Institution welcome back again, after the long holiday, their friends the pupils who were with us last session, and extend also a hearty greeting to the new comers, of whom we are glad to see so many. At the close of last session the pupils gladly hailed the respite granted them from their arduous and faithful nine months' work; and we hope that all of them enjoyed thoroughly the vacation time. We hope, also, that they are now as eager to resume their studies as they were then to lay them aside for a time. It is an important lesson, which cannot be too soon learned, that, after all, play is but the spice of life, and that hard work is the inevitable lot of mankind. This is true, also, of boys and girls at school; and he or she who makes pleasure the chief object is sure to fail here, and to fail in everything that may be undertaken hereafter. The poet spoke truly when he declared that life is not an empty dream, but that, on the contrary—

"Life is real, life is earnest."

Let every boy and girl in the Institution exemplify this truth this session.

The work of organization has now been completed, and already every class has well started on its course in charge of an earnest and faithful teacher; and we hope that in every respect this will be the best and most prosperous session ever yet held. The boys and girls can make it such if they so desire. Neither the individual pupil nor the Institution should be content to wear the laurels already won, but should strive each year to surpass all former efforts and to attain yet greater success.

Now, boys and girls, get right down to work without any delay. Remember this Institution was established and is maintained at a heavy expense, not for the officers and teachers, but for yourselves, in order that you might obtain that training and knowledge, impossible to be got elsewhere, which will fit you to discharge well the duties of life. Only

once can you be boys and girls. Only once can you enjoy the inestimable privilege of a course in this Institution. In the few years you spend here, therefore, you make or mar your whole future life. Is not this a thought that should make you pause? If you make good use of your time now, not only will you really enjoy yourselves better while here, but you will have laid the foundation of a sure success in after years. But if you are idlers now, and neglect your studies and refuse to avail yourselves of the opportunities now afforded you, you will be losing what you can never regain, and pursuing a course you will always bitterly regret. Resolve, every one of you, that you will not be idlers in this world of busy effort. Some of you may possess talents that will place you on the top-most round of the ladder of success. Most of you, however, like the vast majority of other people, can occupy only comparatively obscure places. But all of you can and should set well your part, however exalted or however humble it may be; and doubtless it requires quite as much true nobility of character to discharge honestly and faithfully the common unnoticed duties of life as to fill worthily a higher station where all eyes are upon you. They are the truest heroes who patiently and faithfully attend to the small things of life for duty's sake, with no thought of reward or applause. This is the secret of success in life.

I may not reach the height I seek,
My untried strength may fall me,
Or, half way up the mountain peak,
Piercing tempests may assail me,
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labor,
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbor,
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me
I will be worthy of it.

The *Deaf Mute Mirror* comes to hand now in an entirely new form. The name has been changed to *The Michigan Mirror*, the paper has been doubled in size, and it appears in all the glory of a brand new dress. The editorial staff has also been reorganized and Mr. Francis D. Clarke is now editor-in-chief, with a large and efficient staff of associate editors. Mr. Clarke has been remarkably successful as Superintendent of the Michigan School for the Deaf, and his well known energy and ability will undoubtedly make *The Michigan Mirror* one of the best papers of its class in the United States.

A school for deaf mutes was organized in Calcutta in 1808, and recently made a distribution of prizes. Of this school the *Indian Witness* says: "It is designed to give the pupils instruction in various departments of art industry, and thus furnish the means of occupying their time, and, if necessary, earning their own livelihood. One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the school owes his interest in it to the fact that his own brother, a deaf-mute, who was once a constant sorrow to his friends, now leads a happy contented life as goldsmith, in an English shop."

Mr. Ray has resigned the Superintendency of the Colorado School to accept a similar position in the Kentucky Institution. Mr. Dudley succeeded Mr. Ray as Superintendent of the Colorado School. In these gentlemen the deaf possess two sincere and loyal friends who are devoting their best talents and energies to the cause and who have been very successful in their past spheres of action. They are both ardent champions of that system of instruction which alone has won the approval of the most competent judges—the deaf themselves—the combined system.

The *Michigan Mirror* says Germany at present has ninety-five schools for the deaf. Of these forty-eight are day schools, and thirty four are boarding schools. The total number of pupils is 6,400, of which 8,614 are males, and 2,786 are females. A corps of 650 teachers is employed, of which 64 are women.

Mr. J. L. Smith has been appointed Principal of the Institution for the Deaf at Fairbault, Minn. Mr. Smith will deserve his promotion. Dr. J. L. Noyes has resumed his position again as Superintendent of the same Institution. This is good news to his many friends in the deaf mute work.

Mr. Swing, Superintendent of the Oregon School for the Deaf, has resigned. Mr. Early has been appointed acting Superintendent.

Extracts from Letters.

—A mother writes:—"We shall ever feel a kind regard for all in connection with the Institution."

—A parent writes:—"We are pleased with our boys' improvement, and thank you and their teachers for the kindness and attention given them."

—A mother who was very reluctant about sending her little girl to the Institution, writes:—"I am so glad that I sent her, as she has improved so much."

—A mother writes:—"John was better and less nervous on his arrival home than ever before. It is a joy to have him home again, well, and so much improved. We are very pleased with his improvement in every way."

—A father of one of the little girls who came here last fall, writes:—"We are well pleased with her improvement, and I cannot praise the Institution one-half enough and its kind attendants. I was delighted with everything I saw at the Institution when I was there, and my girl came home so clean and tidy that I sincerely hope she will be able to remain at school long enough to obtain a good education."

—A mother writes about her little girl to the Superintendent:—"I am very much pleased with her. I can see a great change in her for the better, and I can only thank you all kindly for being so good to my child. I hope the Great Maker will reward you for all the trouble and patience you have had during her illness. She told me how very kind all have been to her and wants to be remembered to you kindly."

—A mother writes the Superintendent:—"I have wanted to write to you about my child, but not being a good writer kept me from doing so many a time. I have thanked my Heavenly Father for his kindness in providing such a place for the dear children, and willing hands and hearts to help them. He who hath said a cup of cold water will not lose its reward, who sees and knows all things, will not forget the kindness and patience of those who are seeking to help them."

—One of our girl pupils closed her school career in June last, and her mother writes as follows:—"Words cannot express my gratitude for the kindness you have all shown her, more especially when not feeling well, and she has now many a pleasant recollection of acts of kindness while in your care, which will never be forgotten by her or us, and in the future, may He who rewards such noble devotion to any good work, shower His blessings on you and all connected with the Institution. Wishing you every prosperity, I am, etc."

—A mother writes:—"You cannot tell how pleased we all are with him. He has improved so much and has learned more than we expected he would in one term. I have had more comfort with him than I ever had in his life before. He minds what is said to him so well. Everyone who has seen him thinks he has had good care and good training. There could be no greater improvement in a child than there is in George, in the same length of time. I hope he will improve as well in the future. I bless God for such an Institution and for such kind painstaking officers."

"It is better to wear out than to rust out."—*Bishop Horne.*

Talks to the Boys and Girls.

To the Boys and Girls of the Institution, (receiving)— Right glad we are to see you all again, though we miss some familiar faces. Most of you, we are glad to know, spent a very pleasant vacation and come back to us looking and feeling strong and hearty and happy. In this we rejoice with you. Some of you, however, were not so fortunate. A few were ill and have not yet fully recovered your health. No doubt, however, a few weeks spent here under such favoring circumstances of healthful locality, pleasant surroundings, congenial companionship and plenty of nutritious food and regular habits will soon fully restore you to your wonted health. Others of you, we are sorry to learn, have, since last you were here, lost friends—a father or mother or some other dear one. To you we extend our deepest sympathy in your great and irremediable loss.

Do any of you feel homesick? Some did at first, especially the new pupils, which is not strange, since in many cases this is the first time you have been away from home; and even among the old pupils there has been a little of this decidedly unpleasant feeling. I do not doubt by this time it is all gone. If not, here is a remedy that is a sure cure. Just get right down to hard work, fix your mind on your studies, and on your play also when play times, and you will be surprised how soon your homesickness will pass away. And you will be surprised, also, how fast the time will fly and how soon vacation will come again. "We take no note of time but from its loss." It is a pleasure always to see an earnest, whole-hearted boy or girl, who is a faithful worker in the class and study room, as well as a hearty participant in sports on the play ground. To such an one time never seems to drag, slowly along; but the seasons will pass all too quickly, and he or she will soon graduate with honor and will plunge into the strife of life with a reasonable certainty of success.

A new session! Have you thought what that means? It is the turning over of a fresh, unutilized page of school life. The leaf is now clean and pure and white. Next June this page will be full down to the bottom line. What will the record be? No one can tell now, but each one can make it what he or she will. This is a solemn thought for both teacher and pupil, for that page, once written, stands forever. The writing thereon can never be erased. How apt we are to forget this fact! Only once can we pass through life. Only once do we go over each page, and we engrave thereon an indelible record of what does this consist? Of every word we speak, of every thought we conceive, of every act we perform. Boys and girls, what will your record be? Will you adorn the page with a clean register of faithful attention to duty, of manly and womanly conduct in school and out? Or will you disfigure it with the blurs and blotches of neglect of studies, of disobedience to the rules, of evil thoughts, evil words and evil deeds? This session of 1894 is now yours. A few short months hence it will be yours no longer. Do not neglect this only opportunity of inscribing a noble record on this page of your life.

Was it not said by some great sage
That life is an unwritten page?
We write our fate, and when old age
Or death comes on We drop the pen

For good or ill, from day to day,
Each deed we do, each word we say
Makes its impress upon the clay
Which moulds the minds
Of other men

And all our acts and words are sealed
Down o'er the past, whence future destiny
Hiring us, to form our wheat or weeds
And as we've sown So reap we then

The Laundry.

The following girls distinguished themselves in the ironing room during last session:—

Large Girls—Ironing White Shirts—
1st, Catherine Noonan, 2nd, Lena Yule
Small Girls—Ironing White Shirts—
1st, Edith Wylie, 2nd, Eva Irvine
Best General Worker, —Eva James

"It is our actual work which determines our value,"—*Hancock.*

"If the power to do hard work is not a talent, it is the best possible substitute for it."—*James A. Garfield.*

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Wm. NURSE, Local Reporter.
 MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1894.
 If moderating, not satisfying, desires the paper better.

The Opening Exercises.

On Thursday morning, Sept. 20th, the formal opening exercises for the season took place in the chapel. Nearly all the pupils had arrived the night before, many of them weary with a long journey and the gloom and depression of a steady downpour of rain. All of them, however, were in their places in the morning looking bright and happy, and, in most cases, evidently eager to begin their work. There were 118 girls and 124 boys reported at this service, which numbers have since been considerably increased. The total attendance at the time of going to press is 262.

There were a number of parents of new pupils present at the opening, all of whom watched with interest and pleasure the various proceedings. Prof. Coleman made the opening prayer, ending with the Lord's prayer which was recited in concert by the old pupils. Superintendent Mathison then briefly addressed the pupils and parents. He warmly welcomed the pupils, old and new to the Institution, and expressed the hope that the season would be a pleasant and successful one. He described the changes that had taken place in the staff and pointed out briefly to the parents present the incalculable value a course in such an Institution was to the deaf and dumb, and assured them that everything possible would be done for the physical, mental and moral welfare of all the pupils. He pointed out that deaf and dumb children who had taken a full course in this Institution were in many respects better fitted to creditably discharge the duties of life than were a large proportion of hearing children; and said that while parents felt much grieved when their children were afflicted with loss of hearing and speech, yet such were infinitely better off than were the blind or idiotic, or those who, with all their faculties unimpaired, brought supreme sorrow to their parents' hearts by entering on a career of immorality and crime.

The roll for last session was then called and the old pupils were sent to their class-rooms where that day and Friday were spent in a review of last session's work.

On Monday morning, 24th ult., occurred the event to which many of the pupils look forward with intense interest and anxiety the annual classification of the pupils when each one learns for the first time whether or not he or she is to be promoted. After the opening prayer, Superintendent Mathison briefly addressed the teachers and pupils, advising them to be faithful in imparting knowledge and diligent in acquiring it.

He referred to the improvements that had been made in the buildings during the holidays and to the changes in the teaching staff, to which Mr. George F. Stewart and Miss Edith M. Yarwood are added. He also spoke in most kindly terms of the pupils of last session who have not returned, and he wished all of them a happy and prosperous career.

Messrs. Coleman, Donyk, McKillop, Balis and Campbell, and Mrs. Balis, of the Institution, and Mr. Armstrong, Editor of the *Ontario*, also gave short addresses filled with kind greetings and good advice.

The Superintendent then read the various assignments for duty for the session and announced the rules and regulations governing teachers, officers and pupils, after which the classification was made and the pupils and teachers proceeded to their various class-rooms and entered promptly and vigorously on the work of the session. Everything is now in first-class running order, and the indications are that this will be one of the most successful seasons in the history of the Institution.

HOME NEWS

Our correspondents will please send their letters early for our next paper.

We proposed publishing the photo of the Convention group in this issue but it arrived too late for us to make arrangements for its appearance.

Teachers and pupils have greeted each other again after the long vacation. Many familiar faces that have greeted us for years past are now missing, they have gone out to fill their places in life's battlefield.

Miss Maggie Robinson, a former pupil, will remain at home with her mother hereafter. It is a pity that she has left school so early. She is a good, bright girl and could, if she would apply herself, acquire an excellent education.

Our farm and garden have suffered severely from the long drought this summer. Our garden supply of vegetables has been far below the average, and the supply of potatoes from the farm will probably be short. There is plenty of winter food for our cattle, as the hay crop was excellent being garnered in before the dry weather came.

Mrs. Terrill rejoices in the possession of a prolific pear tree which she herself planted when a little girl. The fruit of this tree seems to have acquired some of her own sweetest disposition, as it is most luscious. With a pleasing regard for the good old custom, she laid one of the finest specimens of the fruit of this tree on the editor's table.

Our whole staff of attendants, except those engaged in the kitchen and dining rooms, were very busy from the 1st inst., until the opening day in cleaning down every part of the interior of the Institution from top to bottom; neither was the exterior forgotten, the whole was washed down with the fire hose by the Supervisor and his assistants, making the building sweet and clean.

We shall miss Mr. T. S. McAloney from among us this term, he having resigned his position here and returned to the United States. We were sorry to have him go. During his short stay with us he made friends with everyone. His good nature and obliging disposition made him a favorite with all. Our boys will be especially sorry. He was one with them and entered heartily into all their sports. He was always ready to assist them in every possible way, and they will miss him on the foot-ball team this year.

Mr. Bouton's farm, which adjoins the Institution, was visited by fire during vacation. His barns and season's crops were entirely destroyed. The fire took place about noon, and in a few minutes the Institution employees were on the scene fighting the fire with our appliances. Two strong streams of water were put in play on the burning building, but too late to save the barn and contents, however in time to save Mr. Bouton's residence from the flames. The city fire companies also hurried out as soon as possible. Mr. Bouton is now rebuilding his barn.

During the vacation all needed repairs have been promptly attended to, and we have entered on the session with everything clean and carefully arranged, nothing being lacking to make the coming

school term a success in every department. Of the improvements that have taken place, the repairs to the chapel roof are the most important. Although the room has eight windows, yet the light has always been defective, and on cloudy days the platform was usually shrouded in semi-darkness, making it a strain to the eyes to follow the rapid finger spelling and signs. So when the teachers and pupils entered the room on the morning following their arrival, the flood of light which greeted them was very pleasant. Part of the old roof was entirely taken off, new supports put in and at the same time sky lights were fitted. The whole interior was replastered and painted, we have now a chapel that leaves nothing to be desired on the score of light, but more room is needed.

The Bay of Quinte Fair was held on the 18th, 19th and 20th of September. Owing to the pupils returning on the 19th and bad weather on the 20th, our Superintendent was not able to accept the usual kind invitation of the Directors for our pupils to attend the exhibition free. It is very much regretted that the weather during the two principal days was so unpropitious. An usual gardener, Mr. Willis, was on hand with an exhibit, but owing to the unfavorable season the display he made was not so fine as usual and his prize takings were very limited. We all wished the fair well and did our best to make it a success, prizes being a secondary consideration. Among Mr. Willis' exhibit was one of the largest radishes ever grown on our grounds. It weighed over 12 pounds.

PERSONALITIES.

Mrs. R. Mathison returned home from Hamilton on the 22nd ultimo.

Dr. Murphy, formerly Institution Physician, spent a night at the Institution last week, the guest of the Superintendent.

Mr. R. Mathison, jr., has resumed his studies at the Pennsylvania Dental College, and Mr. George C. Mathison will return in a day or two to Toronto Dental College.

Mrs. Begg, wife of Professor Begg, of the Institution for the Deaf, Texas, and their daughter, Edleen, spent several months during the past summer with relatives and friends in Belleville.

Miss Beattie Eddy, of Chautauque, N. Y., purposes opening a Private School for the Deaf, on pure oral methods, in the city of Toronto, shortly. Her present address is Richardson House Cor. King and Brock Sts., Toronto, Ont.

We had an old lady, Mrs. Comly, who is 74 years old and deaf, on a visit here for a few days. She was educated in Ireland, but has lived in this country for many years. After visiting Kingston and other places, she returned to her home in Sarpta.

Mr. A. Terrill, son of Mrs. Terrill of our staff, has been laid up with typhoid fever during the summer. He was in the Peterboro' hospital for several weeks and only recovered by the most unremitting care and attention. He is well now.

Our friend, Edward Marchand, now of St. Louis, Missouri, writes us that he often thinks of the good old times he had at our Institution, and that they are the dearest things that haunt his memory. We are glad to know that our friend is well and happy.

We were favored with pleasant visits during the last week from Rev. Canon Burke, Rev. Mr. Savage and wife, Rev. Mr. Hubbard, Rev. Mr. Daw, Rev. Mr. Price, Mr. Armstrong, of the Belleville Ontario, Miss Taylor, Miss Lina Werton, Mrs. Wicks and Mrs. Haslett.

We are sorry that in the issue of July 2nd we omitted the names of Mrs. J. L. Smith, of Toronto, and Miss E. A. McIntyre, of London, from the list of those who attended the Convention. They were absent at the time the list was made out, hence the omission.

A young Indiana deaf gentleman of excellent character and refinement, and with a fortune of \$80,000, would like to form the acquaintance of a handsome, well-educated deaf young lady. Object matrimony. No triflers need apply. Address K, care of *Exponent* Pub. Co., 124 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Mary Keegan, who is well known to many of our old pupils, and who adopted the stage as her profession some years since, has been wonderfully successful. She is at present playing Lady Marchant in Mr. Tru's No. 1 company of the "Dunch of Violets." The *London Morning Leader* speaks of her as "a versatile actress and beautiful girl."

Prof. Brown, of the Jacksonville, Ill., Institution, was a visitor to Belleville during the holidays. We were all very glad to see him. It was here that he first commenced the work of deaf-mute education, and of his success his present high standing in the profession is a proof. He was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Balis during his stay, and made calls on us here.

We fear Mr. and Mrs. Balis will find Belleville dull after the round of visits and summer gaiety they have been taking in across the line. They have spent very little of this vacation at home. While away, Mr. B. met with his usual country adventures, including an interview with a colony of "yellow jackets," whereby hangs a tale, but too long for this department.

Mrs. Urquhart, of Hamilton, sister of Miss Walker, our matron, left for home some days ago after a few weeks stay at the Institution. She was an interested and pleasant visitor here and we shall all be glad to have her come again. She took in the beauties of the Thousand Islands and the River St. Lawrence, but thought the scenery of the Bay of Quinte not one whit behind what she had ever seen before.

Mrs. Balis called upon us last week with her husband's cousin, Mr. C. W. Balis, of Philadelphia, and inspected the buildings. Mr. B. was much interested in everything, particularly the printing office, and especially the water motor and its varied attachments. He expressed himself as well pleased with everything, and complimented the domestic management upon the neatness, order, and the admirable economy of space attained.

Thos. Hill, one of our old pupils, gave us a call lately. He is on the road peddling. His eyesight shuts him out from many folds of labor. We don't object to peddling when it is done honestly—something useful is sold and an equivalent for the money received; but we draw the line at the sale of trashy articles that are of no value to anyone. If Tom must peddle, we are glad that it is something useful, and hope he will tide over the hard times. He is the first of our pupils to take to the business.

Belleville has the honor of being the home of Principal Crouter, of the Philadelphia Institution. Under his management that Institution has become one of the most progressive schools for the deaf in the United States, and is probably one of the largest and best equipped Institutions of the kind in the world. During the school vacation Mr. Crouter visited his home and friends in Belleville, and remained as long as his duties would permit. It gave us great pleasure to welcome him to our Institution while here.

Mr. Thomas Bleakley, of Vermont, Illinois, U. S., writes us that he has a good home for a deaf-mute widow without encumbrances, or a young deaf-mute lady, and would like to hear from anyone who is matrimonially inclined. He does not want one too young, nor one too old, someone between 35 and 45 years of age would answer. He describes himself as being of an affectionate and kind nature. He seems to be partial to Canadian deaf-mute ladies. If he is a good man and true it is really too bad that he should be going through life alone.

The *Lindsay Post* of August 24th had the following:—"Mr. Geo. Reeves, recently one of *The Post* employees on Thursday last met with what might have been a serious accident. While engaged in a game of base ball he collided with Mr. Jas. Gostlin's racing mare. Mr. Gostlin tried to warn him of the danger as he was backing up to catch a ball, as also did his companions but as Reeves is unfortunately deaf, he did not notice the danger. He received some severe wounds on the head, but the injuries are not serious."

We are happy to record two marriages among our former pupils, during the vacation. Miss Jessie Mick, of Mieskaby, and Mr. M. L. Hodgins, of Fitzroy, have yoked together to accompany each other through life. Mr. D. B. Stark concluded that bachelorhood was a lonely state, and to get married to a handsome young lady was quite the proper thing to do, so he too was bound by hymen to Miss Minnie Fleming, of London, on August 22nd. We are sure that their teachers and old schoolmates will join with us in wishing both the young couples a long and happy wedded life.

A BOY IS A BOY.

Remember a boy is a boy, not a man,
Don't frown when your patience he tries
But best with his follies as well as you can,
And hope he will learn to be wise.

Remember a boy is a boy, and a boy let him be,
For the season of Lophol's a span
And the heart that now leaps in its gladness and
Soon will be with the cares of the man

Remember that an often is kindled with joy
And sorrow will melt into tears,
The tender and warm is the heart of a boy,
The loudly the coat that he wears.

Remember may wait on the frolic and fun,
And parade by at his noise,
But give not your mandates from tyranny's
Throne
The govern with kindness the boys.

Remember with attraction the family fold,
Whose merits which virtue approves,
Do not despair tho' he's careless and bold
If home is the spot that he loves.

Remember him belittles the good part to secure,
Not pleasure nor glittering self;
Do not point him the way to the realm of the pure,
By being a pilgrim yourself.

SIGN LANGUAGE.

MEANS OF COMMUNICATION USED BY INDIANS.

The sign language in use by nearly all the tribes of Indians of the plains is a very remarkable institution and at the rate which the Indians are being civilized and their manner of living changed, all use for the language will soon cease and it will become forgotten.

When not on the warpath the various tribes of buffalo hunters would sometimes meet in friendly intercourse, and an exchange of ideas was kept up by means of arbitrary signs, as the spoken languages of all these tribes are so widely different and so difficult to learn that it was not often that an Indian of one tribe had mastered the language of another and then only when he had been in captivity with that tribe for a number of years.

The sign language is, without doubt of great antiquity and was in common use more than 100 years ago among the Indians of the north-west. By them it was carried south and the Indians of the south-west actually picked it up. Arapahoes, Crows, Cheyennes, Pawnees, Utes, Blackfeet and Kiowas are very difficult to learn, and the sign talk was in common use between these tribes. The Comanches and Apaches never became adepts at it, for the reason that the Comanche language is the court language of the plains, and is learned so easily that a great many white plainsmen can speak it readily, while other Indian tribes nearly all speak it.

Further than this, the Comanches, being a warlike and aggressive tribe, always had a larger number of captives from other tribes among them who learned the language, and when they escaped or were released they carried it back to their own tribes. A few white men have mastered the sign language and two or three of them are adepts in its use.

Probably the best exemplar of the sign language on the plains is Lieut. H. L. Scott, who commands Indian Troop L, 7th cavalry, stationed here, which is composed of 52 Kiowas, Comanches and Apaches.

Lieut. Scott has been among the Indians for 17 years, and in that time has come in contact with nearly if not quite all of the Indians of the plains. In this way he has been enabled to verify all of the signs as he learned them by using them in talking to the different tribes. He went before the folk-lore congress at the World's Fair and gave a most astonishing exhibition of his knowledge.

The sign talk by translating a silent discourse made by a Sioux chieftain. Mr. Scott has great influence among the Indians, who respect him for his courage and his ability to talk to them readily.

Lieut. Sill is in the heart of the Wichita mountains, in the reservation of the Kiowa, Comanche and

Apache Indians, in the south west corner of the Indian territory, and abutting upon the panhandle of Texas. On the east is the Cheka-saw nation of the five civilized tribes of Indians.

The post is delightfully situated on a plateau on the southern slope of the Wichita mountains, which are an outcropping of the Sierra Nevada mountains of New Mexico. Near by are the rugged peaks of Mt. Scott and Mt. Phil-Sheridan.

On this reservation are nearly 1500 Comanches, about 1000 Kiowas and a few hundred Apaches who are a remnant of the Arizona tribe and have long been affiliated with and dependent upon the Comanches.

Lieut. Scott's Indian troop is one of the few troops of Indians that are a success. They came to him clad in blankets, ignorance and long hair, but Mr. Scott has transformed them into good soldiers, who wear their uniforms as smartly and perform their duties as well as many of the old campaigners. Their barracks are clean and tidy and they look very soldierly on parade or at inspection.

There is something incongruous in Indians being as neat as these soldiers, and their habit of springing to "attention" whenever an officer appears, hardly agrees with one's idea of the habitual free-and-easy manners of the Indians. Mr. Scott said that when they first came to him for enlistment many of them objected to having their long hair cut off.

But, owing to the influence of one or two of them who had entered into soldiering with all their hearts, they all called on the post barber and went away with a bunch of coarse, black hair in their hands, to be preserved by their squaws as heirlooms.

The first sergeant of troop L is a good looking young Kiowa by the name of Lucius Aitsen, who has been to the Carlisle Indian school, and speaks English very well. He writes English well also for an Indian.

Outside the post, on the edge of the plateau, is the camp of the Indian soldier's families and their numerous friends and hangers-on. There are two long rows of canvas tepees, browned at the top, where the smoke escapes, like well-colored meerschaum pipes, and in front are their leafy arbors, where, in warm weather, the papooses play with the dogs and the squaws make beadwork to catch the silver of the tenderfoot.

The squaws have not kept pace with their soldier husbands in civilization, but for all that the ground around their tepees is as clean as city front yards. This is due to Mr. Scott's insistence that everything about the camp shall be as clean as the barracks.

The squaws are trying hard to learn the ways of the white women, and some of the soldier's wives have got baby carriages for their little papooses, but frequently put them to strange uses. It is not an uncommon sight to see a squaw carrying her baby slung in her blanket on her back and wheeling before her a baby carriage full of firewood.

In his intercourse with his troopers and the outside Indians, Mr. Scott uses the sign language. He will stop an Indian soldier going across the parade, and, with a few rapid gestures, convey to him a command as readily as if conveyed by word of mouth. He talks to the old squaws, whose command of the English language commenced and stopped at "How?" asking them questions about their babies and their health.

The sign language shows to the full the sentimental bent of the Indian mind. Their spoken languages, like their names, show their rich imaginations, and their speeches are full

of bursts of sentiment. Nearly all of the signs are simple and graphically carry out the idea intended.

Some of the signs, however, are obscure, and it requires an insight into the Indian mode of thought and life to trace their connection to the object indicated. For instance, the sign for brother is to press the first and second finger to the lips and kiss them. This means the mother's kiss to two presumably two children, or two brothers.

The sign for the milky way is simpler, when one knows the Indian customs. The milky way is an object of great veneration to the Indian, as it is thought to be the direct and easy trail to the happy hunting grounds.

The sign is death, which is expressed by closing the eyes and laying the head in the palm of the hand, as though in sleep, and motions of covering with a shroud. The sign of a trail is then given, which is shown by indicating a path along the ground.

Night is expressed by a motion of the hands as though drawing a covering down, and day by a rapid motion of the hands, as though the cover were torn asunder. Joy is shown by the sign for day, and indicating the heart, which means that sunlight has entered the heart.

Sorrow by pointing to the heart and then to the ground, indicating that the heart is very low, indeed. Fear is expressed by pointing to the heart and placing the hand on the throat, showing that the heart is in the throat.

Hate, by closing the hand and striking at the object hated. To express good, the hand is held at level with the heart, and bad is indicated in a motion as throwing something away.

The sun is intended when the thumb and fingers come together in a circle, and then point to the sky overhead. The moon is indicated by the same signs to which is added that of night, meaning that the moon is the sun of night. The stars are smaller suns, the sign competed with a sharp snapping of the fingers, all of which means that the stars are small, twinkling suns.

A pony is indicated by wiggling the fingers in imitation of a pony loping, and a horseman is added by straddling the hand with the first and second fingers of the other hand.

They indicate a white man by drawing a finger across the forehead to show the mark made by the hat band, a negro takes the same sign, to which is added a motion expressing the curling of a lock of hair by the fingers, to show the negroe's kinky hair.

There are signs to express the names of all the tribes, as a hand passed across the throat means the Sioux, from their unpleasant habit of decapitating their enemies.

The flapping of the arms in imitation of wings tells of the Crows.

The Arapahoes, who claim to be the mother tribe of all Indians, are indicated by tapping the breast.

The Cheyennes are particularized by slashing the left arm and wrist with the right hand, which tells of the customs of the Cheyennes to so mutilate themselves when indulging in certain religious observances.

And so it goes on with signs innumerable. The gestures with which these signs are given are invariably graceful.

The signaling by fire and smoke of the Apaches was a most complete and comprehensive code used by them exclusively in warfare, and until Gen. Miles introduced signaling by heliograph, the U. S. army had no means of signaling that in any way compared with the methods of the Apaches.

The rapidity with which they

could transmit warnings from one camp or band to another enabled them for years to elude the soldiers. — Letter from Fort Sill, in New York Recorder.

Farming for the Deaf.

Anent the recent discussion on the subject of farming as an occupation for the deaf, we reproduce a portion of a private letter that contains interesting remarks on the subject. The writer is a well known semi-mute and his standing and experience entitle his views to a great deal of weight:

"There was much truth in what you wrote lately in the *Deaf-Mute* about farming for the deaf. There has been a great deal of absurd stuff written about the superiority of country life. I have tried both city and country and I consider city life far preferable provided you can live there in a way a person of refinement would want to do; that is have a home large enough for your needs in an agreeable neighborhood and the means to live in comfort. Our modern cities, outside the slums, are quite as healthy as the country. The resident can by visits to the parks and excursions see all of country life they care for, and they enjoy innumerable advantages in the way of such conveniences as water works, gas and electric-light, daily papers, free mail delivery, larger and better stores, shops, etc., which the country resident must do without. But we know that to a large proportion of our city population life means being crowded in cramped quarters amidst disagreeable surroundings and a steady treadmill existence for the means of livelihood. For all such country life with all its isolation is, I think, far preferable. I was strongly impressed with this by what I saw of the homes of the deaf in — last summer. * * *

I found that rent and the cost of living took all they earned, and it was about the same with the others. One friend I visited I found earned \$45 a month and paid \$26 of it for rent. For them, I was certain, a life in the country would have been much the best. They would not make much money perhaps but they would live much more comfortably. The great drawback of country life and the one that is the chief cause of the influx from the farms to the cities is the isolation, and just here is where the deaf have an advantage. Their lives must always be isolated, and I can say from my own experience that I never felt my infirmity so little as I do here. It is when among a lot of people who can hear that one feels his deprivation most keenly. In the country one is alone so much and the people he does meet are willing, I have found, to give him much more of their time and attention than city people. The latter have all the company they want and don't care to converse with the deaf except out of kindness. The country people having less society have more time and inclination and will give their attention to a deaf caller in a way city people seldom will. * * * I don't think the deaf as a rule will make much in farming; agricultural communities are never wealthy, it is only when manufactures and commerce step in that wealth accumulates, but they could make a living and that is as much as the majority do in the cities.

Our institutions are, I think, to blame for the distaste for farm life shown by so many of the deaf. The pupils are taught they will learn trades in the shops by which they can support themselves in after life but are never taught that in regard to the garden. Those who work there are made to feel that they are sent to the garden not to learn but simply to do work. The man in charge is nearly always illiterate and knows that all that is expected of him is plenty of vegetables and he uses the boys as he would so many machines. The result is that the boys not only learn nothing but acquire a distaste for all such employment.

How different it would be if a gardener was employed with a distinct view to his ability to instruct. Such a one would give instruction to his class in the why and wherefore of all they did. They would grow interested and we would have fewer ignorant untrained deaf flocking to the cities in search of employment." — *Kentucky Deaf-Mute*.

Man's happiness, as I construe it, comes of his greatness; it is because there is an infinite in him, which, with all his cunning, he cannot quite bury under the finite. — Carlyle.

Mother's Cures.

Daughters, let not mother do it, Leave not to her all the toll...

Popular Proverbs.

A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A bird is known by its note, and a man by his talk.

Sound Advice.

We advise all young people to acquire in early life the habit of using good language, both in speaking and writing.

How to Master Your Temper.

Starve it, give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry do not yield to the temptation.

Don't be Discouraged Boys.

It is the bubbling spring which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farm house that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract.

Fifteen Novens.

Never scold. Never overwork. Never be impulsive. Never be impatient.

Herolm Rowland.

In June, 1885, George G. Wilson, then of Luzerne County, Pa., was standing upon the tracks in front of the Harrisburg station.

LOTS OF CHANCE.—First Deaf-Mute (speaking on his fingers) What chance is there for you and me in the business world, I'd like to know?

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MESSRS GRANT AND DUFF conduct religious services every Sunday, at 3 p.m. in Treble Hall, John St. north, near King.

The Los Angeles Association of the Deaf.

SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY at 3 p.m. at the Guild Room of the St. Paul's Church, Olive Street, Los Angeles, CALIFORNIA.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows: Every Sunday morning at 11 a.m. in the Y. M. C. A. Building at corner Queen Street West and Davenport Road.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the name and post-office address of the parents of deaf children not attending school.

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Institution for the Blind. THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE Education and Instruction of Blind Children is located at Brantford, Ontario.

Grand Trunk Railway. TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION. WEST 2:00 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 11:20 a.m. 8:00 p.m.

GENERAL INFORMATION

SCHOOL HOURS.—From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m. DRAWING CLASSES from 3:30 to 5 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons.

Articulation Classes.—From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m.

Religious Exercises.—EVERY SUNDAY.—Primary pupils at 9 a.m., senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture at 2:30 p.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.

Clergymen of all Denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments.—PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CARPENTER SHOP from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m.

Teachers, Officers and others are held allow matters foreign to the work to interfere with the performance of the several duties.

Visitors.—Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays.

Admission of Children.—When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leave-taking with their children.

Visitation.—It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the classrooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school.

Clothing and Management.—Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent.

Sickness and Correspondence.—In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF PARENTS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THAT ALL WILL.

Parents and friends of Deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return.