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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 1, 1898.

NO. 21.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

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

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHISON, M. A. Superintendent.
A. MATHISON, Librarian.
E. BAKING, M. D. Physician.
ISS. ISABEL, WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

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J. DENYS, Miss S. TEMPLTON.
JAMES C. HALL, B. A., Miss MARY HULL.
W. J. McKEILOP, Miss FLORENCE MATHEW.
W. CAMPBELL, Miss SYLVIA L. HALLIS.
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Monitor Teacher.

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS IDA M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON.
Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

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Storekeeper & Associate, Master Shoemaker,
Superintendent.

G. O. KRITH, J. MIDDLEMASS,
Superintendent of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Sewstress, Superintendent of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS H. A. HALL, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener.

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

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

Parents, guardians or friends who are able to pay, will be charged the sum of \$20 per year for board, tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

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

At the present time the trades of Printing, Carpentry and Shoemaking are taught to boys; the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, knitting, the use of the Sewing machine, and such ornamental and fancy work as may be desirable.

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

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

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go away if put in box in office door will be sent to city post office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



"The Best That I Can."

"I cannot do much," said a little star
To make this dark world bright;
My silvery beams cannot pierce far
Into the gloom of night
Yet I am a part of God's great plan,
And so I will do the best that I can.

"What can be the use," said a fleecy cloud,
Of these few drops that I hold?
They will hardly bend the lily proud,
If caught in her chalice of gold.
But I, too, am part of God's great plan,
So my treasures I'll give as well as I can.

A child went merrily forth to play
But a thought, like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day
Through the happy golden head.
Mother said, "Darling, do all that you can
For you are a part of God's great plan.

She knew no more than the twinkling star,
Or the cloud with its rain-cup full
How, why, or for what all strange things are—
She was only a child at school.
But she thought, "It is part of God's great plan
That even I should do all that I can."

So she helped another child along
When the road was rough to the feet,
And she sang from her heart a little song
That we all thought wondrous sweet,
And her father—a weary, toll worn man
Said "I, too, will do the best that I can."

Our best! O, children, the best of us all
Must bide our faces away
When the Lord of the vineyard comes to look
At our tasks at the close of day.
But for strength from above 'tis the Master's
Plan,
We'll pray, and then do the best that we can.
Mrs. M. E. Kingston.



Clear Grit.

By W. BERT FOSTER.

"There is no use in telling Ned," said Mr. Strange, shaking his gray head sadly. Somehow the past few months the head had grown very gray indeed. "It is bad enough, mother, for Nellie and Bob to know. We'll let the boy enjoy his vacation as he always has, there's no need of spoiling it for him."

"But you know what we had planned to let him do this summer, and he has been looking forward to it all the school year."

"Ah, I forgot that! He was to go with his Uncle Joe and the rest up to Canada, to stay till October too. It will cost two or three hundred dollars, I suppose."

"I'm afraid so, husband."

"Well, you must find the money some where, that's all," declared Mr. Strange. "His enjoyment mustn't be spoiled by these business troubles. We'll retrench in some other way, mother. Let the boy be a boy as long as he can."

And so, when Ned came home from school for the two days before Uncle Joe's grand hunting party was to start, the cloud of trouble which was hanging over the home was carefully hidden by all hands. Other men in business were weathering the hard times and Mr. Strange hoped that he could.

He did not realize that he was not treating his son fairly by hiding from him facts with which everybody who knew him was familiar. In truth, he was saving Ned a great deal of unnecessary worry and materially adding to the enjoyment of that famous trip into the Canadian wilds.

But as it happened, Ned learned of his father's reverses in a manner which made the news all the harder for him to bear. The party were to start from Uncle Joe's home in Philadelphia early in the morning, Ned went over the night before and walked uptown to his uncle's office.

He was a frequent visitor there, for Saxton, Uncle Joe's oldest boy, occupied a desk himself, and Ned often ran in to see him when he was down from school,

or had come over from Harrisburg. But Saxton was going on the trip too, and his desk was closed.

"Mr. Strange is in his private office, Ned," said one of the clerks, nodding toward the door of the apartment.

Ned went over and opened the door but finding his uncle in close conversation with a man, he closed it again and remained outside, hidden from the clerks by a low partition.

"He's going to Canada too, is he?" one of the clerks said, evidently referring to Ned.

"Yes, lucky chap, eh?"

"I don't know. If my old man was in the shape he is, I wouldn't want to go off for the summer and spend three or four hundred dollars."

"Oh, I reckon Strango isn't so bad off as it's reported. If he is, I don't see where Ned gets his money to sport around. He goes to the most expensive school in the State, and all that."

"I don't know how that is, but I'm dead sure that his father is just on the brink of ruin. If he weathers this dull season it will be pure luck and nothing else."

At that instant the door of the private office opened.

"Ah, here you are, eh?" said Uncle Joe cordially. "Saxton's just gone home. Dear, dear, I don't see what Perry will do without him here. If I hadn't promised him so long ago that he should go with us, I'd make him stick to his desk. I really don't see how both he and I can be off all summer," and the busy man shook his head gravely as he sorted over the papers before him.

"You see, Saxton looks out for the details of things, and it's impossible to find a now man to take his place at a moment's notice. And another thing, I wouldn't want to trust everybody."

Ned looked at him strangely and caught his breath.

"Would you be willing to trust me, Uncle Joe?" he asked huskily.

"Oh, yes, you're just the chap I'd like to have, if you weren't going with us," returned the merchant carelessly. "I suppose I shall have to let things fly this summer, and lose money by it. I don't see—"

But here Ned interrupted again.

"Uncle Joe, is my father in bad shape?" he blurted out.

"Eh, what's the boy thinking of?"

"I want you to tell me. What is the matter with my father's business?"

"What do you know about it?" demanded Mr. Strange gruffly.

"Nothing, and that's why I ask. I never heard a word about reverses at home, although I noticed father seemed worried a good deal more than usual, but I just heard something which makes me believe he is—bankrupt!"

"Tut, tut! not as bad as that," cried Uncle Joe. "How did you hear? Bother take those clerks! So they were chattering, were they?"

"They didn't know I heard, and if they so, I'm glad they did it," cried Ned. "Tell me, uncle."

"Why, he is in bad shape, there's no denying it. But he didn't want you to know, for he thought it would spoil your vacation."

"And does he suppose I would go off to Canada and spend a lot of money when they are scuttling and saving at home all summer? I won't do it."

"Hold on, hold on!" cried Uncle Joe. "That's no way to talk, young man. Your father and mother would be very much troubled if you should go back to them instead of going with me."

"Then let me stay here and take Saxton's place. They needn't know but I've gone with you. I can do his work and be earning something too. Come, say yes, uncle," said Ned eagerly.

"Why, Neddie, I don't see how it can be done," began the merchant. "You show grit—clear grit, I must say; still—"

But within the next half hour the whole affair was planned, and when the hunting party took the train the next

morning for the North, Ned saw them off and then went back to Saxton's desk in the office.

And he did faithfully stick to his job all summer. He boarded at his uncle's house and kept his aunt company, and he really had a very jolly time dodging friends and visitors at the house who would be sure to know him and report his presence in Philadelphia to his father and mother. But the latter were blissfully ignorant of his proximity.

Uncle Joe wrote frequently to his brother that "Ned was all right," and as Ned never had been much of a letter writer, the folks at home thought his silence due to the boy's usual carelessness.

"As long as he is having a good time I don't care," said Mr. Strango wearily, "though I don't know but we made a mistake, mother, in letting him go. I believe I shall weather the trouble, but where the money is coming from for Ned's next year's school expenses, I don't see. The money he will spend on that Canadian trip should have gone toward those."

And Ned, grudging at the work in the hot city office, read Saxton's glowing accounts of hunting and fishing excursions, sometimes with tears in his eyes. Still, not once did he feel sorry that he had sacrificed it, and with all his regrets, he had never experienced more quiet happiness.

"How would I have felt afterward if my going up there had helped to cripple father?" he thought. "I should never have forgiven myself."

When the hunting party returned about the first of October, Ned accepted the handsome sum his Uncle presented him for his services and hurried home. He wasn't as big and brown as they expected to see him after his "summer in the woods," but he looked happy. And I tell you he was happy when at the dinner table the first night of his return he laid the whole sum he had earned during the summer, with the amount given for his vacation expenses, on his father's plate.

"My boy—my own dear boy!" cried his mother, her voice full of tears.

Now, in common with other fellows of his age, Ned abominated tears.

"Come, mother, don't cry," he said gruffly. "I'm no baby. The next time you and father are in trouble you must not treat me like one."—Our Boys and Girls.

The Czar's Ear.

In the western districts of the Cherson province of Russia there recently occurred a strike of peasants, who resolutely declined to do any more work for the local landowner. The police investigated the matter, and gave the following extraordinary reasons for the outbreak.

A picture of the present Czar was recently sent to all communal councils in Russia, including, of course, those in Cherson. As the picture only presented a side view of the Czar, only one ear was visible. This led the peasants to believe that the Czar really possessed only one ear, and the loss of the other they thus account for.

When Alexander III. died (say the peasants) his widow and old advisers began to confer together, afterwards inviting Nicholas II. to join them. As soon as Czar Nicholas entered the room he declared that all land in Russia must be equally divided among the peasants. One of his councillors replied: "As sure as you cannot see your own ear you won't divide the land." The Czar thereupon cut off one ear, and remarked, "As surely as I now see my ear I will divide the land." The peasants in Cherson were so convinced of the truth of his legend that they believed a strike against the landowners would be followed by the intervention of the Czar and the division of the land among themselves.—Our Deaf and Dumb.



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

OUR MISSION

First.—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

Second.—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf-mute subscribers.

Third.—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, or registered letter.

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

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

ADVERTISING

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

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1898.

Quite a number of our contemporaries are discussing the question as to whether or not deaf people should be allowed to enlist as soldiers, as a number of them evidently wish to do. Passing by the original question, one cannot help wondering what the real motive is of those people who seem so desirous of donning the uniform and shouldering the musket. Patriotism is a noble attribute of citizenship and that man is worthy of all honor who risks his life in defence of his country. We fear, however, that many of those who are so eager to fight the Spaniards are not actuated by disinterested patriotism, but rather by the desire to share in the excitement, and possible glory, of the contest, and to kill some of the hated Don. And such a sentiment is by no means commendable. There is no question of patriotism so far as these deaf aspirants for glory are concerned, because, in the first place, their country is not in the least danger, and in the second place because several times as many hearing people have volunteered as are required for the military operations to be carried out.

The closing exercises of the Mackay Institution took place on May 2nd and were of a very interesting character. There were five pupils in the blind department and these, as well as the deaf pupils, showed a gratifying proficiency in the various subjects taught. Very pleasing impressions were made upon the visitors as to the moral and religious atmosphere of the place, the bright and happy appearance of the pupils, and the mutual affection and good-will which evidently prevails between them and the teachers. Mrs. Ashcroft, the able superintendent, is to be congratulated on another successful year's work.

In Great Britain and Ireland there are 63 schools for the deaf. Of these 27 are boarding schools and 28 day schools. The number of pupils in attendance is 1028, of whom 1161 attend day schools and 2861 boarding schools. The total number of teachers employed is 389, of whom only 26 are deaf. This gives an average of 10.5 pupils to each teacher. 2170 of the pupils are taught by the oral method, 1084 by the manual and 171 by the combined. In Scotland the combined system is more in favor, about 55 per cent of the pupils in that country being educated by that system.

In a sermon in Belleville not long ago a minister used the following fine sentence, which we commend to some of our contemporaries across the lines as a representative Canadian sentiment: "If Britain and the United States were firmly united in an offensive and defensive alliance they would hold the switch that would swing the twentieth century on the golden track of the millennium." The sentiment is as true in fact as its expression is beautiful in form, and it is devoutly to be hoped that what so many wish for will soon be consummated.

We welcome to our 'able' non-paper entitled *Citizen and Country*, published in Toronto under the editorial management of Mr. G. Weston Wrigley. This now journalistic aspirant is devoted to moral, social and political reforms, and has met with a hearty reception in all parts of the country. Mr. Wrigley is one of the best known newspaper men in the Province, and is an able writer and a radical propagandist, and we wish for him and his bright paper every success.

The original poetry and witticisms, and especially the home-made puzzles, of the *California News*, have produced their inevitable effect, and the other day outraged and outraged a vigorous protest in the form of an earthquake of considerable violence. We hope our contemporary will heed the warning lest a worse thing befall its native state.

The Ohio School for the Deaf is to be congratulated and envied. It not only received all the money it asked for, for running expenses, but in addition a grant was made of \$75,000 for a new school building and electric light plant. We wonder when we will get our new building!

A Reverent Listener.

While steaming in the *Arundel Castle* through the Mozambique channel, which separates Madagascar from South Africa, Mark Twain saw an unconscious exhibition of English reverence for the national anthem. He describes the scene, in "Following the Equator," as follows:

Last night the burly chief engineer, middle-aged, was standing telling a spirited sea-faring tale, and had reached the most exciting place, where a man overboard was washing swiftly astern on the great seas and uplifting despairing cries, everybody racing aft in a frenzy of excitement and fading hope, when the band, which had been silent a moment, began impressively its closing piece, the English national anthem.

As simply as if unconscious of what he was doing, he stopped his story, uncovered, laid his head against his breast, and slightly bent his grizzled head. The few bars finished, he put on his cap and took up his tale again as naturally as if that interjection of music had been a part of it.

There was something touching and fine about it, and it was moving to reflect that he was one of a myriad scattered over every part of the globe who by turn was doing as he was doing every hour of the twenty-four,—those awake doing it while the others slept,—those impressive bars forever floating up out of the various climes, never silent and never lacking reverent listeners. *Youth's Companion*.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

From our own Correspondent

Friday, the 20th of May, brought to Ottawa the first of the deaf-mutes who came to take part in the celebration of the Queen's birthday, those to arrive on that day were Mr. and Mr. Hodgins, of Diamond, and Miss Culligan, of Ashton. The following Monday and the morning of the 21th brought Messrs. Scissons and Murphy from South March, Messrs. McGillivray and Lett from Carp, and Messrs. Patrick, O'Brien and Luddy from Perth. In the afternoon the first deaf-mute picnic in Ottawa took place, and was a very pleasant affair, although the rain interfered to some extent with the enjoyment of those present. Great praise is due to Mrs. McClelland and the Misses Macfarlane, Jamieson and Borthwick, who had charge of the commissariat department and in spite of the rain gave us a very pleasant tea. Among those who contributed most towards the success of the picnic may be mentioned Mr. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Guignard, Miss Macfarlane and Anne Borthwick. Owing to the shortness of notice given we are sorry most of the visiting deaf-mutes missed being at the place of meeting, but if they give us more notice next time we will endeavor to make up for their loss a year hence. At the close Miss Macfarlane requested Mr. Bayne to make a few remarks to the deaf-mutes, and on complying one of the most successful deaf-mute entertainments in Ottawa came to an end.

Mr. Murphy, of South March, was the Jumbo of the party, weighing over 200 lbs. Say, the best deaf-mute cooks in Ontario live around here. Don't forget it, boys.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins paid D. Bayne a visit on the afternoon of the 25th.

Messrs. Holland and McClelland spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. Bayne, they having come from Ottawa on their wheels.

Mr. Wigget went to Montreal on the 21th.

LONDON NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

The Queen's birthday is over and it was royally celebrated here on the 21th. The weather was all that could be desired and a large crowd of visitors was in town.

Mr. Morse, of Fingal, a deaf-mute, has moved from Fingal here and he works at George White's engine factory and boards at Hodgins' Hotel.

Mr. Richard Leathorn spent the Queen's birthday visiting his old classmate, Nelson Wood, at Exeter, and he brought home some fine leghorn hens which was given him by Mr. Wood. Richard may be proud of them.

Miss S. Reid visited her friends in the vicinity of Chatham on the 21th, and Mr. J. O. Smith spent that day with his relatives in Chatham.

Miss Maggie Phillimore, of Aylmer, will spend the vacation with her married sister in London East.

Mrs. Gee, of Melrose, Mrs. Pincombe, of Poplar Hill, and Mrs. Noyes, of Denfield, came here on a flying visit lately.

W. H. Gould, Jr. made a bicycle trip to Talbotville to see Mr. Jontie Henderson lately, and had a good chat with him.

Mr. Robert McKenzie, of New Durham, John Chantler, of Paris, Jonathan Henderson, of Talbotville, and W. H. Gould, Jr., of London, spent the Queen's birthday with their old school mates, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Wm. McKay, at Woodstock, and they enjoyed themselves very much.

Mr. Nelson Wood will get a good situation as an engraver, shortly, so we will be pleased to hear of his success.

Mr. John Smallidon, of Brussels, was in town two weeks ago. He went to St. Thomas to visit Miss Eames for some days and he went home on his bike on the 25th of May.

It is an old saying, that charity begins at home, but this is no reason that it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world, he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or open alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—*Cumberland*.

If the armies of Europe should march at an eight mile gait, five abreast, 15 inches apart, it would require 94 days for them to pass a given point.

God's Miracle of May

There came a message to the vine,
A whisper to the tree,
The blue-bird saw the secret sign
And merrily sang he
And like a silver string the brook
Trembling with music as it—
Enchanting notes in every nook
For echo to repeat.

A magic touch transformed the fields,
Greener each hour they grew,
Till they shone like burnished shields
All jeweled o'er with dew
Scattered upon the forest floor
A million bits of bloom
Breathed fragrance forth thro' morning's dawn
Into the day's bright room

Then bud by bud the vine confessed
The secret it had kept,
And in the leaves the azure breast
Sang the delightful word,
Glad flowers upraised and the grass
And sung their banners gay,
And suddenly it came to pass—
God's miracle of May.

—P. D. Sherman, in *Ladies Home Journal*.

DETROIT NEWS.

From our own Correspondent

Your issue of April 15th was very fine and to judge by the views of Grimsby Park it must be a beautiful place. I should think all those who are so fortunate as to be able to attend the convention should thoroughly enjoy themselves. At present the writer does not know of any hero who are likely to go. Miss M. Connelly, of Windsor, and Miss Bessie Ball are both undecided about going. Miss Eva Elliott does not expect to go, and as for the writer, she has not decided yet whether she will attend the Convention or go on a trip to the moon.

Miss Bessie Ball is enjoying the best of health and is still very busy retouching in the same gallery where she has been for the past two or three years.

Miss Elliott wishes to be kindly remembered to all old friends. She is getting along nicely and falling more in love with Detroit every day. Bye the bye, in my last letter I mentioned a charming little fellow who had adopted well, I am very sorry to inform you readers that he is no more, as he rather took himself off. It was taken off, but she is not at all broken hearted as she has got a wheel and has some very pleasant rides on it, quite often she goes for an hour or two's spin with Miss Aberton, a former pupil of Flint.

Many hearing people think the deaf very brave to ride a wheel, and I have several times been asked how they dare venture on one and on the streets too. My answer to such questions is, the deaf are more careful than hearing people, that is, most of them are, they use their eyes for seeing and hearing, and so see a good many things that hearing people would never notice. I have not yet heard of a deaf person being hurt or killed while out wheeling, but there is hardly a week that one or more hearing people are not either hurt or killed, and nearly always through their own carelessness.

On Friday evening, May 6th, Rev. A. W. Mann came to Detroit and held service in the chapel of St. John's Episcopal church. The Bishop was present and confirmed two young mute ladies, both former pupils of Flint. Business kept the writer from being present.

Spring has come and every thing looks lovely and everybody would be enjoying themselves if it was not for war. Although the fighting is a long way from here, still there are many sad hearts here, as many have already gone to the front and many more will probably go. It is just two weeks ago to-morrow since the troops started for Island Lake, where they are drilling, being examined and volunteering. A friend of the writer who had some friends going, went to the depot to see them off and was telling her about a very old lady whose only son was going. The streets were crowded with thousands of people who went to see them off, and the old lady walked through the street beside her soldier boy, having hold of his hand nearly all the time. A young man the writer is acquainted with was engaged to be married in June and expected to have quite a fine wedding, but on receiving orders to start, they married at once and after spending a day or two with the bride, started for camp. If he should be so fortunate or so unfortunate as to pass the examination all right, he will probably have to go to the front with hundreds of others in a couple of days. So far there has been no loss of life reported among the Americans, and I am sure they will win the victory, as God always helps those who are on the right side. You all know how wicked and cruel the people of Spain are. Everyone feels will soon be over, but let us all hope and pray that it will.

Irrationalities.

- ... any reason in being proud, due to go with the rest of the crowd
- ... any reason in being shy, and ain't waiting for you to pass by
- ... any reason for being a shirk, apply for somebody else to work
- ... any reason in being afraid, nothing'll happen, 'tain't all down grade
- ... any reason for not being glad, is this life the best you have had?
- ... any reason in talkin' fast, the little you've got to say won't last
- ... any reason in not lookin' up, when as you've got to the dregs in the cup
- ... any reason in not forgivin', must keep on lovin' to keep on livin'
- ... any reason in not being true, make a beginning and carry it through
- ... any reason, or joy or beauty, to do anything less than your duty

—Cincinnati Home Journal

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

BY MAUD THOMAS.

Good-bye to all the readers, as these are my last.

Not long ago Mrs. Moore, the gardener's wife, went out fishing in the bay. I suppose she reported having good luck.

Misses Annie Butler, Eva and Ethel Payne and Donella Beatty came here on a short visit lately. We girls all feel grateful to them for their making us the pleasant afternoon.

Oh! Hurrah for "Home, Sweet Home," it is coming so quickly. The girls are thinking of it a great deal, and the dear little ones are talking of their young parents that they will hug in fond embrace.

Our much esteemed teacher Mrs. Ferrill, hasn't been very well since last April, so she stayed at home to have a rest for a week. The writer took charge of her class in her absence. We were glad to have her back again.

The English pupils have not forgotten Rev. Canon Burke's birthday, the 21st ult. They were really sorry that they didn't send him a birthday address, but they all wish him many happy returns of the day and much happiness and prosperity.

A few mornings ago Miss Dempsey was awakened by hearing the noise of a bird, so she got up and looked out of the window to see what was the matter. She saw a dear little bird, and a cat crouching on the grass ready to spring upon it. So she threw a pitcher of water at the cat, but the broken handle remained in her hand, inflicting a cut. She said she thought the mean cat ought to be punished and escaped unhurt.

THE MACKAY INSTITUTION.

From our own Correspondent

The following resolution was passed at the Teachers' meeting held yesterday at the Mackay Institution: "Knowing of our kind President, Mr. F. Wolferstan Thomas' intended departure for Europe, we desire to express our sincere hopes that his holiday may be a pleasant one, and we pray that he may return in renewed health and vigor to continue his philanthropic works, and that this resolution be published in all the city papers and the *CANADIAN MERRILL*, Belleville, Ont.

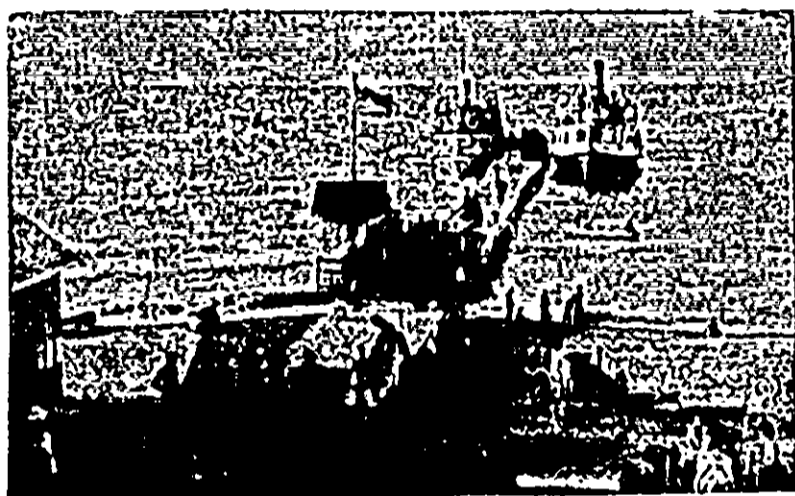
May 18th, 1888.

One at a Time.

A ticket-seller in a theatre once owned a parrot that was quick at learning to repeat the phrases he heard. Thus, among other things, he was soon able to exclaim: "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!" for this sentence was constantly in the mouth of his master. The ticket man went to the country for a summer vacation and took the educated parrot along with him. One day the bird got out of the cage and disappeared. His owner searched all about for him, and finally toward evening found him despoiled of half his feathers sitting far out on the limb of a tree, while a dozen crows were pecking at him whenever they could get a chance. And all this time the poor parrot with his back humped up, was edging away and constantly exclaiming "One at a time, gentlemen! one at a time, please!"

—Harper's Round Table.

VIEWS AT GRIMSBY PARK



Convention Notes.

—The hotels are large and there will be plenty of room for all who come.

Hearing people know a good place when they see it. They flock to the Park by hundreds during July and August.

The Sunday services will be very interesting. Toronto friends will lead one of them and teachers from the Institution the other.

This will be the last great gathering of the deaf of Ontario that will be held for two or perhaps three years. Come and help to make it a grand success.

Grimsby Park is one of the nicest spots in Ontario and the Committee were wise in their choice. So writes one who knows the park well and has no axe to grind.

All coming by rail should purchase tickets to Grimsby Park Station and get a certificate. Every certificate taken will help to swell the number to 50 and thus cheaper the return rate for the whole.

Two gentlemen from Toronto, Messrs. Ishister and Bradshaw, two from Hamilton, Messrs. Waggoner and McPherson, and a fifth from Brantford will be appointed to prepare a good programme of sports.

If you bring your bicycle, you will have delightful rides as the roads are excellent at Grimsby Park. You will find the Park Temple superior to the over-heated hall in the hot dusty city, plenty of cool fresh air in the open temple and lots of room for all. Board is as cheap and sometimes better than you get in the city. Do you want a good dish of strawberries and cream? You can get them there. Free bathing, fishing, swimming, Lawn Tennis, Baseball and Football grounds.

—The Secretary has heard from a good many friends since the circulars were sent out, and he hopes to hear from many more soon. The manager of the park hotels would like to know how many guests to expect and prepare for, so please answer the circulars as soon as you can.

—Parents of the deaf need be under no anxiety about letting their sons and daughters come to the Convention. The park is a strictly temperance place under excellent management and early hours are expected and enforced. The officers of the Convention will look after the comfort and safety of all.

—We are enabled to publish the above cuts of the Park through the kindness of the Methodist Book Room Toronto. We have also a very fine cut of the Temple where the meetings are held, which we have to leave over for lack of space, the cuts arriving rather late. The Temple is a spacious, breezy place, open all around, just the thing for summer meetings.

—It was generally considered that the programme at Brantford was too full. The committee will try to avoid this at Grimsby. It is proposed that instead of a programme previously prepared that a committee arrange one suitable for the exigencies of the occasion for each part of the day giving the members plenty of time for sociability and to enjoy the beauties of the park.

Mr. Mathison will of course be there to meet his former boys and girls now grown to young men and women and an address of cheer and encouragement from him may be relied on. As many of the teachers and officers of the Institution as can possibly arrange it will be there also. The meeting of teachers and pupils of classes in years gone by and recalling the incidents of the past will be a pleasant feature of the occasion.

The Boy who Minds his Mother.

Boys, just listen for a moment to a word I have to say. Many a man's gates are just before you drawing water every day. Don't be in a hurry while you are passing near the intervening span, that the boy who minds his mother seldom makes a wicked man.

There are many slips and failures in the world we're living in. Those who start with prospects fairest off are overcome by sin. But I'm certain that you will notice if the facts you closely scan that the boy who minds his mother seldom makes a wicked man.

Then be guided by her counsel, it will never lead astray. Rest assured she has your welfare in her thoughts by night and day. Don't forget that she has loved you since the day your life began. Oh the boy who minds his mother seldom makes a wicked man.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Your correspondent received a letter from Mabel Ball now working with the T. Eaton Co., in Toronto. She seems to be well pleased with her work and new surroundings. We all wish her success.

Rev. Mann delivered a lecture in Detroit one evening lately and the Bishop held confirmation service on Sunday, but the attendance from here was small on account of the weather not being very nice.

Ed. Ball is still working steadily at the Salt works. He is blooming out into a chicken crank of the deepest dye, in fact he is almost as bad as our own A. E. If one is bad, tother is worse (on this score at least.)

The redoubtable Araminta Jones is still on deck. She may be writing a play to rival Shakespeare, for all her friends know. She had a hazy notion that her news was being crowded out, but Toronto's little compliment has given her courage to try again.

The girls working in the seed soto at Ferry's have all been laid off for the summer, Matilda Lafferty among them. She is looking for something else to do in the interval, as she does not like to remain idle.

It's "War!" "War!" day and night. Will nobody talk of nothing else? "The new woman," "Bicycling, anything for a change from Dewey's victories, Sampson's mysterious movements, Weyler's cruelties, &c. We go to bed at midnight and slaughter imaginary Spaniards by the score, besides hanging Butcher Weyler, only to have him bob up again with a sardonic grin when we think the job's done.

Everything has gone up here, the price of bread being in Detroit 6 cents a loaf higher than formerly. The poor find times very hard. Farm produce is very cheap, except for potatoes, which sell about \$1 a bushel up this way.

Bert Sepner had a letter from our old friend Charlie Davis, who is now in Essex, working as a mason. He says he is coming to Windsor in a few weeks and will spend a few days with Bert. We shall all be glad to see him. It is quite three years since he met a deaf mute.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sepner have removed to a new house, 100 Goyeau street, facing the G. T. R. station. It is a very pretty place and Bert intends becoming the owner. They will be pleased to see any of their old friends who call.

It seems as if very few of our mutes intend going, if any go at all to the Convention. Most of them have business which cannot be left even for a day. However, we wish all who do go a pleasant time.

There is never much news around here, as your scribe sees very few of the mutes here, having to depend on Detroiters for that kind of society.

Susan Duane, nee Campbell, lives near Mr. A. Sepner. She has a little girl nearly four years old. She works by the day for her neighbours as her husband is away. She cannot talk to the deaf now, as she has forgotten all her signs, &c.

Ex. ald. John Sepner, boot and shoe merchant and father of Bert, was struck on the cheek, while walking on a back street, by a piece of wood which laid it open to the bone. Whether it was done accidentally or intentionally can not be learned, but the prevailing opinion is that it was accidental, as no one could possibly have a motive for injuring him. A. J.

Ontario Deaf-Mutes Association.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1898.

The vine creeps forth the daisy blooms
 The very air is filled with song
 The tall grass bends with graceful curves
 When sweeps the summer breeze along

The Queen's Birthday.

An occasional shower fell in early morning, but after ten o'clock the dark clouds rolled by, followed by the welcome sun with the promise of fair weather for the day. The Institution flag, emblematic of Britain's protection and defence, was hoisted on the pole in front at an early hour amid shouts. At nine o'clock the pupils assembled in the chapel and Mr. Balis spoke on the day and the manner in which we, as loyal subjects, were to celebrate it. He then went on referring in elegant terms to the freedom enjoyed and the progress made under British rule at the present time, showing in comparison the evils of Spanish misgovernment in Cuba and other dependencies. On the blackboard were the words, "God save the Queen." 1819-1898 "300,000,000." After chapel, permission was granted to a number of senior pupils to see the military parade in the city and the raising of a flag by Sir Mackenzie Bowell at Victoria Park. During the day they enjoyed themselves in a quiet way, playing ball, etc., and in the evening witnessed a splendid display of fire works on the grounds. May Her Majesty the Queen live many years to continue her beneficial reign.

HOME NEWS
 Wm. NURSE, LOCAL REPORTER

Sunshine and showers have made the grass flourish and the mowers have been kept busy on the lawns.

Dan Godfrey's famous band was at Belleville last Thursday and quite a number from the Institution took advantage of the visit and went to hear it.

One of the earliest signs of the coming exodus has set in, it is a stream of trunks and boxes pouring into the carpenter's shop to be made secure against railway baggage smashers.

A few days ago Herbert McKenzie received sad news from home and there will be one less to greet him when he arrives there, his brother William having died. Herbert feels the loss very keenly.

A light hand cart has been provided for the boys while gathering up the rakings, waste paper, etc., around the buildings and is proving of great convenience in the collection and cartage away of refuse.

Mr. Dowrie and his boys have laid a new side-walk along part of the front road facing the Institution, which was a much needed piece of work. The gates and fences have also received required attention.

When the children arrive at Toronto by the 6.50 morning train on June 15th, if the parents will go to the station master there, they will be allowed to go to the lower station to meet their children on arrival, as heretofore.

Some of the parents are dilatory in forwarding money for railway tickets for their children going home. Promptness in this matter would save the Superintendent considerable trouble. Any who have not remitted as per circular will be good enough to do so without delay.

Last week was a busy one in all the class-rooms, the whole week except the Queen's Birthday being taken up with the written examination conducted by the teachers. At the close of the session the papers will be sent home and by comparing them with the previous year, parents will be able to judge how their children have progressed.

Considerable interest was attached to a well appointed equipage that drove up to the Institution one fine day last week after school hours. It had been engaged by one of our gentlemen teachers who had issued invitations to the ladies for an afternoon's outing. Those who went reported a very pleasant drive around the city and returned much pleased with the trip, hoping "Mac," senior, will arrange another excursion before long.

Our base ball team had a picnic last Saturday afternoon. The Shannonville base-ball team came over to play and for nearly four hours the game was extended and supper was late in consequence, but the pupils had what they called a good time. Our boys got ahead of our visitors but they took it all in good part and the game was the most friendly character. At the close of the game the visitors cordially invited our boys to go over to Shannonville next Saturday for a return match. The score by innings was as follows:

Institution	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R
Shannonville	2	1	1	0	2	1	1	1	0	0
	1	1	1	1	0	2	0	1	1	12

One of our senior pupils, Geo. Wallace, received a very sudden summons home on the afternoon of the 11th ult. his father being very ill. It was Saturday afternoon and George had gone away to a quiet place to read up for the approaching examinations and could not be readily found. Searchers were sent out for him and, when found, his preparations were hurried and our carriage took him to the station as soon as possible, arriving a little too late to catch the afternoon express and he had to remain until the evening. We fear he arrived home very late, missing the afternoon train would give him a very long drive from Lindsay to Cobscouk. We are all sorry for George.

PERSONALITIES.

Miss Alice Wood, of Madec, is visiting Miss Bella Mathison.

Mr. McLean, Stewart of the Rockwood Asylum, and Mrs. McLean have been for several days the guests of Miss Walker.

Our official examiner this year is Mr. D. Fotheringham, Inspector of Public Schools for West York. He arrived here on Monday and is now busily at work in the class rooms.

Mrs. McLaren, in renewing her subscription to our paper, says she is sorry that her son Thomas will not be at Grimsby. He is now in Manitoba for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Keith has the sympathy of all in the death of his brother, which sad event took place recently in Cleveland. He had been ill for a long time, but Mr. Keith had hoped he would live till vacation when he intended to make him a visit. He leaves a widow and one daughter.

Mr. Fred H. Stover, formerly of Boston, Mass., but now of Truthurst, Ala., sends us a long letter descriptive of the beauties of that place and the excellent opportunities for industrious mutes with a little capital to do well there by raising fruit. The letter is a very interesting one and we would give it space if we could.

Mr. Charles Holton and Mr. Melutosh took a spin out together on the fine road leading to Shannonville, nine miles from Belleville, two weeks ago Saturday. After riding six miles on the rear tire of Charles' bicycle burst, much to his chagrin, thus compelling him to return home afoot, along with his companion to comfort him.

Messrs. Patrick and Luddy, of the C. P. R. shops, Perth, and Miss Noonan, of Harper, were the guests of their former friend at the Belleville Institute, Mr. W. Smith, on Sunday. Messrs. Patrick and Luddy are both typos by trade, but being unable to obtain employment in the art preservative, they entered the carshops at Perth.—*Laurel Era*.

From news received from Vancouver, B. C., we regret to hear of the death of Thomas M. Greene, a former pupil of our Institution. He had been ill with that fell disease, consumption, for over two years and succumbed on the 13th of April. He will be kindly remembered by many of his former school mates among whom he was a general favorite while here.

Mr. F. G. Jefferson, who has quite a reputation in the old country, and also in Detroit and Chicago, is at present delighting the mute residents and the citizens of Buffalo generally, by writing items to the newspapers on "What deaf-mutes can do." We thought he had gone to the Klondike, with other kindred spirits, but we were mistaken. If the United States Government wants a reliable and trusty messenger to send to Cuba or the Philippine Islands, he is just the man for the place.

PERTH TOPICS.

The Perth foot ball club drove out to Smith's Falls on the 14th ult., Saturday afternoon, to play a match with the team of that town. Messrs. Patrick, Noonan and Luddy played on the Perth team. Mr. McMillivray accompanied the boys, but there was not a chance to put him on the team. Quite a crowd, including many ladies, gathered to witness the match, which resulted in a victory for Perth by a score of 1 to 0, Luddy sending the ball through the flags. A return match was played on the Collegiate Institute grounds here on the morning of the 24th. The result was another victory for Perth, the score again being 1 to 0, M. Noonan scoring this time. Messrs. Patrick and Luddy were away to Ottawa.

Mr. Luddy went to Toronto on the 21st and remained over Sunday. He had a fine time, meeting many former pupils of our school. He left Toronto the following day and stopped off at Peterboro to do some business there, and took the night express for Perth. Four hours after his arrival in Perth he went to Ottawa to spend the Queen's Birthday.

There was never so many mutes in Ottawa on any occasion as there was on the Queen's Birthday. Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hodgins, Miss Maud Culligan, Messrs. Bayne, Holland, Scissons, Murphy, Lett, Patrick, McMillivray, O'Brien and Luddy, in addition to those living in Ottawa. In the afternoon a picnic was held in Rockliffe and those present had a grand time. Your correspondent regrets that he disappointed those at the picnic. He did not know they were waiting so eagerly for him to turn up. Every electric car was watched to see him make his appearance. He had just returned from Toronto in the morning and the Ottawa mutes were in the hope of meeting him to invite him to the picnic. There, however, was such a big crowd, they failed to see him. He met some of the other mutes and heard a little about the picnic, but did not know that so many of them would be there. He saw the soldiers parade in the forenoon and was at Lansdowne Park in the afternoon. Messrs. Lett and McMillivray were with him. They saw the lacrosse match between the Capitals and Shamrocks. In the evening he had the pleasure of meeting the rest of the mutes, with the exception of three. He remained in Ottawa the following day when he returned to Perth with Mr. Patrick in the evening. Some of the mutes met Dr. Smith and Mr. O'Meara. Your writer saw Dr. Smith, but he did not get a chance to meet him. He, however, was pleased to meet Mr. O'Meara.

Two, perhaps three, of your old boys living here now, will be at the convention if possible. If they go, Mr. Harry Hall, of the Machay Institution, will accompany them.

President Bayne seems to be the only representative of Ottawa and district that will attend the Convention. Many of the other mutes would like to go, but they think it is too far, so they are waiting till it is held in Belleville.

Mr. O'Meara is still attending Ottawa College and the only thing that prevents him from attending the coming Convention is that the examinations at the College are held only a few days after the close of the Convention. He regrets this very much as he would be greatly pleased to see many old friends again. He wishes to be remembered to all those who know him.

Mr. Stephen Lett's sister, Lala, figured

among the mutes in Ottawa on the 24th as if she was a deaf-mute herself.

We learn that Mr. Bradshaw, of Toronto, will come to Perth, Ottawa and other places on a visit this summer if he gets a chance. We extend to you a right royal welcome, Tommy. There were about 22 mutes in Ottawa on the Queen's birthday, not including the French mutes. The latter being added would make about 35 in all.

TORONTO TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent
 On enquiring recently as to the possibility of securing a boat to take the Toronto contingent of delegates to the Convention on the 16th inst., it was learned that we would have to guarantee at least 50 tickets. At a meeting held shortly afterwards a list of names was taken down of those who intended to go on the day mentioned and some 21 names were taken down on the spot. There were more than the balance required to make up the requisite number who were not at the meeting. Quite a number of our young friends picked up at the High Park on the 24th ult. Your reporter was not on hand to note the events of the day and is therefore only able to give a glimpse of what took place. It is reported that a stray bomb (firecracker) was thrown into the camp (probably from the Spanish squadron) of our friends and the missile fell directly on the top of one of our popular young ladies. Although not blowing up the parasol and its owner it made such heavy inroads on the parasol as to render it useless. Some elegant lines inspired by the occurrence has been sent us, for which we venture to submit for our friends' entertainment:

FOND MEMORIES OF HIGH PARK,
 24th of May, 1898.
 Fond memories linger round the Park,
 The my parasol caught a spark,
 Which burnt it in the saddest way.
 Oh that "24th of May."
 When all our hearts were light and gay
 O Charlie Elliott, had you been
 Attending to your little queen,
 In some sweet secluded spot,
 Where all your friends were not,
 But such was not to be your lot,
 When fire-crackers were falling hot
 On the 24th of May,
 Our gracious Queen's birthday.

From various sources we heard that a very lively time was spent all round. Mr. Chas. Elliott, in renewing his subscription to the MUTE, said he was well pleased with the paper and thought it a very creditable journal in every way for the mutes of Ontario. He said it was always a welcome visitor.

Mr. David Luddy, of Perth, Ont., came down to Toronto on the 21st May and staid over Sunday. We are sorry his stay was so short. We are pleased to learn that he intends to be at the Convention.

Miss Mary O'Neil spent the 24th May in Berlin with Miss F. Gardiner and other friends. We hear she had a capital time.

Mrs. H. Mason was suddenly called away the other day to visit her mother in the country, who was reported to be in a critical condition. At the time of writing she has not yet returned home. We hope the fears of the family may not be realized.

Miss F. McGregor has secured a situation at the T. Eaton Co. Who next? Mr. and Mrs. H. Moore are visiting at Detroit and Sarina for a couple of weeks.

Miss L. Elliott is visiting friends in the city and is looking well after her stay in London for some time.

The Mute's Touch.

It is said that once Mendelssohn came to see the great Freiburg organ. The custodian refused him permission to play upon the instrument, not knowing who he was. At length, however, he reluctantly granted him leave to play a few notes. Mendelssohn took his seat, and soon the most wonderful music was breaking forth from the organ. The custodian was spellbound. He came up beside the great musician and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humiliated, self-condemned, saying, "And I refused you permission to play upon my organ!" There comes One to us and desires to take our lives and play upon them. But we withhold ourselves from Him, and refuse Him permission, when, if we would yield ourselves to Him, He would bring from our souls heavenly music.

Prayer carries us half way to God, fasting brings us to the door of His palace, and alms-giving procures us admission.—*Koran*.

