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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. IX.

BELLEVILLE, DECEMBER 2, 1901.

NO. 20.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON. J. R. STRATTON, TORONTO

Government Inspector:
DR. T. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
WM COCHRANE Bursar.
P. D. GOLDSMITH, M. D. Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLEMAN, M. A. Miss J. G. TENNILL
(Head Teacher.) Miss E. TEMPLETON,
P. DEWYS. Miss MARY BULL,
JAMES O. HALLIS, M. A. Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALLIS,
W. J. CAMPBELL. Miss GEORGINA LYNN
OZO. P. STEWART. Miss ADA JAMES
T. C. FORRESTER. Miss M. J. MADDER, (Monitor Teacher)

Teachers of Articulation

Miss IDA M. JACK. Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
Miss MARY BULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.
T. C. FORRESTER, Teacher of Sloyd.

Miss L. N. METCALFE. JOHN T. BURKE,
Clerk and Typewriter Instructor of Printing

WM. DOUGLASS. WM. NURSE,
Storekeeper & Associate Master Shoemaker
Supervisor

G. O. KETTL. CHAS. J. PEPPER,
Superintendent of Boys, etc. Engineer

Miss M. DUFFERT. JOHN DOWRIS,
Sailmatron, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter.

Miss S. MCNICH. D. CONNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse. Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

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 partially or totally 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, Carpentering 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.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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 8:15 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 footed bag.



Down to Sleep.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are clear and bright:
Each noon burns up the morning chill,
The morning's snow is gone by night.
Each day my steps grow low, grow light,
As through the woods I roversoot creep,
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."

I never knew before what beds,
I raptant to smell and soft to touch.
The forest lifts and shapes and spreads.
I never knew before how much
Of human sound it is in each
Low tone as through the forest sweep
When all wild things lie "down to sleep."

Each day I find new coverlids
Tucked in, and more sweet eyes shut tight.
Sometimes the viewless mother bids
Her ferns kneel down, full in my sight
I hear their chorus of "good-night."
And half I smile and half I weep,
Listening while they lie "down to sleep."

November woods are bare and still.
November days are bright and good.
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill.
Life's night rests feet which long have stood.
Home warm soft bed in field or wood
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON



A Girl's Battle.

BY FREDERICK E. BURNHAM.

Julia Vincent was employed in one of the great cotton mills of Lawrenco. She had been there since she was a wro child of a dozen years, and, at sixteen, the discouraging fact stared her in the face, even as it did hundreds of other, that it was impossible to earn more than a dollar a day in busy times, to say nothing of the weeks when the mill was practically at a standstill.

A shopmate relieved the monotony of work by reading from a novel, which she contrived to keep open before her as she worked at the spindle. The thought occurred to Julia that she could improve her mind while at work by studying from an open book. She knew it could do her no harm, and it was possible that the open book would prove the door to a more congenial and better paid position. The mill girl determined to make the effort.

She knew little or nothing of the branches taught in the grammar schools, and it was at the bottom of the ladder that she began her self-education. An arithmetic was the first book that she purchased, and immediately she began to dig out the simple problems, difficult enough for her.

The foreman smiled as he passed, seeing the open book before her. "Can't you keep track of your surplus wealth?" he asked.

"I haven't been able to discover a surplus yet," the girl replied, looking up.

"I thought that perhaps the arithmetic would show me where to look for it."

"So it will," said the foreman, smiling; "stick to your books, and they will show you the way to a better position."

It was only a passing word, but some how it encouraged the girl wonderfully, and she did not forget it, though years passed.

The girls at the mill found much merriment at the expense of the girl who had made up her mind to rise above her surroundings, but she gave little thought to their taunts; her mind was in other fields.

in the public schools of the city were secured, and she found that to pass them was little more than pastime.

A ball was to be held by the employees of the mill; there were few of the girls who would not attend. Preparations had been going on for weeks; many of the girls who were working for almost starvation wages had managed to set aside a little sum with which to purchase a fancy dress, or make over an old one. For once, the girl who had denied herself almost every pleasure, that she might study, decided to have a part in the coming festivities. She contrived to lay aside ten dollars with which to make and purchase a new dress; no extravagant amount, to be sure, but sufficient for a dress that would please the quiet mill girl.

One evening it dawned upon the girl that she was in sore need of a tutor's assistance. She had come to a point where help seemed imperative; there were problems in the algebra which she was unable to solve; passages in the first year's Latin which she could not translate. It came to her with almost overwhelming force, that either the studies or the new dress must wait.

It was a girl's battle that was to be fought in the little room of one of the corporation houses, a struggle between a girl's longing for pleasure and a desire to see the ambition of her life a reality. It was a girl's battle marked by a girl's tears, but it was sound sense that won, and when at last the conflict was over, she was no longer a girl, but a woman.

The ball came off, and Julia did not attend, but the problems and Latin translations were successfully disposed of, and though some of the girls succored, she was content.

Six years passed, and the girl who had clung through thick and thin to her books, was ready to attempt the normal school examinations. Wages at the mill had not increased during that time, and the dress she wore was an old one, ill fitting and of cheap material, but that did not seriously annoy her. Several of the young ladies who were seated near her curled the lip and smiled, and the laugh went round, but that was merely a passing trifle. The mill girl's time to smile came later in the day, though she did not avail herself of it.

An hour passed, and nothing was heard save the scratching of pens. Not a few who had smiled at the first began to look worried; they looked at the examination papers and then at each other. It was apparent that they were not at ease.

Meanwhile the mill girl's pen was busily at work, page after page being filled, punctuated by very few pauses. Those years had not been spent in vain; there was a fund of knowledge at her disposal which was ample, and long before the allotted time had expired, her paper was handed in. Other examinations followed in order, and were successfully passed. No one now thought of remarking the plain dress; many would gladly have exchanged places with her, could they have felt as secure as to the future.

One morning Julia Vincent received a letter from the principal of the normal school, informing her that there was a position at her disposal—a little school among the Vermont hills. For an hour the young woman, who had denied herself almost every luxury that she might win, held the letter tightly in her trembling hands—the happiest hour of her life; it was then that she realized that the books had led the way to a more desirable position.

At the mill no one was more pleased than the foreman who had encouraged her at the start; and as she parted with the mill operatives with whom she had worked, there were those who heartily wished that they had followed her example. Some called it luck; they said that Julia was always lucky. They didn't call her lucky when she had remained away from the ball four years previous; they called her wro in those

days. Well, if she was lucky, many of those who envied her lot might have been lucky, too; it was merely a question of self-denial and perseverance.

A year passed, and the young school-mistress filled her position so satisfactorily that a better position was offered her in the same town. The knowledge of her ability as a teacher, however, was not confined to that township; her career had been watched with interest by the faculty of the normal school. A choice position was awaiting the right person in one of the large city schools; Julia Vincent's name was mentioned. The recommendation was sufficient, and the place was assured.

Such is the story of the Lawrence mill girl. Sound sense and perseverance were the factors which wrought such changes in her life, qualities which will turn failure into victory as surely as the rising sun brings daylight.—Wellspring.

Seeing the Point.

The following story is told of a Philadelphia millionaire who has been dead some years. A young man came to him one day and asked pecuniary aid to start him in business.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire.

"Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for one year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once and at the end of the year, came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man.

"Moderately," said the young man.

"Stop it! Stop it for one year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from this habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist.

"Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for a year; come and see me again." The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again.

When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again, he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at. "He'd have told me that now that I have stopped drinking and smoking and chewing that I must have saved enough to start myself in business. And I have."—Youth's Companion.

Novel Cure for Headache.

"This most excellent and never-failing cure for nervous head," says the apostle of physical culture, "is the simple act of walking backward. Just try it some time if you have any doubt of it. I have yet to meet the person who didn't acknowledge its efficacy after a trial.

"Nobody has as yet discovered or formulated a reason why such a process should bring such a certain relief. Physicians say that it is probably because the reflex action of the body brings about a reflex action of the brain, and thus drives away the pain that, when produced by nervousness, is the result of too much going forward. As soon as you begin to walk backward, however, there comes a feeling of everything being reversed, and this is followed by relief. This relief is always certain, and generally speedy. Ten minutes is the longest I have ever found necessary.

"An entry or a long room is a good place for such a promenade, but even better than this is a long porch, or a secluded walk in the open air. You should walk very slowly, letting the ball of your foot touch the floor first, and then the heel; just the way, in fact, that one should, in theory, walk forward but which, in practice, is so rarely done.—Philadelphia Record.



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 to type, 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 deaf friends 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, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, or registered letter.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers stop when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

Correspondence on matters of interest to the deaf is requested from our friends in all parts of the Province. Nothing calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING

A very limited amount of advertising, subject to approval, will be inserted at 25 cents a line for each insertion.

Address all communications and subscriptions

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO



INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1901.

The persistence with which many United States journals, even those of the better class, ignore Canada in their estimates of the world's resources, as well as in many other ways, is quite incomprehensible to Canadians whose culture is abroad enough to include a knowledge of all parts of the world. For instance, *The Chautauquan*, a high class magazine devoted chiefly to educational topics, recently contained an article on "The World's Coal," parts of which have been quoted by some of our exchanges. Among other things it said:—"The coal fields of the world are estimated to contain an area of 471,800 square miles. Over this an area of 200,000 square miles is credited to China and Japan, while 191,000 is found in the United States. The remainder is distributed as follows: India, 85,000; Russia, 27,000; United Kingdom, 9,000; Germany, 3,000; France, 1,800; other countries, 1,400." Now why is Canada left out in that count? If it is from ignorance, then such ignorance is most lamentable on the part of a writer who professes to give reliable information. Canada contains a coal area much greater than that of any country named above, except China and the United States. The known coal region of Canada aggregates about 100,000 square miles, and, eliminating the unproductive part, this country still stands easily third among the nations of the world, and doubtless there are many thousands of square miles of coal area still undiscovered. And yet all this vast coal region is entirely omitted in the article above quoted, unless, indeed, as has not infrequently happened before, our coal area is coolly counted in as part of that of the United States. Without any exception whatever, no other country on earth possesses mineral resources superior to those of Canada.

The *British Messenger* says that "for some time there has existed amongst the educated deaf-mutes of this country a desire to obtain for their fellow sufferers higher and better opportunities of education." This is a laudable ambition, and we hope it will soon be realized. But why use the expression "fellow-sufferers"? We think it is a mistake to thus commiserate the deaf, most of whom are not conscious of any deprivation and are quite as happy as hearing people. There is no perfect person in the world. Everyone lacks some physical perfection or mental quality or moral excellence and deafness is only one, and not the worst, among a thousand common imperfections; and we think it would be much better, and more consonant with the facts of the case and with the ideas of the deaf, if people ceased to single them out for special commiseration.

Concentration of energy and singleness of purpose are essential to success in any department of human activity. In the biographies of men who have been eminently successful in any and every field of labor, it is almost invariably remarked that each of them kept always some definite object in view upon which he concentrated all his energies. In the class room the same necessity exists. No boy or girl, no matter how clever, can attain to success unless all the energies of the mind are devoted to the task in hand. "This one thing I do," said St. Paul, and how magnificently well he did it. This would be an excellent motto for all of us.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Araminta Jones received a pressing invitation to attend the Bible meeting in Toronto, but could not attend. She hopes to see Miss Fraser at the next convention.

We are pleased to state that George Munroe is fully recovered from his accident and is again at work, (moulding) in Delray near Detroit.

One of our girls helps a lot on the farm. She husked, alone three hundred and some odd bushels of corn, or was it peas, I forget which, and raised a lot of potatoes which are very scarce around here. The deaf-mute generally gets there.

On Saturday, Nov. 23rd, the usual yearly social for the deaf was held in St. John's Parish Building, Detroit. Never had there been such a large attendance as then. Even Rev. Mann remarked on the unusually large attendance. The time was entirely given up to social conversation till nearly ten o'clock, when supper was served under the direction of Messrs. Schneider and Meuzies, and Misses Stark and McMurray. Fully seventy sat down at the well laden tables and did ample justice to the oysters, sandwiches, cake, coffee, &c. Rev. Mann does not believe in lectures and socials being mixed, nevertheless he made a neat little speech, that all applauded. Those present from Windsor were, Miss Connolly, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sponner, Florence and Bertie, Miss G. Fairbairn, Miss Fanny and Mr. Ed. Ball, Mr. Geo. Munroe, and our old friend Geo. Henry. The gathering did not break up till eleven o'clock.

Miss Maggie Quinn, a former pupil of our school, is to be married on Wednesday to Mr. Wm. Rheinor, a widower, of Detroit.

Albert Sponner's father has been very sick for some time with gangrene, but is somewhat better now, and able to be around a little.

We heard that several Toronto gentlemen intended visiting us this fall, but so far have seen nothing of them and wonder if we didn't dream it.
Moralator. ARAMINTA JONES.

Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful.—*Shakespeare.*

Glory built on selfish principles, is shame and guilt.—*Cowper.*

Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much.

The Maple Leaf Club, Toronto.

From the Maple Leaf Club Correspondent

Thirteen out of fifteen bona fide members of the Maple Leaf Club assembled in good time at the comfortable home of President Bridgen on Thursday night, Nov. 14th, just as the first "beautiful" of the season was falling outside. The evening was an Alfred the Great one, full of interest; in fact, it was an intellectual treat. Stretched high across the room were two lines to which were attached a number of pictures illustrative of various scenes in the life of King Alfred, and of the status recently erected to his memory in Winchester, England. The President in opening said a brief but ardent eulogy to Alfred as the best and noblest of English Sovereigns. One thousand years have passed, and we still cherish the good king in remembrance. In spite of the barbarous state of the age in which he lived, the king accomplished much in the cause of Christianity and civilization. He laid the corner stone of British imperial power; his whole life teaches the lessons of unity, unselfishness and industry, which lessons other rulers should learn in order to elevate the condition of their subjects. Mr. Mason, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Ogilvie, Mr. Elliott, Mr. McIntosh and Mr. each contributed a share of praise to the memory of the king in a spirit no less enthusiastic than that of the President. A battle was described in which two hostile kings and five castles were slain, but Alfred, not being able longer to resist the fierce assaults of the Danes, was compelled to escape into the swampy recesses of Athelney where he secured himself in hiding. The tale of burnt cakes was told which never fails to renew interest. Now Alfred redeemed his country after ascertaining the strength of the enemy and calling together his faithful men and leading them to victory. An act of charity done by Alfred in dividing his only loaf of bread with a beggar was related. This shows the moral sublimity of his soul. His family and descendants were introduced in a narrative way. Literature formed another feature of the history. Alfred's zeal in encouraging education and building schools, together with his writings and translations, laid the foundation of English literature. A warm tribute was paid to the conscientious care exercised by his mother over her children. One of the best gifts bestowed on man is a good mother. An account was given of Alfred's mother promising a prize book for one of her sons who could learn a certain book by heart in a given time. This prize Alfred won. A story was told of a poor gatherer of acorns who afterwards became a learned bishop, all through the encouragement of his royal patron. One of Alfred's reforms was the revision of his country's laws. He copied most of the laws from the Decalogue and the 21st, 22nd and 23rd chapters of Exodus, though modified, and then called them "Alfred's Dooms." He severely impressed on the mind of his judges the importance of justice and mercy. Work was characteristic of his life, he wasted not a minute in idleness, but was always eager to increase his knowledge. He kept a psalter in his breast, on the margin of which book he noted down ideas as they occurred to his mind. Work is the civilizer of humanity; without it degeneration surely results. The last speaker highly praised Alfred's patronage of literature, taking into consideration the almost insurmountable difficulties incidental to barbarous ages. He said that it was a shame for the majority of people not to appreciate the boon of education to day when there were thousands of books to be had free, and that it was the same for those deaf-mutes who desire joining the Maple Leaf Club, thus failing to obtain as much knowledge as possible. The history closed fittingly when Mr. Slater remarked that the same truth applied to Alfred in his own country as in the declaration of the Greeks, that Socrates was the noblest and wisest man that ever lived. The literary exercises over, we all arose before the pictorial status of the great king as though joining in spirit the admiring crowd at the recent unveiling of the memorial in Winchester. Thirty minutes were left in studying English History, and we then adjourned until Saturday, Nov. 20th, much pleased with the evening's work.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination of two persons to promote the good and happiness of each other.—Addison.

CHRISTMAS, 1901.

Read this Circular over Two or Three Times so that you may Thoroughly Understand its meaning.



SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
BELLEVILLE, DEC. 2, 1901.

To Parents and Friends:

CHRISTMAS GREETING:—The holidays are approaching. I wish the pupils could go home, for then those of us who are on duty, or on call for 24 hours of every day, would get a rest, but as we cannot close the school then ALL are expected to remain and we shall try and afford the children unalloyed pleasure at the Institution. Only Christmas Day and New Year's Day will be strictly observed as holidays—the classes will go right along as usual, with evening amusements instead of study most of the time.

If parents must have their children at Christmas or New Year's we shall offer no objection to their coming for them to the Institution; but pupils who are thus taken away will not be received again until next September.

Pupils taken home during the Christmas holidays a few years ago, brought back measles, scarlet fever, mumps, etc., and scores of children here were infected. We are not anxious for the repetition of former troubles.

We shall have a grand time on Christmas morning when the boxes, parcels and letters are given out, and the hearts of parents would rebound with joy could they see the little ones grasping the love tokens from home. Send some inexpensive article and forward it so as to REACH HERE NOT LATER THAN THE 18TH INST. Ship by express—charges prepaid—or through the post-office, put the name of the child, in care of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, on each box or parcel. Something from home is highly prized. BE PROMPT IN THIS MATTER and do not put it off until the day before Christmas and then expect your child to be happy brooding over somebody's neglect in not sending earlier.

There are a few children who have no parents living, and some whose friends are too poor to send them anything; I feel sure they will not be forgotten by well-to-do parents and friends. If anything is enclosed for these children in boxes forwarded by parents please notify me. Small sums up to \$1.00 will be very acceptable.

We have a large Institution but every room in it is in use. Our hearts are large and we would like to be hospitable if we could, but under the circumstances we cannot furnish lodgings or meals to friends of pupils at the Institution. Parents will be welcome visitors to the classrooms during school hours. Any of them coming to the city may obtain excellent accommodation at reasonable rates at the hotels in Belleville. The following are recommended:—Hotel Quinte, Kyle House, Anglo-American, and Dominion.

Wishing you "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

I am, yours faithfully,
R. Mathison
Sup't.

Fly Away, Little Birds.

Fly away, little birds,
Tis your season to go;
The winter is coming,
With cold winds and snow

The flowers have gone
From the meadows around
To live in their seeds
And their roots under ground.

The leaves have turned red
On the bushes and trees,
And fall from the branches
In every light breeze.

The moth has slept
In the bee's nest has spun
And the bee stays at home
With his honeyed work done.

So now, little birds,
You must hasten away
To the south, where the sunshine
And blossoms will stay

But return with the Spring,
When the weather is fair,
And sing your sweet songs
In the warm pleasant air
—*M. A. W.*

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Mr. Denys' Class.

- Small.
- beginnings
- become great
- by continuance.
- Minutes ticking away.
- Clad yourself with knowledge.
- Have you seen our Eiffel tower?
- Winter with its frosts and furs and manly sports once more at hand.
- Some of us, one Saturday, attended "Our Navy" at the Opera House and liked it very much.
- Distasteful dreams of dear, old Santa Claus with mountainous cargoes of bonbons, toys, dolls, etc.
- We were much pleased to have a visit from Rev. Dr. ... of Toronto, and Mr. Forth, ... Belleville.
- One little lad knew for his "rascally phraso" defines temperance "a charming indifference to the contents of a cup?"
- He is a philosopher who, without half a dozen proving attempts, call the window blind up straight.
- Bravo Buller's favorite couplet
"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks."
- Eva Goetz, our class-mate, who was out through illness, has returned. We are all pleased to see her in her seat again.
- Mr. Thos. Hazelton, a former pupil, writes that he is getting on well and recalling with pleasure the happy days spent at the old school.
- The broken speech of a deaf child may fall indifferently on the ear of the outsider, but it is music sweet to their kin and all who love them.
- Little Ben's brief budget:
We learn. We play. We eat.
We love. We pray. We sleep.
We thrive. We know. So be it.
- The 28th passed off pleasantly. The lecture by Mr. Stewart in the morning and the nice party in the evening helped in making the day a most enjoyable one.
- It was with deepest regret we heard our good friend, Nellie Dorocher, had been called home by a sad accident to her young brother. She has our heartfelt sympathy.
- Patrick, a little prig from the Isle of Salutz, says he never missed his prayers but once and that was when his mother sent him so early to bed, he felt too bad to be good.
- Every body can now see our tall chimney, the sparks issuing therefrom giving it the appearance of a huge foundry; well, we try to fabricate men of metal for the state, and as certain as that smoke goes up, so hum.
- Thanksgiving turkey and "Cran" berries galore, in Miss Walker's best style. Nothing like growing young appetites to forever settle the fate of the luscious birds. We hope that the Xmas feast has not been endangered. The three hundred "little" mouths send Mr. Cochrane to market not a few times.
- Dont, child, say the "wind was windy." True it blew violently for some days and we regretted the loss of life on sea and lake. Wind is air in motion and from the gentle zephyr to the dread tornado we have quite a variety. The gust, breeze, blast, gale, squall, all put on considerable airs, but the greatest blow is the hurricane which, thanks to Helus, seldom visits this part.



MEMBERS BRIGDEN CLUB, TORONTO, 1900-1901.

R. C. SLATER, F. WHEELER, H. WHITE, S. PUGSLEY, H. MASON, H. MOORE, F. FRASER,
N. LABELLE, C. PICKARD, O. W. REEVES, C. ELLIOTT, F. BRIGDEN, A. SHEPHERD, A. W. MASON, A. A. McINTOSH,
Committee. Com. Sec.-Treas. Pres. Hon. Pres. Vice-Pres. Com. Committee.

W. E. GRAY, C. GILLIAM, S. A. McHILLIVRAY, W. LIGHTFOOT, W. O'ROURKE, P. ALLIN

The Brighton Club.

The promotion of social and literary clubs amongst the deaf, under good auspices and careful regulations, is as fruitful as sterling results, as any project that can engage the energies of those who seek to do a little good in the world. In the large cities the need of such clubs becomes a crying want. By a natural law, the deaf must associate in some way, and if provision is not made for a safe and useful outlet for this strong impulse it is inevitable that it will, at times, run in ways injurious to character and fertile of evil. Experience of this fact in Toronto led to an effort to start a club that should offer an opportunity, under good conditions, for pleasant intercourse and innocent recreation. It was at first a very tentative affair. A small room was rented in a central situation, for three evenings in a week, chess, draughts, crokinole, and other games were provided, and a ten minutes pointed talk was given at the close of the evening. This effort was very incomplete in many ways, but it was sufficient to start the spirit of healthful association, and the following season the deaf young men took hold of the idea in a vigorous fashion. A good committee was got together, all deaf men in the city drummed up and a strong society formed with sufficient subscriptions to rent a large room, well warmed and lighted and opened every evening. Newspapers and magazines were provided and excellent regulations were framed.

The original members of the club were Messrs. Elliott, Shepherd, McIntosh, Pickard, Labelle, Reeves, Lightfoot, Allen, McHillivray, H. Mason, R. C. Slater, F. Fraser, H. Moore, A. W. Mason, J. Forsythe, W. E. Gray, C. Gilliam, T. Ross, A. Jaffray, S. Pugsley, W. O'Rourke, H. White and F. Wheeler. It was opened on Dec. 11th, 1900, and at its initial meeting the name of The Brighton Club was decided upon, on account of long service to the deaf and the many acts of kindness they had received at the hands of that gentleman.

At a convention of the deaf, that followed shortly after its commencement, Mr. Reeves made a strong plea on behalf of the club, which made a very favorable impression on those who had hitherto looked doubtfully on the scheme and secured for it their hearty cooperation.

The club worked well and harmoniously, there was plenty of innocent fun and enjoyment, and every Saturday a numerously attended literary meeting was held. Mr. McIntosh gave an eloquent and thoroughly studied lecture on William Wallace. Mr. Shepherd, who is strong on social questions, gave a most illuminating and instructive account of the state of things in Australia, and the working out of democratic ideas there. Mr. Brigden, in his usual energetic style, described the battle of Thermopylae, aided by large original illustrations and maps. There were geographical and

natural history evenings, and evenings devoted to animated debates. Mr. Elliott, one of the most energetic minds in the club, took a prominent part in arranging these evenings to good purpose, Mr. Slater and Mr. Reeves also taking leading places in the literary programme, and the club closed its first year with a clean record of rules strictly enforced, a fine spirit among the members, the memory of much healthy enjoyment and with a good financial balance in hand for the commencement of another year.

The very efficient officers of the last quarter of the club year were Hon. Pres., F. Brigden; Pres., C. Elliott; Vice-Pres., A. C. Shepherd; Sec.-Treas., Geo. W. Reeves; Sergeant-at-arms, J. Forsythe; Committee—A. McIntosh, N. Labelle, A. C. Shepherd, C. Elliott, A. W. Mason.

In conclusion we would recommend the consideration of our Toronto experience to any who take an interest in the deaf, and have not yet tried this line of work. Exclusive devotion to religious activity, however admirable, does not altogether fill the bill, and where there is any number of young men, may indeed fall of best results, in a greater or less degree. The deaf answer as eagerly to the call for mental exertion and improvement as any other class, and to them also it is as fruitful of good. None need more to be taken out of the narrow range of personalities, and to be delivered from that fettering of attention that broods so many of the smaller evils of social life. After leaving the Institution, unless in very favorable surroundings, the deaf are apt to deteriorate both in mind and character, and it is a tribute to the value and nature of the training they received that when fresh from their Alma Mater they are in the best state to profit by and enter into such a society as we have been describing.—Geo. REEVES.

Why Snow is Not Black or Red.

Why is the snow white is a question frequently asked. Because black snow would be dangerous, so would red or yellow. These are "warning-up colors," and they change the sun's rays to heat. Such snow would soon melt again and prove a very poor protection. But white snow throws back the sunlight in just the form in which it receives it, and thus the snow can be long on the ground. Throw dirt on the snow, and its dark color quickly makes it eat its way in whenever the sun shines on it. After a snowstorm, once let the horses' foot mangle the dirt of the road with the snow and sleighing will soon be over.—Prof. S. C. Schumaker, in the December Ladies' Home Journal.

Thanksgiving Day.

Last Thursday was the day set apart for National Thanksgiving and was fittingly observed at the Institution. At 11 a. m. Mr. Stewart conducted devotions in the chapel, in which the pupils heartily joined. As a people we have been greatly blessed during the past year, in our own school, teachers and pupils have had numberless causes for heartfelt thanksgiving, many were the attributes of the Divine love we have received. After chapel it was dinner time and the pupils were quite ready to pay their respects to the very excellent dinner provided by the matron and her assistants. Roast turkey and goose of course crowned the board, backed up with a plentiful supply of other holiday fare commodities. Our boys and girls went to work with keen appetites and when they were through they were unanimous in declaring it a noble feast. We have had a few days of clear steady cold and the boys were able to get a thin sheet of ice on the rink, so the pupils were able to spend the afternoon skating, and much enjoyed it. The party in the evening was a fitting wind up to the day, games of various kinds were engaged in followed by a liberal distribution of goodies so dear to the hearts of little ones and of which even the elders do not disdain to take a nibble. The party broke up shortly before ten. Christmas and New Year next.

—Mr. Bain and daughter, of Toronto, Mrs. V. P. Hunt and children, of Belleville, and Rev. Mr. Elliott, the Baptist minister of Belleville, were interested and welcome visitors to the Institution on Friday.

—Mrs. M. O'Brien, of Peterboro, with her little daughter, came to see Gerald on Thanksgiving Day. Gerald was the happy boy to see his mother and sister, but had no desire to go home with them; he will gladly join them in June next.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CALENDAR

DECEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

OFFICERS		
Hon. Pres.	R. Mathison	Hellerville
President	P. Frazer	Toronto
1st Vice-Pres.	H. O. Blake	Toronto
2nd Vice-Pres.	J. H. Byrne	Toronto
Secretary	Wm. Scree	Hellerville
Treas.	A. W. Mason	Toronto
Interpreters	D. H. Coleman	Hellerville
	W. J. Campbell	
	Miss A. Fraser	Toronto

INSTITUTION ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Hon. President	R. Mathison
President	Wm. Douglas
Vice Pres.	M. J. Madden
Secy-Treas	Wm. Nurse

FOOT-BALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS

Captain First Eleven	J. H. Armstrong
Second Eleven	Nate O'Neill
First Team	
Second	

DUFFERIN LITERARY SOCIETY

Hon. President	R. Mathison
President	Wm. Nurse
Vice Pres.	F. Terrell
Secy-Treas	H. E. Groom
Critic	M. J. Madden
Organist-at-Arms	J. H. Armstrong

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

INSTITUTION MOTTO: "The greatest happiness is found in making others happy."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1901

The summer goes and the winter comes,
And the daisy dies and the daffodil dies,
And the softest bill grows horny and still,
And the days set dimly and dimly rise.
The summer goes and the winter comes,
The red fire fades from the heart of the rose,
And the snow lies white where the grass was bright,
And the wild wind bitterly blows and blows.
—ALICE CARY

Foot-ball.

On the 21st ult. our boys had another game with a team chosen from the three city colleges. The city team had arranged for a game with the Stirling club to be played on our grounds, the Stirling players, however, could not come, so our team was invited to take its place. The game was played after school in the afternoon and was a stubborn game, both sides put out their best efforts to win and the checking was close and sometimes hard. In the first half neither side was able to score but after ends were changed the city team was more fortunate and got the ball through our goal, our defence players depending too much on each other and not supporting as they should have done. At the time they scored was about the only good chance they had on our goal, our lads on the contrary pressed their opponents hard and on several occasions they were only saved by the narrowest margin. We always try to do our foot-ball opponents justice and give credit wherever deserved but on this occasion we must award the palm for the best play to our boys. Everyone belonging to the Institute was proud of them and though they lost a goal, they carried off the honors to the play many times. The way our boys slipped around the wings and centred the ball was pleasing to see and proved that the untrained team we

had in the fall is rounding into shape and can give the best of them lessons on the fine points of foot-ball. One unpleasant incident occurred during the game when one of the spectators so far forgot himself as to go out on the field and aim a vicious kick at one of our lads as he passed with the ball. The man is a leading player on one of the city college teams and after such a display of vindictiveness it is unlikely that our boys will risk themselves in a game with any team on which he plays, and it is probable that any team that plays him will find it hard to get the loan of our field for matches with outside teams. In the city there are three large colleges of young men to draw from; at the Institution we have only about thirty large boys and one-third of them do not play foot-ball; under such circumstances it seems unfair to subject our boys to such spoils. If friendly games cannot be played we had better not play at all. Mr Cochran made a strict and impartial referee.

HOME NEWS
WM NURSE, LOCAL REPORTER.

For the information of those who address parcels to the Institution from stores in the city, we may state that all our resident lady teachers are unmarried and that the prefix of Mrs. to any of them will be quite inappropriate at present.

Our baker, Mr. Cunningham, has grown an inch taller since last issue, the reason, he is a grandpa now. Mr. C. thinks it a shame to turn such a hand some young man as he into a patriarchal grand-dad but he is a pleased man all the same, because it's a boy.

We must compliment our Toronto correspondent on the clear clean copy he sent us for this issue. It was about the best in that respect we have received from any correspondent. It was typewritten and very neatly and correctly done, too, all by himself. If there is any thing that George cannot do he would like to know it, so would we.

On Saturday afternoon, the 18th ult. about forty of our boys and girls attended the Opera House to see the moving picture exhibition of "Our Navy," which was being exhibited in the city. Mr. Mathison had arranged for a cheap rate for our pupils and everyone was highly pleased with the entertainment, considering it the best of the kind they had ever seen.

We hear that two of our old pupils living near Napawee were united for life on Thanksgiving Day, but have not yet received positive news of it. The local papers in speaking of the preparations for the marriage stated that the attachment that had now ripened into marriage began while they were pupils at school here. This is quite a mistake as the groom graduated from our school quite a time before the maiden who is now his wife entered it as a pupil. We hope to extend our felicitations to the young couple in our next.

Sad news reached the Institution last week and one of our senior girls left for her home in Peterboro on the next train. She did not know when she left the full extent of the loss that had befallen her, as it was not thought advisable to sadden her journey home, but she never again saw in life her little six years old brother Johnny, whom she had left so full of life and spirits a short time ago. After school one afternoon the little chap had gone out to play and with other boys took a ride on a long stick of timber that was being taken to the saw mill. While the timber was being unloaded the lad stood aside to what was thought a safe distance but the log rebounded and struck him on the head, crushing his skull and instantly killing him. The heartfelt sympathy of all in the Institution is extended to Mary, her parents and all other friends in this sad time of bereavement.

We have lately received from our kind neighbor, Col. Pouton, the gift of a very fine young peacock, a present which we assure him is highly prized both for the value of the bird and the kind thoughtfulness of the donor. When the bird arrived, we began at once to have

visions of the vain but noble creature or nomenclating our front grounds next summer, a handsome addition to the many other beauties of the Institution; we, however, got a shock the next morning when it was announced that he was not satisfied with his new home, or thought that there were too many boys around here for the safety of his tail feathers, and had made off. Mr. Moore followed the bird, located him down the road and brought him back, and since then he has been a prisoner and will remain so until domesticated. We desire to tender Col. Pouton our best thanks for his present, he is now more than quits for the week's board and care we furnished his pet owl that we caught poaching on our grounds lately.

Our Literary Society had all arranged for a debate by the boys and a lecture by Mr. Madden for Saturday evening, the 16th ult. When the evening arrived one of the participants was called away to meet his father who was on a visit to the city, so the programme was postponed and instead a word forming contest between four girls and four boys furnished amusement, interest and keen but friendly rivalry. On one side were Misses Esson Waters, Sager and Moore, on the other F. Terrell, H. Groom, A. Walton, A. Gies. The chairman wrote the word "Temptation," on the slates and from the letters in this word each participant had to take his or her turn and form a word, writing it on the slates. One after the other dropped out until only Miss Sager and Fred Terrell remained, the victory eventually going to Freddy. A new word "Montreal," was then put up and the two leaders again entered the list. After a close and interesting contest Freddy Terrell again proved the victor. While the contests were going on, and almost unobserved, Mr. Balis had entered the chapel and taken a quiet seat at the back. The chairman could not let such a chance slip away and called on Mr. B. for a few amusing short stories, which we know Mr. Balis always keeps on tap. Mr. Balis did not disappoint the pupils but came forward and fired off as many humorous stories as the time would allow, much to the pupils' amusement. There is nothing like the sign language for telling an amusing story, tell us it orally would fall flat beside it.

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. D. F. Burke, of Port Arthur, called at the Institution last Wednesday to see his little daughter, who was very much pleased to see him.

Mrs. John Flynn, of Toronto, was visiting her mother at Lindsay recently. Mr. John Flynn spent a happy time with Mr. Charles McLaren, of Raglan, a week ago last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Noyes, of Denfield, have been the guests of Mrs. Noyes' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Earl, for the past four weeks. They met many of their old friends while there and enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

Rev. Father O'Brien was up on Tuesday last to see Wm. Groulx and Edward Cuddy, two Roman-Catholic pupils who are sick. The lads are nearly well again and they were very glad indeed to see him.

Thomas Hill is perambulating the western country and disposing of attacking plaster and needles to people through the districts which he passes. On his way during the last week or two he has called on quite a number of the deaf, among them, Miss Hannah Norman, Miss Honnetta Hammett, David Lennox, and Mr. and Mrs. John Needham.

From Toledo comes the news that our old friend Archie V. Smith, lately of Brautford, had taken to himself a wife and settled down there. The happy event took place on Oct. 30th last, the bride being Miss Sadie R. Arnot. The marriage was a quiet affair, only the immediate friends being present. After the ceremony an elaborate supper was served and everything passed off most happily. At the issuing of the marriage license the local paper says "The prospective groom made his wants known by gestures, and the necessary communications were easily carried on in the sign language, Deputy Clerk Schroeder being an adept in the art, etc." Our friend Archie seems to have quilled both the clerk and reporters, for we can assure them he can talk by the yard with the best of them. We wish Archie and his bride every happiness and are only sorry that there were none to suit him on this side the line. We still think Canadian girls are second to none.

OPATHIAN CHATS.

From our own Correspondent

Quos tis about time now that we should hunt up our old "spocs" and pencil, which we laid aside long ago, and sit down and scribble a few lines to the doings, misdoings and happenings in the old side-tracked hamlet.

We are still enjoying "Indian Summer," but by this time of the year every body is looking forward to "Squaw Winter," which we may behold within the next 24 hours. Everybody that can so afford have their coal bins filled to give the dusky lady a warm welcome.

The low deaf-mutes that live in our city have employment at present—some steady, others temporary.

Mr. A. C. White lost a valuable horse recently; also while his dressed hogs were hanging out one night, preparatory to taking to market next day, some party or parties during the "wee sma coors," helped themselves to a fine porker that tipped the scales at 180 lbs. Mr. White took all good naturedly, being a kind hearted and generous fellow, whose hospitality is known far and near, but Arthur don't appreciate such a decidedly mean and cowardly act and declares that the next time marauders are found entering or upon his premises at such un-reasonable and unreasonable hours, he will simply acquaint them with the contents of his double barrelled Winchester.

We were sorry to learn that our old friend and school mate, Neil Calder, better known to your old pupils of the 80's as King Cotowzyo II., had a narrow escape from instant death on the railway track. When our deaf-mutes going to leave railway tracks alone? We don't see what fascination it has for them. They know it is just as dangerous as walking the country with a loaded revolver in their hip pocket and the trigger lifted.

Mr. Ed. W. White had been on a visit to his brothers Joseph and Christopher, who now reside in Michigan. Ed. came back with such glowing terms of the country that we all feel like pulling up stakes and moving to Michigan, but after the excitement had subsided we come to the conclusion that "there is no place like Ontario, especially Kent county."

Your scribe had the pleasure of quite a few brief visits to Detroit last summer and while there he met several mutes, former pupils of your school, among whom were Messrs. Ed. Ball, George Henry Geo. Muuroe, Dan. O'Gorman, the Misses Fanny and Mabel Ball and Miss Hodgson. All have steady work and are getting along fine. We also had the pleasure of an introduction to the members of the Clero Club, of Detroit, who are some 20 or 25 in number, and we can say without hesitation that a more intelligent or "jolly good crowd" are to be met no other place. The vice-pres. of the club (whose name I have forgotten) is a Canadian by birth and an old pupil of your school, who left about 1878. This shows that your old pupils are holding their own against all comers, and speaks volumes for the good work done by the over to be lamented late Prof. Greene, who organized and presided over the Dufferin Literary Society from the time of its inception till his sad demise. Your scribe was invited inside the club room, which is a marvel of beauty, appropriately arranged, and asked to take the platform and give a brief talk on the topics of the day, to which we readily consented. By the way, "the topics of the day" happened to be the Boer War, and your humble scribe had no hesitation in calling down "Oom" Paul Kruger although the audience was partially Pro Boer. We succeeded at once to remove the mask from the face of the old coward, tyrant and reprobate, who, to gratify his selfishness and personal aggrandizement, brought down on his head and shoulders the curse of many a widow, orphan, father and mother in the hitherto happy and contented two little republics, by declaring war with the most powerful empire of the 20th century, and then, when his country was reduced to misery, want and woe and most sorely in need of his supposed wise counsel and treasures of gold, what did he do? He simply crawled under the bed, and chartered a ship to bring him and his gold—his worthless ludo and his filthy lucre—beyond the sea to the quiet little kingdom at The Hague! Those of the audience who had thought Krugerian identical with Washington, and the Boer war that of Thermopylae and Marathon, were not slow in abusing their minds of such nonsense.

When Johnny Spends the Day.

ELIZABETH STANLEY, 19th CENTURY.

When Johnny spends the day with us, you never see the best of all the things that happen in this old house and street.

As she begins by locking up the pantry door and cellar, An' every place that's like as not to interest a fellow. An' all her costly ornaments, a stickin' round the wall. She sets as high as she kin reach, for fear they'll get a fall. An' then she gets the 'tricky an' ettekin-plaster out. An' says, "When Johnny's visitin' they're good to have about. I tell you what, there's plenty fuss when Johnny spends the day with us."

When Johnny spends the day with us, he puts his boots away. An' says, "How long in thunder is that doosance gait to stay?" He brings the new lawn mower up an' locks it in the shed. An' hides his strap an' razor 'tween the covers on the bed. He says, "Keep out that liberty, whatever else you do. Er I will have a settlement with you, an' Johnny too." Says he, "It makes a lot o' fuss to have him spend the day with us."

When Johnny spends the day with us, the wain screeches the street. He runs out an' swears like anything, an' stamps with both his feet. An' says he'll have us 'rested 'cause his winder-glass is broke. An' if he ever catches us it won't be any joke. He never knows who done it, 'cause there's no one ever round. An' Johnny in particular ain't likely to be found. I tell you what, there's plenty fuss when Johnny spends the day with us.

When Johnny spends the day with us, the cat gets up and goes. A-cootin' 'cross a dozen lots to some ole place she knows. The next-door children climb the fence an' bang around for hours. An' bust the hinges off the gate, an' trample down the flowers. An' break the line with Bridget's wash, an' muddy up the clove. An' Bridget she gives warnin' then--an' that's the way it goes. A plenty noise and plenty fuss when Johnny spends the day with us.

Universal Language of Signs.

There is no reason why men should not understand each other without regard to their nationality or place of abode. Nature gives all men natural channels of communication. He should be taught to use them. It would mean the foundations of universal brotherhood. The number of combinations that may be made with the human fingers, hands and arms is almost beyond computation. The power of the human countenance to mirror emotions is infinite. Why not educate the outward man to the exercise of his God-given faculties of expression? Every muscle in the face and every nerve in the finger is quickened in the study of sign-language. If all children were taught the sign-language as well as the spoken, the race would in time be beautified. Expression is beauty. A sign language would render expression not only easier and more pleasant, but it would also actually shorten the process of making known one's thoughts. The sign-language is beautiful. The boys and girls I have posed to illustrate this idea need no pity. They feel deep sympathy for speaking persons who know nothing of the sign language. Their education is more thorough than that of many children who can hear and articulate. All children should be so educated. Volapuk was not a success because of the immense reversal of established systems it involved, and because of the insurmountable difficulties in the written forms of existing languages. Nearly every idea conceivable may be expressed by signs. In the new language no hands should be used to express material objects and the face to express emotion and mental processes. The signs should be taught to children in all parts of the world. Education along this line would be a very quick process. In a few years it would be possible for a man to travel around the earth and make himself understood in every land. Have the deaf-mute's conversation translated and you will find that he leaves out at least one-third of the words which would be necessary to express the same thought in spoken language. He never says "I would like to have a drink." He merely spells out the word "water" or indicates thirst by a single quick gesture. The new sign-language could be made a part of the regular kindergarten and public school training. By means of international co-operation it could be taught in the schools of every country.—James Hannerty, in St. Louis Dispatch.

Bucephalus.

Bucephalus was the handsomest horse in the great stables of King Philip of Macedon. He was tall and beautifully formed. His mane was soft and thick. His jet-black tail swept the ground. He was as graceful as the sea-gulls that flit along the Macedonian coast, and as swift as the wind which bears them. This wonderful horse, unfortunately, was almost as famous for his ugly temper as for his beautiful body. Such a vicious, kicking, balking, rearing animal, I believe, never lived, before or since. King Philip hired training-masters from all parts of his kingdom to "break" his splendid horse, for he thought that the animal ought to make a fine war charger. Bucephalus refused pointblank to make friends with any of them. He scorned bit and bridle, and hated the men who tried to coax him to wear them. Sometimes he would stand very still while the horse trainer walked up to him, watching for a chance to spring upon his back. Then, just as the hand was laid upon his neck, Bucephalus would toss his head, prance backward and wheel around in an instant, snorting defiance as he galloped away. This was discouraging. Finally half the celebrated horsemen in Macedon had tried their luck and failed. "He is a wild beast and can never be tamed," they said. The king himself had been hurt by a bad fall when Bucephalus had pitched him into a ditch, so he was quite ready to agree with the trainers, and ordered that the horse should be fastened up in the stable and kept on exhibition. One morning when the grooms were leading the other horses out for exercise, a boy suddenly sprang through the open stable door and ran up to the stall where Bucephalus was chained. "Why don't you lead out Bucephalus?" he called to a passing groom. "The man stool gaping in amazement. "My noble Prince, why do you ask so strange a question? You know how wild the beast is. He is no common horse. Some people believe that he is possessed by the soul of some departed king, and will be ruled by no spirit less lofty than his own." The young Prince Alexander, for the boy was no other than the king's own son, laughed aloud. "Well, King Bucephalus," he said, "I love you for your proud will. My spirit is no less lofty than yours. I shall be king some day. If you are born to rule, why, so am I. Let us see who is to be master!" A knot of servants had gathered about the boy. "Oh, Prince, do not go near the wild horse," they cried. "You will be bitten! You will be thrown down! Keep away! Keep away!" But the Prince had already tossed aside the cape which hung about his shoulders and was walking straight up to the king of horses. "Look out for his teeth! Hold him by the chain!" the frightened servants warned him. Bucephalus stood with ears held back and eyes ablaze. "Touch me if you dare!" he seemed to say. He saw a hand stretched toward him and expected every moment to be struck. The hand slid along his forehead and rested upon his nose. The horse threw up his head to bite the strange hand, when his eyes were caught by another pair of eyes very close to his own. The eyes of Alexander were kind and gentle, but very determined. "To the surprise of Bucephalus they said: "I will not hurt you, but you must yield." He tried to turn his head away, but the eyes of the prince would not let him go. "Come, friend Bucephalus, we will go out to exercise together," and before the gaze of the awestruck people, he led the horse out of the stable, and, mounting his proud back, rode up and down before the palace of his father. Such is the story of Alexander and his horse. The name of Bucephalus has been famous for two thousand years, and the boy Alexander, having conquered the unconquerable horse, lived to conquer the whole of the Eastern world.—Colorado Index.

What our pupils think ten years hence about our teaching is much more important than what they think now. A bright pupil once said of a teacher who had gained some reputation, "We thought he was perfection until we found him out." The saddest part of "finding out" dishonesty or insincerity in those the pupil has revered and trusted, is the moral shock which may weaken his faith in humanity and his own purpose to be good and true.—The Teacher.

Buttons.

"When I got a bright idea, I always want to pass it along," said a lady, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons over come off, Lena?" "Ever? They're always doing it. They ironed off, washed off, and pulled off, until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step." "Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through, so that the knot will be on the right side. That leaves it under the button, and prevents it from being worn or fringed away, and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you commence sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your thread will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out the pin, and wind your thread round and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem, to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole. "It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't, if you use my method of sewing."

Why is the letter s like thunder? It makes our cream sour cream.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: WEST—3:00 a.m., 4:10 a.m., 6:00 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 1:35 p.m., 3:10 p.m. EAST—1:30 a.m.; 11:00 a.m.; 12:25 p.m.; 3:55 p.m. MADOC AND PETERSBORO BRANCH—3:45 a.m.; 12:30 a.m.; 3:55 p.m.; 6:30 p.m.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

DELICIOUS SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday:— West End Y. M. C. A. Hall, Corner Queen Street and Dorcourt Road, at 11 a.m. Carlton Street Methodist Church, at 11 a.m. First Avenue Baptist Church, Corner of Bolton and First Avenue, at 11 a.m. Toronto Bible Training School, 110 College St., at 3 p.m. Bible Class every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock in homes of the deaf. Dorcas Sewing Circle meets every second Thursday from 2:30 to 5 p.m. Maple Leaf Club meets every second Thursday at 101 Rose Avenue at 8 p.m. The Bridglen Club rooms on Adelaide St. open every evening for young men. Miss A. FRANK, Missionary to the deaf, 7 Glen Ballie, Toronto.

MONEY TO PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore Md

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Uneducated Deaf Children. I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning the Institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education. R. MATHISON, Superintendent. Institution for the Blind. THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE Education and Instruction of blind children is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address A. H. DYMOND Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:— SCHOOL HOURLY—From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, at from 1:30 to 3 p.m. Drawing from 3 to 4 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week. GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 2:30 to 5. EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for senior pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

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

Religious Exercises: EVERY MONDAY—Primary pupils at 9:30 a.m. senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture at 2:30 p.m. immediately after which the Bible class will assemble. Roman Catholic pupils go to the church in the city, in charge of officers, every Sunday and at other times when the rules of the church require their attendance—weather permitting. SACRED SCHOOLS—The pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:15 a.m. and the Teacher in-charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective school rooms not later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner. RUGBY VISITING CLERGYMEN—Rev. Canon Hurke, Light Rev. Monsignor Farrelley, V.O. Rev. T. J. Thompson, M.A. (Presbyterian) Rev. J. W. Crothers, M.A., D.D. (Methodist) Rev. O. O. Elliott, (Baptist), Rev. M. W. Maclean, (Presbyterian); The Rev. Father O'Brien, Rev. J. H. Keef, Rev. M. J. Bates, Rev. Jos. H. Locke. BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3:15; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MAXIMSON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

SEWING ROOM—Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, from 3:15 to 5:15 o'clock. PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER SHOPS from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 2:30 to 3:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school, for those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon. THE SEWING CLASSES HOUSES are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons. The Printing Office, Shoe and Sewing Room to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition. PUPILS are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent. Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their 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 except to the regular chapel exercises at 8:30 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 1:30 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children: When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leaving with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

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 class-rooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quinte Hotel, Hudson House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management: Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion.

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 LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL. All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes. No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution. Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent