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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VI.

BELLEVILLE, JUNE 15, 1897.

NO. 3.

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. CRAMER, TORONTO.

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A. MATHESON, Nurse.
J. E. AKINS, M. D., Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. H. COLPMAN, M. A., Head Teacher
P. DENYS, Miss MARY HULL
JAMES C. BALDWIN, M. A., Miss FLORENCE MATHREY
D. J. MCKILLIP, Miss SYLVIA L. BALDWIN
W. J. CAMPBELL, Miss ADA JAMES
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Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

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Miss M. DENNEY, Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc.
JOHN DOWRIE, Master Carpenter

Miss S. A. HALE, Training Hospital Nurse.
D. CONNORHAM, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

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

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

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

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

At present time the trades of Printing, Carpentering and Shoemaking are taught to boys the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and all other ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

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

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

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The Queen's Jubilee.

BY E. A. HODGINS, H. E. L. C. A.

Let the nations all keep silence as the songs of Britain ring,
As are sung by joyous people everywhere.
Let the rich and poor with gladness sing aloud
Of kings, O King!
Let the music roll and ripple in the air

Let the martial music, sounding like the mighty roar of wind,
Fill the earth with joy and gladness in its wake.
Let the sons of British freedom be of one true heart and mind,
And the courage of the mighty let them take.

And the sweeping voice of millions—let it join the angels song,
In the gladdest anthem Britain ever sang,
While the mighty roar of ocean's deep will pass the words along,
Till they hear the joyful chorus o'er the main.

Let the millions of earth's singers swell the shout of jubilee,
Of a Queen who rules so wisely and so well
Let the rivers and the mountains overflow from sea to sea,
Bring their tributes and their pleasant story tell

Though the jealousy of nations oft has sought to bring her low,
And some lands where British freedom reigns have want,
Yet there's plenty for the workman who will labor 'gainst the foe
And reject the wolf of famine grim and pale

But arouse, ye men of valour let us fill the air with song,
Let the women wave the banners to the breeze!
And with hearts and hands enamoured, let us swell the chorus long
Till our exultation every nation sees!

Let the world look back on Britain as the marching years roll on,
When she sang of Queen and people pure and true
Let the record of our nation be made radiant as the sun,
By the path of right and virtue we pursue.
Lucknow, Ont. (Jan 1897)



The Good Ship Birkenhead.

Forty five years ago the troopship Birkenhead, rendered famous in song and story, went down with four hundred and thirty seven souls on board. Nowadays most of us have learned to look upon Prussia as the nucleus of the military monarchy in Europe, and on the discipline of Prussian soldiers as the rock on which the grandeur and unity of Germany have been built. Yet, in 1852, the lesson in discipline which had been taught the world by Britons on February 26th seemed to the king of Prussia so precious that he ordered the record of it to be read out at the head of every regiment of his service, and it is doubtful, says the London Mail, whether in the history of the world the like compliment has been ever paid by the monarch of one proud race to the martial qualities and training of another.

Everybody has, of course, heard of the Birkenhead, but most people, if pressed, would tell you that they believed the men went down standing in their ranks singing Rule Britannia; or God save the Queen.

In straight truth, the sons of Britain did nothing theatrical. The dignity of the whole scene lies in this, that it consisted in nothing but the calm, ordinary performance of duty, at a time when every man had before him the immediate prospect of a watery grave on a rock bound coast densely covered with fatal seaweed in a sea known to be full of sharks: and that while out of a total number of six hundred and thirty, only one hundred and ninety-three men were saved, not one woman or child was drowned, because the men, after all further work was impossible, in obedience to the appeal of their officers, remained on the poop of the sinking ship rather

than leap into the water, lest they should swamp by their numbers the boat that was carrying off the women and children. The following verses tell the story:—

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women arose

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
The spirit of that shock

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away disorderly the planks
From underneath her keel

Confusion spread, for though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea brink,
The boats could hold?—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink

"Out with those boats and let us haste away,"
Cries one, "ere yet you see the last devourer,"
The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose talkers, and yet again
Till our good Colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought,
By shameful strength unhonored life to seek
Our post to quit we were not taught, nor taught
To trample down the weak

So we made women with their children go
The oars ply back again, and yet again
Whilst such to such the drowsy ship sank low
Still under steadfast men

What follows why recall? The brave who died
Died without flinching in the bloody strife
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide
As others under turf

They sleep as well till roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again
Joint heirs with Christ, because they died to save
His loved ones, not in vain.

Britannia Rules the Waves.

England's "wooden walls" were her protection for many a long year against hostile invasion. They carried her flag to victory in all parts of the world. Her "hearts of oak" won the great battles of Trafalgar, the Nile, and Copenhagen, where "the boldest held his breath for a time." Nothing could be more stately than a fleet of square rigged ships manœuvring under full sail. They looked like a flight of snow-winged birds, but as war-ships these are as extinct as the "Dodo" or the "Megatherium."

A huge, grim iron structure, often carrying no sail at all, more like a floating fortress than a ship, impelled by twin screws, moved by engines which exert the force of 18,000 horses against wind and tide, at the rate of twenty five or twenty seven miles an hour, is the present warship. They are enormously expensive, costing two, three, or even more millions each, for first-rates. Around the vital parts—the engine and boilers—they are armed with metal plates from twelve to fourteen, or even more, inches in thickness, and the largest carry eighty ton guns. They are a highly organized machine, and while a perfect volcano of energy, they are so enormously heavy that there is danger, if injured, of their "turning turtle," like the Victoria, or even without injury, like the Captain.

The British fleet is largely the police of the sea. It has exterminated the ocean slave trade and has probably preserved peace more than all the land forces in the country. Till the principles of international arbitration and of the Prince of Peace shall prevail, it is probable that these costly, tremendous, and destructive floating forts must be built and manned. Their cost is far less than that of an army, and Great Britain's forty colonies throughout the world make her ships a necessity everywhere.

One of the godlike things of this world is the veneration done to human worth by the hearts of men.—Carlyle.

A Story of Queen Victoria.

Mr. A. T. Story vouches for the truth of the following incident of the Queen's childhood, which he narrates in the London Quiver. She was at the time but seven or eight years of age, and her heart was set on a certain doll which she had seen in a shop window. She had to wait, however, until she could save the price, six shillings, out of her pocket-money. At last the day came, the coveted doll was paid for and received. The story proceeds as follows:—

"And now with the precious treasure upon her arm, the little lady bade the shopkeeper good afternoon, and was about to stop from the door, when a poor, miserable-looking object of a man met her eye. He was standing but a couple of feet away, and seemed as though he were going to speak to her, attracted doubtless by the innocent kindness of her expression, and the tenderness of her blue eyes. But though his lips moved, no sound came from them.

"He stood aside to let her pass—a mute agonized appeal in his sunken cheeks and quivering chin.

"Did you wish to speak to me?" asked the little lady, staying her steps. "Encouraged by her winning voice, the poor tramp—for such he was—said, in trembling accents:

"I am very hungry. I would not ask for help if I were not ready to sink with hunger."

"He looked famished from his eyes. "I am so sorry; I have no money or else—"

His lips trembled forth a humble "Thank you, lady," then he shuffled on his way, hunger impersonate.

"Stay!" murmured the little owner of the now doll. There was a quiver in her childish voice and a moisture in her eyes as she spoke. "Wait a minute, please."

She stepped back into the shop, approached the lady behind the counter, and said:—

"Oh, please, do you mind taking the doll back and keeping it for me for a few days longer?"

"Certainly I will," replied the shopkeeper: "and you wish me to return you the money?"

"Yes, if you please."

This was done, and the little lady, hurrying out of the shop, placed the whole of the money in the hands of the starving man.

"He was like one thunderstruck. Never had bounty rained upon him in such profusion before.

"The object of her bounty murmured in a low tone, though loud enough to reach her ear:—

"If the Almighty made you a queen, it would not be more than your goodness deserves!"

What's in a Name?

Every true Briton is proud of England's naval prowess. It is still true that "Britannia rules the waves," but we think that some better names might be given her great war-ships. One, for instance, is called the "Revenge," another the "Devastation," and another, we believe, the "Terror." Now these names do not make them a whit more powerful. They strike us as a good deal like the Chinese mode of painting hideous dragons on their banners to frighten the enemy. Moreover, they suggest unchristian thoughts. Not revenge, but justice, should be the ideal of the nation. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

These great ships should rather be regarded as Britain's police of the seas. Just as Policeman X—guards the street crossings, protects ladies and children, and suppresses riots, so should Britain be umpire of the high seas. Why not call her great ships the "Umpire," "Justice," "The Peacemaker," instead of names which suggest the wrath and vindictiveness of man.



The Queen.

Flush'd with a thousand victories,
 O'er half the earth her red cross flies
 The day's free sunlight never dies
 On Britain's world-wide throne
 Rejoice that the Persian never knew
 Waves where Rome's eagle never flew,
 Her free dominion o'er,
 From Himalaya's snowy piles,
 From green Australia's farthest isles,
 Where sweeps the wave round Eden's peak
 Where deep woods shield the vanquish'd Sikh—
 Where the wild Cape's gigantic form
 Looms through the haze of southern storm
 Where the old Spanish rock looks down
 O'er the blue strait with martial frown,
 Where o'er the western world looks forth
 Quebec, gray fortress of the north!
 Where old St. Lawrence sings and smiles,
 Round blue Ontario's thousand isles,
 Where the young queen of Inland seas,
 Toronto, woea the forest breeze—
 Where the everlasting spray-cloud floats
 High o'er Niagara's thunder not,
 Where 'tis spreads his waters fair
 Where white falls gleam on soft St. Clair
 Where the Great Spirit's island rest
 Far off on Huron's sunlit breast
 Where tempests wake superior sleep—
 Where Oregon looks o'er the deep—
 Floats the red cross on high!
 And the glad shout of free-born hosts
 Echo from earth's remotest coasts,
 "Britain and victory!"

Not a rich flush of martial light
 That adds thro' this isle's historic night,
 Not the wild breath of battle-horn
 Two centuries of conquest borne,
 Not the bright roll of champions brave,
 Earth's trophies—lords of field and wave!
 'Tis she a nobler fame!
 Where foot can press, where wave can roll,
 The slave—the captive a withering soul,
 Blesses thy honor'd name,
 Beautiful on the mountains shine
 Their feet who bear the holy sign,
 Salvation's banner-cross unfurl'd,
 The salbow of a darken'd world,
 Bright harbinger of Mercy—Peace—
 Improvement a triumph—Earth's increase—
 Glad hearts and firesides free,
 Such glow bright trophies—Christian Isles,
 Fruits of long years of wars and toils,
 High o'er red Glaston's crimson piles,
 "God's Word and Liberty."

And Thou! upon whose awful breath,
 Hang thro' and empire—Judgment—death—
 Before whose throne earth's slaves and kings
 Alike shall stand, weak suppliant things,
 Father of Him, whose gentle eye
 Look'd kind on childhood's purity,
 Shield'd Thou our Queen with strength divine,
 Pour blessings on her princely line,
 There be Worth—Victory—Might!
 Not with red and sword fiery brand,
 For shatter'd hearts and wasted land
 Be there a nobler fight—
 To sway the heart of Christian man,
 Lift the red cross in freedom's van,
 Bid Thy pure altars point to heaven,
 The chain from slavery's neck be riven,
 Let their bright standards fly
 On farthest shore and wildest main,
 Glad heralds of the angelic strain,
 "TRAC' UPON EARTH—GOODWILL TO MEN,
 GLORY TO THEE—ON HIGH!"

—The Maple Leaf.

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Study of the Longest Reign in British History.

Condensed from W. T. Stead, in Review of Lectures for March, 1897.

Send her victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the Queen

Never has prayer been more fully answered. No other British Sovereign has reigned so long. No other monarch in any land has reigned so long or so well; and year after year love and affection for Her Majesty the Queen has increased in the hearts of her people.

All English speaking people, owning the sovereignty of Great Britain, will this year vie with each other to express their gratitude and thankfulness for the abundant answer to this prayer in our National Anthem.

During the century English speaking people have placed their mark on the history of the world, and prominent among them has been that most womanly woman, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who has discharged "the common round, the daily task" with fidelity and capacity. Passing through ordeal after ordeal unvanquished, recoting great cri-

ses with undaunted heart, she has indelibly stamped upon the mind of the race the conception of highest duty nobly done. Coming to the throne when in her teens, upon her was focused "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," and during the sixty years she has stood the test, and is now in the hearts of English speaking people more loved, more honored and more revered than at any previous period of her history.

Few there are, in comparison with the millions under her rule, who have ever seen the Queen and fewer indeed who have ever heard her speak, yet their loyalty is unbounded, and in that loyalty her throne rests secure.

Think how immense is the area within her own empire upon which the Queen has never set her foot. The loyalty of her subjects in Canada, in South Africa and in Australia is unbounded, and flourishes out of sight of the throne. And what is true of these is true of most of the English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish counties, through many of which, at one time or another Her Majesty has made a royal tour or paid a royal visit. Outside of a radius twenty miles around her three royal residences the Queen is practically unknown. But these people who have never seen the Queen, pay the Queen's taxes, fight the Queen's battles, and uphold the Queen's throne. To them, the Queen, though invisible, is much more than a name. She is a reality in their lives, counting for much more than they think.

To many it may be interesting to trace some of the steps by which Mr. Stead progressed from Republicanism to Monarchy. Children nowadays, thanks to photography and illustrated journalism, are familiar with the features of the Queen. Not so in his young days. The first picture of the Queen that ever attracted his attention was the Queen's head on the old, red, unperforated penny postage-stamp. There was no idealizing of royalty in his home, and when he asked if the Queen looked like the picture on the stamp was told that "she was not so good looking." Then the Queen's image on the old copper penny attracted his attention, and he was somewhat puzzled over the difference between the two representations of Her Majesty.

Independents were by tradition opponents of the Monarchy, and as the son of an Independent minister, it is not strange that Republican principles were among the first of his political conceptions. Down to the seventies his political heroes were the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, the Kossoths, the Victor Hugos of the European revolution. His father could never free himself from his prejudice against the Tory aristocracy as the class that taxed the people's bread. As for the Queen his note was one of contemptuous toleration rather than of actual dislike. "A good woman, no doubt," he said, "but she has only to sign her name. Any good that could sign her name could do as well." Nevertheless, Mr. Stead informs us, his father was one of the best of men, the most law-abiding of citizens, and the kindest parent that boy could have.

Such being the sentiment in his home, it is not strange that his first feeling in connection with the person of Her Majesty should have been one of resentment as it was on the occasion of her visit to France and cordially meeting Louis Napoleon who was regarded by Republicans as the usurper who had strangled the Republic of France in the night after he had sworn to defend it to the death. In his resentment, however, lay the germ of ownership in the Queen which when fully developed makes every Englishman a prouder man to day when he reflects upon the glories of her reign.

Another, and a great step in his progress towards Monarchy, was furnished by the first great International Exhibition of 1851, which was launched and guided to a successful issue by the Prince Consort and Her Majesty the Queen.

The marriage of the Princess Royal and the Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia marked another step in his progress. That was a new thread of living interest between the head of the State and the humblest of its citizens, and the growing interest for the Royal family was shown in this Republican household by the expressed opinion that he did not seem good enough for her.

Not alone by joyful events was he

drawn towards the Monarchy as represented by Her Majesty, but by sadder events also. The death of Prince Albert, and the mourning of the nation drew out his sympathy and forged a new link which blended sovereign and subject in the communion of a common grief.

Less than two years saw another advance. The mourning of the nation gave place to the pealing of joy bells, for the Prince of Wales was to wed the Princess Alexandra. The circumstances, even in his humble surroundings, were so wonderfully novel, so strange and so thrilling to him. What thoughts were aroused by the smell of powder, and the report of musketry? He says they represented the British army to him, and in it he heard the echoes of Hougoumot, and he saw Napoleon smitten and broken into irremediable ruin. Thus funeral cars and wedding coaches alike served to draw the nation and the family at its head more closely together.

Some time after this there came for exhibition in Newcastle-on-Tyne a well-known picture by Mr. Jones Barker, "The Secret of England's Greatness." In this picture were represented, as central figures, a gorgeously attired Indian Prince inquiring for the secret of England's greatness, and Her Majesty handing to him the Bible for answer. The sovereign doing homage to the Bible: How the news spread among those Puritans of the North to whom "I gave them a king in my wrath" appeared to come very near to a brand of David's displeasure on Monarchy, and to whom it seemed that a long stride toward establishing the Kingdom of God and His righteousness would be made when Britain was restored to the primitive simplicity of republican institutions. To his republicanism at that time it was a sign of grace that she should recognize the book, and he tells us that the painting made a great impression on him and not on him only; and thus he began to think of the Sovereign as the Grand Certifier for the truth and excellence of that which is best worth holding by in Church and in State.

Soon after reaching his majority, Mr. Stead tells us, he had lost much of his reverence for the Crown. The death of the Prince Consort, the retreat of the Queen to her highland home meditating over her irreparable loss, and the widely circulated reports of the habits of the Prince of Wales effaced much of the good impression that had been formed during 1850 and 1861. But a reaction took place when the success of the German armies showed an example of efficiency and economy of a system in its essence monarchical, and impressed the nation to which he belonged by the magnificent spectacle of German loyalty and German discipline, as contrasted with the treachery and inefficiency of their opponents, who, though under the Empire, were essentially democratic. Then when the French Republic was formed, it became possible for that mad outbreak of the Commune to take place. The glamour of republicanism was gone, and the institution of kingship vindicated in full day as a supremely capable institution.

At about this time the value of a Sovereign was more fully impressed upon the people of Britain, when owing to the rivalry between the Lords and Commons, Mr. Gladstone was forced to appeal to the Queen to abolish purchase in the army, and thus England became aware that in the Sovereign they had an invincible reinforcement for the cause of the people.

Again, the carping of Radicals at Royal allowances, at the time during which Sir Charles Dilke, Bart., M. P., launched his famous diatribe against the cost of the crown, showed Mr. Stead the depth of inane trifling to which republican enthusiasm had sunk.

When the Republicans were discussing the probable date of the downfall of Monarchy, it was openly said that nothing would be done while the Queen lived, but "that young man," referring to the Prince of Wales, "will never ascend the throne. It will never be permitted." But a subsequent illness of the Prince changed all this, and of the time when the issue of the disease seemed doubtful, Mr. Stead says "I verily believe that the suspense, prolonged for nearly a whole week, finally extinguished the last smoldering embers of republicanism in England."

Shortly after the recovery of the Prince, the election of 1874 returned Mr. Disraeli to power, and the Radicals of the North, who did not believe such a

thing possible, saw a hard blow given their Republicanism.

But the period of his administration passed, and Mr. Gladstone was more favored by the people. Mr. Stead who was then in London, was able more clearly to see the actual working of the Executive government, and then learned to appreciate the advantage of having at the head of the State, a human being, trained for the part from infancy, who is not changed by adverse elections, and with whom, on the grave affairs of the State, ministers must take counsel before they act; and this conclusion was subsequently strengthened by a visit to the Great Republic of earlier ideals. He now sees the Queen as the centre of loyalty, even to the confines of her vast domains. On her and not on the House of Commons, is the interest of her subjects centered. The colonies have each their own government, and each is interested in its own politicians, and the removal of a ministry in England would have only a passing interest, but the loss of the Queen would be keenly felt in Canada, Australia, in New Zealand, in Cape Colony and elsewhere. High above all political people there rises before the eyes of every English speaking man, the majestic fabric of the hereditary monarchy.

By her earnest sympathy in times of trouble, the Queen, who has seen the tomb opened to receive almost all her contemporaries, and not a few of her own children and children's children, has shown herself to be the heart of her people; and by her knowledge of State craft she has on several occasions, averted trouble to the nation at large, even by refusing her assent to the council of her ministers. With such a head to the nation, the people of Britain go about their daily labor in the comfortable assurance that in addition to all the visible and tangible apparatus on which they can count for the purpose of preserving the peace of the realm and the defense of its rights and interests, they can also confidently rely upon the unceasing vigilance and incomparable experience of an invisible helper, who, though her action is unseen, hovers like a guardian angel over the peace of the nations that call her Queen.

Two occasions on which Mr. Stead saw the Queen, may be cited to show his change of feeling towards Her Majesty. The first was in a holiday taken after the general election of 1874 when Mr. Disraeli was returned to power. He saw her at Windsor Railway Station. The small crowd, the red carpet, the liveried servants, the little figure in black—the Queen walking slowly across the platform to the carriage into which she disappeared was what he saw. That was all. That was the Queen.

The last occasion on which he saw Her Majesty was in Westminster Abbey when there were gathered an immense concourse of representatives from all parts of her realm to render thanks to Almighty God for the marvellous loving kindness and manifold mercies He had graciously vouchsafed to her realm during the reign of fifty years. Every nook of the vast edifice was crowded. The Queen entered. The whole assemblage rose to their feet as she slowly passed down the nave to take her place before the altar where she offered thanks. It was the Great Mother of her people in the midst of her children. And as the Queen—the Highest on Earth—knelt before the Lord God of Heaven, all thought of her majesty and her might, and of her Empire over land and sea, disappeared, and they saw only the plain little loving hearted woman, who as maid, wife and widow had for fifty years shared all the joys, the sorrow, the hopes and fears, the trying vicissitudes, the glowing aspirations which make up the sum of the private and public life of her people, and as she joined in the jubant anthem of praise to Him who alone is the giver of all good gifts, it was as if he saw a new and more glorious rendering of the old painting he had seen in his youth. For that which was then declared to be the secret of England's greatness was now in the fullness of the years proclaimed to be also the secret, the open secret, of the greatness and glory of the reign.

The British empire has up ward of 316,000,000 of inhabitants, of whom only 38,000,000 live in the United Kingdom. Its revenues amount to \$1,160,000,000 of which \$555,000,000 are raised at home.

Empire First.

BY JOHN TALON LESTERHANSY

Shall we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
Not we! We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

Britain took us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our task,
And the nations of the earth
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head,
Her broad shield and sheltering arm,
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

O truest kingdom of the brave!
O sea-girt island of the free!
O Empire of the land and way!
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee,
Stand Canadians, firmly stand,
Round the flag of fatherland!

Home vs. Institution Life.

A discussion started by the "Telephone Man" in the *Mt. Airy World*, over the advantages and disadvantages of Institution life, has attracted considerable attention and provoked a great deal of comment from the other papers. We incline to the belief that boarding schools of all sorts, whether they be our Institutions for the deaf and the blind, or those established for children of normal sight and hearing, have many objectionable features about them, but unfortunately these features cannot be remedied. It cannot be gainsaid that home is the best place for any child, provided it is such a place as we understand it to be from that name. But this ideal home exists in comparatively few cases. In the ideal home there is at least a sufficiency of the world's goods to permit of some leisure. The parents are educated if not highly cultured. They are familiar with the current events of the day and have at least a superficial acquaintance with science and art. Their conversation is carried on in correct if not elegant English, and the mere fact of living in the house and associating with them is an education for a child. But in addition to this, they exert themselves to develop the mind of their child. Social calls, business, pleasure, nothing is allowed to interfere with this. In such circumstances, who will say that the child would be better off in a boarding school than at home. But unfortunately the homes of the vast majority are not of this description. Even when all of the other favorable conditions exist (and they do not exist in most cases) there is one primo requisite which many parents do not possess: the disposition and the ability to teach.

This being true, it becomes necessary to employ persons who make a study, a profession of the art of imparting instruction and of educating (drawing out or developing the mental powers of) the learner. In the case of deaf children, scattered all over the state as they are, the establishment of some central school where they may be cared for and taught appears to be the best plan. That this system is open to serious objections on many accounts is admitted, but it is not without its good features. The regular life, the habits of obedience to those in authority, and last but not least the association with those who can communicate readily with the pupil, are strong arguments in favor of Institution life. In this connection a point occurs to us which we have never seen mentioned, so far as can be recalled at present: In four different schools for the deaf, that we know of personally, there have been children of deaf-mute parents, parents who had themselves been educated in such schools. And in every instance these children were among the best and the most industrious in both class room and work-shop. It is reasonable to infer that they had been trained by their parents into the same respect for law, the same general habits of life that prevail in our Institution. — *California News.*

Charlie Holton entertained a number of the pupils at his home on Friday evening. They had a good time.

The other day those in the class rooms in the east wing enjoyed, as it were, a sniff of the perfume from California orange groves, but it was only Mr. McIllopp treating his class to a supply of the luscious fruit as a reward for the good examination they had just passed through. Several of the other teachers also kindly remembered their pupils and gave them a parting treat.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent

The annual examinations of the Mackay Institution—the particulars of which have appeared before—took place on May the eleventh, under favourable circumstances, as mother nature had excelled herself in providing a most beautifully sunny day.

Again, who bestowed this blessing upon us on the Queen's birthday and we felt not only patriotic to our Sovereign and country, but to a Higher Power, for such a day. A number of our former pupils spent the holiday with their old friends, among others being Mrs. Outerson, of Athelstan, Mr. Frank Wiggott and Harold Haldane, of the Printing Bureau, Ottawa. The teachers are indebted to Mr. Charles Wickens, also an ex-pupil, for his valuable assistance in making the day pass off successfully. In the afternoon bicycling, tennis, football and base-ball appeared to be the chief amusements, while the evening was devoted to games, both out of doors and in, succeeded by refreshments. The verdict, in voting this one of the jolliest days, passed unanimously. Our Union Jack, waving in the breeze, told loyal hearts in our midst.

How rapidly this year has flown! Only a few short months ago, it seems, since we started upon another year and ere we realize the fact, time has crept on apace, bringing us to where we now stand upon the eve of parting. In two weeks, one and all will have scattered to their different homes—each falling into his own, or her own, sphere of interest, there to remain until the majority meet again in September, in this little world of our own.

As is common in Institution life, there will be one or two changes during the coming year, amongst them being the loss of our special teacher of Articulation, Miss Shello de Forest King, who, although only a few years connected with the Mackay Institution, has won the hearts of all. Mrs. Ashcroft sincerely regrets her departure, but home duties imperatively call her. Miss King hopes to resume her duties here at some future time. A second and serious loss is that of Miss Bolger, our house-keeper, who, owing to the demise of her sister-in-law, is compelled to resign her position here to take up her home in Kingston. We shall miss her from her accustomed place. The two hope to return again.

The time has come to bid you good bye for this year, and we all join in wishing you, our friends of the Belleville School, a very happy summer and may the coming year be crowned with success and happiness as in the past.

DETROIT NEWS.

From our own Correspondent.

We shall miss your little paper very much during the next three months.

Rev. Mr. Mann was here on the 9th of May and gave two very impressive addresses.

Mr. C. A. W. Gustin who graduated from the Detroit Barber College some time ago, has a shoe shop of his own now. What was said before about him not talking his customers to death, that's true!

Mr. Thomas Clark, a teacher at the Flint School, and brother of Supt. Clark, came to Detroit April 24th, accompanied by his wife. He gave a very interesting lecture that evening and held a service the next day, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustin's eldest daughter, Alice, is making fast acquaintance with the mutes as well as her own kind both in Detroit and Canada and she hopes to make many friends at the next Convention if all proves well.

Your writer expects to spend a month or so in Berlin, Ont., and hopes to have the pleasure of meeting a number of old friends. Was very sorry not to see Mr. McIntosh while he was here. I seem to be unfortunate in regard to meeting old friends when they come this way. I trust you and all your readers will have a very pleasant vacation, get nicely rested and have a real good time, without any tumbles into the water, off a wheel, down a hill or any any other unpleasant mishap.

Owing to press of matter we are sorry to cut our correspondent's interesting letter short. — (Ed.)

It is a poor and disgraceful thing not to reply, with some degree of certainty, to the simple questions, "What will you be? What will you do?" — *John Foster.*

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

For a real good time when you have money to burn, go to Windsor. I've been there, and know all about it.

The military celebration drew a large crowd from surrounding towns, cities and villages. To give even a brief sketch of the fun, would be too much for me, but it was splendid in every sense of the word, particularly the fire-works. The Calothumpians parade in the evening was truly laughable. I never saw such a big crowd in any one place in my life, but then Windsor is noted for its hospitality.

Remarkably funny, the scarcity of customs officers at the Windsor Ferry when I landed. I have a vague recollection of a pair of stout legs clad in the regulation custom officer's suit, and some brass buttons flying through a door way, but perhaps he was after a smuggler.

Mr. Justice Henderson, of London, landed in our midst on the twenty-fourth, to our no small surprise. I hadn't the pleasure of meeting him, but one of the girls assured me that he was "out of sight," and she ought to know.

Miss Mabel Ball was agreeably surprised by a visit from her grand-parents, from Newbury. The mutes who passed there, on their way to and from school, will have kindly recollections of a nice old lady who distributed posies among them on the cars.

Messrs. Mike Lysnight and Fred Wilcox, of Detroit, visited in Windsor almost all day on the 21th. They called on the Misses Lafferty and spent a pleasant time.

This is the last issue of our welcome semi-monthly visitor, I suppose. Say, couldn't we have a mid-summer edition about July or August? I don't suppose Mr. Burns will call down a blessing on me for suggesting it, though I wouldn't mind coming down and singing type if I had nice company.

We have it on good authority that Detroit is about to lose one of her charming ladies, in the person of Miss L. McMurray. She is about to leave for Berlin to take a position in the Cotton Mills there, with the other young mute ladies.

Thanks awfully much for that compliment about the photos. Of course, I looked nice, how could I help it? Only you needn't have mentioned that about my nose—fact is that photographer's perspective was all wrong, and he had to make a smash somewhere, and of course it was on me as usual. Once a scape-goat, always a scape-goat, you know.

My native town, Chatham, according to our local daily, is to commemorate the Jubilee by the laying of a cedar block pavement on our principal street, and I have had a private hint that they are looking for the worst kid in town to read the dedication. Please, somebody invite me somewhere for that day, I am so bashful.

The mutes in Windsor, and also the visitors, want to know where Bert Sepper was on the twenty-fourth? He didn't keep any of his engagements for that day. If the earth had swallowed him up, he couldn't have disappeared more completely. However, we will not press the point, for he may have been tending those precious chickens of his.

The mutes in and around Detroit are talking of going to Chatham for the big bicycle meet, on July 1st. Hope they will. Of course, I expect to see nearly every one of the teachers who ride wheels, and Mr. Mathison also, there.

Mr. Michael Madden was visiting in Windsor lately, during my stay, too, and I never saw him. Just my luck!

It is reported that Mrs. Brooks, sister of Fred Wilcox, is to sell her household effects and move to Detroit. The mutes here will miss her a good deal, but Windsor's loss is Detroit's gain.

Some of the boys were wondering why I didn't stay where they could see me? It was impossible to call on every one, as I only got in town at noon Monday, and left Wednesday, so how could I flourish all over. The dis-appointment was mutual.

As this is the last issue for this term, I will wish you all, both teachers and officers, a happy vacation. Congratulations to Mr. Mathison and assis ants on such a successful term. I shall look out for the train to see the mutes when school closes. M. L.

God Save the Queen.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen,
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
(God save the Queen.)

O Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall,
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
(God save us all)

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign,
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
(God save the Queen.)

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

Great preparations are being made here for the Queen's Jubilee. Many hundreds of children in the senior classes I see for some weeks been practicing singing under several musical directors and they will carry little flags and souvenir badges.

Mrs. F. G. Jefferson, (neo Miss Lizzie Beamish) has returned to live with her people here. Her husband is seriously ill in a Chicago hospital.

The month of May has been a pretty cold month this year, now we expect a fine June month and a good time on Jubilee day.

Miss Fraser has expressed herself as highly pleased with her visit and with all she saw in the Institution. She stopped at Peterboro a few days on her way home.

Mr. Philip Fraser has started a repairing shop on his own account, where he is occupied evenings and finds it very successful.

Mr. Noll McGillivray has lately exchanged his old bicycle for a handsome new Gemron. We hope he will have grand times visiting.

Miss Alice Muir, only child of Principal Muir, author of the now Canadian song, "The Maple Leaf," is so paralyzed in the throat as to render her powerless of speech though her hearing is good. She attended the Belleville Institution a couple of years.

We are happy to say that Miss Bertha Bridgen has quite recovered from a mild attack of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Kate Ogilvie would be thankful to hear from any of the deaf who know of the whereabouts of her husband, Alexander Ogilvie, whom she has not seen for a year. Address a card in care of A. W. Mason, 1 Garden Avenue, Toronto.

From Rev. Canon Burke.

To my dear pupils at the Deaf and Dumb Institution who presented me with an address on my Birthday, 21th May, 1897.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—I received, with great pleasure, the very nice address you sent me on my birthday, and I thank you very warmly for it. You write too highly of the little efforts I have made for your benefit, and I assure you, my best reward is the hope that you will profit by the instruction I have given you. You are now soon to return home for the summer holidays, and I am sure you look forward to seeing your homes again with great pleasure. Some of you may not return, and at the age of seventy-two years my life is quite uncertain; however, I commit you to God, and pray that He may ever keep and guard you and I cling us all to His everlasting rest. Through you, I would say to all my pupils, boys and girls, that bless you I thank you all for your regular attendance at my classes, and hope you may all increase in the knowledge and love of God and in holiness of life. I am sure, you and I desire to offer our cordial thanks to Mr. Coleman for his constant kindness in taking us his most valuable assistant. And now, with all good wishes, I remain, Your affectionate friend,
J. W. BURKE, Canon.

Rector, Belleville, June 7, 1897.

PERSONALITIES.

—Dr. Robert Mathison has been admitted to the Dental Association of British Columbia.

—Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of Toronto, have been spending the past week or two in Belleville, the guests of Mrs. Moore's parents.

—The Reverend Monseigneur Farrelly favored the Roman Catholic children with a visit on Wednesday last. They were glad to see him.

—Miss Linn has received bad news from her brother, who lives in Montana. Some time ago he had the misfortune to break his leg near the ankle. It had apparently begun to knit all right, but on Thursday she got word that another operation had been found necessary and that his condition was serious. As we go to press we learn that there are no hopes of his recovery. Miss Linn has the warmest sympathy of all in her great trouble.



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. Remitt 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 subscription to
THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1897.

God Save the Queen.

Her court was pure, her life serene,
God save her peace, her land repose,
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen

Doubtless the present century has witnessed no other event so striking, so suggestive and so pathetic as will be seen in England next week, when the whole world will unite to do honor to the woman who sits in lonely Majesty at Windsor Castle. From every civilized nation in Europe, from every semi-barbaric race in Asia and Africa, and South America, from far off Cathay and from the Flowery Kingdom of Japan, from all the isles of the seas, from the great Republic at the south of us, and last, but not least, from the vast multitude of provinces and principalities and islands and colonies which unitedly compose this greatest empire the world has ever seen, there will be gathered representatives who will bow in genuine homage and sincere reverence before Britain's throne, and pay glad tribute to the worth and dignity of that most queenly of women, that most womanly of queens who sits thereon. For sixty long years she has occupied the highest position in the gift of humanity: for sixty years she has been subjected to that fierce light that over beats upon a throne; her life as child, as maiden, as wife, as mother, as queen has been exposed to the scrutiny of all the world, and to day there cannot be found one voice, even among those who are accounted the enemies of the nation, which will not freely and unreservedly acknowledge that in all these phases of life she has shown over and always the noblest characteristics of head and heart; that to every emergency she has been found equal, to every trust she has

been true. Hers is a character that is fully rounded and balanced, every part in due proportion. The pomp and splendor of her position and the adulation of courtiers have never lessened the kindness of her heart nor the true humility of her disposition, nor have those sentiments of humanity and benevolence which prompt her to enter, as a ministering angel, the hovel of the peasant, ever detracted from the dignity due to her position as Queen; the manifold and pressing cares of state have never induced her to neglect the joys and responsibilities of home life, neither have her duties as wife and mother ever caused her to neglect the affairs of the nation. The full round of her duties, covering a wider field and embracing a greater variety and multiplicity than those perhaps of any other human being, have always, received, each in its season, the attention that was its due. Right worthy, then, is Britain's Queen to occupy her position on the highest pedestal of human greatness, right worthy is she also to receive the homage of all the nations of the earth. The world will never before have witnessed so sublime a spectacle, so universal and spontaneous a jubilation as that which will take place on the 22nd, when the Union Jack will be unfurled on every breeze that blows, when from a thousand battlements and towers and from hundreds of armored vessels the cannons will belch forth a mighty roar of fierce joy, when the whole earth will be girdled with a belt of fire blazing from every hill top, and when there will ascend to heaven the voice of mighty multitudes, as the sound of many waters, chanting the triumphant psalm of the National Anthem. Yet these will not be her chiefest triumphs. Far above all the pomp and pageantry of these visible and audible protestations of loyalty and devotion will she prize and glory in the knowledge that in the hearts of four hundred millions of people whom she rules there glows a genuine love and reverence for and loyalty to their Queen, that the power and permanency of her empire lies not in the compulsion of imperial domination but in the affectionate regard of her subjects, and that, if need should arise, ten million swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. "God save our Gracious Queen" and the prayer of millions of hearts is that for many more years yet to come will she be permitted to continue to exercise her gentle sway over us.

Under thy mighty wings,
Keep her, O King of Kings,
Answer our prayer
Till she shall hence remove
Up to thy courts above.
To dwell in light and love
Evermore there

Dr. GILBERT has been one of the ablest and most successful instructors of the deaf that the United States has ever produced, and when, a few years ago, he fell a victim to administrative tyranny he had the sympathy of an unlimited number of the friends of the deaf everywhere. We hope he may yet be spared many years of usefulness and happiness to labor among the deaf in the extended sphere to which he has devoted his energies during the last two or three years, he has always been a true friend and benefactor of the children of silence. His years few or many his remaining days will be brightened by the knowledge that the measure of his life has been filled up with useful toil and duty well done, and by the assurance that he enjoys to an extent that few men possess, the esteem and affection of tens of thousands of deaf throughout the land.

Rich may his question be, a loutish store,
Full measure, pressed down, and running o'er.

Addresses to the Queen.

The boys and girls of this Institution are all devotedly loyal to our Gracious Queen, and for many weeks past the favorite topic of conversation has been the coming Jubilee. In consultation among themselves it was decided that the deaf of the Province should give expression to their affection and regard for our Sovereign, and Herbert Roberts and Alno de Bellefeuille were selected to prepare addresses, as given below, which have been duly transmitted to His Excellency, the Governor General to be forwarded to the Queen, as per following—

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
BELLEVILLE, ONT. JUNE 3, 1897

To His EXCELLENCY
LORD ABERDEEN
GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA,
OTTAWA, ONT.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.—The enclosed Addresses from the Deaf and Dumb children in the Institution at Belleville are forwarded to you with the request that you will kindly transmit the same to our Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

With assurances of respect and regard from all here to Your Excellency.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your Obedient Servant,
B. MATHISON, Supt.

To Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

YOUR MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.—Everywhere throughout our grand Dominion, from the ice clad mountains of the north to the sandy shores of our beautiful bays, from Columbia's gold fields to Labrador's rugged coast, cannons are booming, bells are pealing, the whole nation is rejoicing in honor of your Majesty's Jubilee. We, silent children of the Flower Province, cannot, like the more favored of your Majesty's loyal subjects, join with those whose voices are borne towards heaven, laden with words of thankfulness and joy, but we, at least, to send over the mighty ocean our humble homage, and beg you, Gracious Queen, to accept the heartfelt congratulations of the pupils of the Ontario School for the Deaf. Though mutes, our hearts can feel as much love and respect for our sovereign as those of your Majesty's most loyal subjects; and your Majesty's well known interest in deaf mutes so increases these sentiments in us, that it is from the depth of our hearts that we all join in saying "God bless our noble Queen and preserve her to us!" many more years that we may long enjoy being governed by her kind and gentle sway.

On behalf of the female pupils,
One of your loyal and deaf subjects,
ALNO DE BELLEFEUILLE,
Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
Belleville, June 1st, 1897

To Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

YOUR MAJESTY.—It affords us the greatest honor of our lives to ask your Majesty to graciously allow us, pupils of the Ontario Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, to express our most heartfelt congratulations on the sixtieth anniversary of your Majesty's reign and glorious rule. During that period your Majesty's great Colony of Canada has made rapid progress in many respects, and to-day it may boast of being one of the wealthiest, healthiest, and most progressive countries in the world, and one of the brightest gems in your Majesty's crown. Our wealth in the forest, the mine, the sea, our rich and boundless plains, our great fresh water seas and our civil and religious freedom can serve only to excite the envy of the outside world. We Canadians are well governed by a Governor General, appointed by your most gracious Majesty, and a Parliament. This great Dominion has at present seven provinces of which Ontario claims to be the leading one and is called the "Banner Province." Among its public institutions is our own Institution founded in 1870 for the education of the Deaf of the Province, and now it occupies a foremost place among the great Deaf-Mute Institutions on the continent. Over one thousand deaf persons have obtained their education at this school, which shows Ontario well deserves the distinction. This Institution is beautifully located on the north shore of the famous Bay of Quinte and about a mile from the city of Belleville. Again we ask your Majesty to graciously permit us to humbly congratulate your Majesty and express the hope that your Majesty may long be spared to reign over a happy, united and glorious Empire.

On behalf of the male pupils,
I have the honor to be
Your Majesty's loyal servant,
HERBERT W. ROBERTS,
Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
Belleville, June 1st, 1897

Harimudas Forgetto, one of the brightest boys in Mr. Denny's class, also prepared the following address:—

To Her Most Gracious Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY.—Whilst from every part of your vast empire, millions of devoted subjects are rising in spontaneous joy and greeting and thanksgiving in commemoration of the completion of the sixth year of your most remarkable and illustrious reign, we of the Ontario Institution for the Deaf, however humble and unworthy, beg to be allowed a voice in the general concert of praise, respect, admiration and love. To our chiefs shall we leave the proud task of duty celebrating the advancement of the nation in the various elements of civilization under the benign and enlightened influence of your Majesty's rule. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war" it is the understanding and prosecution of humane principles that have not only created contentment and loyalty among your people, but likewise opened every avenue of progress and unfurled the glories which are the British boast. To us, your domestic virtues no less than your royal dignity have been a source of profound regard

and affection. Faithful spouse, loving mother, your private life was as a pleasure and advantage to your reign has been glorious and happy. Among the many acts of kindness which your career is adorned, do we not remember that your Majesty was pleased to learn the alphabet in order to converse with the deaf of a cottage and show your sympathy for their needs and consolation. It is therefore from the fulness of our hearts that we breathe a tribute to your Majesty in this most joyous anniversary. May the God of peace, of love and of mercy prolong your days and spare the monarch's reign to a loyal, faithful, loving people.

On behalf of our good teacher, loving people, the pupils of my class,
I have the honor to be,
Your Gracious Majesty's
Humble and devoted subject,
HARIMUDAS FORGETTO,
Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
Belleville, June 1st, 1897.

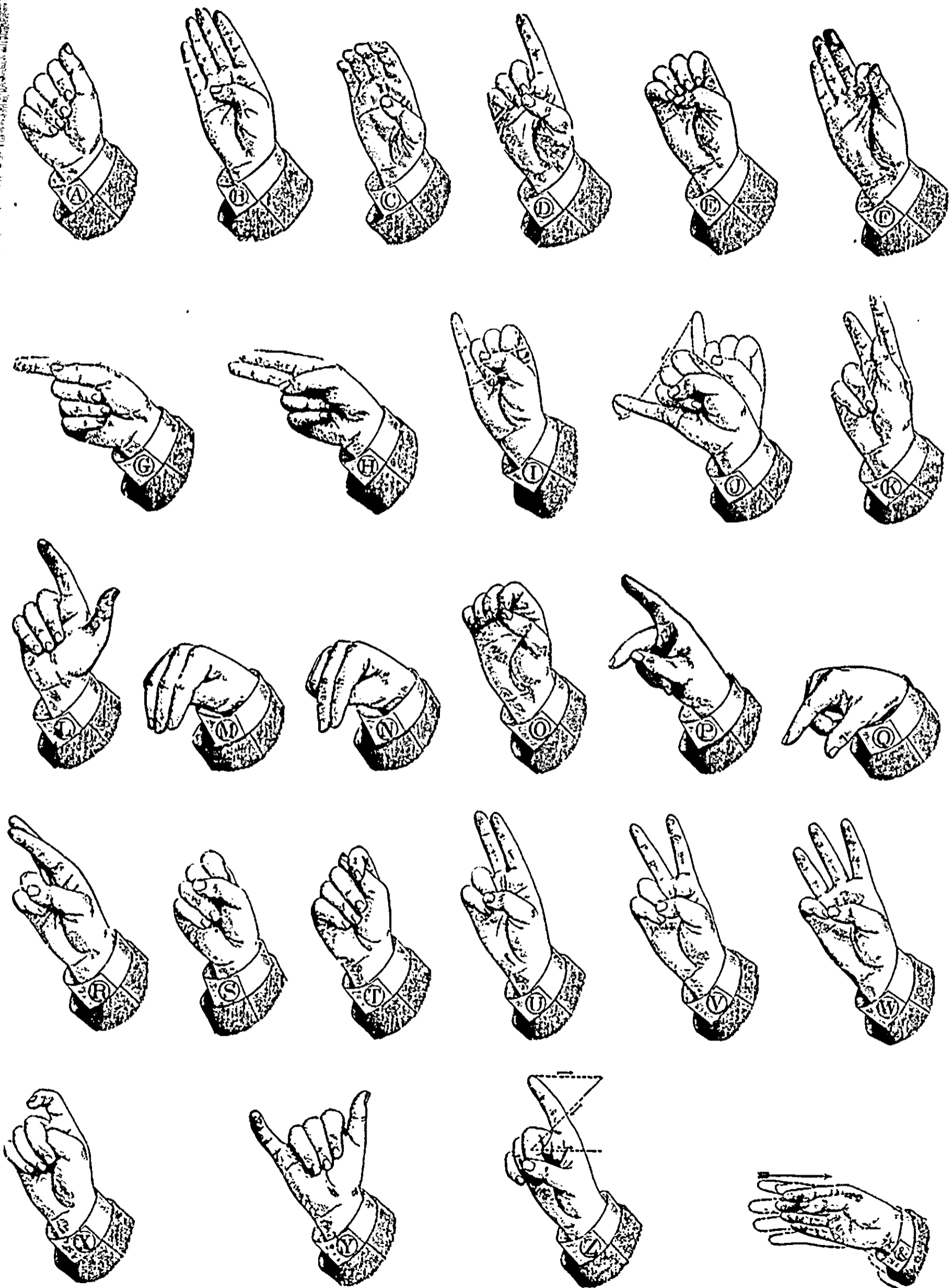
A Kind Message.

On Friday morning, the 11th inst., the teachers and pupils all assembled in the chapel to welcome Mr. A. B. Davidson of Newmarket, the official examiner. He was introduced by Superintendent Mathison and made a brief but pleasing address, in the course of which he said that when he had said good-bye to Hon. E. J. Davis at Toronto that morning, Mr. Davis had requested him to tell the boys and girls here that he had not forgotten them nor his pleasant visit here. He thought of them every day and wished to do all he could for them. Mr. Davidson said it gave him great pleasure to convey that message because he knew that Mr. Davis was their true and sincere friend, and whatever he could do for them in his position in the government he was sure would be gladly done. In reply Mr. Mathison said he and all of them were very pleased to receive Mr. Davis' message, because he believed him to be their true friend. In the past the government had given them many good things and he hoped they would now recognize their growing necessities and give them a new school building.

The Michigan Mirror has suspended publication for the summer. We rather regret that it has done so, as we had still two or three things we would like to have said to it, but since it cannot now reply of course we will do nothing so un-British as to hit a man when he cannot hit back again if he is so inclined. The Mirror can have the summer to cogitate upon the point at issue, and read up a little about Canada and its institutions; and next fall, if it so desire, we can renew the controversy unless as is quite likely, it will then freely admit that, with the further light it has obtained on the subject, it has been convinced that we were right and it was wrong. Meantime, we desire to inform our esteemed brother that the fishing down in this part of the country is very good, our climate is about perfect and our hospitality is unbounded; and we will be truly delighted if he can spend a part of his holidays with us. If he will do so we can assure him a good time; and his own observations will convince him that Ontario is a place that no one would ever emigrate from with any hopes of finding a better

Prof. Hammond, Superintendent of the Kansas Institution, is the latest recorded victim of administrative tyranny in the States. He has been compelled to resign in order to make room for some favorite of the powers that now be in that State. Mr. Hammond has been exceptionally successful both as a teacher and as a superintendent, and it is really too bad that the deaf should be deprived of the services of such an able educator and so true a friend because of the requirements of party exigencies—that euphonious phrase that covers such a multitude of shameful deeds. It is sincerely to be hoped that the deaf will not permanently lose Prof. Hammond's services.

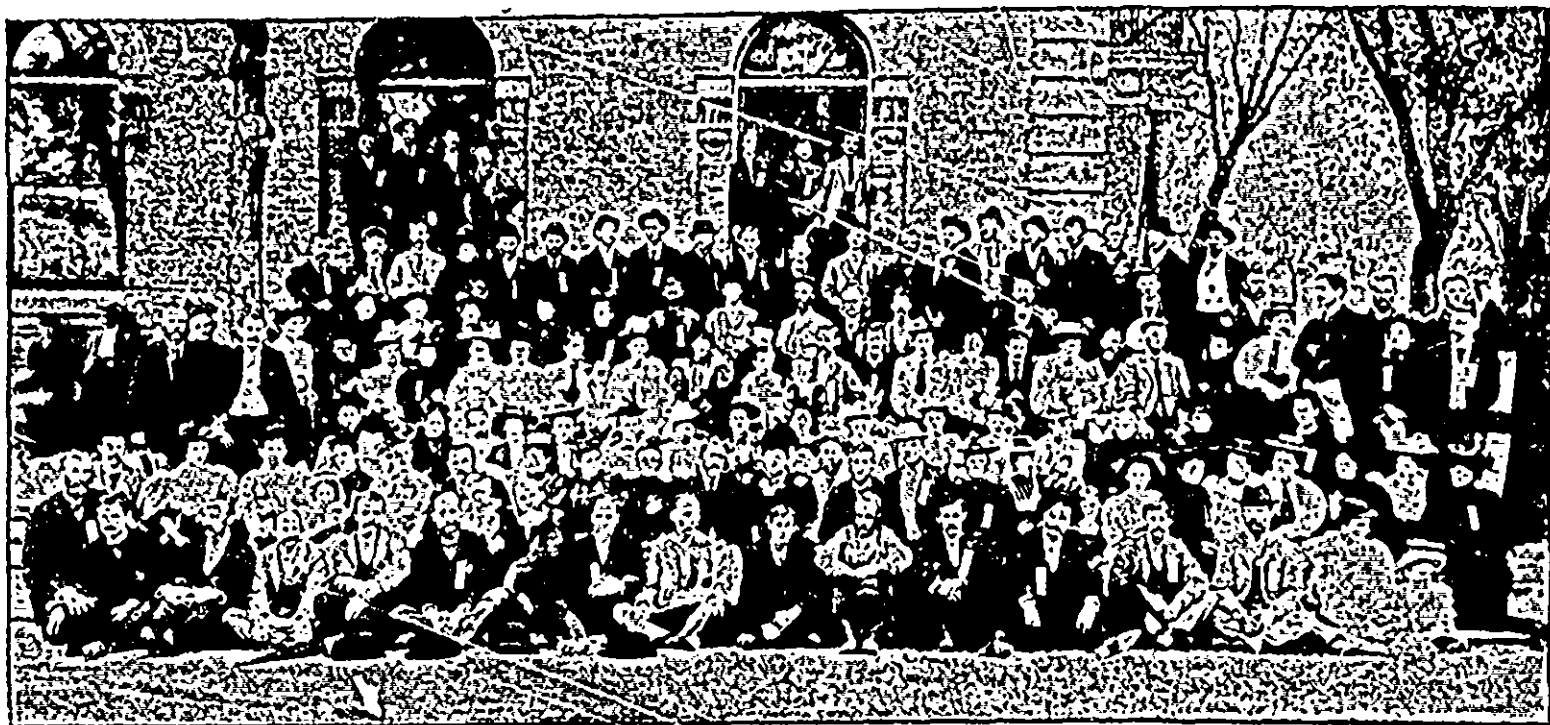
SINGLE-HAND ALPHABET.



As Taught in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
Belleville, Ontario.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.]

(OVER.)



CONVENTION OF GRADUATES.



The Ontario Institution for the Deaf and Dumb,
BELLEVILLE.

Any information as to terms of admission of pupils, etc.,
will be given upon application to

R. MATHISON,
SUPERINTENDENT.

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

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 Master-at-Arms, - "

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1897.

Your defects to know
 Make use of every friend and every foe. - Pope

The Close of the Session.

This issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE marks the close of another session, a session that has been to an unusual degree a pleasant and successful one. It seems but as yesterday that we all met in the chapel to greet each other on the opening day, and it is difficult to realize that already the forty weeks have gone, and that the time has again come to say good-bye. Life, however, it has been well said, is made up of deeds, not years; and, measured by the results attained, the term has been by no means a short one. It has been a year of faithful effort on the part of every teacher in the Institution, and on the part, also, of a large majority of the pupils, and there has been a general and marked advance all along the line. During no session has better work been done, and during no session has the resulting improvement been more satisfactory. So far as extraneous matters are concerned the term has been an uneventful one. Officers, teachers and pupils have pursued the even tenor of their ways and nothing has occurred outside of this faithful attention to the routine of duty, that calls for special reference. The session has been characterized, however, by the really remarkable degree of good health that has prevailed among the pupils. All over the Province there has been, during the past year, an unusual amount of sickness, producing a high rate of mortality, but here there has not been one serious case of illness and very little even of ordinary indisposition, the worst having been a few very mild cases of measles. There has been maintained also a satisfactory standard of good conduct, it having been found necessary in only two or three instances to resort to severe disciplinary measures.

But with all of its good and evil the term is now over, another milestone has been passed, another page of our history written; and all that has been done, whether commendable or otherwise, has gone upon the records of the past. And there it must stay forever, for not a deed wrought, not a word spoken, not a thought conceived, can ever be erased or obliterated or recalled. These must all remain to our debit or to our credit, and according as the balance is on this side or on that, must judgment be given. Nay, more than that; all those words and acts and thoughts have become fruitful seeds which will in future bring forth an abundant harvest. Will it be of wheat, or of tares? This, surely, is a thought that should give us pause.

The closing of the session, though

always welcome to weary officers and teachers and to homesick pupils, is ever saddened by the thought that, while we must say good-bye to all for a time, we must also say farewell to others. Some, of course, of our pupils will not return to us again, some of our brightest and best and most lovable boys and girls. We always regret to lose such, but with the regret is mingled exultation that we have been enabled to do that for them which will, in nearly, if not quite, all cases, ensure for them a successful and honorable career. To all those who are now leaving us we extend our best wishes for a successful and happy future; and we trust that they will not only profit by the secular knowledge they have acquired, but also remember, and over and always observe, the moral precepts that have been inculcated and the spiritual truths that have been taught them. So will they secure to themselves happiness and prosperity and the esteem of their fellow men here, and never ending felicity in the here after.

A Pleasant Surprise.

In the chapel on Friday morning, the 14th inst., after the pupils had duly welcomed Mr. Davidson, the official examiner, who had arrived the evening before, they were still kept in their places by various devices and they all wondered what was up, especially as Mr. Mathison every few minutes sent some one out in haste on some mysterious errand. All was explained, however, in a most delightful manner a short time after when the door opened and Mr. J. W. Bengough entered the room and took his seat upon the platform. All of the older pupils had very pleasing recollections of his previous visits to the Institution and the amusing cartoons he drew for them; and he received from them a most enthusiastic welcome. He very kindly consented to again entertain them for a short time in a similar manner. He first said he would show them how he came there, and forthwith proceeded to draw a picture of a democrat in which he was seated in the back seat and Mr. Ed. Johnson in the front, whip and reins in hand, while the horse, with tail projecting and mane flying in the wind, was speeding along at its utmost capacity. His next picture contained a good lesson in temperance. It was entitled "A boy riding down hill." He first drew a picture of a boy on a sled at the brow of the hill, and near by a red danger signal such as is seen along the railway. Then, with a few flourishes of the pencil he transformed all this into an old toper of the most disreputable appearance, the said danger signal becoming the nose, and the whole constituting a very effective warning against the use of liquor. "The government controlling the liquor traffic," was another good cartoon. The traffic was represented by a hog and the government by Mr. Laurier, who was hanging on to the tail of the hog which was rushing along at full speed carrying the government with it. Other pictures were "The like woman on Bridge St.," a deaf girl on the day she enters the Institution, and the same girl two years after; Sir Richard Cartwright, and a reporter getting a local for THE CANADIAN MUTE. The only officer or teacher honored was Prof. Coleman, of whom he drew a very good sketch. At the close a vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Bengough, moved by Herbert Roberts in signs and seconded orally by Aline de Bellefeuille, and he was cordially requested to come again and often.

Mr. G. S. Call, of Bradford, was in Toronto on a recent Sunday and says he was unable to find one of the advertised places of meeting for religious services. He probably mistook the place, our friends in Toronto are always there at the usual place and time.

HOME NEWS
 LOCAL REPORTER

Miss Auning, and her cousin and guest, Miss Carrie Auning, were interested visitors here a few days ago.

Leveling off the earth thrown up last fall to form a better rink, kept the boys busy for several afternoons.

Everyone is tired of the long spell of dreary, wet, cold weather and the arrival of genuine summer will be gladly welcomed.

Our readers would, we know, prefer we should keep right on grinding out our usual quota of news through the summer, but we prefer to throw "copy" off our minds for a spell and take a rest, so adieu until September.

All our garden and farm crops are growing finely. A little less rain and more sunshine will force them on better. About six acres of potatoes have been planted and should they turn out as well as we hope the Institution will be well supplied.

Mr. Stewart surprised us the other day by coming up shorn of much of his hirsute appendages. We all thought him very much improved in appearance, and during the trying time of the examinations he has had room to smile more benignly on his class of bright little boys.

The written examinations on paper, which began on May 26th, were all completed in the course of a week, and were on the whole very satisfactory, and gave evidence of a good session's work. Each pupil's papers are sent home in his or her trunk and parents are invited to inspect them and see what their boys and girls have been doing while at school.

One of our bachelor teachers is making extensive arrangements for his summer outings. He has had all the holes in his bicycle stopped up, re-enameled and made quite beautiful, and we feel sure that both he and his wheel will be the admiration of every single deaf-mute lady he meets on his vacation ramblings. Well, we hope that his fondest anticipations will be realized. Youth (?) an Bachelorhood is the time to enjoy a vacation untrammelled.

On Sunday, the 6th, about one hundred of the boys and girls attended the John St. Presbyterian Church, where the pastor, Rev. T. J. Thompson, preached to the children, especially the deaf. It was an excellent discourse, and was much enjoyed by those of our pupils who had the pleasure of being present. Prof. Coleman acted as interpreter. In the evening two of our elder boys, Geo. Wallace and Hugh Carson, were baptized by immersion and united with the Baptist Church.

What a fuss our boys and girls have been making about what they would wear for the home-going, only the very best of their belongings will be fit for that auspicious occasion. We really believe that if they were allowed, some would go shoeless, hatless and coatless for a month rather than that any of the clothes to be worn on the 16th should be tarnished. In the laundry everything must be extra starched and polished; shoes sent to the shoe shop are tagged with strict injunctions to "do them neat, they are for wear when I go home." We know that those who are now so anxious to cut away from the Institution will be just as eager to return to its sheltering walls and the companionship of congenial spirits when school re opens in the fall. Such is youth, with them more than others, "variety is the spice of life."

We are sorry that we had not all an opportunity to personally congratulate Dr. George Mathison on his latest achievement as recorded in the Toronto papers the day he left for Winnipeg, where his name appears as one of the successful competitors for the degree of D. D. S. This is the last of a series of achievements such as any one might be proud to have accomplished, and of him it may well be said that "he wears his blushing honors thick upon him." He is now entitled to write the following letters after his D. D. S., from the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario; D. D. S., from the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia; D. D. S., from the University of Toronto. If his success in his profession is commensurate with the qualifications he possesses it will realize his own brightest hopes and the best wishes of his friends.

PERSONALITIES.

Mrs. Urquhart, of Hamilton, is visiting her sister, Miss Walker, at the Institution. We are all glad to see her again.

On Thursday, the 3rd inst., Father Connelly visited the Institution and spent an hour with the Catholic pupils in Prof. Denys' room.

Mr. Geo. McDonald is working in Orillia in Tudhope's carriage factory. Mr. Tudhope is the father of one of the little girls at Belleville.

Rev. Mr. Thompson paid his last visit for the session on the 3rd and said good-bye to the Presbyterian children, wishing them all a very pleasant vacation.

Our friend Samuel Darow, of Sarnia, has steady employment at the Oil Works in the City. He is a hard working, steady, industrious man and deserves to succeed.

Mrs. Darow, of Sarnia, spent a very pleasant time on an excursion to Detroit and Windsor recently, and while there met a number of old friends who were glad to see her.

One year ago May 14th, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Harkaway, welcomed to their home a little daughter. She is a bright little girl but, to her parents' sorrow, they find that she is deaf.

Messrs. McDonald and Willis, of Orillia, spent their holiday on May 24th in attendance at the Convention of Christian Believers in session at Warminster and enjoyed it for more than the usual round of pleasures.

Messrs. J. J. Jackson and James Buchanan, of Neepawa, Man., visited Brandon for the Queen's Birthday. They took the trip on their bicycles and ran 17 miles in 6 hours, over rather rough roads. On the way they came to a steep hill down which, essaying to coast, they lost control of their machines and both got a fall, their wheels luckily escaping. After remaining in Brandon two days and finding no deaf-mutes there they wheeled home again. Passing Crexford they called to visit J. C. Downoy, a former pupil of the Belleville School, who went to Manitoba about fifteen years ago, where he is farming now. They remained with him all night and next day visited and were entertained by another deaf-mute, Mr. Shannon. Altogether they had an enjoyable trip.

A few weeks ago we were all called upon to say good-bye to Dr. Robert Mathison on his departure for British Columbia; and Friday, the 13th inst., Dr. George Mathison went the rounds on the same somewhat melancholy errand, prior to leaving for Winnipeg, which he will make his future home. Dr. George was always a primo favorito with all connected with the Institution, and everyone sincerely regrets that we will no longer be cheered by his kindly face and genial disposition. He will be especially missed by the pupils, to whom he was always a warm friend and for each of whom he always had a kind greeting. The warmest wish of everyone here, officers, teachers and pupils, is that abundant success in his chosen avocation may be his, and that his life may be crowned with length of days, uninterrupted felicity and the richest blessings of beneficent Providence.

A correspondent writes that while travelling west recently he had to wait for some hours in Berlin in order to make train connections, and accordingly availed himself of the opportunity to hunt up some of the "pretty girls" among the mutes in that burgh. Knowing where one of them worked he wended his way thither and was agreeably surprised to find four in the same establishment. He had the pleasure of meeting three of them, the other having gone to dinner another way. Receiving a cordial invitation from the three to have dinner with them, he accepted, and between the company, the dinner and a very enjoyable talk spent an exceedingly pleasant time. Before leaving him to return to work they directed him to the residence of two other friends in the near vicinity, one of whom he found with a very disagreeable swelling on the face though cheerful and glad to see a visitor, and the other had settled herself into a comfortable chair and was enjoying an after-dinner rest amid the buds and blossoms of the garden. The two latter are expert bicyclists and spoke enthusiastically of the silent steed. Time was all too short and the correspondent was soon speeding on to his destination.

The Official Examination.

The official examination of the various classes here, conducted by Mr. A. B. Davidson, B. A., Inspector of Public Schools, of Newmarket, was concluded on Wednesday last, to the relief of both teachers and pupils, who always look forward to these ordeals with considerable fear and trembling. Mr. Davidson was not long, however, in allaying all feelings of fear, for he seemed almost instinctively to realize the disabilities under which the deaf labor and to appreciate the limitations by which they are circumscribed; and, while his examination was a thorough one, it was at the same time a fair one and conducted with tact and judgment. His work having been completed at noon on Wednesday, in the afternoon all the pupils and teachers were called to the chapel, where he was requested to address them. After some humorous personal allusions he expressed his warmest thanks to Mr. Mathison, Miss Walker and all the teachers for the very kind and courteous manner in which they had treated him, and for the assistance they had given him in his, to him, unique duties. He realized that it was a very difficult work that they were engaged in, but, happily for him, it was not very difficult to test the character of the work done during the past term, in consequence of the written examinations having previously been completed, so that he had those papers to guide him as to scope of the work accomplished; and he had found that the result of his examination corresponded almost exactly with that of the written test. He had found that the work had been very thoroughly done, the work done in each grade taking up the course just where the previous grade had left off, and he had found, as a result of the thorough drill given, and also of the necessary limitation of the knowledge of the deaf to that acquired in the classroom, that what they knew they knew, what they didn't know they didn't know. He could confidently say, from what he had seen, that he believed the work of a large majority of the teachers in the school was of the very best character. Most of the teachers put skill, taste and conscience, all three, in their work, and it is much easier to estimate the ability of a teacher and the value of his or her work in a school like this than in a public school, since here the character of a teacher stands out so much more distinctly. But, as a whole, he must give the highest credit to Mr. Mathison and to the staff for the excellence of the work done in the classrooms. No doubt some of them could do better, some perhaps could put more energy in their work and in some there were a few faults apparent, but he believed all were capable of good work and all of them should put forth their very best efforts. He would venture to make one or two suggestions, not confidently, but simply as reflections that had passed through his mind. Among other things he would like to see a higher grade added to the course, so that those bright pupils in Mr. Coleman's class might have the pleasure of testing more fully the treasures of the best English writers; and he thought this wealthy Province, which spends so much for the higher education of hearing children, should make equally as good provision for the deaf. In conclusion he would say that he had enjoyed his visit here very much and he wished them every possible success in the future; and he hoped all the pupils would

fully appreciate their fine opportunities here and make every effort to fit themselves for and to fill and adorn honorable positions in life. He would see Hon. Mr. Davis in a few days and if they had any message to send to him he would be glad to convey it to him.

Mr. Mathison, in reply, thanked Mr. Davidson for his suggestions. Some of them were very good, so far as they could be applied. He agreed with Mr. Davidson as to the need of a higher grade, this had long been a hobby of his. He would also like to see a kindergarten class, smaller classes and other improvements. But all this requires money and the government think they have already done well. But they were improving a little year by year and they hoped the future had yet better things in store for them. The character of the work had also improved, and the present staff of teachers was better than they had fifteen years ago, and all the old teachers were doing better work every year, and if some classes fell a little short of the highest standard perhaps it was not altogether the fault of the teachers. As to methods, these must be judged by results, and where the results are so excellent the methods cannot but be good. Eighteen years ago there was no satisfactory course of study or system of grading and classification, now their system and methods were very good, and the work of the various classes is properly unified, and every child gets the best of care, attention and instruction. Of course if they had smaller classes and a longer course, as the best American schools have, they could do yet better work, work equal to that done in any school for the deaf in the world. It was required of each teacher in this Institution that he or she shall not merely do the best he or she can, but the best that can be done.

Where They Will Go.

Most of the officers and teachers expect to spend a quiet vacation. Miss Templeton is the only one who proposes a trip of any length. She is now on her way to British Columbia, where she will spend the summer with her brother, who is mayor of Vancouver. In company with him and his family she will celebrate the jubilee in Victoria and subsequently visit San Francisco and other places on the Pacific Coast. Superintendent Mathison expects to take extensive journeys to Canifton, Trenton and other large cities in this part of the world. Miss Walker will visit friends in Toronto and Hamilton. Mrs. Terrill expects to visit Kingston, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and Stony Lake. Prof. Coleman intends to remain in Belleville or immediate vicinity, as do also Miss Ostrom, Miss Linn, Miss Hale, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Dowrie. Mr. Nurse will spend most of the summer at home, coming events will make him a very busy man during the holidays. Prof. Denys will spend the summer at his usual haunts in Quebec, and Mr. Campbell will visit Peterborough, Lakofield, Lindsay and other renowned places in the north. Mr. and Mrs. Babu expect to visit the Philadelphia school for the deaf for a few days and then to return to Belleville for the remainder of the summer. Miss Mayboe will visit Warkworth and Peterborough and Miss Bull will spend some time in Toronto and vicinity, while Mr. McKillop will hike it to Ottawa and afterwards to the wild and woolly west. Miss Gibson will spend most of the summer at her home in Caledonia but expects also to visit Detroit, Orilla and other places. Miss James will go to St. Thomas and Port Stanley. Miss Dempsey will visit for a time in Toronto and Miss Metcalfe in Huntville. Mr. Stewart will meander around western Ontario, and Mr. Keith will spend his leisure time in Toronto. Mr. Burns hopes to take a trip to Bowmanville and may spend a few days at the Thousand Islands. We hope one and all will have a very enjoyable vacation and return next fall in the best of health and spirits.

Home, Sweet Home.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
It is ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
It is ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the dewy hill,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child:
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer
me no more.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
It is ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds sing only that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer
than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
It is ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution.

[By HERBERT ROBERTS.]

—As this is the last issue of the MUTE this session, this is in all probability my last local, but I hope one will take my place next year.— Farewell.

—On Sunday, June 6th, all the senior pupils belonging the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist faith were generously given the privilege to attend church in the city.

—Many of the pupils are talking of meeting their former school mates at the Union Station, Toronto, on the 16th of this month, when they are on their way home.

—Our annual writing examinations commenced on the 23rd of May and continued for a week, and the pupils, as it appears in some cases, fought the battle successfully.

—The final examinations that commenced on Friday, June 11th, were over by the 9th inst., and now the pupils have taken all their belongings in the school rooms to their trunks.

—As Dr. Robert Mathison, Jr. has gone to the Pacific slope, this has induced his brother Dr. George Mathison to follow, but the latter only goes as far as Winnipeg. He left us on Friday, June 11th. We hope he will prosper in his new home in the "Prairie Capital," and it is a wonder if he will not be charmed by the "beauties" there.

—On Saturday, May 29th, the "Albert College" club put up a well contested game of foot-ball with the "High School" on our grounds. In the first half the "Alberts" scored two goals to their opponents nothing, but in the last half the "High School" made a vigorous rush for the "Alberts" goal in an attempt to score and were successful. The "Alberts" soon made another score before the conclusion of the game, thus making the score stand 3 to 1 in their favor, which gives the "Alberts" a strong grasp for the Corby Trophy.

—Mr. Davidson, our examiner, arrived here on the 3rd inst. The following morning all the officers and teachers as well as the pupils assembled in the chapel to address a welcome to the new visitor. After tendering their welcome they waited a few minutes, when there appeared on the platform, amid a sea of waving handkerchiefs, the well known poet, novelist and cartoonist, J. W. Bengough, of the Toronto Globe. He was kindly asked by the Superintendent to execute a few cartoons on the board just to amuse the assembled audience. The designs greatly pleased all, especially Laurier attacking the liquor traffic. Mr. Coleman was the only person honored with a picture of himself because his mustache, beard, spectacles and bald head make it easy to do so.

—On Friday, June 11th, the "Albert College" and "City" teams came up to play the final match for the Corby Cup. This had attracted scores of enthusiastic sport seekers to our grounds, where a great struggle was anticipated, as even Mr. Mathison and Mr. Davidson were to be seen perched on the elevated balcony of the hospital. As the game went furiously on, the "City" managed to score, which roused their opponents, who determined to make it even which they did only a few minutes after. Half time was then up, and in the last half nothing was scored, although a good many shots were made on the goals, but they were averted. The pupils instead of going to supper as usual at six, took their evening repast at 7:30, and in consequence, the evening study was for that evening suspended.

—This issue of the MUTE is a Jubilee edition, which marks the completion of the 50th anniversary of the Queen's reign on the 20th of June. During this jubilee week cannons will be booming, bells will be peeling forth their music from every tower and dome, Royal salutes will be fired from every military station, and in every church the chorals of "God Save the Queen" will be sung with great rejoicings. Telegrams of congratulations will come pouring in from all parts of the world, even the tea Empire of China, the flowery kingdom of Japan, and the isolated Islands of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will not forget to send messages of congratulation. All the merry boys and girls of this school will be wearing badges in honor of the greatest event of the nineteenth century, while great multitudes of school children will be in procession that day all over the broad Dominion. "Long live the Queen!"

The Excursion.

The annual excursion took place on Thursday, the 10th, inst., and was one of the most enjoyable we have ever had. The day was a perfect one, and the balmy breezes and, later in the afternoon, the bright sunshine were doubly welcome and enjoyable in consequence of the previous weeks of almost unbroken dreary weather, this being, in fact, the first really pleasant day we had had for a long time. The course taken was through the Murray Canal and back a beautiful trip and just long enough to enable all to arrive at home again in good time for supper.

—Our senior foot-ball team were all much disappointed that the last match between Albert College and the City had no decisive results. They intended to challenge the winners for the supremacy. It is probably too late to do this before school closes now.

—From a letter received from Mr. Hazelton we learn that trade is rather dull but he hopes that times will improve. He would like very much to visit his old school again but as he keeps the only shoe-shop in Delta he cannot get away from business very well.

—Our usual Field Day was omitted this year and, as noticed on another page, a grand excursion up the bay on the steamer Merritt took its place. The majority of the pupils liked that the best, only those who felt confident of being prize winners would have preferred the sports.

—Our boys and girls will have to toe the mark promptly on opening day in September unless they wish to forfeit their return ticket. There must be no lagging back even for a day, the ticket expires at midnight on the 16th. Parents had better keep this close in mind. Formerly two or three days grace was allowed which was taken advantage of by some without sufficient cause so the practice was stopped. Our officers go to all the main points to meet pupils on opening day and it is better in every way to have the children return in their charge.

—We have received from a friend a descriptive circular containing photos of points of interest at Grimsby Park and the programme there for the summer. Judging from what we see it appears a desirable place to hold our next Convention in the summer of 1898. Hotel rates are reasonable, and if the meetings are held in June before the regular season opens for hearing people, no doubt special rates can be obtained for our members. The Executive have the matter under consideration and some will probably visit the place during the present summer and report. The Park can be reached quite easily from Hamilton. What do our members think? A post card from each member to the Secretary, Mr. Nurse, will perhaps help the Executive to decide.

—On behalf of the officers, teachers and pupils of the Institution we express our warmest sympathy with Rev. Canon and Mrs. Burke in the sad bereavement they have been subjected to in the death of their son, Mr. William R. Burke, of Ingersoll. His demise was quite unexpected and the news, coming as it did without any premonition, was a terrible shock to the venerable parents. It was only last winter that the deceased was married, and now, only a few months after, by one of those swift changes in the kaleidoscope of life, the wedding garment is replaced by the burial shroud, the apparel of rejoicing by the habiliments of woe, and the sound of festivities by the lamentations of sorrow.

The Sea Queen Walks.

BY OLIVE PHILLIPS-WOLLEY.

"The flying squadron, which, together with the existing available squadrons, with which it is proposed to join it, will form the most powerful fleet of war vessels ever put afloat."—Excerpt from the Victoria Colonist, Jan. 11, 1890.

She wakes in the farthest West the murmur
has reached our ears
she wakes in the farthest East the Russian
histories and fears—
she wakes the raven clamour, the winds cry
overhead
The wandering waves take up the cry "She
wakes whom Nations dread."

At last, ye have roused the Sea Queen, at last
when the world unites
she stirs from her scornful silence, and wakes to
her last of fights.
Alone, with a World against her, she has turned
on the smallest crew
No longer the Peaceful Trader, but the Viking
North seas knew

She calls, and her ships of battle—dragons her
sea have bred—
Gilds into Plymouth harbour, and gather round
Heavily head
She wakes and the clang of stinging echoes
through all the Earth.
The ring of warriors' weapons stern music of
soldiers' strife.

In the world there be many nations, and there
gathers around every Throne
The strength of earth born armies, but the sea is
England's own
As she ruled, she still shall rule it, from Plymouth
to Esquimaux
As long as the winds are tempest—so long as the
waves are fall.

This may be our Armistice—seas may purple
with blood and fame
As we go to our rest forever, leaving the world a
name

What matter? There have been none like us,
nor any to tame our pride,
If we fall, we shall fall as they fell, die as our
fathers died—
What better? The seas that bred us, shall rock
us to rest at last.
If we sink with the Jack still floating nailed to
the Nation's mast.

Victoria, B. C.

FOR THE CANADIAN MITE. Notes During 1871-72 Session.

BY WM. KAY, AN OLD PUPIL.

According to the old rule, the second session of your school opened on the first Wednesday in September. The date was the 6th. It was a matter of genuine surprise and gratification to the officials to note that the arrivals at that time were unexpectedly large, counting nearly one hundred, considering that there were only about seventy five in attendance at the close of the first session, many of whom were admitted very late even in May. For the first time in your history the officials and pupils were assembled in the chapel the following morning and Dr. Palmer, the Principal, was provided with a small table, a chair and writing materials to make a roll call, which was not an easy task for him in some respects. For one instance, he was at a loss to know the name of the now bright but uneducated boy and so Mr. Greene, in natural signs, asked him for it, but the boy only shook his head with a broad smile, and with good care allowed him to hunt over his clothes till he found it on his socks, which revealed the initials J. J. The Principal, reflecting for a few minutes, recollected it and wrote it down: John Jackson, formerly of Dakota but now of Manitoba. Among the other low ones admitted were Hugh Hamilton, son of the Hon. Mr. Hamilton, of Dilhousie, New Brunswick, and James and Simon Moore, the twin brothers of Seaforth, Huron Co., aged twelve, fleshy and muscular in stature. They looked so alike that it was difficult to distinguish one from the other, had it not been for one of them who had lost the half of the smallest finger of the left hand, and it was sad it was amputated for that reason, however, after a while the difference between them became visible, the one always looking smiling and the other grave. They both wore some curls. There was no change in the teaching staff and the school work started with real enthusiasm. During the agricultural day, as there was no buildings of its own, the pupils went to the city to see only what were exhibited inside a certain building. I never thought to find out what building it was, perhaps the drill-shed. I could not have remembered how the first Hal low'en was observed, only for the hanging apple and the candle gotten up by Mrs. Terrill, the chief entertainer in the West school-room, where there was on gas jets. The party used the candles but it was so dark that I could hardly see around distinctly. Some boys found it hard to secure a bit of the apple with

out handling it, on account of the tallow dropping from the swinging candle. By this time your school was visited by Rev. Dr. Pundson, the most eminent Methodist divine, and his friends, and when in the chapel he selected a seat for himself at the central part of the boys' side to witness the exhibition more conveniently. It happened that there was a meeting of the Free Masons in the city and upon the Principal's invitation, they marched in a body, perhaps of one hundred, to the Institution and were received at the front door by the Principal, who conducted them along the east hall and up the boys' side stairs and then to the boys' sitting room where the delegates seated themselves at the desks while the more prominent ones and the ladies occupied the chairs along the front among whom were Dr. and Mrs. Oronhyatekha. The Principal, standing on a small platform, addressed them at some length, after which Mr. Greene called forward his senior pupils, Duncan McKillop and Fred Wheeler, and examined them briefly in Scripture by means of writing on the slate easel at the right side of the platform toward the wall. One of the questions was, "When was the Lord Jesus crucified?" He next called up his junior pupil, Wm. Smith, of Lanark, to write some nouns and adjectives. Then Mr. Coleman had his pupils, Robert Sutton and James Braven, write some verbs and actions. The most worthy doctor arose and half turning spoke for a few minutes and the Principal signed for him. Then the visitors were shown through the building. This occurred on Thanksgiving day, and I am at a loss to recollect how it was observed any other way.

Since the opening of this session the building was always brilliantly lighted with gas and the annoyance of cleaning the lamps during the previous session was finally disposed of, and the breakage of the chimneys which occurred quite frequently. The new industrial building only reached the roof when the school opened and was not completed till the winter set in, when it was ready for use. The carpenter trade was the only one then on the floor, and the first job Mr. Creber, the first foreman, gave to his auto employees was to make hanging boxes for their tools. It was in February when the Principal held his first examination in the boys' sitting room, lasting only two days, after which a better classification was arranged, Mr. Coleman taking charge of the senior class and Mr. Greene the junior one, consisting of bright pupils, in order that he be given his opportunity to advance them in a right and proper way in educational matters. There were six classes, classified in order, as follows: Mr. Coleman's, Mr. McGinn's, Mr. Watson's, Mrs. Terrill's, Mr. Greene's and Miss Perry's. In Mr. Coleman's class were (1st div.) Duncan McKillop, Fred Wheeler, James Beemer, Constantine Staley, Wm. Smith, of Shakespeare, the writer, Misses Minnie Rumley, the late Mrs. McCoy, and Fannie Lewis, now Mrs. A. W. Mason. (2nd div.) Archibald Campbell, John and Henry Schnell, Francis Spinks, Robert Sutton, James Braven, Samuel Darow, John Ellis, Arthur Bowen, Jackson Featherstone, and Wm. Rutherford. Mr. McGinn's senior pupils were Ambrose W. and Henry Mason, Peter Cummings, Wm. Hammell and Miss Louisa Noyes, now Mrs. Walter Geo. As I taught Mr. Greene's class several times during his absence, I can remember all of them yet, they were, Hugh Hamilton, John Livingston, Wm. M. Johnson, Ezra Palmer, Elias Robins, Sidney Busch, John Jackson, Headley Grant, Robert Scissons, Justus Gould, Wm. J. Wolfe, John Dennee, Misses Laura Henderson, Black, Beamish, now Mrs. Jefferson, and Laura Elliott. The first six mentioned in order passed away, as far as I know, Hugh Hamilton and John Livingston dying at your school, the former in March, 1871, and the latter in May, 1878.

On Easter Monday night, the officers, pupils and some guests assembled together in the girls' sitting room, where the Principal entertained them with a magic lantern, which throw the light upon the wall next to the door north. The views were a mixed lot. I can remember only two of them the monuments sinking a large ship during the American civil war, and a Scotch Highlander asleep on a battle field, along with another smaller picture at the top corner separated by the clouds, the scene of his dream, which showed the same Highlander home again embracing and kissing his happy wife, and their little child running towards them with

its hands stretched out. On April the first, in the chilly morning during breakfast time, as Mr. Sutherland, your first supervisor of boys, was walking to and fro between two of the boys' tables with his overcoat and hat on, one of the boys stopped him pretending to enquire if he was sick while another boy behind pinned to the bottom of his overcoat a large piece of paper with the words "All Fool's Day" in capital letters. Then the supervisor continued the walk and roars of laughter ensued. Mrs. Keegan, the matron, standing near the girls' table, had her handkerchief on her mouth as if in a sad plight, noticed the fun and burst into laughter, but quickly came to the supervisor's rescue and warned the boys lest the Principal would hear the noise and would come and deal with the bad boys severely for their conduct.

On her Majesty Queen Victoria's birthday the pupils went to the city to see the City and Institution fire brigades in procession, the former consisting of two different companies walking two abreast dragging the ropes, and the latter in fours, closely together, two officers at front and two at the back to push the fore handle of the hand engine of the chemical character, painted red with a few touches in black and decorated with overgreens and a few small British flags. A canopy of overgreens for the little boy, Headley Grant. Many citizens remarked that the muto brigade was the better of the three in manner and drill and congratulated Mr. Greene, the chief, personally by using the English sign "good." The fire boys wore red short coats trimmed with wide black braid and three rows of large black buttons. For some evenings previously, after supper, Mr. Greene drilled the boys on the front road, just outside the main building, by means of the different motions of a short stick in his hand. At his request they elected James McCoy captain and James Beemer lieutenant. They were twenty-four in all. Whether I am mistaken or not I will try and remember mostly who they were: James McCoy, James Beemer, John and Henry Schnell, Ambrose W. and Henry Mason, Andrew and John Noyes, Fred Wheeler, Con. J. Staley, Wm. Smith, of Shakespeare, Francis Spinks, Peter Cummings, Wm. Hammell, Mark Ezard, Charles Morse, Hugh Fraser, Ephraim Brooks, Thos. McCormick, Wm. Rutherford, Sam. Royser, W. H. McRae and Walter Geo. I am not able to remember if Mr. McKillop was one of them. No wonder the senior girls were very proud of them and gladly welcomed them to their sitting-room that evening for a party, and the dancing was the chief feature of the pleasant occasion. A gentleman presented the boys with two dollars, which they spent in treats, candies and nuts. One of them offered me a single candy, which I gladly accepted any way but it would certainly be a "right" if they were too generous to their girls.

The Principal, fearing the dangers of fire, caused all the debris in the main basement such as broken bricks, pieces of laths, mortar, etc., to be taken out, selecting all able bodied smaller boys to do the work, which started in the West and ended in the East, lasting several days. A hole large enough for a large man to go through was cut out in some of the rooms and some boxes with handles were employed to gather the debris, carry it away and put in the large ditches near where the laundry and engine room now are. While working in the Principal's old dining room, (now the teachers') that officer came in and promised the boys some oranges when the work was finished, so the work went on with more cheer and better humor, for it was so annoying to stoop or almost crawl along in many places where the floors were low and the steam pipes crossing like net-work. Then the kind and thoughtful officer kept his word and entrusted Mr. McKillop with the distributing, only to be sure that their names were on the list. I never forgot an amusing incident during the work in the Principal's vacant chamber as one day that officer and Mr. Coleman came in and were standing within the North door, when Robert Sutton, noticing the latter's beard parted from the whiskers, just what his sign is, made some fun about it, on account of his approaching marriage. Mrs. Palmer and her daughter, Helena, were away in St. Catharines at that time at the mineral springs.

Now as for the second excursion, the whole party embarked on the same ferry boat at the Institution wharf and had a very pleasant trip Eastward till they reached the same point where they

were last year, and remained there all the afternoon swinging, &c. The little boys had their uniforms on and as usual the senior girls were enthusiastic, patting them off in the woods, playing hide and seek. Early in the day Messrs. Coleman and Greene took two boys, Francis Spinks and Hugh Fraser, with them for a row up there just for adventure and had a very rough time of it. The ferry boat came back earlier than usual for the party and the weather was so breezy when it made its calls across the bay between the city and the village, the party became uncomfortable and chilly, trying to find shelter, they became quite impatient to be at the Institution again, where they, however, soon arrived safely. In some minutes the pupils were comfortably seated at supper and then Mr. Coleman made a tour around the boys' tables, making some jokes at Francis Spinks, saying that during the going trip he looked deathly pale with fright, expecting himself at any moment thrown into the wavy water. It was only the teachers' able management that kept the boat steady all the way. I almost forgot to say that on its way back the ferry boat was towing the row boat containing these teachers sitting together in the middle, each resting on the oar ready to use it when the big boat changed its course, both bareheaded, having to put away their hats for fear of being blown off with the wind. Now and then they directed the attention of the nearest bystanders on the big boat to a big wave sweeping along past. I saw one that might be two feet high. A few days before vacation, Mr. Wallace, the photographer, took three different views—the Institution, the pupils, and the officers and teachers, all the smaller boys stood on the eastern part of the stone main steps and the girls on the western part and the larger boys around on the railings and on the grass. As the officers and teachers were few, they occupied the top of the stairs and none on the steps except the little girls, Misses Helena Palmer and Edith Terrill, now Mrs. Forster, the former talking to the latter during the process, thus spoiling the picture. The second session closed on the 26th of June, and the manner of preparations and departure for the holidays were just the same as that of last year. Those who lived east left Tuesday night at 10 o'clock. When those living west arrived at Toronto, they noticed an army of workmen laying the massive stone foundation for the new former Union Station. The old one was an ugly looking frame one painted brown, although comfortable inside. There was only one muto visitor from the city, namely, Charles Howo, who was an apprentice in the book binding department of Messrs. Gago & Co.

SIR AND MRS. COLEMAN'S SILVER WEDDING.

It was Mr. Coleman's last Sunday at your school, more than one week before vacation, when at his request the pupils were assembled in the chapel that evening for special service. The would-be bridegroom addressed them so kindly and with some sense of feelings among his remarks. He said he was so sorry to part with them, but that it was his duty to go away for his own good. Then he offered up his prayer in a fatherly manner, not only did he pray for himself but also for the children, after which he took his position standing at the end of the seats, shaking hands with each pupil leaving the seat, with the girls first and then the boys. At one o'clock in the morning he was off, and when the pupils were astir at the usual time, he was many miles away. His dress was a black coat with long tail, white vest, light grey pants, a tall black and slimy plug hat, and a light overcoat, he also carried a cane. On the third day, when the pupils were in the chapel for morning prayer, the Principal showed them a telegram, saying it was from the bridegroom, announcing the happy event down south. The place was Concord, North Carolina, I think, and the bride was Miss Kate McDonald. The Principal told the pupils that he was going to send the newly married couple a congratulatory telegram and asked them if they would like to join him, and they all replied they would amid hand clapping, and the flutter of hands became general for some time. "Mr. Coleman is married." "Mr. Coleman is married." Now I am sure your CANADIAN MITE readers will join me in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Coleman another quarter of a century of happiness along with abundant mercies and blessings of Providence.

Where is the Flag of England?

BY HAY. J. F. HUTCHINSON.

The following spirited poem, by an American writer, is a generous tribute to the British flag, and a prophecy of the much desired moral alliance of the English-speaking races...

Where is the flag of England? They ask on every hand, Some with a bitter hatred, Some with a loyal stand, Worshipped almost as a god, Then denounced as a rag, But somehow it still keeps waving on, Hasting the breeze till its work is done, That glorious English flag.

Where is the flag of England? It waves the throne above, Where a woman reigns by the grace of God, And a people's love flows true, Of all the rulers earth now owns, However the world may break, Not one so calm and so true is seen, As the woman, the mother, the gracious Queen, Crowned by England's flag.

Where is the flag of England? It floats on every sea, Borne by the hands of the bravest men, And waving free, as free, It leads the way to the battle field, And the armies never lag, For somehow or other they seem to know, England has conquered every foe, Led on by that wondrous flag.

Where is the flag of England? The floating orb of the free, Protecting every Englishman, Wherever he may be, The greatest power on earth may not, The most of subject drag Equally to a tyrant's fate, Or it will lead the power flag Of England's mighty state.

Where is the flag of England? Not yet where yet will be, Conjoined with the "old glory" grand, The emblem of the free: One God, one Christ, one speech, one soul, The two shall be unfurled For progress, life, and light, And England's fame, Columbia's might, Shall help and bless the world, Ann Arbor, Mich.

An American Tribute to Great Britain.

Senator Fryo, in a speech, hostile to Great Britain, in the American Senate, is yet compelled to pay the following tribute to its greatness:

I admit the greatness of Great Britain, I admit she is the greatest power on earth, and the most magnificent power ever seen in the history of the world on the ocean, but I do not admit she is a friend of the United States, or that she has ever exhibited the slightest sign of friendship for us.

The King of Abyssinia took a British subject named Campbell about twenty years ago, carried him up to the fortress of Magdala, on the heights of a rocky mountain, and put him into a dungeon, without cause assigned. It took six months for Great Britain to find that out. Then Great Britain demanded his immediate release. King Theobald refused that refusal was received, 10,000 English soldiers, including 5,000 Sepoys, were on board ships of war, and were sailing down the coast. When they reached the coast they disembarked, marched across that terrible country, a distance of 700 miles under a burning sun, up the mountain, up to the very heights in front of the frowning dungeon; then gave battle, battered down the iron gates and the stone walls, reached down into the dungeon and lifted out of it that one British subject, King Theobald killing himself with his own pistol. They then carried him down the mountain, across the land, put him on board a white-winged ship, and sped him to his home in safety. That cost Great Britain \$25,000,000, and made General Napier Lord Namer of Magdala. That was a great thing for a great country to do—a country that has an eye that can see all across the ocean, all across the land, away up to the mountain height and away down to the darksome dungeon, one subject of hers out of her 35,000,000 of people, and then has an arm strong enough and long enough to stretch across the same ocean, across the same land, up the same mountain heights, down to the same dungeon, and then lift him out and carry him home to his own country and friends. In God's name, who would not die for a country that will do that?

American Jubilee Testimonial.

A movement is on foot to present Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, with a substantial testimonial of the good will of the American people on the occasion of her diamond jubilee in June. The projectors of the scheme expect to raise \$1,500,000.

William Massey, President of St. George's Society of New York, said, in regard to the movement: "Many influential Americans have for several weeks informally discussed a proposition to furnish some testimonial to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her coming jubilee."

"It will probably take the form of an American building to be put up with American money in London, and to bear an inscription telling why and by whom it was built."

"All over the world nations are making arrangements to testify their regard for Queen Victoria. America should not be behindhand. Congress should take action, and I can conceive of nothing more appropriate than the prompt ratification of the arbitration treaty."

"I agree with Samuel Plimston, a former member of Parliament, that every effort should be made to establish amicable relations between the United States and Great Britain. Our children should be taught to love and not to distrust England. The nations speak the same tongue, and sprang from the same source, and each country will be materially benefited by an establishment of friendly relations."

Queen Victoria.

The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism, and the deceptivity of Victoria, have been enshrined in a small but vigorous frame, the mirror, aspect of which especially strikes those who behold her for the first time in these her "half-days."

It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her, with a kiss, "Good little wife!" And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away, after those twenty-one years of wedded happiness, it was told how the Queen bent over him and whispered, "It is your little wife," at which last words the Angel of Death stayed his hand while once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled.

But though this be so, no one who has been honoured by near approach to her Majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice has, moreover, always been pleasant and musical to hear, and is so now. The hand which holds the sceptre of the sea is the softest that can be touched; the eyes which have grown dim with labours of State for England, and with too frequent tears, are the kindest that can be seen.—Sir Edwin Arnold.

After the Accession.

The accession of the young Queen worked a revolution in the popular British ideas of royalty, as well as in the duties of statesmen and the procedure of the court. Month by month public interest grew in connection with her appearance, her actions, her words, and everything she did, until it culminated during the wildly enthusiastic days of the Coronation. Old people wondered at her vast responsibilities and opportunities for good; the young dreamed of her reputed beauty and goodness and fairy-like surroundings of greatness. She stirred the hearts of statesmen and poets and the most practical of men into a feeling of almost romantic loyalty. Veteran soldiers, like Wellington, and bold men of the world like Lord Melbourne, were alike moved to sympathy and unselfish action. O'Connell declared that if the Duke of Cumberland should cause trouble, as was rumoured, "I can get 500,000 brave Irishmen to defend the life, the honour and the person of the beloved young lady, by whom England's throne is now filled." Charles Dickens thought so much of the fanciful and romantic nature of her position and dignity as to become almost monomaniac, and everywhere, in politics and at court, a sentiment of courtesy and chivalry developed to an extent hitherto unknown.—From Mr. Castell Hopkins' "Life and Reign of Queen Victoria."

Queen Victoria's Sabbath.

Our gracious Queen, whom my God long bless, has always obeyed the fourth commandment. A writer in The Methodist Magazine states that "in former years it was customary for her Majesty to rise quite early on the Sunday morning—as in fact she did every day in the week—of late years, however, she seldom leaves her room much before ten, at which hour breakfast is taken with any members of the Royal Family who may be there. After breakfast the Queen has a turn round the ground in her donkey carriage. By the time this ride has been taken, it is near-time this ride has been taken, it is near-time the hour for morning service, at which her Majesty makes a point of being present."

"The Queen enjoys a plain, practical discourse, selected from the lesson or Gospel of the day. Questions of the day, and, above all, politics, must be entirely excluded. A celebrated divine broke this rule on Sunday, and preached a political sermon; he, of course, could not be interrupted, and so had his say and way, but it was his last opportunity; the royal pulpits have never of them been filled by him again."

"During the life of the late Prince Consort, the Sundays seem to have been spent in much the same way as were those of the most humble of her Majesty's subjects; due attendance at the church in the morning, and a quiet family walk during the afternoon. It was invariably the late Prince's custom to spend some of his time with his children, when they would read the Bible verse by verse in turn, the father expounding passages not clear to the children, while her Majesty would spend some of her time in holding a Bible class, which was attended by the young servants in the castle. This custom the Queen has kept up till quite recently, only breaking it by reason of her increasing age."

Unbounded courage and compassion joined proclaim him good and great, and make the hero and the man complete. Addison.

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.—Emerson.

A French writer of some note recently wrote to a friend in this country that he was studying English, and making famous progress. "In small time," he concluded, "I can learn so many English as I think I will to come at the America and go on the scaffold to lecture." Now, if this had been written by a pupil in a combined school, what a flow of comment there would be by the wisacres running down the sign language.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION. West—3:15 a.m.; 4:20 a.m.; 6:15 a.m.; 11:45 a.m. East—1:05 a.m.; 6:30 a.m.; 11:05 a.m.; 12:25 p.m.; 6:00 p.m. MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—3:45 a.m.; 11:45 a.m.; 6:10 p.m.; 5:30 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.

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, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. Leaders—Messrs. Nassmith, Irwin and others. East End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Streets, service at 11 a.m. every Sunday. Night Classes—Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and Cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. Address, 273 Clifton Street. Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto.

HAMILTON DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION

MESSEURS GRANT AND DUFF conduct religious services every Sunday, at 3 p.m., in Tremble Hall, John St. north near King. The Literary and Debating Society meet every Friday evening at 7:30, in the Y. M. C. A. Building, corner Jackson and James Sts. President, J. H. Bryno; Vice-President, Thos. Thompson; Secy., Treasurer, Wm. Bryce; Sergt.-at-Arms, J. H. Mosher. Meetings are open to all trustees and friends interested.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS—From 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. from 1:30 to 3 p.m. DANCING CLASS from 3:30 to 5 p.m. every day and Thursday afternoons of each week. FANCY WORK CLASS on Mondays, Wednesdays afternoons of each week from 3:30 to 5. Non-Classes for Junior Teachers on the noons of Monday and Wednesday of each week from 3 to 4. EVENING HOURS from 7 to 8:30 p.m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:—

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 to 2 p.m.

Religious Exercises:—

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 9 a.m. senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture at 2:30 p.m. immediately after which the Class will assemble. Each Sabbath Day the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:45 a.m., and the Teacher in-charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective schools not later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet orderly manner. BROTHER VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. C. Hurko, High St.; Rev. J. M. Macleod, Rev. T. J. Thompson, St. A. (Presbyterian); Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, Methodist; Rev. A. H. Covert, Baptist; Rev. W. W. Macleod, Presbyterian; Rev. Father Connolly, Catholic. SUNDAY SCHOOL: National Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:—

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CATERING SHOP from 7:30 to 4:30 a.m. and from 3:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school, for those who do not attend school, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. each working day except Saturdays, when the office and shops will be closed at noon. THE PRINTING CLASS Hours are from 7 a.m. to 10 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturdays afternoons. THE PRINTING OFFICE, Shops and Sewing Room to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition. PUPILS are not to be excused from the various classes of Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent. Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:—

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 1:30 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 2:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children:—

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

Visitation:—

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

Clothing and Management:—

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

Sickness and Correspondence:—

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS OR TELEGRAMS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUERIED ABOUT ANY TIME. All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks; letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes. No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors for the cure of deafness, and appliances for the ears which are useless, and only waste money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice. R. MATHISON, Superintendent