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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, NOVEMBER 15, 1901.

NO. 19.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON J H STANTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:
DR T F 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. Mrs J O TERRILL
(Head Teacher) Miss B TEMPLETON.
P DENY, Miss MARY BULL,
JAMES O DALIS, H. A. Mrs SYLVIA L. HALL,
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss GEORGINA LINN
Geo. P. STEWART, Miss ADA JAMES
T. O. FORRESTER, M. J. MADDEN, (Monitor Teacher)

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

Miss L. N. METCALVE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing
WM. DOUGLASS, WM. NUNN,
Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker.
Superintendent.
O. G. KEITH, CHAS. J. PEPPIN,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer
Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIN,
Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter
Miss S. McNING, D. CUNNINGHAM,
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 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, 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 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 tag.



At Thanksgiving Time.

Hail to the happy festival
That crowns the lingering fall,
And brings Thanksgiving Day within
The dearest month of all
And though the earth is chill and bare,
Its glory swept away,
Its garnered harvests helped to make
A glad Thanksgiving Day

We grieved to see the dear birds go,
The flowers droop and die,
And when the foliage fell to earth,
We could not help but sigh,
And yet—and yet our hearts can sing,
And many pleasures know,
And brave chrysanthemums will bloom
Amid the frost and snow

Perhaps some hopes have faded like
The early fragile flowers,
And joy, have passed forever by,
With summer's vanished hours,
Perhaps some cherished plans have failed,
And we have missed of good,
And many things have come to us,
That were not understood.

Yet still the balance weigheth down,
With blessings great and small,
And the good Giver tenderly
Is watching o'er us all,
Then let us put our troubles by,
Forget our loss and care,
Our mercies count, and crown the day,
With grateful praise and prayer

—LILLIAN GREY



Night Before Thanksgiving.

There was a sad heart in the low-storied, dark little house that stood humbly by the roadside under some tall elms. Small as her house was, old Mrs. Robb found it too large for herself alone; she only needed the kitchen and a tiny bedroom that led out of it, and there still remained the best room and a bedroom, with the low garret overhead.

There had been a time, after she was left alone, when Mrs. Robb could help those who were poorer than herself. She kept a cow, and was strong enough not only to do a woman's work inside her house but almost a man's work outside in her piece of garden ground. At last sickness and age had come hand in hand, those two relentless enemies of the poor, and together they had wasted her strength and substance. She had always been looked up to by her neighbors as being independent, but now she was left, lame-footed and lame-handed, with a debt to carry and her bare land, and the house ill-provisioned to stand the siege of time.

For awhile she managed to get on, but at last it began to be whispered about that it was no use for anyone to be so proud; it was easier for the whole town to care for her than a few neighbors, and Mrs. Robb had better go to the poorhouse before winter, and be done with it. At this terrible suggestion her brave heart seemed to stand still.

The people whom she cared for most happened to be poor, and she could no longer go into their households to make herself of use. The very elms overhead seemed to say "No," as they groaned in the late autumn winds, and there was something appealing even to the strange passer-by in the look of the little gray house, with Mrs. Robb's pale, worried face at the window.

Some one has said that anniver-

saries are days to make other people happy in, but sometimes, when they come they seem to be full of shadows, and the power of giving joy to others, that inalienable right which ought to lighten the saddest heart, the most indifferent sympathy, sometimes even this seems to be withdrawn.

So poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of cold meadow land, brown and windswept and crossed by icy ditches. It seemed to her as if in all the troubles that she had known and carried before this, there had always been some hope to hold, as if she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless look before. She looked anxiously down the road, with a horrible shrinking and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was nobody coming with gifts in hand. Once she had been full of love for such days, whether at home or aboard, but something had chilled her very heart now, poor old woman.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town farm, he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt, after he had cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He would plow over the graves in the field corner and fell the great elms, and waited like a spider for his poor prey. He had often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own house and not suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields, there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond, the clouds opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lovely gleam shot swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann, softly. "He was a soldier's son, left an orphan and distressed. Old John Mander scolded but I couldn't see the poor boy want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite o' what anybody said, an' he helped me what little he could. He said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm going out West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I shan't come back till I get rich,' an' then he'd look at me an' laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He wa'n't one that liked to write. I don't think he was doin' very well when I heard—there, it's years ago now. I always thought if he got sick or anything, I should have a good home for him. There's poor Ezra Blake, the deaf one too—he won't have any place to come to—"

The light faded out of the doors, and again Mrs. Robb's troubles stood before her. Yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by the window, hoping now, in spite of herself instead of fearing; and a curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed.

"I feel just as if somethin' was goin' to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris, perhaps he's thinkin' o' me, if he's alive."

It was dark now out of doors, and there were tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning to snow, and the great elms creaked in the rising wind overhead.

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen that autumn, and poor fire-wood as it had been, it was Mrs. Robb's own, and she had burnt it most thankfully. There was only a small armful left, but at least she could have the luxury of a fire. She had a feeling that it was her last night at home, and with strange recklessness she began to fill the stove as she used to do in better days.

"It'll get me good an' warm," she said, still talking to herself, as lonely people do, "an' I'll go to bed early. It's comin' on to storm."

The snow clicked faster and faster against the window and she sat alone thinking in the dark.

"There's lots o' folks I love," she said once, "They'd be sorry I ain't got nobody to come, an' no supper the night afore Thanksgivin'. I'm dreadful glad they don't know." And she drew a little nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking chair.

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the old stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered.

"Who's there?" she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was conscious of only her one great fear. "They've come to take me to the poorhouse!" she said, and burst into tears.

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway.

"Come, let me in," he said gayly. "It's a cold night. You didn't expect me, did you, Mother Robb?"

"Dear me! What is it?" she faltered, stepping back as he came in and dropping her crutch. "Be I dreamin'?" "I was a dreamin' about—Oh, there! What was I a-sayin'?" "Tain't true! No! I've made some kind of a mistake."

Yes, and this was the man who kept the poor house, and she would go without complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret.

"Sit down, sir," she said, turning toward him with touching patience. "You'll have to give me a little time. If I'd been notified I wouldn't have kept you waiting a minute this cold night."

It was not the keeper. The man by the door took one step forward and put his arm around her and kissed her.

(Continued on last page.)



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, 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 are stopped 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 15 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."

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

Thanksgiving.

Ingratitude is said to be the most heinous of all sins, and, whether or not this be true, it certainly is one of the least excusable. Everyone abhors the sin of ingratitude when exercised towards a person; yet, strange to say, we look upon it with tolerance and even indifference when manifested towards God, to whom gratitude is pre-eminently due, since He is the ultimate source of every blessing we enjoy. There is no duty so frequently enjoined, no command so often reiterated in the Scriptures as that of thankfulness. It is the master chord that dominates all the melody of the Psalms, and it sounds throughout the whole of the Law and the Gospel, and especially in the Epistles, with scarcely less persistence; and it is quite easy for any man to gnaw his real reverence for and love to God by the character and amount of the gratitude that he feels and expresses. Yet how many of us most lamentably fail in our duty—and what might be our joy—in this respect. We teach our children to say "thank you" for the smallest favor from another person, who, as the best—whether parent or relative or friend—is but the medium through which our blessings come; while millions of people never utter one word of gratitude to the real source of those blessings, and even the best of us fail grievously in this regard. The Apostle tells us to "give thanks always in all things," not only for what we generally regard as the desirable things, but for adversities and deprivations also, since these often, in the final issue, conduce to our highest welfare. But it is more particularly to our national blessings that our minds are directed on Thanksgiving Day. And how many and how great they are! We have had a year of abundant har-

vests. The productions of our mines and timber lands have greatly increased, while new sources of vast wealth have been discovered, and prosperity is manifested in every department of production and commerce. Peace reigns within our borders, our laws are equitably enforced, our founts of justice remain pure, the sanctity of human life is preserved and the mental, moral and spiritual life of the nation has attained to higher altitudes and is aspiring to ever loftier ideals. No other people on earth is more highly favored than we in all that is productive of material prosperity and helpful in all the higher interests of life; and it is seemly, therefore, that we should once a year as a nation—as we ought daily to do as individuals—come into His presence with Thanksgiving, and to untoldly express our gratitude for the manifold blessings which he has lavished upon us.

Vastness of our Empire.

Every British subject is brought in a vague way of the vastness of the Empire to which he belongs, but after an hour's study of maps and the consulting of statistics give but a very imperfect and inadequate conception of its real size. Hence the value and import of such a tour as that which the Duke and Duchess of York have just completed, and it is quite safe to say that they now have a very vivid impression—and one that they will never forget—of the immensity of the dominions over which they will in all probability rule. Their journey has lasted about eight months, during which time from fifty to sixty thousand miles were travelled, and this splendid royal progress was in many respects unparalleled in the history of the world. The present King took a somewhat similar trip about forty years ago, but the Empire has grown enormously since then in area and in wealth and in all the elements of strength and dominancy. No earthly sovereign has ever ruled so vast an extent of Territory or so great a multitude of people as will be the glorious heritage of Prince George and Princess May, a part only of which they were able to see in their eight months' tour. Australia was first visited, a country as large as Europe in extent, with the greatest foreign trade per capita of perhaps any country in the world, and vastly rich in potential wealth of various kinds, and there the Duke and Duchess enjoyed the rare and unique experience of officiating at the inaugurating of a great federated nation. A short stop was then made at New Zealand, the political, social and climatic utopia of the world, and they then touched the outskirts of our vast possessions in India, with its three hundred millions of people, its great wealth and its inspiring historic memories. They next visited South Africa, whose territories equal in size to some of the largest countries in Europe have just been annexed. Various small islands and minor possessions were then touched at and then the royal couple arrived in Canada, where almost incessant travelling for four weeks enabled them to see only a small portion of a country comprising one-half—and not the worst half—of the continent of North America, and possessing agricultural, mineral and arboreal resources greater perhaps than any other country in the world. And everywhere that they went they found peaceful, contented, prosperous and loyal people, with sufficient resources in men and money and productions and with enough of courage and energy and determination to enable them to defy the world in arms, or to retain and increase their commercial, financial, intellectual and moral dominancy over all other nations. And everywhere they went

they also witnessed the interesting processes of empire-building, which goes on unceasingly: in Australia by peaceful federation, in Canada by the union and harmonious concord of divergent races, in South Africa by military conquest and in other parts of Africa and Asia by gradual absorption and extension of limits; and in every instance the advances made have been to the vast benefit of the subject races. But the tour, long and inclusive as it was, might have been extended by many months ere all the Empire had been seen. Egypt might have been visited, where the disinterested beneficence of British rule is producing its most splendid results; in Nigeria and East Africa and in China they might have seen the initial stages in the development of vast British territories equal to half of Europe in extent; and in the West Indies and South America and among the islands of the sea they might have witnessed the joys of happy and loyal communities of every color, race and national characteristics, yet all dwelling with pride and contentment and confidence beneath the folds of the Union Jack, at every chief point of vantage all over the world would have been seen splendid fortifications and coaling stations, powerful fleets would be seen scanning all the great marts of the world, and swift cruisers, those watchdogs of commerce and bulwarks of liberty, ploughing the deep in every direction with sleepless vigilance. The sum total of the Empire comprises one-third of the land, one-fourth of the population and more than one-third of the wealth and resources of the world. Truly, a panoramic view of all this was a spectacle unrivalled in sublimity and almost oppressive in its evidences of world-wide sovereignty and supremacy, and the consequent enormous responsibility devolving upon those to whom is committed the government of this great federation of nations.

Bible Conference for the Deaf.

TORONTO BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL, 110 COLLEGE ST., DEC. 28 TO 31, 1901.

A cordial invitation is given to all the deaf to attend the meetings announced below, and to share in the blessings to be obtained by a prayerful study of God's Holy Word. Please join with us in seeking for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on these "gatherings together" of the Deaf. We shall be glad to hear from all who can arrange to come, and will prepare for the entertainment of such as propose to join us. Please reply to Miss A. Fraser, 7 Glen Baille, off Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

PROGRAMME.

- Saturday, 3 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. C. Elliott. Chairman's Address, Mr. P. Fraser. Address, Mr. A. W. Mason.
- Saturday, 8 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. F. Bridglen. Lecture on "The Pilgrim's Progress," with magic lantern views, by Mr. Wm. Nurse.
- Sunday, 11 a.m.—West End Y. M. C. A. Mr. Wm. Nurse. Carlton Street Church, Mr. C. Elliott. Bolton Avenue Church, Mr. G. Reeves.
- Sunday, 3 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. A. W. Mason. Address, Mr. Hedley Grant. Hymn Address, Mr. J. H. Byrne. Collection for the Deaf Mute School in China.
- Sunday, 7:30 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. H. C. Slater. Address, Mr. P. Fraser. Address, Mr. Wm. Nurse. Hymn.
- Monday, 3 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. J. H. Byrne. Address, Mr. H. C. Slater. Address, Mr. J. H. Neerlitt.
- Monday, 8 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. W. Terrill. Address, Mr. G. Reeves. Address, Mr. Chas. Elliott.
- Tuesday, 3 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. P. Fraser. Short Addresses by Messrs. Watt, Wagoner, Peck, Gottlieb, McDougal and others.
- Tuesday, 8 p.m.—Opening Prayer, Mr. Hedley Grant. Address, Mr. J. H. Byrne. Address, Mr. Wm. Nurse.

That pure oralism will never supersede the combined system is an assured fact, as will be seen from the following from the News:—"In Germany all deaf use the sign language in intercourse with one another in spite of the fact that they have been brought up under the oral method. It is said that the deaf, in the majority, articulate rather imperfectly and unintelligibly."—The Deaf World.

The Maple Leaf Club, Toronto.

From the Maple Leaf Club Correspondent

The Maple Leaf Club met at the residence of Mrs. Curtis, on Howland Avenue, on Saturday night, Nov. 2nd, instead of Thursday, Oct. 31st, the date having been changed by a later arrangement. Miss Fraser proved her interest in the welfare of the Club by taking the place of the absent hostess, making everything pass off pleasantly. Eleven members responded to the roll call. Two candidates for membership were initiated, namely Miss Burk and Mr. Dickson, from both of whom the Club expects hearty co-operation. The literary part of the programme opened with Mrs. Ogilvie's history of Joan of Arc, the "Maid of Orleans." In brief, Joan of Arc—or Jeanne d'Arc, as her own people called her—was a child of peasants in a rural portion of France. The child received little education in other things than religion and domestic work. In her days the country was so deeply involved in wars and disasters that order and peace seemed utterly impossible. These misfortunes distressed the young girl. She prayed fervently for the speedy relief of her country; visions appeared to her, urging her to go and see King Charles VII. and crown him herself after driving the enemy out. Her father disbelieved her message; even the governors she called to see with her uncle turned them out scornfully. Everything was against her, but her humble faith only prevented her from giving way to despair. At last she overcame all obstacles; she was admitted into the presence of the despondent King and delivered her message. After some misgivings he ordered the heroine to be armed with a sword revealed in a church by the visions. Equipped as a soldier, she led an army, rescued the besieged city of Orleans and relieved the sufferers at Azincourt, thus ending her mission, and she wanted to return home to watch over her sheep, but the king would not hear of her retirement, insisting on her service longer. Afterwards she was unsuccessful in other engagements; she was captured by the enemy who accused her of sorcery, burning her at a stake. The lecture over, Mr. Wheeler took his turn, giving some news of the day. The Critic reviewed the whole literary part, commencing the lecture, but thought the news reporter could have given more interesting items of current news. He told of a racial prejudice felt against some black bishops attending the Methodist Conference in England. This elicited a patriotic remark from President Bridgton that England was always fair in dealing with her people whether they be white or black. News to be given out at the Club must only be of the educational kind. Thus an hour had passed and we then proceeded with English History. The President is really ingenious in making the rather dry history instructive and interesting. If we had only some of his energy we could always look forward to successful meetings. Then let us try our best to be more energetic and attentive. The President began with a history of the wicked deed committed on the life of Edward the Martyr. Dunstan was a learned and powerful upholder of the law, supporting his weak kings with firmness and wisdom. After his death the people became cowardly, having done the most shameful thing in the science of war in which they preferred buying off their enemy to selling their lives dearly in defence of their country. Then the examination closed. For the next meeting (Nov. 14th) the President appointed an hour to be devoted to the life of Alfred the Great, in view of the celebration of the millenary of that king in England.

LONDON NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Lately Mr. Wm. Bryco and Mr. Nelson Wood made a pleasant visit by wheel to Miss Mabel Steele, of Delaware, and it is needless to say they had an enjoyable time.

Messrs. Wood and Bryco purpose going to the Bible Conference when it will be held at Toronto, but are not quite sure of it yet.

Misses Cummings and McIntyre paid a visit to Miss Mabel Steele, of Delaware, on the King's birthday.

Mr. Bryco wishes it to be known that he is not only a varnisher, as appeared in the last issue, but he is also a framemaker and mirror-maker in general. He likes the position first-rate.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Mr. Coleman's Class.

—We had our first snow on the 4th of Nov., but it did not stay.

—Sickness is visting among us now, but we hope they will get better soon.

—The Boora are always very dirty, the cause is that they do not like to bath.

—The debating society will meet in the chapel again next Saturday night at 7.30.

—The Dawson city hockey club will be the first to play the Victorias of Winnipeg for the Stanley cup.

—The senior deaf boys played a game with the O. B. C. team last Saturday. The game was a tie, 1 to 1.

—Oliver Hartwick received word from her sister Sarah saying that she sends her best love to the deaf pupils.

—We were much surprised to hear that a whale was stranded and captured in the St. Lawrence river near Montreal.

—Bessie Woolley received word from home two weeks ago that her brother's knee was sprained. She is very sorry.

—Maggie Smith came here last Tuesday evening. We are delighted to see her back at school again. She looks well.

—Hattie Sager's sister Phoebe is working at housekeeping in Diarond and she is very much pleased with her work.

—Marion Waters got two nice photographs from her auntie Lizzie, who lives in England. She was delighted with them.

—A few days ago some girls got boxes and parcels from home and they were pleased. Their parents were kind to them.

—Our Halloween party was held on Saturday evening, 2nd inst., and we had a grand time, but the children went to bed early.

—On the 2nd inst., all the vines were torn down from the front of the Institution, to make it clean, and to plant new vines.

—When a man enters his house and his nose is struck by an apple hanging from the ceiling, he knows at once that it is Halloween.

—Allan Walton was glad to get a letter from his father saying that his mother's leg was better and that she was able to walk on crutches.

—Last Saturday, Nov. 9th, was the King's birthday. He was 60 years old. We had stories in the chapel in the evening. God save the King.

—We have had a charming autumn this year, a fine Indian summer and no snowstorm, but it now looks like we might have a change.

—J. Armstrong is the best football and hockey player in this Institution. R. McMaster is the best fancy skater. We are all proud of them.

—The boys are looking forward to skating and playing hockey with pleasure. We hear that the people in Winnipeg are skating now.

—Li Hung Chang died a few days ago. He had visited Canada and the United States and he was pleased to see them. He was a wise statesman.

—Last Saturday a boy saw a drunkard walking crooked, and fall down on the cement sidewalk and his head was badly cut. This is a warning to us not to drink liquor.

—A whale about forty feet long was seen in the river at Montreal, and at last it died and was washed ashore. The fisherman who captured the dead body sold it for \$800.

—The Buffalo exhibition was closed on the 2nd of November. Over 8,000,000 people visited the show in the six months of existence. The exposition was not a financial success.

—Our Institution farmer has a good way of cleaning the leaves off the lawn; he turns the hose on them and it makes the ground cleaner than rakes could do it and in much quicker time.

—We were much surprised to get big apples one evening for supper. They were as large as turnips. We should be grateful to the matron, Miss Walker, because apples are expensive.

—The robins left us this year on Oct 30th. They filled up with Mountain Ash berries before their departure to give them strength and vigour for the long flight. Some foolish birds ate too many and got drunk.

Tom Hill on his Travels.

The good Samaritan, Thomas Hill, is still going about Western Ontario doing good. He and his father purpose going to the Old Country in June next, and it is expected they will receive a goodly amount of money from the estates of aunts who died in Bolton, England, recently. While in England Thomas purposes visiting various Institutions for the Deaf so as to advise the authorities how to carry on their work. When at Barmio, Thomas saw J. N. Johnson and W. S. Longhead, the former an electric light electrician and the latter, Longhead, he says is practicing different work on a farm with his uncle, and will go to British Columbia next year. Friend Hill at various places met other friends, among them, Mrs. Lizzie Wilson, of Beeton, Miss Hannah Norman and Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Morrison, of Collingwood. Mr. Morrison, who was the first pupil to enter the Institution years ago, works in the pork factory and makes about \$200 a day.

Frank Walker, of Knoxville, Tenn., a deaf mute, is a travelling salesman for silver polish and is making a tour of the country. Notwithstanding Mr. Hill is carrying on an immense business he still has time to speak a few encouraging words to lonely mutes he meets in the towns and villages as he passes through.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our Regular Correspondent

The deaf at large should encourage their paper in every possible way. THE MUTE is not, so we have been informed, published for profit, but to teach the pupils a trade, so that when they enter upon every day life they may be prepared to make ends meet. Typographically THE MUTE compares favorably with any journal of its class published in Canada or the United States and it is also a strong bond to bind together the different generations of pupils who have received their training in that noble Institution at Belleville and then have gone forth to fight the battle of life, strengthened and girded by such training as in many cases it would be impossible to receive otherwise. In THE MUTE we, of the older generation are enabled in some measure to live over again the many, many happy days we spent in the old Institution, but which, alas, can only be re-lived in our memories.

Halloween passed off quietly amongst us, the only thing to mar the fun being a rain fall during the evening.

Mr. Neil A. McGillivray spent Sunday at his home in Purpleville recently. Surely there is no place like home.

Mr. Pickard can do something else besides the printing. He is quite an expert in the watch-making line. Having been shown a time piece—very badly out of repair—he ventured to fix it, and fix it he did, for now you can hear it tick, tick, tick.

The parents of Mr. F. Torrell and Miss Violet Gray naturally feel proud of their respective children for having the honor of presenting the address to the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. The deaf of Toronto also feel proud of them for they both come from our fair city.

Owing to stock-taking in the factory in which Mr. W. R. Watt of Hamilton is employed, he was obliged to take a few holidays, a portion of which he spent in the city, having arrived here on his wheel from Guelph.

Our own Wilho Lightfoot plays with the Grace Church foot ball team of the Junior League. The Toronto papers of a recent date speak highly of Wilho's playing abilities. Hope soon to see him in the senior ranks.

Mrs. F. Boughton spent a couple of weeks' pleasant visit with her sister, Mrs. Dixon, in Argyle, N. Y., a short time ago.

Mr. Phillip Fraser was in Raglan on the 8th inst., on gospel business. He reports all our friends in that part as prosperous and happy.

Miss Maud Thomas has secured a good position in the book binding department of Messrs. Warwick Bros & Rutter.

A letter from Mr. Noni Labelle to a friend in the city states that he is now located in Hartford, Conn., where he has secured employment in a harness making establishment.

The Bible Conference will be held during the last week in December, commencing on the 28th and ending on the 31st. Circulars containing all the information will be sent to all our friends—whose addresses we have—in all parts of the province. We would advise all concerned to read them care-

fully. All who intend to come will please inform Miss A. Fraser, Glen Ballie, Toronto, of the fact, so that the necessary arrangements for accommodation can be made. Hope for a large attendance.

Miss Nellie Morrison is at present employed in the Methodist Book-Room Bindery.

Mr. Eugene McCarthy was obliged to lay the pick and shovel aside for a few days recently on account of having a sore hand. He had the wound dressed at the Emergency Hospital, and he is now doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From Our Own Correspondent

We congratulate Mrs. Goodbrand, (nee Matilda Lafferty) on the birth of a baby girl.

Chas. Davis is back in town and at his old job in the salt-works, where Ed. Ball is also employed.

A party of Detroit mutes came over to Windsor a short time ago and called at Albert Sepner's. It was the first time they had ever been in Canada.

We were so pleased to have our old friend Mr. Coleman spend the evening with us while in town. Next trip he expects to stay two days.

Mrs. Albert Sepner has just returned, with Bertie and Florence, from over a week's visit to Mrs. John Pows, in Wheatley. She reports a very pleasant time and came home loaded with products of the dairy and farm. Mrs. Pows is a sister of Nellie Mosoy, a former pupil.

George Munroe has as many lives as a cat, they say. He has several times been near death, and only a few weeks ago had the misfortune to spill a pot of hot molten iron on his leg, scalding it badly. He will soon be working again.

Wilho Bain has at last secured a steady job in the Walkerville Malleable Iron works. We hope he will keep it.

We have not had quite so many deaf-mute visitors as in past summers. I suppose the Pan-American Exposition is to blame for this state of things, and not our lack of attractions.

Mr. Archie Smith and Mr. John Currie, of Toledo, both semi-mutes, came down on excursions three or four times this summer.

There are to be several weddings in deaf-mute circles in Detroit this coming fall, if report speaks truly.

A well known deaf-mute from the penitentiary City struck town late one night, half full of corn juice, and asked a policeman where he could get a bed, and the hard hearted custodian of law and order gave him a bed at the police station, free gratis and for nothing.

Miss Minnie Ann Hayward, of Flint, was visiting Messrs M. and Fanny Ball lately. Fanny Ball has been away all summer visiting, and only just came home lately.

Well, Araminta is on deck once more, and will try and contribute regularly, and I only hope our other friends, especially our Ottawa and Toronto correspondents, will do their share.

ARAMINTA JONES.

OTTAWA NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

As your correspondent has been rather busy with fall ploughing he has not been able to learn of the doings of the mute community, so you won't have much news from Ottawa until the snow flies, and from the cold snap we had last night that does not appear to be a long way off.

We are very sorry for Mrs. McClelland, who recently suffered the loss of her mother through death, this being the second time this year death has entered her father's family, it not being a year ago since her brother, the late Prof. McKillop, died. Mrs. McClelland was summoned home by telegraph but arrived just one hour after her mother died.

Joe McKewan was over to see D. Bayne lately and informs him he intends to place his son in the Orphan's Home, to give him a good primary education.

I understand John Patrick was in Ottawa a week or so ago but was not fortunate enough to see him. I believe he is still working for Mr. Hodgins, but hear Levi Armstrong has left.

Small pox has been epidemic in Ottawa lately and all the mutes have been vaccinated and have come through the ordeal without serious results.

Mr. McClelland wheeled out to see D. Bayne lately; the roads are as dry, smooth and hard as an asphalt pavement, therefore wheeling is pleasant.

Turrill - McKenzie Homestead.

From our own Correspondent.

It is gratifying to know that your pupils had a good view of our prospective King and his consort, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, last month.

During a revival meeting held lately in this section, in connection with the Methodist Church, one of the preachers, Rev. Mr. Agnew, had some talk by writing about "Christ" with Master Elroy Jackson, who attended it with his folks.

David Turrill, Willie Summers and Master Jackson took in a local fair in Brigidou last month and reported the grand little Pan-American there.

Mrs. M. Showers and her son John, mother and brother of Mary and Kate of your school, drove out the other day, anticipating a warm welcome here but were disappointed to find us all away.

Alderman Bradshaw, of Stratford, brother of Thomas now in Manitoba, was presented to the Duke and Duchess while at the station in that city.

Mr. Walter Wark spent three weeks with his parents in Saruia recently, then returned to his work in Flint, Mich.

Mr. Bert Symington, of Saruia was here one afternoon lately accompanied by the English setter to aid him in his hunting expeditions. He was driven over by Mr. Summers, who had him for his guest all night.

Regarding the intimate acquaintances existing between the famous English novelist, Mr. Charles Dickens, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Widd, of Los Angeles, Cal., published in your June number, the writer might have mentioned in his last letter that Mr. A. W. Mason made his first and successful attempt in the novelist's oil portrait, which he subsequently presented to the Dufferin Literary Society of your school in 1878, before he left for Toronto, where he still is, being a veteran artist now.

The writer was so shocked at the horrible way which Mr. N. F. Davis, of Regina, N. W. T., ended his life. It was he who wrote up your school for the Toronto Globe in 1872. His long article was reproduced in your paper six years ago.

Kenneth McKenzie and Tena Showers, in company with their gentleman and lady friends, had a long grand drive one fine Sunday lately.

Mr. Jas. Guiland, who claimed himself a checker-champion and who won a prize in the checker-puzzle printed in the Montreal Family Herald, was defeated by Mr. McKenzie, by 2 to 1. He knows some mutes around and at Poplar Hill.

A strayed newspaper found its way here containing an article about the Duke of Norfolk, the first English peerage next to Royal blood and the most wealthy man in England, whose only child and heir, now a young man of twenty is deaf, dumb and blind, and has been from his birth. The writer has been aware of the fact but has no knowledge of his capabilities, so please furnish accordingly, Mr. Editor, if you know any.

At this time of writing (Nov. 1st) it has been and is still remarkably warm and sunny and we all are making our utmost efforts to clear tons of acres of the stumps.—W. K.

ORILLIA NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

All the deaf had the pleasure of seeing the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York at the Orillia station.

Mr. Herbert McKenzie, of Severn Bridge, Ont., and Mr. Charlie Mellouts, of Midland, Ont., were frequent visitors to Orillia last summer. Herbert is a first-class barber and has the good patronage of many friends at Severn Bridge. Charlie is working at the Midland Steel Works, where he has been employed for over two years, and is doing very well.

Mrs. Duncan Morrison, of Collingwood (nee Miss Graham, formerly of Orillia) has been the guest of Miss Lilly Watson several times recently.

Mr. George McDonald is still working at the Tudhope Carriage Co., where he has been employed for four years, and is doing all O. K. Mr. Tudhope (Mayor of Orillia) is an uncle of a bright girl, now at your school.

John F. Fisher had a week's holidays, the third week of October, and was under the parental roof at Hamilton after an absence of one year. He, being a stranger to Orillia, had delightful times in this beautiful town during the past summer. The population of Orillia is 4,089.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CALENDAR

NOVEMBER						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	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					



Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

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- | | |
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- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
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| Secy-Treas | Wm Nurse |

FOOT-BALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS

- | | |
|----------------|-----------------|
| Capital Eleven | J. H. Armstrong |
| Second Eleven | Nate O'Neill |
| First Team | |
| Second " | |

DUPRE'S LITERARY SOCIETY

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
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THE CANADIAN MUTE

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

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 15, 1901

True worth is in being, not in seeming
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by

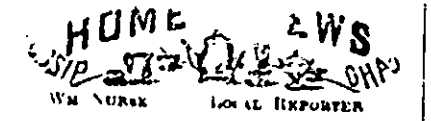
Halloween Social.

We must compliment our boys and girls on their exceeding good behaviour at Halloween, there was not the slightest infraction of discipline and every thing went on as quietly as other nights. Evening study was held as usual and all the boys and girls were in their places counting their lessons. As a little reward for their good behaviour they were given a social in the girls' sitting room on the following Saturday evening. The girls had been quietly working all Saturday afternoon and when the boys entered the sitting room they were both surprised and pleased to find it very nicely decorated with chains and festoons of maple leaves and the effect was very pretty indeed and the girls deserved all the compliments they received for the taste displayed. The boys and girls entered on a merry round of games and the evening passed pleasantly and quickly and shortly before ten o'clock the boys bade their entertainers farewell and left for their own side of the building. A liberal supply of fine rosy luscious apples was distributed during the evening and much enjoyed. All the resident teachers and officers were present and entered heartily into the pupils' games and amusements. Mr. Mathison dropped in to see how they were enjoying the evening, and Miss Rice, who has now taken up the duties of matron at the Institution for the Blind at Brantford, was also a very much amused visitor, she evidently had no idea

that the deaf could enjoy themselves so much and she laughed more than any one over the varied panorama going on in the room.

Death of Mrs. McKillop.

"In loving memory of Catherine McKillop, beloved wife of John McKillop, who died Oct 29th, 1901, aged 71 years, 5 mos and 0 days. Funeral Oct 31st, from her late residence, Orford, to the Duart cemetery." The above is the text of the memorial and funeral notice of the death of the mother of our late friend and co-worker, D. J. McKillop. Once again the uncertainties of life are brought out. Our old friend, Duncan, had, we well knew, been prepared for a year or so before to answer a call immediately to attend his aged mother for the last time, and little did he or we expect that he would be the first called. We hope that the son has now greeted the mother on the shores of eternity.



Last week Mr. Moore, acting under instructions, pulled down nearly all the vines which have for years been climbing up the front walls of the main building and had nearly reached the roof. They had become unmanageable and will be replaced with some kind that will take better to the walls.

One of our little boys, Gerald Barnett, had the misfortune to break his forearm in two places while playing football last week. The arm is now tightly bound in splints and does not seem to trouble the boy much, only he is more dependent on his school mates for assistance in dressing and at meals.

Mr. Shane, of our engine room staff who was stricken with measles some time ago, returned to duty last week, but in a few hours had a relapse and pneumonia developed. For better treatment he was brought from his home to the Institution hospital where he has been since. We are pleased to report a slight improvement in him.

In our last issue we noted that our boys had captured alive a fine owl. We thought it rather strange that it was taken by hand so easily. The matter was cleared up a few days after when Mr. Mathison received a telephone message from our neighbor, Col. Pouton, who claimed the bird, his boys having had it for more than a year and made a pet of it, but it had wandered off. Of course his owlship was promptly returned to Mr. Pouton.

Some of our boys have clubbed together and bought a fine ice-boat from a young man near the Institution who is leaving the vicinity. The boys think they have a great bargain and if they get good ice-boating weather they expect some fine sailing. Ten or fifteen years ago we had a whole fleet of ice-boats, but of late years the boys found that it did not recompense them to put their time and pocket money to the sport, the season often being so uncertain.

The work of raising our smoke stack was satisfactorily completed without accident, and a much improved draft to the furnaces is the result. Under the topmost stones, in a bed of cement, Mr. Peppin placed a copy of the last issue of the CANADIAN MUTE and a paper stating the height of the chimney, 97 feet 6 inches, and the date when completed. They will be interesting relics in perhaps a hundred years from now, when that chimney topples down or is rebuilt.

The birthday of our King falling on a Saturday we could not give our pupils a holiday out of school, but the usual half day in the shops was cut off and, beyond a few necessary duties, the entire day was given up to recreation. The girls amused themselves in their own way while the boys played football nearly all the morning and were much too tired to play heartily against a team from the Ontario Business College that came out for a match in the afternoon. After a smart game of one hour, in which neither side gained much advantage, the score was a tie, 1 to 1. The teams then agreed to play five minutes more each way, but still the game was undecided.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Beleanquet, of our attendants staff, has succumbed to the prevailing epidemic of measles and is now in the hospital.

Miss A. Gustin, of Forest, daughter of Mr and Mrs C. A. W. Gustin, has been spending a couple of weeks with her London friends.

Sam Pagloy has a steady job in the Comfort Soap Company at Toronto Junction S. A. very industrious workman and is well liked by the Superintendent.

Mr. Herbert W. Roberts, of Jarvis, wheeled out to Springvale recently and called on Mr and Mrs T. D. Crozier. He found them well and prospering, but they contemplate moving to Waterford in the near future, should they do so, we wish them every success in their new home.

The father of one of the boys now here, writing from Niagara Falls, speaks well of one of our former pupils who lives there, M. P. Wilson. He is developing into a steady and reliable young man and is a general favorite among those he works with and the people generally. We are pleased to hear of this, it will encourage us to persevere even with the most hopeless cases. We will try and continue to sow good seed even though the harvest is long coming.

The other day we were pleased to hear from our old boys who live in Barrie. E. Corbiero is back in town after working all summer at Byng Inlet in a saw mill there. He got good wages and proposes to return there next spring. J. N. Johnson still holds his old job in the co-operation electric light works, where he has been for many years and has evidently given satisfaction or he would not have stayed so long. He has just finished building a new house and cordially invites his deaf friends to call and see him there.

The other day we received a letter from Herbert McKenzie, of Severn, who left us a little over a year ago. He sends us excellent reports of his success. He has been working during the summer in the saw mill and getting good wages, in the evenings he puts the barber and shoemaker training he got here to practical use and earns extra money. What pleases us, too, he keeps steady, does not drink but saves his money and now has a nice little bank account. We can cordially recommend Herbert as a hard working young man and deserving of all confidence.

The mother of one of our boys sent a most appreciative letter to the Superintendent the other day. She sent an order for new boots for her boy and complimented the work our young shoemakers turn out. Formerly she used to feel very anxious about her son, so far away from her, but now she knows from experience that he is in good hands and is being well cared for and she is now quite easy about him. While he was at home last summer she watched him closely and was much gratified to observe such a great improvement in him, especially his manners and the evidences of good moral and religious training. There was one thing that cut her deeply to observe, that was that home and home friends were not all in all to him, he had not been home a month before he was longing for school to re-open and for the companionship of his school friends. It pleases us to know that our boys and girls are happy here and are pleased to return to us again, but it is not our wish that we should be the first in their affections, we want them to be happy and contented wherever circumstances may place them.

Sawdust, which long ago was wasted, is now used in a great many ways. It is mixed with tar and formed into bricks under strong pressure. A gas is made from these bricks. Sawdust and coal tar are also pressed into bricks and used for fuel. Bricks of clay and sawdust are recommended for building, because they set the plaster without laths. Sawdust is used for filling walls and floors to deaden sound. Mortar for building has been made of sawdust instead of sand. Large quantities of sawdust are used in ice houses, fish markets, etc. Wood alcohol and various chemicals are made from sawdust. A certain kind of sawdust can be made into paper. A kind of gunpowder is made from sawdust.

At a college examination a professor asked: "Does any question embarrass you?" "No, at all, sir," replied the student. "No, at all. The questions are quite clear. It is the answers that bother me."

More About Pure Oralism.

A friend in Boston has sent us a page of the Sunday Herald containing an illustrated article on teaching the deaf to speak. It contains the usual inaccuracies found in such literature. We will note just one point which is enough to indicate how much dependence can be placed on the rest of the article.

The writer speaks of a certain Detroit young lady who became deaf when only two and a half years old. She has been taught by the oral method but five years, yet she is in the high school now and at the head of her classes. The writer then goes on to name a young lady in Berkeley, California, of whom "the same thing is true." The young lady's name is given and we happen to know something of her. She is attending the public schools and has been over since she was of school age, we suppose, for she is not totally deaf. Her hearing has been failing gradually for some time and a few years ago she was brought to this Institution but on the advice of Dr. Wilkinson did not remain, since she still retained hearing enough to enable her, though of course at some disadvantage, to attend the public schools. If we are not mistaken she has had private lessons for a year or two in lip-reading, but she is practically a hearing child and has been educated exactly as other hearing children are, through the ear.

The remainder of the article is largely taken up with similar extravagant statements of what is being done under the "new" method. These newspaper philologists and their informants are apparently in ignorance of the fact that the oral method is quite as hoary headed as the manual method. Homicko, who founded the German (or oral) method, was a contemporary of the French Abbe who invented the sign language, and as that was considerably over a century ago the newness of either method is not particularly dazzling. If it is wisdom that is wanted, they should direct their attention to the Combined System in use in most American schools.

Unfortunately the general public are in no position to judge intelligently of this question of methods. As they look at it, teachers of the deaf are divided as to whether or not it is best to teach the deaf to speak. This is not the question at all. There is not in any school for the deaf a teacher who believes that speech is of slight importance. Its value is beyond computation. We may truthfully say that the apple is a delicious and healthful fruit. But it is possible to think of apple trees being placed in such unfavorable surroundings as to make their fruit gnarled and imperfect, or possibly utterly useless. It may still by courtesy be called an apple, but its value as a food is more or less impaired. Just so with the speech of those who cannot hear. At its best it must necessarily fall short of perfection, and at its worst it is simply useless, because unintelligible.

Just as we reached this point in this article, a young gentleman came into our office and we entered into conversation with him. He is totally deaf and has been so since he was nine years old. Yet his speech is good and so good, with normal hearing, would have any difficulty in understanding him. He is a graduate of this school and also of the University of California. Since his graduation, he has also earned his M. A. by a post graduate course. He is one of the best lip-readers we ever met, and we have met many. To say that the labor of preserving this young man's ability to speak and of teaching him to read the speech of others is of inestimable importance, is too plain a truth to call for comment. Any school that would fail to do that would be deserving of unsparing condemnation. But to argue from his case that all the deaf should be taught by speech alone is absurd. There are grades in "speakers" as there are grades in apples. A child born deaf can never under the most favorable circumstances, be taught to speak as intelligibly as one who has once learned to speak and has it a lost his hearing. Some are also lacking in ambition and cannot be led to see the great value which even imperfect speech would be to them. Timidity, the fear of making a mistake and being laughed at by the unfeeling public, hinders many a deaf person from using his voice even when his speech is quite intelligible.

In view of these limitations it has seemed wise to the great majority of those interested in deaf mutes education to combine the various methods, making use of all and assigning pupils to those departments where they can be trained to best advantage. —California News.

A Thanksgiving of the Past.

An old time, rambling farmhouse, set
Far back among the trees,
A broad walk leading up to it,
A door which opens with ease.

A snow haired couple just inside,
To grasp your willing hand,
A merry welcome from a large
And ever growing band.

The slow and solemn service, led
By father's trembling voice,
And hymns which stir the soul and make
The weary heart rejoice.

The festal board round which we meet
In joyous, happy throng,
The stories of the year just past,
The jest and laugh and song.

The glorious old fireplace, filled
With crackling, glowing flame,
The roasted apples, cider, nuts—
Do others taste the same?

The quiet nook upon the stairs,
With only room for two,
The downcast eyes, the sweet, soft voice
That opened heaven to you—

Did ever modern Thanksgiving
Contain such joy and bliss?
Can theatre or football game
Bring happiness like this?

Tricked a Travelling Englishman.

The British tourist sat in the car and gazed idly across the back prairies.

He felt a slight touch and, looking around, found that a uniformed youth had deposited several ruddy oranges on his seat.

"He didn't wait for the money," remarked the tourist, gazing from the fruit to the rapidly retreating train boy.

"He never does," said the fellow passenger, with a knowing smile.

"Oh, I see! It is one of the advantages of your great railroad system. Free fruit for its patrons."

The British tourist was just peeling the second orange when a dainty package of chocolate confectionery was deposited on his knee.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "This is delightful. When I return home I shall write a paper on the excellence of American travel."

In less than ten minutes he was the recipient of another package. It was a little box containing a black cigar and two matches.

"No wonder you Americans like to travel," he said, biting the end of the cigar. Then he found that a comic publication had found its way to his seat.

"This is great!" he grinned. "I am going to tip the boy. Wait a moment!"

The tram boy halted and the tourist held out a dime.

"What is that for?" asked the boy.

"You owe me a half, mister."

"Owe? I thought you were giving these things away."

"Not to-day. The half, please."

"But why don't you take the money when you leave the stuff?"

"Because we'd never sell it."

The tourist reluctantly handed over the coin.

"Going to write about the excellence of American travel?" asked the fellow passenger.

"Not I," responded the British tourist. "I am going home and tell the nation about the train robberies over here."—Chicago News.

Cheap Land.

Some years ago it was proposed to the Duke of Wellington to purchase a farm in the neighborhood of Stratfield Saye, which lay contiguous to his estate, and was therefore a valuable acquisition; to this proposition he gladly consented.

When the purchase was completed, his steward congratulated him upon having made such a bargain, as the seller was in difficulty and forced to part with it.

"What do you mean by a bargain?" asked the Duke.

"It was valued at £1,100 and we have got it for £800," replied the steward.

"In that case," said the duke, "you will please to carry the extra £300 to the late owner, and never talk to me of cheap land again."

Work is the best of safeguards, and the surest escape-valve for bodily distress.—November Ladies' Home Journal.

Night Before Thanksgiving.

(Continued from first page.)

"What are you talking about?" said John Harris. "You ain't goin' to make me feel like a stranger? I've come all the way from Dakota 'o spend Thanksgivin'. There's all sorts of things out here in the wagon, an' a man to help get 'em in. Why—don't you cry so, Mother Robb. I thought you'd have a great laugh if I come and surprised you. Don't you remember I said I should?"

It was John Harris, indeed. The poor soul could say nothing. She felt now as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old, boyish way, bringing in his store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked and went out to send away the man to bring a wagonful of wood from John Mander's, and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the steak for supper right away; they must find the package of tea among all the other bundles; they must get good fires started in both the bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb didn't seem to be ready for company from out west! The great, cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still? And he remembered everything, and kissed her as they stood before the fire just as if she were a girl.

He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at last. He had struck luck, and this was the end of a great year.

"No, I couldn't seem to write letters; no use to complain o' the worst, an' I wanted to tell you the best when I came;" and he told it while she cooked the supper. "No, I wa'n't goin' to write no foolish letters," John repeated. He was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been; and they sat down to supper together, just as they used to do when he was a homeless orphan boy, whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now than she was then, but she looked so poor and old! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again, with a trembling hand and a look at him. "No, I wanted to come myself," he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. "And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable long's you live, Mother Robb!"

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good, hot supper ready, and her own folks had come; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

Appreciation.

We are all fellow travellers on the journey of life. It is a hard journey at the best and why should we try to repress our feelings and keep back words of appreciation when we know how much good they would do those who are serving us? The help in our kitchens, the employees in our offices, the friends in our hearts would all be better off if we would but give to them more of the words of praise and appreciation that we feel but fail to express.

Remember, there comes a time when it does no good to murmur kindly encouragement. The heart that would once respond with eagerness to the note of love will lie cold and motionless beneath the frame that broke down trying to bear life's burdens all alone, with never a helping hand or genial smile to cheer the way. Remember this when next you feel inclined to repress the words that are worth far more than you can estimate.—Philadelphia Times.

Won by His Wit.

The persistency of a street urchin who wishes to earn money is sometimes annoying, but generally excusable. Now and then it becomes amusing and almost irresistible.

"Say, mister, do you want your bag carried?" asked a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the railway station.

"No, I don't," answered the man a little sharply.

"I'll carry it all the way for a penny," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't," said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

In spite of himself, the man's mouth twitched, and with a "There, take it," he passed over the bag to his persistent companion, who staggered rapidly along without another word, until the station was reached, where he received twopence with a beaming smile.—Tid-Bits.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday:—

West End Y. M. C. A. Hall, Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt 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 3 p. m.

Maple Leaf Club meets every second Thursday at 10:30 Avenue at 8 p. m.

The Briden Club rooms on Adelaide St. open every evening for young men.

Miss A. FINN, Missionary to the Deaf, 7 Glen Mallie, Toronto.

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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 this 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.

—10—

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS.—From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p. m. Drawing from 3 to 3:30 p. m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 3:30 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:—

EVANGELICAL.—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.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:45 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.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Canon Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, V. G. Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A., D. D. (Methodist); Rev. O. C. Elliott, (Baptist); Rev. St. W. Macleau, (Presbyterian); The Rev. Father O'Brien; Rev. J. H. Reaf, Rev. St. J. Bates, Rev. Jos. H. Locke.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3:15; International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, 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, SHOPS and CARPENTER SHOPS from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 3:30 to 5:30 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 CLASS HOURS are from 9 a. m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3:15 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shops 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 2:30 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 3:00 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-taking 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 Quinto 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 THAT 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 99% cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in case of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.