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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

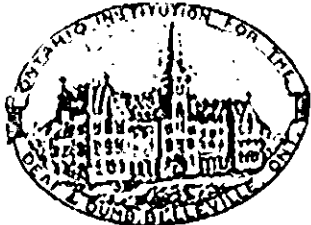
VOL. V.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1897.

NO. 14.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

MR. HON. E. J. DAVIS TORONTO

Government Inspector:

MR. F. E. HENDERMAN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Bursar
J. J. LAKINS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers:

D. GILFILLAN, M. A.	Head Teacher	MISS J. O. TERNILL
F. GILFILLAN	Teacher	MISS M. TEMPLETON
JAMES HALL, B. A.	Teacher	MISS M. M. OSTROM
D. M. HILLTOP	Teacher	MISS MARY HULL
W. J. CAMPBELL	Teacher	MISS LORENCE MATHIEFF
G. F. STEWART	Teacher	MISS SYLVIA I. HALL
		MISS ADA JAMES
		MISS GEORGINA LINN

MISS CAROLINE GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS J. F. WILLS, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS N. MURPHY, JOHN T. BURNS, Copy and Typewriter Instructor of Printing.

W. M. JACOBSON, J. MIDDLEMASS, Steam Fitter & Associate Engineer.

H. H. KRITH, JOHN DOWNIE, Supervisor of Boys, etc. Master Carpenter.

MISS M. DENNETT, D. CUNNINGHAM, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Baker.

W. M. SUREK, JOHN MOONEY, Master Shoemaker, Carriage.

MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer.

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

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

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay will be charged the sum of \$20 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 and tuition will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to 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. For information as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent 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 fee, unless the same is in the locked bag.



When I Go Home.

It goes to me often in silence
When the first light patters low
When the dark uncertain shadows
See wreaths of the long ago
Always with a throbbing headache
That thrills each pulsing vein
Takes the life and hope from me
For the price of home again

I'm sick of the roar of cities
And of faces cold and strange
I know there's a warmth of welcome
And my yearning fancies range
Back to the dear old homestead
With an aching sense of pain
But there'll be joy in the coming
When I go home again

When I go home again! There's a rush
That may never die away
And it seems that the band of angels
On mystic harp at play
Have touched with a yearning sadness
On a beautiful broken strain
To which is my fond heart working
When I go home again

Outside of my darkening window
Is the great world's crash and din
And slowly the autumn shadows
Come drifting, drifting in
Nobbling the light with autumn
To the splash of the autumn rain
But I dream of the glorious greeting
When I go home again

ETIENNE FIELD



Norman's Joke.

BY MARY F. IRELAND

"Ho, Fred, wait for me, I have some thing to tell you"

"Well, hurry, the first bell at the academy has rung"

"I heard it, but must tell you of a good joke we are planning to play upon Merton"

"Who is Merton?" enquired Fred, changing his strap of books from one shoulder to the other as they walked briskly along.

"Oh, I forgot that you were away on your vacation when he came and haven't seen him. He is a country cousin of mine good as gold, but very verdant. We boys have played over so many tricks upon him, yet he falls into the next trap we set, and holds no spite against us."

"Did he come to the city to go to school?"

"No, he has a good education, is far ahead of us. He came to try for a situation. He is anxious to earn his living, and to educate his little sisters. His mother is a widow, and poor."

"He won't have any chance here. Father said at breakfast that one of his friends, a rich man, has been trying for months to get positions for his sons with good business firms, and hasn't succeeded."

"Yes, father thinks his chance is poor, but will do all he can for his only sister's son."

"You say he is verdant, of course he is well bred and awkward." No, mother says that he is one of nature's noblemen. His manners are not put on for the occasion, he is handsome and real religious, and that brings me to the joke. This evening there is to be an entertainment in the lecture room of the church for the benefit of the Sunday school library. Each young lady is to take a lunch box containing two sand wiches and two apples, and her card. The price of each box is ten cents, and each gentleman is expected to buy one, and must wait upon the lady whose card is within the refreshment table where coffee is served, and then see her home."

"Well, that won't be hard upon Merton."

"No, but listen. You know Miss Peters, that old young lady of fifty or

thereabouts, with cork screw curls, and so deaf that one's voice is strained to make her hear. She will be there with her lunch box, for she never misses a chance to contribute to the church or Sunday school. Frank Lucas and I are to receive and sell the boxes, and will see that Merton gets that of Miss Peters. Won't it be jolly fun to see him waiting upon her, when all the other fellows have pretty girls?"

"Yes," laughed Fred, "and you may count on my being on hand to see it, if you will promise to give me a box belonging to a pretty girl."

"No I won't do that. The box that Miss Peters brings is the only one we will mark, but come, Fred, do, and see the fun."

"You will see me there," replied Fred, and having reached the academy they passed to their seats.

Evening came, the lecture room was filled, and dialogues, declamations and music made the time pass charmingly. Then came refreshment time, the boxes were sold, and Merton took his to his seat. Norman, said he, returning to his cousin, "I will ask you to present me to the young lady whose card was in my box."

"All right, come along," and to the suppressed amusement of those in the joke, Merton was piloted to Miss Peters and introduced.

Without a sign of surprise, hesitation or dissatisfaction, Merton took a seat beside her, and waited for her to commence a conversation.

"The young people appear to enjoy the novelty of the lunch-boxes," said she.

"Yes, Miss Peters, it is something new to me also," replied Merton.

Strange to say, his well modulated voice was distinctly heard by his partner, who was cheered to see that it was no effort for him to make himself heard, and they had a pleasant conversation. When the summons came for refreshment, he offered his arm to Miss Peters with the courtesy he would have shown the handsomest young lady there, provided her with a pleasant seat, opened the lunch-box and gave her choice of the contents, and as she preferred a glass of water, declined the fragrant cup of coffee offered him. He caught a wirthful glance from Norman during the lunch time, and would not allow himself to look in that direction again.

When they returned to their seats, Miss Peters drew him again into conversation and showed interest in hearing of his home, his mother and sisters, was sorry for his disappointments, and encouraged him in his hopes, and both were pleased with their evening.

Merton was surprised when they reached the handsome dwelling where Miss Peters resided, he had judged by her dress that she was in moderate circumstances, and he was right.

"This is my brother's house, Merton," said she. "I make my home with him. You have been very kind to me, and I thank you for it. Good-Night!"

Next morning Merton received a letter which caused him and his uncle's family surprise. It was from a banker, the brother of Miss Peters, asking him to call at his office that day. He went at the hour specified and a very good position at a fair salary was offered him by Mr. Peters, which was accepted gratefully.

"My sister is a good judge of people, my boy," remarked the banker at the close of the interview. "I am quite sure she did not place too high and estimate upon you. I do not believe that we will be disappointed in you."

"So much for my joke," commented Norman, when Merton came home and told them of his success.

"So much for Merton's good sense, genuine politeness, amiability and Christian observance of the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," said his mother.—The Lutheran Observer.

In the Railway Accident.

A lady who was wounded in the Chatsworth disaster was in the rear car with her husband when the accident occurred. A short time after they left Persia a party of six young people entered, and in order that they might have seats together, the lady and her husband removed to the far end of the car. Their courtesy saved their lives, for the young man and his bride, who took the places so kindly given up, were both instantly killed a few hours later. The lady says that she thinks the young people belong to a choir of concert singers, and were now off for recreation and rest. They were all very merry, and sang and laughed and told stories—anticipating the pleasures of the journey—until late in the night. Nearly every one in the car except the joyful party was quiet, when some one requested the young bride to sing "Sweet hour of prayer." At first there was a tremor in the sweet voice, but it grew stronger as she proceeded. When

"In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief."

rang out clear and firm, other voices instinctively joined in the old familiar song. People wakened out of their sleep, sat upright or leaned forward to catch the plaintive words that trembled upon the pure, young lips.

As the train sped on in the darkness, far down the track the gleam of the death dealing fire appeared, but the voices that swelled forth in a glad burst of song—

"Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee."

faltered not at the danger into which the train, laden with precious human souls, was unconsciously plunging.

Faster sped the chariot of death down the grade, and sweeter, more triumphant, swelled the song.

"There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven."

Al! if the singers had only known it, the way was already in sight, and perhaps,

"All that thou sendest me
In mercy given."

would have been more of a sigh than a song.

Then, with only an inch of time between them and the life beyond—even when brave McClutock, steady at his post, was giving his last desperate wrench to the throttle of his engine that had never failed him before, the sweet singers sang their farewell earth song, sang to their God, who, even in this dark hour, still kept the everlasting arms around about and underneath them.

"Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee."

As if in answer to the prayer they breathed, with the glad refrain still echoing through the air, the crash came, the life-work of each was finished.

"So by my woes to be,
Nearer, my God, to thee."

was not ended on earth, for right into the very jaws of death rushed the screaming engines, and then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crashed through each other, killing and crushing as the foot grinds the worm. It took but a moment to pile that heap of splintered timbers, and broken bones and bleeding flesh, but death was there, just as certainly, surrounded by all that tends to make it terrible, and among the mangled corpses lay the six singers, not in their dreams, but in reality, nearer their God than ever before.

Inquiry elicited the fact that these merry young people had a right to be joyful, for they were all servants of the blessed Master, and could have completed the song as they went down into the valley of death.

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

—BELLEVILLE CHURCHMAN



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. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, 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 25 cents a line for each insertion.

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE

ONTARIO.



MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1897.

The Uneducated Deaf.

Those on whom devolve the duty and responsibility of providing for the education of the deaf sometimes neglect to do so in a sufficiently comprehensive degree; but if those in authority but fully realized the vast difference in the status of an uneducated deaf person as compared with that of an uneducated hearing person, they would be more prompt and liberal in supplying adequate educational facilities for the former. An uneducated hearing man, if of average natural intelligence, readily acquires a very considerable vocabulary, he easily, and without any effort on his part, or any special instruction on the part of others, learns the names and characteristics of every kind of object that comes within his observation, is able to express his thoughts freely and intelligibly, and by means of converse with others he has a pretty thorough knowledge of all matters that pertain to his own immediate interests; and though he may not be able to read a word, he can, through others, ascertain in a general way what is transpiring throughout the world, and can hold constant and intelligent converse with his friends and others with whom he may come into contact. He can take part in the various activities of life, can discharge in a creditable manner all the duties and responsibilities devolving upon him, and may even rise to positions of trust and honor, and, despite his limitations, may thoroughly enjoy life in nearly all its phases. His moral nature, also, may be fully developed, his religious convictions may be deep, sincere and accurate, and he is quite capable of understanding and performing his duty to God and man.

How vastly different from this is the condition and the lot of an uneducated deaf man. With but few exceptions, he

lives in a state of blank, impenetrable ignorance and awful isolation. His want of knowledge is not merely comparative but practically absolute. He does not know the names of the commonest objects of every day use, and his knowledge of what goes on round about him is limited to what he actually sees with his own eyes, since he cannot receive ideas or information from others nor convey ideas or wishes to them, except his commonest wants which he may express in pantomime. Unable to hold converse with others because of his entire lack of language, he lives a life of loneliness quite inconceivable to hearing people. Of the general events transpiring throughout the world he must remain in absolute ignorance, since he cannot read and possesses no language by which he can communicate with his friends. The whole of Europe might be deluged with blood, or half of the inhabitants of the earth destroyed by pestilence or earthquake or famine, and he would know nothing of it, for there is no way in which any ideas foreign to his own experience can be conveyed to him. And while he may not be immoral in practice he is to a large extent quite immoral, since he can have but a very limited apprehension of the concepts of right and wrong; and he can know nothing of the existence of a God or of a hereafter, nor even that he has a soul, nothing of religious thought or sentiment, except such faint intuitive ideas on such matters as may be inherent in mankind. To him life is an unsolvable enigma, and death a dread and fathomless mystery. And so he lives his blank, joyless existence, never hearing the sweet sounds of human speech, never knowing the delight of the communion of friend with friend, never feeling within him the pulsations of an awakening and developing intelligence, never realizing the comfort of consonant human sympathy nor the consolations afforded by religion; and at the end he passes through the gates of death with no conception of what it means, and no hope or knowledge of aught beyond.

An existence such as this terrible to contemplate, sad and pathetic beyond description or even conception; yet to such an existence is condemned every deaf-mute for the education of whom adequate facilities are not provided. It is to be hoped that no longer, either in this land or any other, the opportunity will be denied every deaf-mute of acquiring that golden strand of language, which, though so easily and inexpensively secured, will serve as the clue that will guide its possessor out of this labyrinth of mental ignorance, moral blankness and religious stagnation, and open up to him all the bounteous store of the wisdom of this world and the assurance of the joys of the world that is to come.

Helen Keller, it would seem, is not destined much longer to reign supreme as the intellectual wonder of the world, for a new star has arisen in the firmament which bids fair to at least equal her in brilliancy. This dangerous rival is Miss Linnie Haguwood, of Vinton, Iowa, who at 18 months of age became blind and deaf as a result of spinal disease. No effort was made to educate her till she was 12 years old, when a teacher in the Institute for the Blind at Dubuque discovered her condition and began to teach her, and a couple of years ago she was placed exclusively in the hands of one teacher, Miss Ronald, since which time she has made marvellous progress. Among the feats she is said to be able to already accomplish are, to talk with her fingers as rapidly as an ordinary child can with the tongue, to write not only with the "point" system

but also very plainly in script with a pencil, and afterwards read what she has written by placing her fingers on the words, to solve problems in arithmetic with an ingenious number slate; to hold a music box in her lap and tell what piece is being played by the vibrations; to crochet and do other fancy work, to tell the time by feeling of her watch, and to articulate with considerable distinctness. All of which may possibly be true. If so, and if she has been able to accomplish so much in less than two years, Helen will have to look well to her laurels in the very near future.

The Ontario Legislature meets in a few days and every one connected with the Institution is anxiously waiting to see if money is to be granted for a new school building here.

Death of Mrs. E. G. Bell.

Mrs. Eliza Grace Bell, the wife of Prof. Alexander Melville Bell, the well-known scientist, died at her residence at the corner of 35th and Q Streets. The deceased had reached an advanced age, and had been sick but one week, her condition growing worse until death ended her sufferings. Mrs. Bell was a native of England, and resided there for some time. She was married to Professor Bell over fifty-two years ago, the pair celebrating their golden wedding in 1894 at Capo Breton, N. S., where they went for the summer. The event was made a memorable and happy one, and the two received the congratulations of a host of people. Professor and Mrs. Bell took up their residence in this city in 1881, and have lived here since then. Prior to that time they were residents of Canada. The only surviving son of the couple is Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, who lives at 1331 Connecticut Avenue. He was at the bedside of his mother to the last. The services will be held at the home of the deceased, Rev. Mr. Davenport, of Anacostia will conduct the religious services. The interment will be at Rock Creek Cemetery. —*Washington Star.*

Teaching them English.

The simple and effective method of teaching English to the children of Italians, Portuguese, Polish and German Jews used in the north-end schools of Boston might profitably be adopted by other cities which are obliged to face the fact that within their borders are thousands of foreign children who know nothing of the customs, institutions or language of this country. A writer in the *Boston Transcript* thus describes the method:

The children, within a few days after their arrival, are sent to the public schools, as a rule without compulsion, and here they are first of all taught the English language. It is done by a system of object lessons. The teachers in the elementary rooms are young women, as men would not be patient enough to accomplish the best results.

The teacher may point to her eye and say, "This is my eye," repeating it several times and requiring the pupils to repeat it in unison. Other portions of the body are pointed out in a similar manner, and then familiar objects in the room are in the same way brought to the attention of the children.

Later, when they have made sufficient progress in the language, it becomes desirable to teach the different tenses. To accomplish this, a boy or girl is directed to run slowly round the room, when the teacher and children say in unison, "That boy is running," repeating the sentence several times. The boy is then told to halt, and the teacher and pupils say in unison, "That boy did run;" again, "That boy is standing still," "That boy walks fast," "I can walk," "I can run," "I did walk," etc.

These and other sentences, as they are spoken, are written on the black board by the teacher, and the pupils write them on their slates. Thus they are taught the language and taught to spell, read and write simultaneously.

If a man once comes to doubt of what he had been accustomed to take for granted, he will reject it.

The Smile of a Little Child

There is nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more full
More full of the light that is divine,
Than the smile of a little child.

The stainless lips, half parted,
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to rest
In the gold of the sunny hair.

Oh, little one, smile and bless me,
For somehow I know not why
I feel in my soul when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
At the light of hope that sweetens
Like the dawn is breaking through.

New York, New York

Nebraska Journal Suggests

Don't set any store by the news
aloft, or by the gossip of neighbors.
Someway the truth gets squelched
of all these, by the inflation that
by much repeating.

As we put this item the snow
down as if it meant to bury us,
winter and no mistake about it,
thing sure and that is we can not
what might be called a long winter
even if we have it pretty cold.
to amount to anything has yet been
up. Some firms have a little snow
ice up. This will put a great grin
faces of the coal men as well.

Children, did you see the pretty
deaf boy the other day, with his sad
looking mother? The boy was her only
son, six years old. He has been deaf
six weeks. He had the mumps and
when he got well he could not hear.
He talks right along to his mother and
wonders why she don't answer him.
At first he said, "talk louder, I can't
hear you." Now he knows he is deaf.
He said, "My eyes are of some account
anyway." He will come to school soon
and learn lip reading. We feel very
sorry for the sweet mother and little boy.

A smiling face, and happy words are
always appreciated. Any girl is pretty
who is cheerful. Suppose things go
wrong, arown don't help to right them.
Suppose friends hurt your feelings and
talk about you, scolding don't matter.
Suppose you are poor and have to get
along on little, black looks don't make
poverty any easier to bear. A cheerful
face helps make the heart lighter.
pleasant words drive away sorrow.
Don't dwell on trouble. Don't talk
about it. If you can, smile any way,
and the days will pass easier, and the
work be all the more quickly done.
Cultivate a cheerful disposition.

The sign for truth is particularly
appropriate, made with the forefinger
going out straight from the mouth. A
crooked line, sideways, to the deaf
means falsehood. When a person tells
you the truth he is apt to look you
straight in the eyes, and talk with no
hesitancy. When he lies, he does it
with a stammering tongue, and averted
eyes. Almost always one can tell from
the face and manner of the one speaking,
whether he tells truth or falsehood. It
is so much easier to be truthful, honest,
upright than to be forever planning how
to get out of things. Let us all tell the
truth, and do right, whatever is to pay.

Toronto via Montreal

Efforts have been made in the city of
Toronto, to rent a suitable room, in a
convenient locality, wherein the deaf
mutes may meet daily in a social,
literary and religious way. If they could
secure a room furnished with everything
that would make it homelike, and with
rules framed for observing order and
decorum, it would indeed be a great
boom in the direction of progress and
education for the deaf mutes of the
"Queen city."

It is a matter of congratulation that
the deaf mutes in the city have in Miss
Annie Fraser a helpful friend who does
so much for their spiritual as well as their
temporal welfare. She has studied the
sign language for two years, and can
now sign or interpret well, without any
trace of the nervousness usually noted
in the average lady teacher before the
public. Miss Fraser is a sister of Mr.
Philip Fraser, who has also many claims
on the gratitude of those he helps. Mr.
and Mrs. Fraser are well. They
have three girls (Isabel, Lilly and
Grace) and a boy (Philip)—all bright
little ones. —*Mel. in Silent Echo.*

BIRTH.

On January 15th, 1897, at 27
St., Toronto, the wife of Mr. Philip
of a daughter.

no Secret of Success.

...of the rash guides the pen or brush, ... the color shine with those the crowning art. ... its highest gains - of taking pains
... joy of years to be for immortality, ... the statue's marble grace ... what hours the whipter wrought ... hand and anxious thought, ... the stone, with stroke on stroke ... beauty stirred and woke!
... whose aye's strain ... sorrow smile again, ... whole soul, while he wrote, ... heaving sighing note, ... a thousand times before ... the perfect score ... ing manner work in scorn, ... for ages yet unborn!
... the secret of success, ... content with nothing less ... with no aim beside, ... this dissatisfaction! ... alone in life's brief day, ... and honor win their way ... to achieve for such high gains ... strenuous art of taking pains.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

[LETHBRIDGE SWAZZE.]
The sleighing is very good
Miss E. Metcalfe had been confined at home with the grippo, but she is now able to work again.
On the 21st ult. we were surprised to see the snow in the morning, and it is about 7 inches deep.
One Saturday afternoon, we were allowed to go out skating on the rink and we enjoyed it very much.
It is with deep regret that we have heard of the death of Edith Major's dear sister. We all sympathize with her in the loss.
Fanny Hall received a small box of new paper from her sister Mabel, a former pupil of this school, which she prized very highly.
Miss Annie Henderson got a photograph from her brother Jonathan, a former pupil of this school. We think it looks very good in it.
We were surprised to hear that Maggie Phillimore, who left here two years ago, is going to learn dressmaking in London. We all wish her success in life.
On the 23rd ult. our Matron of the institution Miss Walker, went to Kingston to spend a few days with her friends, and we all hope she will have a most delightful time visiting.
On the 22nd, Annie Blackburn's uncle from Manitoba came up here to see her. She was much pleased to see him again, and had a good talk with him, and then he went back home.
The 19th ult. was Annie Blackburn's birthday, she got a lovely present from her friend, with which she was much pleased. We all hope that she may be spared to see many happy returns of the day.
We are surprised to hear that there are many people sick with the grippo in Belleville. However, we are keeping in good health in this Institution, and we should feel thankful to God to save us from sickness.
Two weeks ago, in the evening, a new girl came here with her sister to get an education. Her name is Mary S. Louis, and she is in Mrs. Terrill's class. Her sister is working in Belleville.
Miss James received a photograph from her friend, Mrs. Eames, who lives near her home, and she showed it to the girls and they said it was lovely, and they were so surprised that Mrs. Eames had much changed in appearance.

SARNIA NOTES.

From our Correspondent
Duncan Morrison, the first pupil of our school, is coming here to visit his sister, Mrs. Darow.
Willie Summers was home for a few days last week. He said that his father and he expect to saw 100 cords of wood before spring.
Mabel Steele, of Delaware, was visiting her aunt here for three weeks. We were not aware that she was here until she left.
Alex McCormick, of Chatham, was coming through here on his way to visit his former employer, Mr. Tanner, of Sarnia township. On returning, he returned here over night.

Crank Tramps.

This letter came after our last paper was printed. It was put in type, a copy sent to a former pupil, and her reply will be found below
To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE
Dear Sir, Would the bright and clever writer of the first letter, from former pupils, in the last number of THE CANADIAN MUTE, except the hearty appreciation of a would be admirer and forgive him the presumption of expressing if a lady with the same kind sense of preferring home made bread baking it must be excellent I am confident from my own tastes to look-making, that last thimble of noble minds, is worthy of all in our Mr. Superintendent, I wish I knew who wrote that letter "Can you without any breach of confidence, let me know? I fear it is too audacious an application and you if against authority might offend any one, and I feel that direction is surely to be banished. Such a consolation as good bread making a delectable taste for the best notch writing of the day and brightness enough to illuminate a hazy mountain mist, is more than magnetic. Yet will my bright young unknown pupil one who has grey hairs here and there in his beard to give expression to a little jar that intruded with the enjoyment of her letter. Is she quite sure that she made the best she could of her tramp bore. Could not that bright intelligence of hers make something more out of him than a nuisance? One who can write so well, can surely apply a little wholesome corrective caustic in the right place. We who live in the large cities, have had some new light on the tramp question forced on us the last three or four years. The problem of providing employment for mutes is one of growing difficulty, and for some at least of the tramps, the small peccing is an honorable and praiseworthy attempt to avoid being a burden on others, who can't bear it. Any one practically acquainted with the state of several branches of business in Ontario now, to which mutes have been trained, will be aware of the difficulty they have to face in getting employment. We have in view several cases in Toronto now in which the utmost efforts of the mutes themselves, of their friends, or those having some influence in the city, have failed to secure any employment for them except odd jobs at long intervals. We are also in receipt of letters from the country, referring to the same difficulties. If then a mute tramp comes by now and thou peccing an unobtrusive one, we hope our country friends will give him the benefit of a suspended judgment.
As to Moses and Light and Darkness, well, perhaps we know the style too well. But it is to the bright virtue inside like this of a former pupil to whom we look to help improve matters, and to use their pleasing and attractive gifts to adorn the treatment of the most precious thing the world possesses. No doubt I might get the prompt return, "Doctor your own cranks." Ah, well! We are doing what we can, and bright minded deaf friends everywhere are doing as helps in the good cause. Perhaps my dear unknown will suffer a quotation, as a privilege of the grey hairs I cannot count.
Let knowledge grow from more to more
But more of reverence in us dwell
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music.
Yours Faithfully
A DEAF FRIEND OF THE DEAF
Toronto Jan 16, 1907

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE
DEAR SIR At last Deaf Pillars have found a champion they should rise up in a body, and reward him, each according to his means, no matter if their gratitude should take the form of corn-meal, pins, needles, thread and Louisiana handkerchiefs, which seems to be the usual stock in trade of the average mute pillar. Do you know I rather like a "Deaf Friend of the Deaf" letter. He seems so much in earnest I would not be a true daughter of Eve, were I not pleased with the many pretty things he has to say about me, but I am quite undecided as to whether they were not said sarcastically. He speaks of "Crank Tramps," a class. Now I was only alluding to one in particular, for this special crank had made himself unusually obnoxious. I am aware there are mutes who are obliged to take to peddling as a last resort. But, surely when all has been said that should be said, in regard to a mute's equipment for life, his success will depend almost entirely on his way of looking at things. Almost any fellow with a fair education can get a good deal out of life if he knows enough to stick to things. I defy any ordinary person to make any more of my special crank than I did. It would shock the most credulous person alive, to be informed that any person had been living in darkness till some body, Moses, I believe, came along and led him out. Very considerable of Moses, I am sure. My crank was not educated in any of our Canadian Institutions, I am thankful to say. About three fourths of those pillars-buckardon-agents, are sons of respectable farmers, and prefer to "tramp" to working on a farm. To be sure I have seen very few of that class of mutes, but I have seen quite enough to convince me that they would be better, and I would be very unsophisticated young person, were I not prepared to substantiate back up any assertions I make. One characteristic of those pillars is that they make themselves so disagreeable, if you inform them that you are not in the habit of indulging in price-fights, consequently have no use for court plaster, such was my experience at any rate. I don't see any sense in a mute, and a stranger at that, coming and bringing religion to you. I am far from objecting to a quiet talk on biblical matters with any sane person, but I do object to have an uneducated crank "bring" religion at me, and telling me what an awful sinner I am, and conjuring up a terrible picture in which his Betan Majesty and myself form the main feature.
And say, Mr. Mathison, I plead guilty to a feintful curiosity, to know who the writer of that letter is. I suspect several Toronto laches, but can't find any particular one. Suppose we swap identities. Do you think a deaf friend of the deaf would have any objections either? Bring your powers of persuasion to bear on him, and if that will not fetch him, nothing will. I don't like to indulge in a wordy war with any gentleman, incoquito, still less one who can acquire himself of compliments in such graceful language and at the same time apply a little of that "corrective caustic" he speaks of. Trusting that I have not taken up too much valuable space. Yours sincerely,
A FORMER PUPIL

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest, the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext for doing what he likes.

Deaf-mutes In Court.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE
DEAR SIR I saw by the newspapers that a deaf mute of this city sued the street railway for damages to the extent of \$10.00 for being unlawfully put off a car. The complaint he made is that he could not find his fare in his pockets in time to please the conductor, with the above result. The court gave a verdict of \$2.10 for the plaintiff. But as this will not pay half the costs of his suit, the deaf-mute in question is a poorer man to-day than when he went in, and we hope a wiser one too. But what I wish to point out is the foolishness of some deaf-mutes rushing into court when there is not a shadow of a chance of their getting any satisfaction out of it. Another deaf mute in this city a few years ago tried to recover a good amount of money for getting injured on alighting from a car, although he was strongly advised by reliable and trust-worthy friends to desist from so doing as he was sure to lose money, but as he no doubt thought he was wiser than anybody else he went right ahead and came out of it minus something less than \$10 for expenses. This has not only reference to court affairs, but business and other matters as well. These cases are all the worse strange when they happen in the city of Toronto, where the deaf have so many true friends who would willingly give free advice at any time, and it is often given unsolicited, but refused. I may say that all cases make mistakes sometimes, but some of our friends seem to be making mistakes all the time. We hope they will use better judgment in the future.
Toronto Jan 20th 1907
Justice

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent
Miss Macfarlane spent one week of her holidays in Ottawa and returned to the McKay Institute for New Year's.
Alex McLaren is the happy father of fine healthy twin boys, who were born on December 10th. Four boys in four years, truly our deaf benefactors mean well by the country.
Mr. Holland spent one month with Mr. Gray, broken by frequent visits to the neighboring deaf-mutes.
Queer weather we are having—rain, sleet, slush, mud, frost, and then the same over again, we have had no sleighing yet.
Mrs. McClelland is at present visiting her husband's relations, as her new house is not quite ready for occupation.
Willie Kay's numerous friends around here are very much pleased with his long letters to the MUTE, which are freely discussed when any of the pioneer pupils of the Institution happen to meet. Your correspondent remembers him well, very well indeed, owing to the numerous-kicks his ankles received by Willie's defective vision, causing him to take them for footballs. I believe Mrs. McDermid excused him on the ground that Scotch feet were so big it was small wonder they were mistaken for footballs occasionally. We hope to read many more of his letters, as friend Willie was one of the boys that made no enemies and hosts of friends. Hoping that we will meet in the near future.
Miss Bothwick has been surrounded by fires lately, nearly a quarter of a million dollars worth of property having gone up in smoke within a stone's throw of her door.
Miss Jamieson paid little Miss Hunter a visit. I believe she is in too delicate a state of health to allow her to attend school.
We hear that our old friend Jean Bazans has at last obtained steady employment.

RAGLAN NOTES.

From our own Correspondent
J. J. Ormiston and Frank Spinks drove from Raglan to Toronto, a distance of forty five miles in five hours last week. They attended the Sunday morning service in the West M. C. A. Hall.
Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McLaren are comfortably settled in a little house of their own in the village of Raglan.
J. J. Ormiston is in possession of a 100 acre farm and neat brick residence, which stands on the C. P. R. two miles above Myrtle Station. Of their eight children, six boys and one girl are living, all bright happy children possessing all their faculties. Mr. Ormiston lost his hearing through measles. His wife was born deaf and has three deaf-mute brothers and one sister. Living near the railway, tramps are a nuisance by their daily appearance at the door begging food. Should a tramp use violent language, the big faithful watch dog is over ready to defend his master, thus the trespasser is careful to keep at a safe distance. Mrs. Grace Moffatt, James' sister, died in July last.
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. McLaren, of Osgoode, were presented with twin boys recently.
Nothing can constitute good breeding which has not good nature for its foundation.—Dulcer.

It Pays.

It pays to wear a smiling face
As I laugh my troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Rejoice the simple life of a smile
Our soul to will fade away
As we fret the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray
It pays to make a worthy cause
By helping it, our own
To give the comfort of our lives
A free and full life
It pays to lift heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair,
And leave in our well-laden lives
One gleam of brightness there
It pays to give a helping hand
To reach, earnest youth
To ease with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth
To strive with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win
It pays to open wide the heart
And let the sunshine in.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent
Duncan Morrison visited Hamilton and spent a week with his aunt, Mrs. Spence. He met Hedley Grant, who conducts a harness shop in Dundas. Mr. Grant still holds Sunday service for the deaf. J. H. Newell comes a long distance by train in order to be present. Mr. Morrison left for Sarnia, where he will stay the remainder of the winter with his sister, Mrs. Samuel Darow, thence go to Spanish River, when the mill is in operation.
H. Gilbert, an aged deaf mute, sued the Street Railway Company for \$1,000 damages for being rudely ejected from a car when he was slow to pay his fare. The jury gave him only \$25.
Neil McGillivray had his trunk broken open and rilled of \$3.40 by a sneak thief, while he was attending Sunday service. The money belonged to the Deaf Mute Association, of which Neil is treasurer.
Messrs. Spinks and Diston were in the city a couple of weeks ago.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Fraser rejoice over the birth of another daughter.
Richard W. Wills and Geo. McDonald, of Uptergrove, made a dying visit to our city last week.
Mrs. Harry Mason has recovered from her illness.
Mr. Bryden finds his time well occupied evenings in training the elderly deaf mutes on Bible study at their homes.
Mr. Darney has heard from his brother who moved to the Trausval Republic some months ago. Speaking of the cost of living: the rent of three rooms is five hundred dollars per year, food is very high, one of our 5c cabbages costs fifty cents and a loaf of bread 25c.
Among some of the choice deaf-mute needle-women I must not forget Mrs. David Hamby. She received a very poor education, but her skill at fancy work cannot be surpassed. She is quite an old lady but still loves to spend her spare moments in completing some new pattern. It would be well for you to save up all the old trinkets, small toys, brass thimbles or relics of childhood and keep a bag to store them in. In Mrs. Hamby's parlor stands a queer ornament; upon close observation it is found to be a mould of an old teapot or some cast away vessel, this is covered thickly with soft putty and the odds and ends in the bag stuck over the mould till it is completely covered up. There were arms and feet of a doll, doll's head, marbles, rings, and a horrid rusty buckle of three score years ago. It was a pretty ornament after all.
We regret to hear of the death of T. H. Ince, father of Harry Ince. His death was sudden, the result of a fall on the slippery sidewalk. Harry is in Manitoba at present.

One principal reason why men are so often useless is, that they divide and shift their attention amongst a multiplicity of objects and pursuits.—Emmons.
It matters not how good the plumbing may be, the use of disinfectants is advisable. The security will be greater if every week disinfectants are liberally used. One that costs but little and is perfectly odorless, is made by dissolving a heaping teaspoonful of nitrate of lead in a quart of boiling water. This will not stain. It costs about 3 cents, and if it is thrown once week down the waste pipes, it will be money well spent. Other disinfectants may be prepared, but something of the kind should be used regularly on a certain day. If a day for doing a thing is fixed, it generally gets done; if "once a week" means any day, it is often forgotten.

Report of Pupils' Standing.

Excellent, 10 ; Medium, 6 ;
Good, 7 ; Poor, 3.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1897

NAME OF PUPIL.	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Armstrong, Jarvis Earl	10	10	10	10
Annable, Alva H.	10	10	10	10
Arnall, George	10	5	10	10
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	7
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10
Bracken, Sarah Maud	10	5	7	5
Ball, Fanny S.	10	7	10	10
Brazier, Eunice Ann	10	10	10	10
Benoit, Rosa	10	10	10	10
Brown, Wilson	10	10	10	10
Burteli, Francis	10	10	7	5
Bain, William	10	7	10	10
Burke, Edith	10	10	7	7
Blackburn, Annie M.	10	10	10	10
Barnett, Elmer L.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	10	10	10	7
Bellamy, George	10	10	7	7
Burke, Mabel	10	7	7	10
Bourlean, Benoni	10	7	10	10
Bartley, John S.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	5	7	7
Babeock, Ida E.	10	10	10	10
Barnard, Fred	10	7	10	10
Billing, William E.	10	10	10	10
Baragar, George H.	10	10	10	7
Brown, Mary L. aka	10	7	10	10
Boomer, Ducaun	10	10	10	10
Bissell, Thomas E.	10	10	10	10
Brackenborough, Robt.	10	10	7	5
Benbrige, Minnie M.	7	10	3	3
Branscombe, F. M.	10	10	5	5
Chantler, Fanny	10	10	10	7
Chantler, Thomas	10	10	10	5
Cunningham, May A.	10	7	10	7
Charbonneau, Leon	7	10	10	10
Carson, Hugh R.	10	10	10	5
Cornish, William	10	7	10	10
Cartier, Melvin	10	10	10	10
Cullen, Arthur E.	10	10	10	7
Crowder, Vasco	7	7	10	10
Coolidge, Herbert L.	10	10	10	10
Crough, John E.	7	7	7	7
Chatten, Elizabeth E.	10	7	10	7
Corrigan, Rosa A.	7	10	10	10
Clements, Henry	10	10	10	10
Cole, Amos Bowers	10	7	10	10
Cummings Bert	10	10	5	5
Cunningham, Martha	10	7	10	7
Clemenger, Ida	10	10	7	7
Cyr, Thomas	10	5	5	5
Croucher, John	10	10	5	5
Cathcart, Cora	10	10	10	10
Cone, Benjamin D. C.	10	10	7	7
Countryman, Harvey B.	10	10	7	7
Carter, Stella Jane	10	10	5	5
Dowar, Jessie Caroline	10	7	10	7
DeLauey, James	10	5	7	7
Doyle, Francis E.	10	10	10	10
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	10	10	10
Dool, Charles Craig	10	10	10	10
Dubois, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Dixon, Ethel Irene	10	10	10	10
Dand, Wm T.	10	10	10	7
Derocher, Mary Ellen	10	10	10	7
DeBellefeuille, Aluc	10	10	10	10
Duke, Ethie	10	10	7	7
Duncan, Walter F.	10	7	10	10
Durno, Archibald	10	10	7	7
Elliott, Cora Maud	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Wilbur	10	10	10	10
Edwards, Stephen R.	10	10	10	7
Elliott, Mabel Victoria	10	7	10	7
Esson, Margaret J.	10	10	10	10
Eusminger, Robert	10	10	10	10
Eusminger, Mary	10	10	10	10
Fairbairn, Georgina	10	10	10	10
Forgette, Hariondas	10	10	10	7
Forgette, Joseph	10	7	7	7
Fretz, Beatrice	7	10	10	7
Forgette, Marion	10	7	5	5
Fleming, Eleanor J.	7	10	10	7
Farnham, Leona	10	10	10	7
French, Charles	10	10	10	10
Ford, Charles Ray	10	7	10	10
Fleming, Daniel W.	10	7	10	10
Gilleland, Annie M.	10	10	10	7
Gardiner, Dalton M.	10	10	10	10
Gray, William	10	10	7	7
Gray, William E.	10	10	10	10
Gerow, Daniel	10	10	10	10
Gies, Albert E.	10	10	7	7
Goetz, Sarah	10	7	7	7
Goetz, Eva	10	10	10	10
Grooms, Harry E.	10	10	10	7
Goose, Felicia	10	10	7	7
Gillam, Walter	10	10	5	7
Oreen, Thomas	10	7	10	10

NAME OF PUPIL.	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Reid, Walter E.	10	7	7	7
Randall, Robert	10	7	10	7
Rutherford, Jessie M.	10	10	7	7
Ronald, Eleanor F.	10	10	5	5
Russell, Mary Bell	10	7	10	10
Rielly, Mary	10	10	10	10
Roth, Edwin	7	10	10	10
Roberts, Herbert	10	7	10	10
Smith, Maggie	10	10	10	10
Schwartzentruber, Cath	10	10	7	5
Scott, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Swayze, Ethel	10	10	10	10
Skillings, Ellen	10	10	10	10
Sies, Albert	10	10	10	7
Sager, Mabel Maud	10	10	10	10
Sager, Phoebe Ann	10	10	10	10
Sager, Matilda B.	10	7	5	5
Sager, Hattie	10	10	10	10
Shilton, John T.	10	7	10	7
Scott, Henry Percival	10	10	7	7
Shannon, Ann Helena	10	7	7	7
Serimshaw, James S.	10	10	7	7
Scott, Evan R.	10	7	5	5
Sedore, Alloy	10	10	10	7
Sedore, Fred	10	10	10	7
Snuck, Lloyd Leclaud	10	10	10	10
Showers, Annie	10	10	10	10
Showers, Christina	10	10	10	7
Showers, Mary	10	10	10	10
Showers, Catherine	10	7	7	7
Simpson, Alexander	10	7	10	10
St Louis, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Thompson, Mabel W.	10	10	10	10
Thompson, Ethel M.	10	10	10	10
Tracey, John M.	10	10	7	7
Thompson, Beatrice A.	10	10	7	7
Thomas, Maud	7	10	10	10
Terrell, Frederick	7	10	10	10
Tossell, Harold	10	10	7	7
Taylor, Joseph F.	7	7	3	3
Tudhope, Laura May	10	10	5	5
Vance, James Henry	10	10	7	7
Veitch, Margaret S.	10	10	7	7
Veitch, James	10	10	10	10
Veitch, Elizabeth	10	10	5	5
Woods, Alberta May	10	10	10	7
Wallace, George R.	7	10	10	10
Wilson, Muirville P.	10	7	7	7
Watson, Mary L.	10	10	7	7
West, Francis A.	10	10	10	10
Wylie, Edith A.	10	10	10	10
Warner, Henry A.	10	5	7	7
Wickett, George W.	10	10	7	7
Waters, Marich A.	10	10	10	10
Woodley, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Watts, David Henry	10	7	5	5
Webb, Rosey Ann	10	10	10	5
Walton, Allan	10	7	10	10
Wilson, Herbert	10	10	7	7
Welch, Herbert	10	10	5	5
Young, Sarah Ann	10	10	10	7
Young, George S.	10	10	7	7
Young, Rosa	10	10	10	10
Zimmerman, John C.	10	10	10	7

Politeness Pays

"I have often heard my uncle," said the nephew of a noted lawyer who died lately, dwell upon the fact that he owed much of his success in life to a habit of invariable politeness, without any element of toadyism, which had been instilled into his nature by the teaching of a wise mother.

"His first start in his profession came through an old scrub-woman who was employed about the house where he boarded when a young man. One morning he passed out as she was scrubbing the front stairs and he saluted her politely, as usual. She stopped him.

"They tell me you are a lawyer, she said.

"Yes."

"Well, I know a poor widdy woman that wants a lawyer, and if you give me your address I'll tell her."

"This 'poor widdy' proved to be the chief heir to a large estate in Delaware county, Pa. My uncle became her attorney and trustee of her children, recovered her interest in the estate, and derived a good income from its management for many years."

Pure grit is that element of character which enables a man to clutch his arm with an iron grip, and keep the needle of his purpose pointing to the star of his hope. Through sunshine or storm, through hurricane and tempest, through sleet and rain, with a leaky ship, with a crew in mutiny, a perseverer; in fact, nothing but death can subdue it, and dies still struggling. - From Architects of Fate, by Orison Swett Marden.

"A King's Daughter"

She is pretty as a picture
She is graceful as a fawn
She is radiant as the sun
That kisses the lips of dawn
That kiss the lips of dawn

She is fairer than the flower
That blooms by tropic sea
She is purer than the dew
That was the orange tree
That was the orange tree

She is winsome as a fairy
She has gentle, kindly ways
And pure lips ever ready
To speak another's praise
To speak another's praise

She has higher aims than I
She is noble, kind and true
She believes in helping others
And the good that she can do
And the good that she can do

She is thoughtful to her mother
She is a blessing from above
Oh, her life a gentle stream
Full of hope and joy and love
Full of hope and joy and love

She is cheerful as the sunshine
She is kind to every one
She is a lovely earthly angel
She is "A Daughter of the Sun"

PUPILS' LOCALS

From the Boys' Side of the Instor

BY HERBERT ROBERTS

-February, but not leap year
-The 11th inst. will be St. Valentine's Day.

-Work harder for the new year shorter.

-Joseph Dubois received a basketball home some time ago containing a set of hockey skates. He feels proud of his toys.

-Rev. Mr. Thompson was an interesting visitor here last week and the Presbyterian pupils an interesting address in the chapel.

-There are rumors about a school Melbride becoming a member of the senior hockey team, but up to date there is no foundation to them.

-Now benches and a new table have been added to the boys' reading room, but window blinds are much needed which would be all the boys would want.

-Since the heavy snow storm has come, the pupils have been enjoying themselves on the rink, as the rink is covered with snow so deep that it is no skating or ice-boating.

-On the 10th ult., Maxime Dubois, a pupil here, received a pretty colored photograph of his brother, Noah who left here a couple of years ago. We think he is a little changed, but he can easily be recognized if met.

-We had the heaviest snow fall of the season on the 21st ult. The same day was the date fixed for the races on the bay near the city, but as the snow was nearly a foot deep the committee were obliged to postpone the races.

-Mr. Wm. Nurse, our master shoe-maker, was off duty for a few days, having been compelled to remain at home beside of his sick wife. We are glad she is now in usual health. During his absence Harmondas-Forgette acted as supervisor in the shoe shop, and he charged his duty very well.

-John Crough, a pupil of the high class, got a letter from Arthur J. Kelly, an old pupil of this school, who is now living at Oxbow, Assiniboia. Kelly is saying that he was enjoying the pleasures of life and was acting as a man on his father's farm. His father and brother had bought out a farm of 100 acres near Dryden. He says the Territeries agree with him.

-The 25th ult. was one of the coldest days we have had this season, and in consequence the gas-pipes were broken, thus rendering insufficient light for the evening study, so it was abandoned. Candles were used at supper time and immediately afterwards the pupils were ordered to bed. That afternoon although the weather was extremely cold, the pupils enjoyed a fine skate on the bay.

Numbering Thread.

The question "Why is spool numbered as it is, and why are not used in regular order?" is often asked. The explanation is the following: The numbers on the spool express the number of "hanks" which are needed to wind a pound. The very finest numbering rarely exceeds 300 hanks a pound, while in the very coarsest is about a half pound in each hank. The more common qualities, however, those from which sewing threads are usually made, run from ten to twenty hanks to the pound, and the numbers which it is wound are numbered fifty in accordance.

OFFICERS

D. HAYNE, Merivale
A. W. WAGGONER, Preston
A. W. MASON, Toronto
W. M. SCURF, Belleville
D. J. MCKILLIP, Belleville
D. H. COLEMAN, Belleville
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Vice: J. Dubois
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BALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS

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Second Eleven: F. Burtch
Hockey, First Team
Hockey, Second

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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1897.

recurring mystery of choice
and one rejects, the inward voice
mortal vision traces the end
to glory or to blackness trend
of destiny no longer strike,
would hear not all hours alike
mountain stream a pebble may divide
drinks to sand, that finds the eternal tide.

Orange Blossoms.

The rumour of the marriage of two of our old pupils, noticed in our last, we found to be correct. It took place on the 30th. We clip the following account from the Guelph Mercury: "A quiet but pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. John Watt, 53 Preston St., Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, being the marriage of his eldest daughter, Miss Maggie Watt, to Mr. J. H. Golds. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. A. J. Martin, Miss Mary Watt acting as interpreter, in the presence of a few most intimate friends of the contracting parties. The bride entered the parlor leaning on the arm of her father, prettily attired in cream Henrietta trimmed with lace, ribbon and pearl trimming, carrying a beautiful shower bouquet of hyacinths and smilax. The bridesmaid, Miss Frances Watt, sister of the bride, was becomingly attired in cream Henrietta, trimmed with ribbon, and wearing a bouquet of hyacinths and smilax. Mr. W. A. Golds, brother of the groom, was groomsman. Miss Sara Watt, the little maid of honor, looked pretty in white, carrying the ring in a little basket filled with marguerites and smilax. Guests to the number of twenty-five sat down to a nicely prepared luncheon, after which Mr. and Mrs. Golds left on the 4:45 train east amid showers of rice and the best wishes of a number of friends. On a visit to friends in Toronto and Paris before returning to their home in Milton. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents, showing the high esteem in which she is held by her many friends."

We learn that the authorities of the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in Scotland, have just finished a careful investigation of the real practical results of the pure oral, the pure manual and the combined systems, with the result that they have concluded emphatically in favor of the Combined System. Also they find the adult deaf, educated from the pure oral method, do not speak and lip reading only among their intimate friends and relations, and that employers do not have the preference whatever for the orally taught as over the manually taught. In industrial work accuracy is necessary and lip reading is found to be too uncertain. They find, too, that the deaf men who are taught by the manual method do as well as those denied all signs, the reason being found in the superior mental development and quickness of the sign using deaf. - The

A widow mother of one of our boys writes to the Superintendent: "There never a day of my life I do not thank you that there is such an institution as this where poor deaf children can be educated. I thank you most sincerely for your kindness and care of my boy."



Eighteen degrees below zero was the lowest temperature recorded so far this winter and was reached last Sunday night.

Our pupils have a better rink for skating this winter than they ever had before, and plenty of pleasure and exercise is got out of it.

At last winter has descended upon us with all its old time vigor and frigidly, and the sound of the snow shovel is heard again in the land.

A couple of the boys have been confined to their rooms with a mild attack of chicken pox. Efforts have been made to isolate them and it is not likely to spread.

Several pupils who received sleighs for Christmas presents had begun to fear that they would have no use for them this season, but the recent snow-fall has given them a fine opportunity for that kind of sport.

A load of hay was brought in for the farm the other day and after being weighed, was taken in the direction of the stables. It, however, had been so badly loaded that it upset before they got there and had to be reloaded.

On Monday evening last the Institution was in darkness, owing to the annual freeze-up of the gas pipes. All the lazy boys and girls, who do not like study, were of course rejoiced—but fortunately we have not many of that kind with us.

We hope the gripe will give us the go by this time. The remembrance of his last visit, when we had 203 on the sick list, and our classes demoralized for nearly a fortnight, is still fresh in our minds and we are not pining for a repetition of it.

Mr. Nurse was kept at home a few days last week on account of the somewhat serious illness of his wife. We are glad to know that she is now considerably better and is expected to recover. His little girl, Ethel, was also ill but is all right again.

The boys and girls had a fine spell of skating and ice-boating on the bay, for which purpose the ice was in prime condition, but the snow fall of last week put a stop to that kind of sport. However, the rink this year is a fine one and it is now being used to its utmost capacity.

One day passes here very much like another, leaving little to record. We know that many small things that go to make up our local are of little account to those who have no connection with our school, but to those who have a dear little boy or girl here every little item is noticed, hence we pen them.

The Toronto papers report the death of T. H. Ince, Esq., barrister of that city. Mr. Ince was 70 years of age and while walking down to his office one morning he slipped on the icy pavement, falling heavily on his back and head. The fall resulted in his death on the 24th ult. He was the father of Harry Ince, an ex-pupil of our school, now in Manitoba.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Walker is spending a few days with friends in Kingston.

Dr. Chamberlain paid an official visit to the Institution last week.

Rev. Mr. Cowser, Baptist, paid the pupils of his denomination a visit last week. They were glad to see him.

Our old friend, Prof. Begg, now of the Texas School, gave the pupils there a magic lantern entertainment during Christmas week.

Miss Ross, daughter of Hon. G. A. Ross, who is at present the guest of her sister, Mrs. Cameron Brown, spent Monday last at the Institution.

Miss Metcalfe was confined to the house a few days by the prevailing la gripe, but this week was able again to be at her post. Her mother, also, has been suffering from the same complaint.

Mrs. W. A. Phillips, an old pupil, says she is very fond of reading the CANADIAN MUTE, for from it she learns how many of her old friends are progressing. During last winter her grandparents, two aunts and one uncle died. Her friends are sorry to know that so many of her loved ones have been taken.

Henry White's mother, Mrs. Eliza White, of Toronto, aged 67 years, died at her daughter's residence, 21 Portland St. on Sunday Jan 10th. One daughter and four sons survive her. She was much respected.

Mr. G. W. Keith, son of our Mr. Keith, is the Honorable Minister of Finance in the new government formed in connection with the University of Parliament. He also gave a paper on the growth of the Galvanometer at the last meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society of the University.

Mr. Hazleton, of Delta, reports he is still doing well at his shop and has had a most successful Fall trade in his boot, shoe and rubber business. He sells as much factory made goods as the four general stores of Delta, and in addition, he is very busy in his custom department for hand made work. His father left him a well established business and we are glad to see that he is carrying it forward so successfully.

Mr. Grant is back from Manitoba to see his friends and old school-mates. He has a beautiful farm out there and when he returns in the spring he probably will not go alone but will have a companion to share his home, as bachelorhood has lost its charms for him. Mr. Grant visited his old friends, Messrs. R. Pincombe and Geo, and spent a few days with each. Mr. Pincombe has one of the best appointed farms around Poplar Hill. He keeps a large number of cattle and has the best appliances for feeding and watering his stock. Apples have been plentiful there and Mr. J. Pincombe has dried forty bags of them. Mr. and Mrs. Geo spent the New Year with Mr. and Mrs. Pincombe.

Donations to Calcutta, India, School Fund.

Table with 2 columns: Donor Name and Amount. Includes entries for Tennessee Deaf Mute Helpers, Sol D. Well, Buffalo, J. Cook, Winnipeg, and a total of \$200.00.

GERTRUDE E. MAXWELL, Collector
1108 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
January, 14th, 1897

Measuring a Tree

The boy in the following story, borrowed from Bright Jewels, is described as never saying anything remarkable, as eating oatmeal in large quantities, chasing the cat, slamming the door, and otherwise conducting himself after the manner of boys, with the exception that he asks few questions and does much thinking. If he does not understand a thing, he whistles, which is not a bad habit—on some occasions.

There was much whistling in our yard one summer. It seemed to be an all-summer performance. Near the end of the season, however, our boy announced the height of our tall maple to be thirty-three feet.

"Why, how do you know?" was the general question.
"Measured it."
"How?"
"Foot-rule and yardstick."
"You didn't climb that tall tree?" his mother asked, anxiously.
"No'm, I just found the length of the shadow, and measured that."
"But the length of the shadow changes."
"Yes'm, but twice a day the shadows are just as long as things themselves. I've been trying it all summer. I drove a stick into the ground, and when the shadow was just as long as the stick I knew that the shadow of the tree would be just as long as the tree, and that's thirty three feet."
"So that is what you have been whistling about all summer?"
"Did I whistle?" asked Tom.

In this day of close competition for employment that will afford a respectable living, the matter of industrial training is becoming more and more important. How necessary is it then that the authorities of our schools do all they can to improve the teaching of trades to the utmost limit, not only to save off carrying criticism but to afford each pupil an opportunity for mastering some useful occupation. Let us one and all be as earnest in looking after the material as we are the intellectual and moral welfare of those placed under our care.—Lone Star Weekly

The Lamplighter.

Ellie was kneeling on a chair, one wet evening, staring into the street—no little plump cheek pressed close to the window pane—watching the lamplighter as he came down the street with quick swinging trot, holding his long rod with "the fire in the cage," as Ellie would have said.

The rain dripped from his oilskin cape and hat, but he went cheerfully on from lamp to lamp, leaving brightness behind him.

"I wish I was a lamp lighter," sighed Ellie.

"So may you be, if you like," said her mother, who was busy writing letters.

"I can't light the lamps, mother, you wouldn't let me, and I've nothing to do. It would be lovely to go about lighting lamps. It's so stupid to do nothing."

"Very," said mother, "especially when you could, and ought to, be doing something. For instance lighting lamps."

"Where, mother, what lamps?"

"Yesterday you were cross and gloomy because the day was wet like this. Then Aunt Mary called and took you for a drive, and how bright and pleasant you got all in a moment! Don't you think Aunt Mary lit a lamp for you then by her kind thought?"

"Yes, mother, it was a very lovely surprise."

"Well, now, why couldn't you set off round the house and light up all the lamps you can find in the same way? I can see two at this moment waiting to be lit. Take that piece of flannel, airing in the fender, to the kitchen to poor Susan, who is bad with toothache, that is one lamp you can light."

"Then upstairs Grannie is sitting all alone waiting until I finish these letters and can go up to hold the wool she wants to wind. Do you see another lamp to be lit?"

"Yes, mother; to go up and hold Grannie's wool."

Ellie stood a moment thinking. Then taking the red flannel from the fender away she ran to Susan, who was standing against the kitchen table with her hand to her face.

"Thank you, Miss Ellie," she said gratefully, as she pinned the flannel round her head. And the words sounded pleasantly in Ellie's ears as she climbed the stairs to where Grannie sat, all alone, with the skein of wool in her lap.

Kneeling on the footstool, Ellie spread out her fat fingers and Grannie caught the skein on her thumbs, and very soon it was all wound up into a big ball.

And Grannie's "Thank you, dearie," and hug and kiss, sent Ellie skipping away with a light heart.

"How did you like being a 'lamplighter'?" asked mother, as she met her on the stairs.

"It was lovely, mother!" said Ellie, with a broad smile. "I lit two lamps."

"And I think you lit two for yourself too," said mother. "There must be a lamp lighting inside you to make your face so bright. It's name is 'happiness.' Nothing ever makes us so happy as doing something for others."—Exchange.

Advice to a Young Man.

Remember you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or set of dishes, digging ditches, editing a paper or ringing an auction bell, you must work. If you look around you will see that the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is seldom done on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 9 p. m. and don't get home until 2 a. m. It is the wasted interval of dissipation that does the harm. The work gives you an appetite for your meal; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even, it simply speaks of them as "Old So-and-so's boys." Nobody cares for them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do and take off your coat and go at it. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, sweeter will be your sleep, brighter and happier your holiday, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Bob Burdette.

Speak Gently.

*Speak gently. It is better far
To rule by love, than fear.
Speak gently. Let no harsh words pass
The good we might do here.*

*Speak gently. Love doth whisper low
The words that true hearts bind
And gently friendship accents flow
Affection's voice is kind.*

*Speak gently to the little child
Its love be sure to gain
Teach it in accents soft and mild
It may not long remain.*

*Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear
Pass through this life a test they may
Be full of anxious care.*

*Speak gently to the aged one,
Drive not the careworn heart
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.*

*Speak gently, kindly, to the poor
Let no harsh tone be heard
They have enough, they must endure
Without a wounding word.*

*Speak gently to the erring, know
How frail are all our vain
Fehance unkindness made them so
Oh, win them back again.*

*Speak gently—He who gives his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife
Said to them "Peace, be still."*

*Speak gently 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.*

FOR THE CANADIAN MUSE.

The Cold Snap while at School.

BY WILLIAM KAY, OIL SPRINGS,
(An Old Pupil.)

It is to be remembered that one year ago now I wrote an article concerning what happened at your school during the first cold snap, on account of the unexpected useless condition of the heating apparatus. I don't think it is out of place to write a few more notes about that event, but this will be the last of this kind, I think. One morning at day break, when I woke up, the first thing that struck me was the intense cold in the dormitory, so I speedily put on my clothes and hurried down stairs feeling very cold, and meeting one of the big boys in a hall, he at once seized my hand and I followed him to the dining-room where, to my relief, I found a large box stove. I almost danced with cold until my hands became warm enough to enable me to finish buttoning my vest and coat. That same evening, during supper-time, the boys were the last to sit down at a table in the room between the kitchen and the dining-room, the bread and butter were so cold that the servants had to make toast of them. I sat nearest to the foot of the table and could hardly control my emotions in waiting so long for my piece. There were no partitions then, except a frame one next to the kitchen, and no sculleries. The door leading to the latter was a window. The girls did up the dishes on the table in that room, and some small boys, appointed by Mr. Greene, did the duty of cleaning the knives and forks. For a time I was one of them, and do not remember who the others were, except Robert Sutton and James Braven. The Principal and the male teachers went on their rounds wearing heavy articles of clothing and covered their ears with scarfs. It was much to be wondered at that Mrs. Keegan, the Matron, and Mrs. Terrill, the only ladies, walked around without head wear, though they wore warm waists, but they were observed talking in high praises of some gallant boys who most willingly helped to make their quarters as warm and comfortable as possible. One day I saw Mrs. Terrill talking to Mr. Greene, saying how kind and good a boy Mr. McKillop was, a pupil then, and finally the appreciative lady spelt "I like him."

One morning Mrs. Terrill asked me to call Messrs. Coleman and Greene for breakfast and told me where they slept. It was the supervisor's dormitory, so I went up stairs and when I opened the east door I beheld the poor cold teachers in bed against a wall of mattresses toward the north to protect them from the cold draughts. Mr. Coleman turned his face, looking pale and sad, and I signed "Mrs. Terrill," "breakfast," and at once shut the door with the sense of pity for the good

teachers. In fact Mr. Greene said quite indignantly that every morning he woke up, he found his moustache thick with icicles, and Mr. Coleman said gravely that he had to put on three pairs of socks and wondered if he was sent into Canada to be frozen.

I do not remember of any Sunday service except one, which was held in the housekeeper's old chamber, just opposite the matrons. All the pupils seated facing the south and Mr. Coleman conducted the service. The subject was the first lesson from Dr. Harvey Peet's Catechism, written on a slate covered

*Some men are strong,
And it is powerful
Some men are wise
And it is counsils best*

Mr. Greene made his first appearance on that Sunday, after having been confined to his room for several days with an attack of rheumatism in his back.

The heating apparatus started well in the girls' wing first, and so for several evenings the boys assembled in the west school room to study their lessons. At one time Mr. Coleman had to come in to stop the awful noises, one of his own pupils, the riotous boy Robert Sutton, was making. After a while when all the rest of the apparatus was in good working order, the boys moved to the east school room for play during the day and study in the evening. One evening Dr. Palmer, the Principal, and Mr. McGinn came in and asked all the boys to pick a slip of paper out of a hat, to find out whether they might move their beds out of that warm dormitory where the stove was kept, or remain there. My lot was to remain in that room. Sundays the boys spent the time quietly in the library and had the privilege of walking in the halls and east school room. The library was the one across from the Superintendent's office north.

"I'll Be a Gentleman."

Remember that you are polite to others, not because they are gentlemen but because you are one. The true gentleman is a gentle man everywhere, to all the women he meets because his mother or his sister is a woman and therefore he respects all women for her sake. He treats all men with courtesy, because although they may not be gentlemen themselves, he is one and will not lower himself to act as a tough or a rowdy does. It is surprising what a difference it makes in the treatment you will receive from others, here in this Institution, as well as outside of it. One of our young men, who does a great many errands for the families, is as polite and obliging as any one could wish. He lifts his hat when a young or old lady comes near him, opens the door quietly for her, helps her in a carriage and always answers politely when spoken to.

How is such a contrast to most of the young men and has such easy and engaging manners, that I feel sure he must have had a good mother. But even if you have been so unfortunate as to lose your kind mother or have never known a mother's advice and care, yet it is possible for you to be gentlemanly. If you are quiet in your talk and manners and show yourself trying to be a gentleman, there are many around you who will appreciate it and help you to do better, who will earnestly endeavor to aid you in many ways, and you will receive kind words and consideration from every one you come in contact with, who is himself a gentleman.

After all, saying "I'll be a gentleman" is only another way of saying "I'll be a man. To be honest, kind, obliging, thoughtful of others and unselfish, and what is all this but being a man in the fullest meaning of the word?"

The world has lots of room for an honest, unselfish man. No matter how humble his work, neighbors will respect him and there will be many people who will love him for his integrity and good heart. We cannot spare the men who always have a kind word or an unselfish act for everybody.

They are few enough and poverty is no bar to prevent one from being a gentleman and a man. A kind heart and an unselfish nature may hide under the poorest rags.

The Nelson Miner says "When a man is abused by everybody all around it is more than probable that he has some very good points, points which pierce the vulnerable part of his abusers. This is particularly so of a man holding any public office."

Sayings of Archbishop Whately

It is a folly to slaver for last year's snow.
Some things should be learned a little at each end.
The generality of mankind are as good and wise as the generality.
It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do.
All men desire earnestly to have truth on their side. Few to be on the side of truth.
Honesty is the best policy, but he who is governed by that maxim is not an honest man.
Smattering is applied to two opposites; elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge.
Gay spirits are always spoken of as a sign of happiness, though every one knows to the contrary.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION

WEST	11:00 a.m.	1:30 p.m.	4:15 p.m.	11:30 a.m.
EAST	10:00 a.m.	1:30 p.m.	4:15 p.m.	12:30 p.m.
STATION AND PLEASURE BRANCH	7:45 a.m.	11:45 a.m.	3:10 p.m.	5:30 p.m.

For Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School. AN APPEAL

To the Friends of the Deaf in Canada as well as the Teachers and Pupils in the Deaf Schools in Montreal, Halifax and St. John's.

All the deaf mutes and friends interested in a deaf-mute education the world over are requested to respond to the appeal so as to assure the permanence of the school before the fiscal termination can grant the aid needed. From your contributions will be most gratefully acknowledged.

The Calcutta Deaf School has been maintained for three years. It requires funds for its maintenance for a suitable house of its own, and for the gratuitous education of destitute deaf-mute children in every place where the number of deaf mutes is sufficient they may call a meeting to select from amongst themselves a reliable collector who shall receive subscriptions and forward the same to the undersigned.

As regards the Calcutta School see particulars in the Collector's letter in the CANADIAN MUSE of the 1st.

A. A. McINTOSH,

Canadian Collector
62 Collier St., Toronto Ont.

1897. 1897.

MASSEY-HARRIS WHEEL

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SKILL WINS FAVOR!

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\$85.00 ONE GRAND ONE PRICE \$85.00

THOS. BRADSHAW,

30 Bathurst St., TORONTO.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price office and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday
West End Y. M. C. A. Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road at 11 a.m.
General Central at 11 a.m.
Central Central at Broadway Hall Spadina Ave. in or 12 doors south of College Street at 1 p.m. Ladies' Meeting, Nassau, Brighton and others.
East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Streets. Services at 11 a.m. every Sunday.
BIBLE CLASS Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock corner Spadina Ave and College Street, and for Queen Street and Dovercourt Road.
Lectures can only be arranged if desirable.
Address 273 Clinton Street
Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto

HAMILTON DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION

MISSISSIPPI GRANT AND DEAF conduct religious services every Sunday at 11 a.m. in Treble Hall John St. north near King.
The Library and Debating Society meets every Friday evening at 7:30 in the Y. M. C. A. Building, corner Jackson and James Sts. President, J. H. Byrne. Vice President, Thos. Thompson. Secretary, Wm. Bryce. Sergeant at arms, J. H. Mather.
Meetings are open to all mutes and friends interested.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price office and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS—From 7 a.m. to 12 p.m. and from 1:30 to 5 p.m.
DRAWING CLASS from 2:30 to 4 p.m. every day and Thursday afternoons.
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS every Wednesday afternoons of 1:30 to 3 p.m.
SIGN CLASS for Junior Teachers, sessions of Monday and Wednesday week from 3 to 4.
PARENTS' STUDY from 7 to 8 p.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for parents.

Articulation Classes

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 to 4 p.m.

Religious Exercises

EVERY SUNDAY Primary pupils and senior pupils at 11 a.m. (10 o'clock in winter), immediately after which a class will assemble.
LADIES' SCHOOL. Day the pupils attend in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m. and in-charge for the week, will open and afterwards (dresses, frocks, etc.) may reach their respective schools later than 9 o'clock. In the 10 o'clock the pupils will assemble after prayer will be dismissed in orderly manner.
REV. CLARENCE VESTING, CLERGYMAN, St. Mark's, 141 St. George Street.
REV. T. J. THOMPSON, M. A., 17 St. George Street.
REV. CHAS. E. McINTYRE, (Methodist), 111 St. George Street.
REV. G. W. B. BAPTIST, 111 St. George Street.
Presbyterian Rev. Father, 111 St. George Street.
BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. National Series of Sunday School.
Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND STORES from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and from 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 8:30 a.m. and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. in each case except Saturday, when the office will be closed at noon.
THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3:30 p.m. for those who do not attend school from 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do not attend on Saturday afternoons.
The Printing Office Shop and Store Room to be left each day when work is in a clean and tidy condition.
Pupils are not to be excused from various classes or industrial departments on account of sickness without permission of the superintendent.
Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work of the Institution to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested in visiting the Institution will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are admitted on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except the regular chapel exercises at 2 o'clock on afternoons. The best time to visit on ordinary school days is as soon after 10 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and parents are with them to the Institution, they are advised not to linger and produce any taking with their children. If any discount for all concerned, particularly the parent, the child will be taken care of, and if left in our charge without parents will be quite happy with the other days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils to visit them frequently. If parents come, however they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed every facility of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodgings or entertain guests at the Institution. Accommodation may be had in the Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's American and Dominion Hotels at rates.

Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to give suggestions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. Correspondence will be allowed to parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils or telegrams will be sent daily to the guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF GUARDIANS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE AS WELL.
All pupils who are capable of reading are required to write home every day. Letters will be written by the teachers for little ones who cannot write, stating as far as possible, their wishes.
No medicinal preparations that are used at home, or prescribed by any claim will be allowed to be taken, except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.
Parents and friends of deaf children are advised against Quack Doctors who administer and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they do not return money for which no return. Consult well known practitioners in cases of deafness and be guided by their advice.
R. MATHISON
Superintendent