



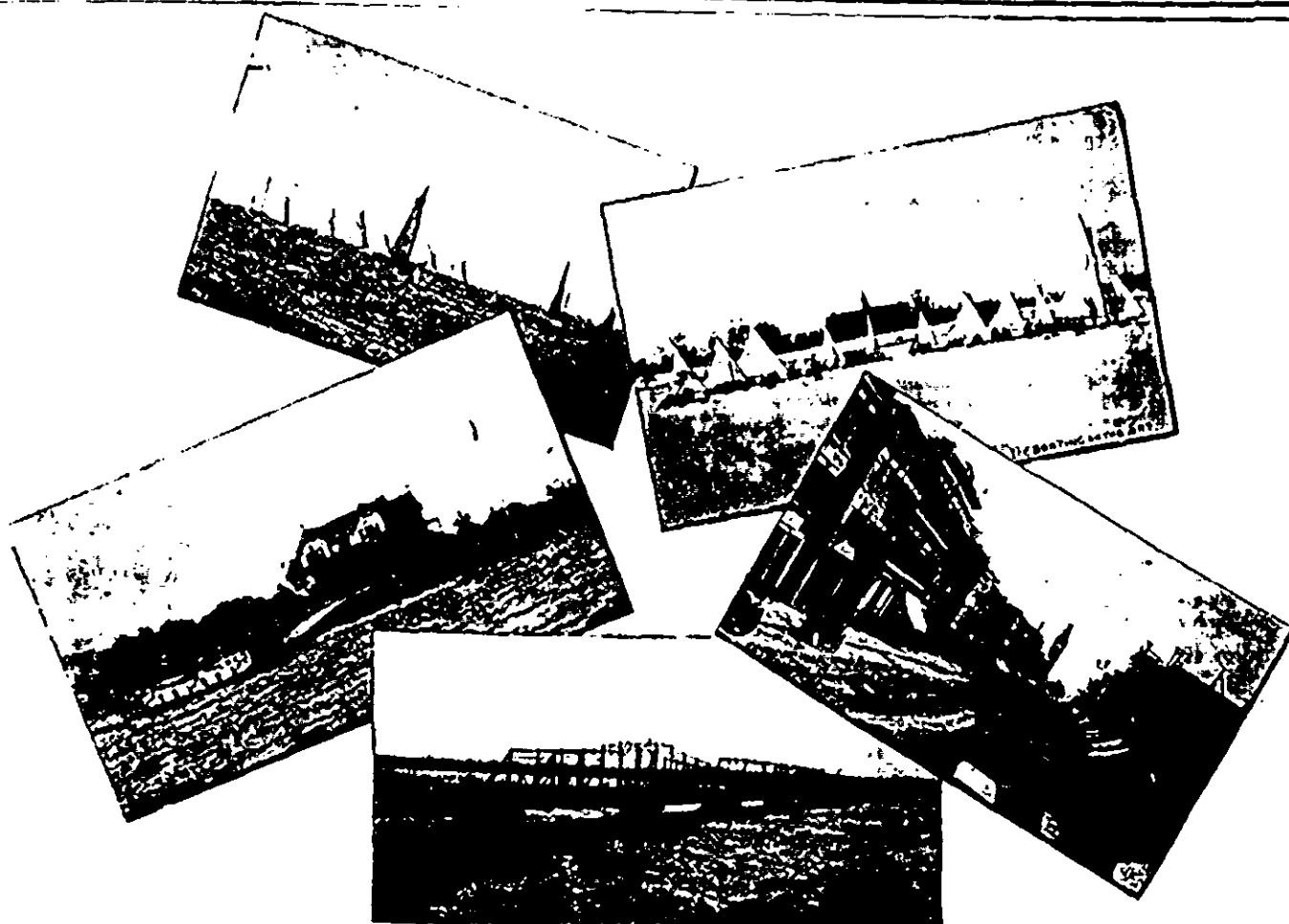
# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VI.

BELLEVILLE, MARCH 1, 1898.

NO. 15.



VIEWS OF BELLEVILLE.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:  
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

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

Officers of the Institution:  
W. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent  
W. MATHISON Nurse  
E. BAKINS, M. D. Physician  
MISS ISABEL WALKER Matron

Teachers:  
H. H. GOLDFMAN, M. A. Head Teacher  
MRS. J. G. TERRILL  
MISS H. TRIMBLETON  
MISS MARY HULL  
MISS FLORENCE MATTHEW  
MISS SYLVIA J. HALIS  
MISS ADA JAMES  
MISS GEORGINA LEAN

Teachers of Articulation:  
MR. M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON  
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

W. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNE, Printer and Typewriter  
W. DOUGLASS, WM. NUNAN, Master Shoemaker  
G. KRITH, J. MIDDLEMAN, Engineer  
MISS M. DEMINSKY, JOHN DOWRIF, Master Carpenter  
MISS M. A. HALL, D. CUNNINGHAM, Master Baker  
JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener



## I'm Growing Old

BY REV. J. L. S. OTT, D. D.

I find I'm growing old, boys,  
And more so every day  
Nor can I play the games, boys,  
That once I used to play  
I once could jump the rope, boys  
A hundred times and four  
Then backward jump again, boys  
As many times or more  
And then there was 'leppy' boys  
One counted up to ten,  
And what a race it was, boys  
Who first should reach the ten  
What fun we had at ball, boys,  
Down yonder on the flat,  
And how we used to fight, boys  
When tossing for the bat  
I've found it more than play, boys,  
This tussling for a place,  
And gains a bit one makes, boys  
Then goes out on the base  
But now I'm getting old, boys,  
The game is nearly done,  
And though it isn't far, boys  
I cannot home the run  
And yet somehow I feel, boys  
That when the game is over  
We'll hear the umpire say, boys  
The old man's made a score  
Then play the best you can, boys  
And stay the innings through  
You'll find the score at last, boys  
In what you tried to do



## Care of the Eyes.

Myopia and astigmatism are so rapidly increasing that parents, teachers, and pupils should be alert to care for these organs of vision.  
If reading, do not look too long at a white page, closely printed, but occasionally lift the eyes to rest for a few seconds on some plain, dark surface.  
If on a boat and the sun shines on the water, turn your back to the sun. The dancing of the glistening waves is all

that you ought to stand at once, and a few seconds of steady looking in the boat, a ray from both sun and water, will rest them.  
For a long sleigh-ride on a bright day with sparkling snow on either side, blue or green glasses or veil will modify the effect of the general glare and glisten.  
If reading, turn the back or side—preferably the left—to the window or other light. If reading by artificial light of any kind, insist upon a shade, and avoid a lamp set on a red table spread. Cover the spread with a newspaper or white towel, if you can do no better. Used is a specially bad reflector of light.  
Sleep in a dark room, and if there are no blinds nor dark shades to the windows, hang up something extra. Eyes that have not been used to the dark in sleep give out early in life. A certain amount of sleep is absolutely necessary for eyesight, and even the mere closing of the eyes half a minute at a time, as frequently as possible all day, is a wonderful help.  
Cleanliness is necessary for the eyes, and cold water is "freshening." Hot water is restful, and cloths wrung from it and laid on the eyes will reduce pains, aches, inflammation, swelling, and nervousness.  
If you need glasses, wear them! But by all means have them fitted! Don't let anyone but a "specialist" test or fit your eyes any quicker than you'd let a blacksmith repair your watch.  
A flax seed will dislodge dirt, cinders, or other foreign matter without pain, trouble, or expense. Put it right into the eye, under the lid, and it will chase and expel the intruder.  
Do not get in the habit of stooping to accommodate your eyes. Bring up your work, if necessary.  
Do not read while in motion—rocking, walking, or riding. The constantly changing focus is exceedingly injurious.  
Never look steadily at a bright light. If obliged to do it at all, look off as much as possible.  
A plain diet will help toward good eyesight. So will common sense. In fact, common sense is at a premium

almost everywhere in the department of physical culture.  
Crying is bad for the eyes; but as everybody cries, it is well to know that an application of very hot water, applied gently, will alleviate the bad effect.—Adapted from School News.  
**A Deaf and Dumb High Caste Widow.**  
By Miss MINNIE F. ABRAMS IN THE "INDIAN WITNESS."  
During the past month a great and genuine revival has taken place in Paudita Ramabai's Institution for high caste widows. This revival not only prevailed among those who have been rescued from famine, but reached to a goodly number of the widows who were formerly in the Home.  
When the Pandita was bringing widows from the Central Provinces a deaf and dumb woman insisted on coming. The Pandita refused to bring her. She came and sat in the train. They made her understand that she could not be taken. She told them by signs that she would grind, cook, wash clothes, scrub, &c. She literally refused to leave the train, and at the last minute the Pandita laughed and bought her a ticket. She has been true to her word and works cheerfully.  
She always preserves a reverent attitude during worship. When the women were asking the Pandita for baptism, she persisted in having her name written. Pandita tried to put her aside, but again she was persistent. One day she arose to testify. We all felt God's presence as she stood in silent eloquence before God. The girls said aloud, "Mookkie knows God as well as we." On two occasions she tried to speak and made a low sound. The girls all think God will teach her to speak. She received baptism with the others. While the services were going on, one day she brought two children to the altar, closed their eyes and then closed her own in prayer. All who contributed toward this famine work will rejoice at this bountiful harvest of souls.



Resolve.

...and not upon regret,
of the future. Do not grope
in the darkness. Waste no tear-
ful resort of lost years.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

The Girls' Side of the Institution.

...girls seem to find great pleasure
of going home soon as it is
two weeks more until vacation
... Miss A. Henderson
... letter from her loving mother
... she would get a bicycle for
... present which she goes home.

SE. CATHARINES.

... Mr. Wheeler and W. Wallace
working here, the former in a
factory and the latter in the fruit
... Mrs. J. A. Braven promise to
... on a visit at Easter
... Jefferson is here for a week
... to Buffalo for a short time
... Mrs. J. A. Lloyd will come
... Mrs. Wheeler reminds
... they have not been here for four
... Wheeler's sister, Mrs. Koukle, of
... was here for a few days and
... her sick son to the hospital

DUNDAS JOYNTINGS.

... a deaf man from England
... at the Valley City Seating
... Works here, is now in Ham-
... painting the seats in the Ryerson
... Sutherland is doing well at
... is employed at the Stratton &
... Clothing Goods Factory. He has
... job and has held it for a num-
... years
... Bridgford is working on a farm
... miles from this town
... Fisher has been employed at
... office since last November. He
... every Wednesday night and gets
... holiday the next morning. He
... expert at setting type and would
... to try conclusions with any other
... compositor in Ontario. Perhaps
... the Convention is next held at
... ville, a type setting tournament
... be arranged in the Mure office.

TORONTO TOPICS.

... has many good points.
... as a sewing machine, an
... or a graphom, it is a joy for
... While on the run it does a fellow
... of good. A poor nigger like
... who has to toil all day to fill the
... of the printing press with
... atoms picked up one by one as the
... woman in the Arabian nights
... her rice grains singly with a
... when he is at last astrid his bi-
... flying on the wings of the wind
... he not expand with freedom - vital
... breath - a soul full man again? Is he
... of any amount of ruts and
... tumbles? Do he not come back braced
... and fit for any amount of the whips
... and stings of this outrageous portion,
... though he be scape of a type set-
... ting machine? And then that human
... sewing machine, who finds himself as
... little account as the iron goose that
... scorches his fingers on a bicycle he
... feels like being "Over the hills at the
... break of day" and in his full heart has
... hardly room to wish to be an angel.
... Then there is our worthy friend who is
... stiffening his back and weakening his
... knees in repairing the world's failing
... understandings. I was going to imagine
... his sensations, when it struck me I
... never heard how a shoemaker feels on
... a bicycle, except from one who told me
... how he felt when going into a ditch, and
... that will not just serve my purpose.
... The shoemaker on a bicycle is an open
... question, but we have known the dear
... young woman who after a long,
... dull devoted spell by a sick bed have
... been brightened and strengthened for
... their trying tasks by good hours spin
... What a deal of friendly fun and rivalry
... the bicycle puts into circulation. No
... thing pleasanter surely can well be
... than a company of kindred spirits on
... a five mile run along a good and road.
... How joyfully we go in helping a "solid
... by cycle man." What trouble we will
... take in getting him mounted again?
... The delightful bicycle has indeed saved
... so much sweetness out of old savage
... human nature that we are inclined to
... place it among one of the great moral
... forces of the day.
... We have in the gentility of a soul
... mounted on springy hubs, set free from
... wear and tear fret, and bile, no room
... for caustic peer or satiric grin at the
... unlucky man whose life has given up
... the ghost, or whom some other irrepar-
... able bicycle disaster has brought to grief.
... In the cyclist world, any way, that
... miserable and cynic is going disgruntled,
... who makes us so uncomfortable by the
... insidious suggestion that there is some
... thing not wholly displeasing to us in the
... misfortunes of our dearest friends. On
... a bicycle a man cannot see his bitterest
... enemy go down without something of
... fellow feeling.
... But as there is not an innocent joy on
... earth around which evil things do not
... cautiously gather, the cyclist's enjoy-
... ment has dangers. We have heard of
... malicious envy scattering tacks along a
... choice bicycle track and many poor
... weak brothers have gone down hill with
... dreadful croppers. We are afraid some
... of our deaf friends have loved the bicycle
... not wisely but too well, and have spent
... more than they can afford on their
... wheels. To some of our lads it has been
... a temptation and has led to grievous
... wrong. A lobe got by dishonesty, one
... on which has been spent what ought to
... have been spent on home, or in laying
... up for a rainy day, must take its place
... at the criminal bar, with the whiskey
... bottle, the beer barrel and the too fre-
... quent pipe. Deaf friends, consider your
... bicycle and its ways. See that your
... wheeling account will pass just and
... righteous judgment.
... We have had another addition to our
... happy little family lately, in the person
... of Miss M. Campbell, formerly of Berlin.
... On she having secured a situation
... here similar to that which she had in
... Berlin. We tender her a hearty welcome.
... Master Nelson Wood has gone home.
... He is a very promising young lad and
... we shall miss his smiling face.
... There is an exciting contest at check-
... ers going on some of these evenings be-
... tween A. Buchan and J. Shuster. So
... far it is hard to predict who will come
... out the victor. The result of the last
... game played was three games for each
... with two draws.
... Mr. Chas. Elliott, who has been
... spending a couple of weeks in Detroit
... and London, returned to the city some
... time recently, bringing full of news
... from a number of our old friends. We
... have not yet exhausted his budget.
... Mr. E. M. Thomas, Oakville, was in

the city for a few days lately, looking
as hale and hearty as ever. On being
asked what he thought of going to the
Klondike he replied that he thought
there was more gold for him at home on
his own Bonanza Paradise in Oakville
than at the Yukon.
The Canadian Journal of Medicine
and Surgery for February has an article
on the Institutions for the Deaf Mutes
in Canada and their training, the head-
ing of which is adorned with a portrait
of Mr. Mathison, Supt. of our own Insti-
tution at Belleville. There are also two
illustrations, one of the late convention
at Brantford and the other of the Insti-
tution at Belleville with the pupils in
the fore ground. The article gives an
appreciative account of what is being
done for the deaf in the Dominion.
An evening paper recently gave a
prominent place to the announcement
that our good friend Mr. Nasmith was
adding another to his long list of stores
this time a large place to rival the lead-
ing New York restaurants. It is situat-
ed at one of the best stands on the prin-
cipal street of this city.
One day recently three ladies visited
a department store. Two were respect-
ed members of our community and did
them shopping by writing. This led the
clerk to think they were all deaf, and
as they were leaving he indulged in an
ill timed remark on "dummies." The
ill-trained animal wilted and evidently
wished to get under the counter when
the third lady told him they appreciated
his compliments and would recommend
him to the consideration of the manager
of his department.
The tall and stately form of our
genial friend A. W. Mason, was not seen
around for some time. On enquiry it
was learned that he had been confined
to his house on account of an attack of
la grippe. We are happy to state that
he is giving up something to look up to
again and is always a welcome sight,
however small he makes his friends
look alongside his exemplary height.
One of the most pleasant little socials
of the season was held at the residence
of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Wilson, 287
Delaware Ave. on Friday, the 18th ult.
The guests on arriving found a well
spread table awaiting them to which
all did full justice. Nothing was spared
on the part of the host and hostess to
make all feel at home. The remainder
of the evening was spent in various
games, etc. Before leaving, Mr. and
Mrs. Wilson were tendered a hearty
vote of thanks.
We regret to state that we have two
patients in the hospitals at present,
both from the same cause at different
times, unfortunate falls on slippery pave-
ments. Mrs. Chas. Smith badly injur-
ed her thigh, and her case being com-
plicated with an attack of pneumonia it
has given rise to some concern among
her friends. Mr. H. Gilbert, the other
sufferer received a severe sprain on his
right arm, which necessitated an opera-
tion under chloroform. He has however
got well through it and we hope he will
be about again shortly.
The 16th ult being Mr. A. W. Mason's
birthday his family and a few imme-
diate relatives availed themselves of the
opportunity of presenting him with a
handsome set of dining room chairs.
He was taken by surprise, as everything
was prepared for the eventual day. A.
W. has our congratulations.
Mrs. C. E. Wilson had a canary bird
aged 19 years, which died last Sunday,
the 20th. It was presented to her by
her mother seven years ago.
OIL SPRINGS.
From our own Correspondent
I exceedingly regret to take up this
task to chronicle the demise of that good
and christian man, Mr. Michael Showers,
father of the four Misses Showers. He
expired on Monday, 14th ult., in the
afternoon at three o'clock. It was well
known that he was for a long time a
victim of consumption and it was thought
he would live some time longer yet, but
the end came sooner than expected.
Just two weeks previous to his death,
when I arrived at the house, he himself
came forward to the front door, took me
by the hand, helped to take off my over-
coat and fur cap and hung them up.
The poor girls, who, as announced in
the last issue of your paper, were on
their way home from your school,
were met at the nearest station, New-
burg, by their brother William and
uncle Mr. White. After a drive of
twelve miles, occupying three hours, they
reached home only to learn that their
dear father had breathed his last just at
the time they arrived at the station.

On Wednesday, 16th, at two o'clock
p. m., the funeral formed at the resi-
dence, the chief mourners being Mrs.
Showers, Christina, John and William
wife and the older children of the de-
ceased, in the first sleigh, Roderick and
Kenneth McKenzie in the second, David
A. Turill of Florence, Duncan Bloom
and Wm. Thompson of Thamesville in
the third, relatives of the deceased, and
a large number of friends. The proces-
sion wended its way to Shetland, about
two miles distant, where the solemn
services were held in the Methodist
church, a beautiful and commodious res-
tored edifice, the Rev. M. Kennedy of
Florence, assisted by a layman, conduct-
ing and gave an appropriate sermon.
The services over the remains of the
deceased were interred in the grave-yard
outside the church, beside the grave of
his brother John, who succumbed to the
same disease a few years ago. Mrs.
Showers and her nine children have our
sincere and warmest sympathy in the
sad and grievous bereavement of a good
and true hearted husband and an affec-
tionate and most devoted father. "Bless-
ed are they that mourn for they shall
be comforted," were the very words
thoughtfully and sympathetically pro-
nounced by Jesus Christ when He was
a man on this earth.
On the 17th, the day after the funeral,
I was agreeably surprised to see David
Turill, who generously and thoughtfully
came over either on foot or by means
of catching a few rides, for I am so
much indebted to him for the particulars
of that sad event. He stayed all night
with me and left for home the next
morning. We both remembered the
deaths of the good teachers Messrs. S. J.
Greene and D. M. Beaton occurring on
that day eight and three years ago re-
spectively. I am the guest of Mr. and
Mrs. Wm. Esson at the time of this writ-
ing and so I may say that the late Mr.
Showers was here three years and a
half ago for the papers of application
which Mr. Mathison, the Superinten-
dent, entrusted Mr. Esson with at the
time he was at your school with his
daughter Maggie and then Mr. Showers
brought the older girls, Christina and
Anne, on no doubt, some of your officers
and teachers and perhaps many of your
pupils will have recollections of seeing
him and remember him as a tall and
stately man.
PERTH TOPICS.
From our own Correspondent
Mr. M. Noonan is temporarily employ-
ed in the blacksmith shop at the C. P. R.
car works. Messrs. Patrick and Luddy
are in the erection shop as usual. They
did not have much to do when they
started to work again last January, but
they are on both feet and have their
hands full now.
Mr. Sam Moore, a cousin to Mr.
Henry Moore, of Toronto, is employed
on the C. P. R. local express between
Perth and Montreal, as a brakeman.
He is one of Mr. Luddy's fellow board-
ers at the Albion Hotel at present. He
intends to have his wife and little boy
come to Perth soon.
We were pleased to have a visit from
Mr. Peter McGregor, of Almonte, recent-
ly. He attended the old Hamilton
school for six months, and while there
often went hunting with Mrs. Terrill's
husband. He is pretty old now, but
quite smart. He happened to be in
Perth on business and put up at the
Albion Hotel where Mr. Luddy boards,
the proprietor, Mr. J. H. Young, being
an old friend of his, having played with
each other in their boyhood days. Mr.
McGregor once lived in Perth for five
years, so he is well known here. His
wife is also a deaf mute and so is one of
his little girls that is six years and a half
old. He intends to send her to your
school next fall and the teachers will no
doubt be surprised to see her so familiar
with the one hand alphabet and many
of the signs.
Mr. T. H. Canton who boards with
Mr. Luddy at the Albion Hotel, and
who was formerly a brakeman on the
C. P. R., but is now employed in the
iron machine department of the car
shops, once worked in a large factory in
Oswego, N. Y., and among his fellow
workmen was a deaf mute who was
the best hand in the whole establish-
ment and always received the highest
wages.
Mr. Patrick was working in the boiler
house at the car shops some time, but
the general foreman would not let him
stay there as he thought he was too
good a hand to be spared from the
erection department.



# 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 typesetting, 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 also 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 cents for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Items 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



TUESDAY, MARCH 1, 1898.

### Painstaking Efforts.

The oft-quoted proverb that "genius is simply the capacity for taking infinite pains" contains but half a truth, for genius is more than this; but the half truth which it contains is just the half that may be assimilated, and worked out in practice, by every individual. Sir Frederick Leighton, the eminent British artist, possessed this indispensable quality of genius in an eminent degree, and no doubt to this capacity of taking pains, quite as much as to his inherent artistic instinct, is due the eminent success he achieved. It is related of him that when a young man, brilliant, enthusiastic and versatile, he was at work upon an Italian landscape, into which he wished to introduce an olive-tree. He remembered having seen a tree in the south of Italy which would quite suit his purpose, and he had a sufficiently vivid recollection of it to reproduce it, but he was not satisfied to trust to his memory, as no doubt many inferior painters would have done. He took the long journey to southern Italy for the express purpose of studying that tree, and spent some four or five weeks of unbroken observation and work ere he reappeared with an exact sketch of it. This patient effort, this determination to attain the nearest possible approach to perfection at whatever cost, is the great quality that lies behind all real success. Many people flippantly attribute to good luck the success attained by their fellows, but could they but see the careful attention to details, the days and nights of arduous toil, that characterized the early struggles of our successful men, they would discard their cheap and false philosophy of good luck for a truer conception of the methods by which success is achieved. Here also, as in the moral world, it is true that as a man soweth so he reapeth and no man can take out of life more than he puts into it.

In our last issue we stated that any of our contemporaries were quite at liberty to make any use they saw fit of any original matter that appeared in THE CANADIAN MUTE, whether with credit or without. We feel impelled however, to limit our permission by one important condition, and that is that the paper making use of any article shall make a reasonably serious effort not to distort it by typographical errors. Of course mistakes of this kind will be overlooked by the most careful of proof-readers and will creep into the best of papers, but really some of our contemporaries do not seem to exercise the least care in this matter, and it is exceedingly annoying to see the sense of an article, or a portion of it, quite destroyed by some easily recognizable error. There is no element in the getting up of a paper more important than a painstaking scrutiny of all proofs, and editors who err in this regard err beyond hope of forgiveness. Not long ago we counted 13 typographical errors in a reprinted article less than a column in length. Such carelessness is of course simply inexcusable.

The Iowa House of Representatives has just passed a bill which enacts that the manual alphabet shall be inserted in all Readers and Spellers in the public schools of that State. We have long advocated having this done in Ontario, and were in hopes that this Province which leads the world along so many educational lines, would be the first to introduce this beneficent innovation. But, though delayed, it will assuredly come in time, as all improvements do. It seems a pity that, after spending some fifty thousand dollars a year in educating the deaf so that they shall be qualified to mingle with the hearing in business and in industrial employments, an effort is not made to provide a common medium of communication especially when it can be done, by the method suggested above, without any expense whatever to the country.

An Italian physician has discovered that cycling has a very injurious effect on the hearing. If this be so there will be no lack of pupils for Schools for the Deaf in years to come. We hope that some of the devotees of the wheel on our staff will take alarm at this discovery—and give their wheels to those who do not at present feel able to afford this luxury. We know some of the latter who are self-sacrificing enough to be willing to risk becoming deaf in order to guard present owners of wheels from this danger.

We cannot withhold an expression of admiration for *The Lone Star Weekly* in its new dress. From the tasteful heading to the last line it is as handsome a paper as one would wish to see, and a credit to deaf-mute journalism. And its contents are quite in keeping with its general appearance, the selected articles being generally very good while the original matter is always pertinent and well written.

- The beautiful hidden virtues are the most lovely.
- Virtue is the mother of glory, because it is deserving of honor.
- Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. *Swift*
- Half the people who pretend to make love, could be arrested for counterfeiting.
- Modesty is to merit what shading is to a picture. It makes it stand out in strong relief.
- The heartfelt, "God bless you" falls sweetly upon the ears of those to whom the words are addressed.
- To master one subject thoroughly is vastly to increase your power of dealing with every subject that you touch.

### Adventure of Two Deaf-Mutes.

Thursday night of last week two deaf and dumb brothers of Corbin named Goodin went to the home of Hon. J. A. Ingram and knocked Mrs. Ingram asked who was there, and after hearing the knocking and asking the question several times and receiving no answer, she ordered the parties to leave. The noise continued and Mrs. Ingram whose only companion in the house was her little niece, becoming frightened, got her husband's gun, went to another door and fired on the intruder. He fled and the next time he was heard from was at Pleasant View Friday morning with several wounds about his face, where shot had either cut him or where he had hurt himself in his hurried attempt to cross the yard fence. Of course, the man intended no harm, but Mrs. Ingram did not know his condition and, under the circumstances had good reason for being alarmed. *Williamburg Times*

### Pa's Prayers.

One hard winter when sickness came to the poorly paid pastor of a certain New England church, his flock determined to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones and for material blessing upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened a stout farmer boy was seen.

"What do you want?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers?" Why, what do you mean?"

Yep, brought his prayers and they are out in the wagon. Just help me and we'll get them in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that pa's prayers consisted of potatoes, flow, bacon, cornmeal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and a lot of jellies for the sick ones. The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

### Deaf and Leper.

A pathetic story comes to us from the Territories Leprans of Louisiana. In that low, malarious district through which a foul bayou creeps to the Gulf, a few lepers have found refuge. They live on rice and fish, and hide in the ferns at the approach of strangers.

One old man who had lived there, friendless, through long years of agony, was found last winter just before his death by a faithful priest. He was deaf and blind, and the horrible disease had almost destroyed the human outlines of his face—but just before he died the distorted features suddenly lightened and he cried out:

"I shall see Jeanne again!"

Jeanne, whether wife or child, was the one being dearest to him, and he carried with him his love for her through years of torture unto death.

Queen Olga of Greece, who was one of the watchers at the deathbed of the late Tsar of Russia, has written that for days he could not bear to have the Tsarina leave him for a moment. He held her close in his arms as she knelt beside him often kissing her cheek. At the last moment, when he found that he could not move his head, he sighed and said:

"I shall never kiss her again!"

They were his last words.

He sat upon the highest earthly throne of the world, ruling over millions of human beings, yet when he went out into the darkness, it was not his power or majesty that were real to him, but the love that had been true and dear.

There are but one or two facts in men's lives which are really of import, and they are the same for each man. These are his work, his relation to God, and the love of those who are dear to him.

When in health we clutch at many other things—money, fashion, position or power—but at the gate at the far end of the road they drop away and beggar and kaiser can carry nothing into the unseen world but the mercy of God, and let us hope—the human love that in its sweetness and purity is a foretaste of heaven.

"How do you happen to be called Jack?" "Oh, it's just a nickname. I don't know but that it was an abbreviation."

### Silent Worship.

In the late HARRIS & W. Wayide Flowers, Deaf and Dumb, 111 and 113 Hamilton St.

The Sabbath eve, the hour of a waiting congregation. They hear no music in the air. They wait for calm, respect, repose in every smile and No words their burning lips. The benedict knees, the anxious they hear not speak no.

From the dark chambers of the soul. Through the bright eyes. No sound of solemn organ. No hallowed words from a solemn to beam glorious. Kyrie Eleison, humble prayer. To them are mystic shades. But angels listen. God is here.

Oh, ear that boasts thy music. Oh tongue that prides thy draw. Draw near unto this silent prayer. Learn what these worshippers. Needs our great Teacher said. That He may understand. He who hath speechless strains. And makes the silent flowers.

Has He not mystic telegrams. Reaching from earth to heaven. May not these silent children. In His calm temple rest and. And such mysterious outflow. Like Jacob's ladder blossom. Shall with unuttered glories. And bring down beings of light.

Oh, blessed work of charity. To pour into these minds. The glory of the perfect day. The blessings of the Holy Spirit. Oh, sweet reward to stand. With these around, so long. And hear and I the Archangel. The Master's welcome. Praise.

### Advice Plainly Given.

An elderly lady went into a retail shop in New York for Christmas, and asked a young girl behind the counter:

"Have you any gold buttons?"

The girl surveyed her for a moment, and seeing an elderly dressed woman, without looking down a box, shoved it into the counter and indifferently turned to serve the passers-by.

"These are sleeve buttons for a customer, gently. I have no buttons."

Her accent was not that of a rich man, and the girl goggled significantly at one of her buttons, took down another box and showed it over the counter.

"These are enameled imitation stones. I want the plain buttons, if you please. Buy a stranger quietly."

"The enameled are the same as you please," said the stranger.

"If you can't find what you want, haven't got them," said the girl, tossing her head. "Ladies' buttons are not my business. Buttons for gifts now. They are jeweled ones."

"The stranger rose.

"They don't suit you. I don't want them from the first. Show me the lid on the box and turn it over on the customer."

The lady hesitated and then, in a gentle, firm voice, I might say, employer and tell him how his interests are served by you. I'm sorry for you, and I am going to waste a little plain coin on you.

"I came from England. You would have waited on me there for one third of the wages I am paid here. Your purpose now is to serve each customer that you think is as good as she is. That is plain cause of your rudeness just now. It may be as good or better than that, but that is not what your employer wants you to show to me. He pays you for his buttons. The more you show to me, the more you are, the more buttons you sell, and the more you will be. It is your one chance to better your condition."

She went out. The girl looked at her, flushed and angry.

"Do you know who that was?" she asked a salesman who was passing.

"That is Lulu—name you don't know, notwithstanding, who is a general international reformer. What was she saying to you?"

The girl hesitated. "She told me what a fool I had been. I think she did it," she said. *Youth's Companion*

Flattery is a sort of bad flattery which our vanity gives currency to. Sunday is the golden clasp which together the volume of the world's.

**Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.**

**OFFICERS**

President	D. BAYNE	Merville
V. Pres.	A. H. WAGGONER	Preston
Secy.	A. W. MARSH	Toronto
Treas.	W. M. NURSE	Belleville
At-Large	D. J. MCKILLOP	Belleville
At-Large	D. H. COLLMAN	Belleville
At-Large	W. J. CAMPBELL	

**ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**

President	R. Mathison
Secy.	Wm Douglas
Treas.	D. J. McKillop
At-Large	Wm Nurse

**ICE HOCKEY CLUBS**

First Team	J. Charbonneau
Second	F. Harris
Third	T. Christie
Fourth	F. Harris

**LITERARY SOCIETY**

President	R. Mathison
Secy.	Wm Nurse
Treas.	D. J. McKillop
At-Large	Ada James

**To the Members of the Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.**

Dear Friends: The Executive Committee after due consideration have decided to call the next convention to meet at Cranbury Park about the middle of June next on a date to be announced later. The park is situated a few miles from Hamilton on the G. T. R. It is a beautiful place on the shores of Lake Ontario and is aptly named the Chautauqua of Canada. There are two good hotels for the accommodation of visitors a temple for meetings, conveniences for out-door sports as boating, lawn tennis, croquet etc and we feel sure that the decision of the committee will be heartily accorded with by the members. The committee have arranged for reduced rates at the hotels, for board lodging, use of hall for meetings and all conveniences the cost will only be 80 cents per day. We expect to be able to publish views of the park as well as fuller information in future issues of THE CANADIAN MUTE. Members and friends are cordially invited to prepare papers, addresses, etc. for the entertainment and instruction of the gathering and they will please notify the Secretary of the same as soon as possible that the programme may be prepared in good time.

Faithfully yours,  
 Wm Nurse Secretary      David Bayne President

**"Christopher Columbus."**

A pleasant evening was spent by the pupils in the chapel on Saturday, 19th ult. in attending the lecture delivered by Mr. Bals on the subject of "Christopher Columbus." It absorbed the attention of the pupils while it lasted mainly through the ability of the good sign-maker in clothing even a familiar subject with fresh interest. He spoke of the birth and education of Columbus of the strong opposition the great navigator overcame in convincing the doubters of the existence of a new land of his success and triumph in discovering America and of his subsequent voyages and end in trouble and degradation. At the close Miss Wylie moved a vote of thanks, passed with a hearty will expressing the hope that Mr. Bals would come again soon to enlighten us.

**The Queen and the Deaf Girl.**

The story of our Queen and the deaf and dumb woman told in the *Methodist Recorder* Xmas No. is so sweet I hope I may repeat it. Her Majesty sent the girl to the Old Bent Road School and on her leaving let her knit the wool socks and garments required by the royal children purchased generously and never visited Osborne House without going to see her. When after a period of unhappy married life, the girl returned home all Her Majesty was a frequent visitor and spent much time talking to her in our language, "never allowing anyone to interpret for her." When the poor girl lay dying, our Queen on her last visit seemed quite unable to leave her, she bent and kissed her and went downstairs, but returned to repeat her farewells, kissed her once more and went sorrowfully at last to Balmoral. The woman is buried in Whippingham churchyard. — *F. James Haydon in February Epiphany*

Mr. Moore has been busy lately with pruning knife and saw and our apple orchard is now assuming a well trimmed appearance.

On the 13th ult the four Showers girls were called home by a message to the effect that their father was not expected to live. They started on the next train early on Monday morning, and arrived home at six in the evening, but they were too late to see their father alive, as he had died at three o'clock. Mrs. Showers is left with nine children, the youngest of whom is only two years old and she and her family have our sympathy in their great trouble.



Storm after storm has kept the snow plough busy nearly every morning lately.

The 23rd ult being Ash Wednesday, the Catholic pupils attended church in the city in the morning.

The other day Mr. Downie got in a large quantity of lumber for the cold storage compartment he is to build in the ice house and the work will be pushed on now.

Now we have the electric light here we have the added convenience of being able to light up outside. Globes have been placed at principal points around the exterior of the building and are a great improvement.

Our mail bag was a bulky affair on the morning of St. Valentine's day. Our old pupils delight on this day to caricature the individual peculiarities of their old school chums and some were decided hits on the recipients.

The boys in some of the industrial departments did not quite like it because the young ladies from Albert College came and went without paying them a visit. We hope when they come again the weather will be more favorable.

Orders went forth last week that all boys big and little were to go under the barber's shears. Tommy Green was excused from the carpenter-shop and Tommy Pool from the shoe shop to do the job and they did it expeditiously and well.

Our pupils are evidently tiring of winter sports in snow and ice and the boys are thinking life hardly worth living until they get the foot ball out again. February treated us with more snow and stormy weather than all the rest of the winter put together.

We hope from circumstances that have taken place lately that our boys are now convinced their officers can see a few inches further into a mill stone than they can and that the rules of the Institution are framed in kindness and for their own good.

One of the happiest boys around here last week was Fluey Love, when the money came for a pair of new boots for him. He had waited so long and needed them so badly our shoemakers made them up right away. The operation of trying the fit amused the whole shop he was so happy.

Last week our messenger, Mr. Ed Johnson, was caught like the bad boy in story books, with his finger in the jam. It was not the kind of jam we are so fond of eating with our bread and butter but some made by "Old Boreas" and plastered on the stable door so quickly that "Ed" was fairly caught and had to nurse a painfully mashed finger for some days.

Our former pupils will recognize in the engraving on the front page some of the familiar scenes of the Bay of Quinte. The photo ice-boating on the bay will recall to many of them the sports and pastimes of years gone by while they were scholars here. The engraving was taken from a photo of the Institution ice-boat fleet and some of our readers may be able to recognize their own shadows in the group.

A little while ago we recorded that through the kindness of Mr. Mathison part of the resident teachers and officers enjoyed an evening sleigh-ride. Last week the sleighing being good, the team was placed at the disposal of those who did not go with the first party and they had an enjoyable drive of nearly two hours. Misses Walker, Gibson, Linn and Metcalfe composed the party, Mr. McKillop being their escort. Miss Hale was to have gone also but she was otherwise pleasantly engaged.

The February issue of *The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery* has an article contributed by Mr. Stewart, of our Institute, on the Deaf and Dumb. He speaks of the erroneous ideas many hearing people have of the deaf and the advances made in their education and elevation during the past one hundred and fifty years. The article is a very interesting one and will probably be printed in full in a future issue of our paper. A photo of Mr. Mathison, another of the officers, teachers and pupils grouped in front of the main building, and one of the Brantford Convention held in 1886 are published with it.

**PERSONALITIES.**

—Emily H. Hares, of Allansville, Ont., writes a very pleasing note as to her home life and prospects. We are glad to hear that she is so happy in her surroundings.

—Mr and Mrs. Moore, of Toronto, were again in Belleville last week, Mrs. Moore's mother being very ill, after a stay of a few days the danger passed and they have now returned home.

—Miss Mary A. Campbell is still living with her parents at Flinton and is quite well. She is hoping that the next convention will be held in Belleville and she would try to be present. It would give her great pleasure to renew the old friendships of the past.

—Mr. J. S. Gould has been working in Rathburn's mill at Deseronto; feeling lonely there without mute society he lately went to visit his old friend and school chum, Mr. Robbins, of Flinton, whom he had not seen for three years. The two old friends were very glad to meet once more and recall reminiscences of the past.

—Mr. F. O. Robbins, a former pupil of the Institution and a graduate of our shoe-shop, has opened up a boot and shoe business at Flinton and is doing nicely. Trade is rather dull at this season but he is not discouraged and sees bright prospects ahead as there are several mines now in operation and more will open in the spring.

—The Institution received a large bouquet of sweetness and beauty from Albert College, on Thursday, the 17th ult, in the form of a visit from some twenty of the lady students under the chaperonage of Miss Gardiner, B. A., the Lady Principal, and Miss Wilson, one of the lady teachers. After a pleasant afternoon in the class rooms and shops, a light collation was served in the reception room, and then the visitors departed, followed by the longing gaze of our older students of the male persuasion, and of our bachelor teachers.

The Texas Institution paper says that Mr. George Begg, a teacher of that school, is an inventor. He has about completed a cotton planter that will plant two rows of cotton at one time, and mark the ground for the return rows. He says, continues the report, that he intends to introduce it on his own farm but if it is the success it promises, there will be many other cotton growers that will want them. Who knows but that George may be a rich man yet? — *Silent Hooster.* Our friend Begg is a rich man now and his many admirers will be glad to hear that he is likely to be a millionaire. — *Ed. C. M.*

Most of our friends are obliged, however unwillingly, to get up at a certain time in the morning. To provide for this requirement some of them adopt ingenious methods for being awakened at the proper hour. I know one who sleeps with a string round his wrist, said string being pulled by some one in an adjoining room when the alarm clock goes off. Some have an ordinary alarm clock, by means of which at the time desired an iron weight is released, and it falls upon the floor with a thud, startling enough to wake the dead. Another oddity which, according to the *Register*, obtains in America is a frame from which are suspended a number of corks. During the night it is lowered gradually by a clockwork mechanism, until at the proper hour and minute the dangling corks begin to bob against the nose and face of the sleeper. Of course he wakes up. The most obvious advantage of these sleep alarms is that they render anxiety on the part of the sleeper unnecessary so far as rising is concerned.

According to a French professor the rabbit is able to bear the greatest cold. He shut a rabbit up all night in a block of ice, and the next morning the animal seemed to be very comfortable and not to know that anything unusual had been going on.

The largest sponge ever sent to market was from the Mediterranean. It was 10 feet in circumference and three in diameter.

Clara. He is so obstinate. Maude. In what way? Clara. It's the hardest thing in the world to convince him that I am always right.

The largest hall in the United States is said to be the wigwam at Chicago, which will seat 20,000 spectators.

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.

**THE CANADIAN MUTE.**

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1, 1898

It drives east and another drives west  
 In selfsame winds that blow  
 In the set of the sails.  
 It is not the gales  
 That tell us the way we go  
 In winds of the sea are the ways of fate  
 In coverage along through life  
 In the set of the soul  
 That decides its goal  
 In the calm of the strife  
 — *Ed. Wheeler in Ohio*

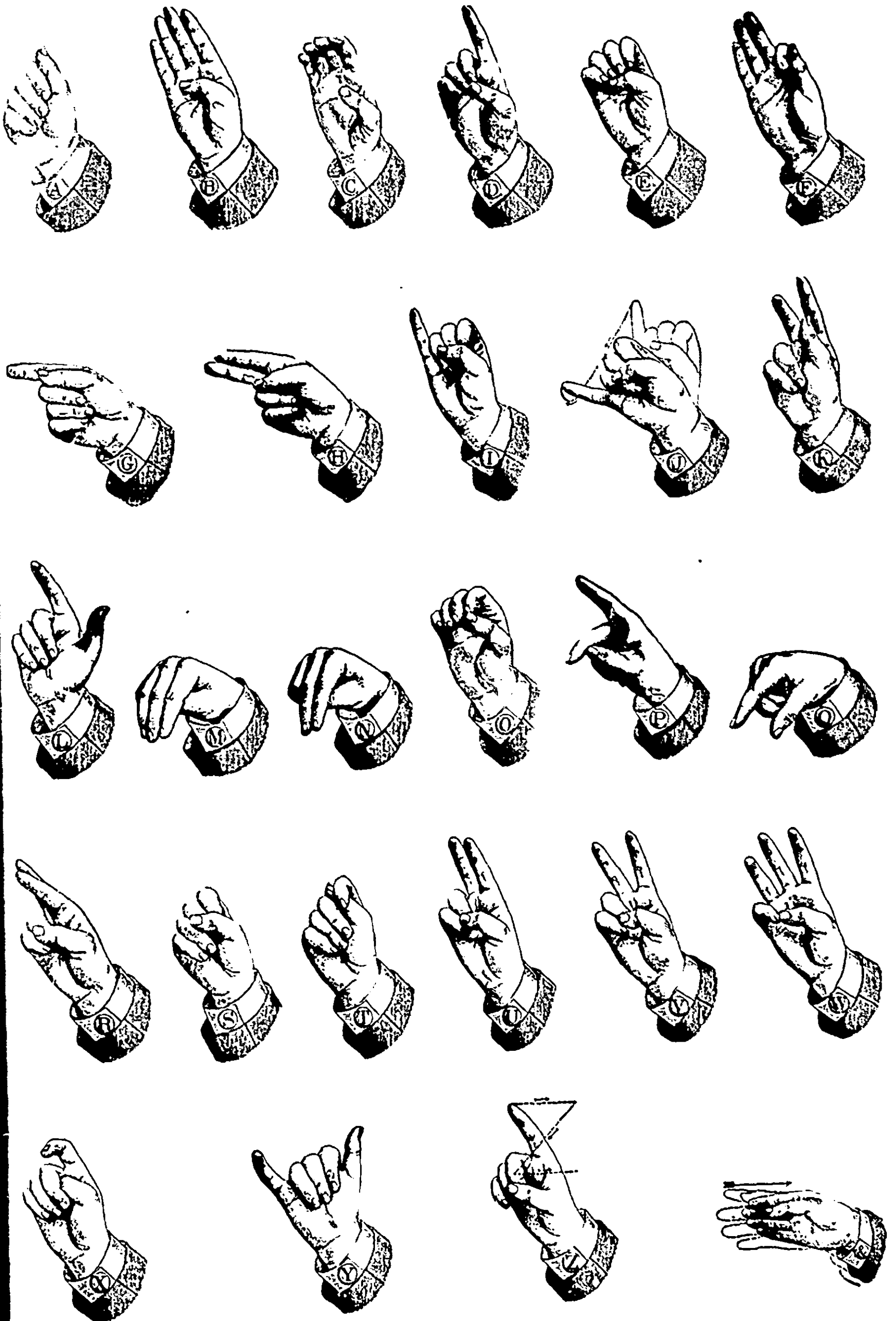
**Word Contest.**

On Saturday evening, the 12th ult. entertainment was afforded the pupils in the shape of a word forming contest. At the usual hour, viz. 7:15 o'clock they assembled in the chapel and interest in what was to come. On opening, Mr. Nurse, who was in charge of the meeting said that the contest should be impartially and be held as on other occasions and expressed the hope that good feeling would prevail both during and after the contest and then appointed Miss J. Jones as judge for the boys, and Mr. Mathison for the young ladies. On our part Messes Wylie, Blackburn, Muehle and Cunningham occupied the rostrum and on the other were Messrs. Crough, Light, Leslie, Shilton and Harris. The presiding gentleman selected Constant as the word, out of which the contestants should form the greater number of words, and wrote it on the centre of a blackboard, on either side of which a set of fourteen letters, as numbered on the word, was marked, each letter being separated by a perpendicular line. The limit of ten seconds was to be allowed for the contestants to think out and record each word, one failing to do so within that time was to retire. Now began the keen excitement of the contest which increased to the close. The contestant after another rushed to the blackboard to record a fresh word quickly and steadily for about half an hour when Miss Muehle, repeating the word once or twice, dropped out. She was followed by Mr. Leslie in the same way then Miss Blackburn, Mr. Harris, Miss Holt and Miss Cunningham leaving Miss Wylie alone to contend bravely for a time with the remaining three boys. However, victory was at length gained a second time this session by the boys, who joined the others in a jubilant frame of mind. The number of words formed by the girls was 91, and that by their opponents 113, thus leaving the difference of 22 in favor of the latter. The contest lasting over an hour necessitated the postponement of the lecture to be given by one of the teachers.

Mr. Campbell thinks that the mutents have a special spite against snow, as he nearly always gets a stormy week for night-study duty.



SINGLE-HAND ALPHABET.





The Punctuation Points.

Six little marks from school are we. Very important all agree. Filled to the brim with mystery, Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small. But where it stands the voice must fall. At the close of a sentence all Place this little mark from school.

One little mark with gown a trailing. Holds up the voice, and never falling. Tells you not long to pause when halting. This little mark from school.

It, out of breath, you chance to meet. Two little dots, both round and neat. Pause and those they guardian greet. This little mark from school.

When shorter pauses are your pleasure. One trail his word takes half the measure. They speed you on to seek new treasure. This little mark from school.

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies. Keep up the voice - await replies. To gather information tries. This little mark from school.

One little mark, with an exclamation. Presents itself to your observation. And leaves the voice at an elevation. This little mark from school.

Six little marks, be sure to heed us. Carefully study, write and read us. For you can never cease to need us. Six little marks from school.

Julia M. Colton.

Richy and his Motto.

The incidents of this story occurred shortly after the great Brooklyn Bridge had been completed. Mr. Mayo was sitting in his easy chair, reading the evening paper, when his son Richard - called "Richy" for short - was bending over his slate, busily solving problems in his algebra. For Richy was considerably advanced for his age. Suddenly Mr. Mayo looked up from his paper and said:

"See here, Richy! I've found something worth reading and remembering. Have you time to listen?"

"Oh, yes, if it's not too long," the boy rejoined.

"It is only a short paragraph. Let me see," scanning the columns of the paper. "Here it is:

"When the gates of the new Brooklyn Bridge were opened for foot-passengers the crowds pressing in from both ends became so great that the way was blocked. The people could not move in either direction, and there was danger of some of them being injured in the press. It was a question how to overcome the difficulty. At last the authorities caused placards to be put up at various places on which were printed these words, 'Keep to the right, and keep moving.' The crowds followed the directions given and the pressure was soon relieved."

Mr. Mayo stopped reading and looked at his son over his gold-rimmed spectacles. "What do you think of that, Richy," he asked.

"It was a good way out of the dilemma," Richy answered, promptly.

"So it was; and it would be a good way out of many difficult places. How would those words, 'Keep to the right, and keep moving, do for a life-motto?"

A thoughtful look came to Richy's blue eyes.

"I don't know where one could find a better," he replied, returning to his problems; but, even while solving them, he resolved to make that sentence, "Keep to the right, and keep moving," the standard of his life.

There are plenty of opportunities for a boy to put such a principle into practice. The very next day an opportunity came to Richy. His problems were quite difficult, and he was feeling a little dull, if not lazy. His teacher was in the habit of solving the most difficult problems of each lesson for his own use on a pencil tablet, so that he could present them in the best form to the pupils.

During the day he sauntered around to Richy's desk, to see what progress the boy was making in the studies.

When he walked away he inadvertently left his tablet lying on Richy's desk. The latter glanced down at it, and saw at once that it contained the solution of the two most difficult problems over which he had been racking his brain in a futile effort for an hour.

How easy it would be to look hastily over the teacher's work! It would save him hours of hard study; and, more than that, it would insure him against failure. And Richy could not bear the thought of failing to-day. He had not failed with a single problem since the term began, and there was only one other pupil in the school who had made a similar record, and that was Tom

Patterson; and Richy could not afford to let Tom get ahead of him.

"Yes, I believe I'll just glance over Mr. Boyd's work," he mused. "It would help me so much."

What a temptation it was! Mr. Boyd would never know. No one would ever know - no one except Richy himself. But hold! Would it be right?

The thought of that word "right" brought another thought, which flashed like an electric gleam through his mind:

"Keep to the right, and keep moving!"

And he did "move" in a most literal way - that is, he ran as fast as his feet would carry him to the barn where his father was feeding the horse.

"Father! father!" he said, in low, breathless tones. "I've found twenty dollars. I've been awfully tempted to keep them, because I wanted to buy mother a sewing-chair for a birthday gift; but - but" he swallowed hard.

"my motto kept me from doing wrong. I couldn't keep to the right and keep moving, and be dishonest so - so here's the money. We must try to get it back to the owner."

"You did right, my dear boy," assured his father, his voice a little husky. "I will advertise the loss in the city papers to-morrow. But such an honest deed deserves a reward, Richy. Let me see," thoughtfully. "So you want very much to get your mother a birthday present?"

"Oh, if I only could - with my own money, of course!"

"I've got a plan. I happen to have more writing on hand than I can do for several weeks. If you will write an hour and a half for me every evening, I will give you twenty-five cents a day until you have earned five dollars; and, more than that, I'll pay you in advance, so that you can get the sewing chair for your mother in time for her birthday."

Richy clasped his hands for joy. How delighted his mother was with her birthday gift, especially when she heard the whole story of the pocket book that Richy had found, but was too honest to keep!

"Hold fast to your motto, Richy," she said, her lips on his forehead. - J. S. Keyser, in Golden Days.

His Own Sled.

Would you believe it, a dog coasting down hill all alone? The man who tells the story says as he was driving in the country he came to a hill, and there he saw a dog, whose name was Nep, turn over on his back and coast down the hill. When he reached the bottom, he would turn over, get on his feet, trot to the top of the hill, turn over on his back, and coast down again. The man saw the dog coast in this way several times, evidently having great fun. - Ex.

Fashion is only the attempt to realize art in living forms and social intercourse.

Young Horso - A woman is driving me now, and I can never understand what she wants me to do. Old Horso - That's easy. A lot of jerks backward on the reins means that she wants you to go ahead.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: West - 3:15 a.m.; 1:30 p.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:25 a.m.; 3:05 p.m.; East - 1:05 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 10:17 a.m.; 12:15 p.m.; 3:40 p.m. MONTREAL AND PETERBORO BRANCH - 3:45 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.; 3:10 p.m.; 3:45 p.m.

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.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

ILLUMINATED SERVICES are held as follows, every Sunday: West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Bovercourt Road, at 11 a.m. General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave., 10 of 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. Loafers - Messrs. Nasmith, Bridgen and others. East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Streets. Service at 11 a.m. every Sunday. Stock Classes - Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and Cor. Queen Street and Bovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. Address, 377 Clinton Street. Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Classes: -

BOOKS. From 9 a.m. to 12 noon from 1:30 to 3 p.m. Drawing from 3 to 5 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of week.

GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday noon of each week from 3 to 5.

EVESING BY BY from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for pupils and from 8 to 9 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes: -

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

Religious Exercises: -

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

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 discuss their work. They may teach their respective school subjects later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon 7 o'clock the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. C. Burke, Right Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, Rev. F. J. Thompson, M. A. (Protestant), Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist), Rev. H. Foxworth, (Baptist), Rev. W. Mack, (Presbyterian), Rev. Father Connolly; R. Castle, B. D., Rev. J. J. Alice, Rev. S. H. Hink.

CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3:15. A national series of Sunday school Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments: -

PRINTING OFFICE, BOOK AND CARPET STAIRS from 7:30 to 9 a.m. and from 2:30 to 5 p.m. for pupils who attend school those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. each working except Saturday, when the office and will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS Hours are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 4 p.m. those who do not attend school, and 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No work on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shop and Rooms to be left each day when work 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 allowed matters foreign to the work in his interests with the performance of several duties.

Visitors: -

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be kindly welcomed any school day. Visitors are allowed Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on day afternoons. The best time for visits on ordinary school days is a short after in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:15 o'clock.

Admission of Children: -

When pupils are admitted and parents with them to the institution, they are advised not to linger and prolong the taking with their children. It only means discomfort for all concerned, particularly the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without a will be quite happy with the others a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation: -

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

Clothing and Management: -

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

Sickness and Correspondence: -

In case of the serious illness of pupils let us telegrams will be sent daily to parents guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTER FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE KEPT AWARE TO ANY EXTENT.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, are required to write home every three weeks letters will be written by the teachers for little ones who cannot write, stating, as far as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have to be used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise in papers and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are swindlers and only want money for which they will not return. Consult well known practitioners in case of deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.