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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. V.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 15, 1897.

NO. 13.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

W. T. E. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

M. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent
A. MATHISON	Nursar
E. J. KINGS, M. D.	Physician
MISS ISABELL WALKER	Nutrition

Teachers:

MR. J. G. TYPHILL	Head Teacher
MR. M. M. OUTHOM	Teacher
MISS MARY HULL	Teacher
MISS FLORENCE MAYNARD	Teacher
MISS MELVIA L. HALIS	Teacher
MISS ADA JAMES	Teacher
MISS GEORGINA LIND	Teacher

MISS ARTHUR GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS E. F. WILLS, Teacher of Dressing

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W. G. KEITH, JOHN DOWRIE,
Inspector of Boys etc., Master Carpenter

MISS M. DUMPHY, D. CONNINGHAM,
Inspector, Supervisor, etc., Master Baker

WM. NURSE, JOHN MOORE,
Master Shoemaker, Gardener

MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer

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

Advances between the ages of seven and twelve, and 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 with the necessary fees.

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, Dressing and Shoemaking are taught to boys, and the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing Machine, and Ornamental and fancy work as may be desired.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the 1st of September, and continues until the 31st of June of each year. Applications as to the terms of admission, etc., will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND DELIVERED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to go by the next train in office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The message is not sent to post letters or parcels, or receive letters at post office for delivery, for any amount the same is in the locked bag.



The Two Words.

One day a harsh word, rashly said
Upon an evil journey led
And like a sharp and cruel dart
It pierced a fond and loving heart
It turned a friend into a foe
And every where brought pain and woe

And word followed it one day
How swift and sure one word can go
It healed the wound it scathed the pain
And friends who had been friends again
It made the hate and anger cease
And every where brought joy and peace

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface
And though the heart its love regained
It bore a scar that long remained
Friends could forgive, but not forget
Of how the sense of keen regret

Oh, if we could but learn to know
How swift and sure one word can go
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air
And only speak the words that move
Like white winged messengers of love
Sunday School Times



His Life for Thine.

M. A. W. ROBINSON.

Many years ago on a cold, wintry day, a sleigh drawn by four horses was seen hastening over the snowy wastes of northern Russia.

Slowly the red sun is sinking below the horizon and the sleighbells tinkle merrily as Eric, the coachman, cracks his whip and cheerily speeds his gallant steeds.

Inside the sleigh sit Baron Polesky, his wife and child. The posthouse, or inn, is still twenty versts (about fifteen miles) distant. Few words are spoken as the baron and his wife, with anxious faces, watched the gathering clouds of twilight. Each knows the dread that is in the other's heart, it is of the hungry packs of howling wolves which infest this region in winter. Well they know that the traveller's fate is sealed whom night overtakes on these desolate, barren steppes.

Eric's low, sing-song jangle, with which Russian drivers are wont to beguile the journoys, has ceased. The whip no longer cracks from habit, but each swish is a lash, as he urges his horses forward. The echo of a low, subdued growl is heard across the plain. A faint black spot appears upon the horizon, it grows large and appears to be many in spots, the low growl is changed to a fierce howl.

"Mamma, what do I hear?" whispered Anita in terror-stricken tones, as she nestled closer to her mother. "Oh, my child," says the mother, trying to speak lightly, "you hear the wind blowing through the forests."

"The wolves are upon us, Eric!" cries the baron, with haggard face, as he leans out of the open window. "Have your pistols ready, and drive faster—faster!"

"My darlings," he whispers to his wife and child, "be brave, the great God will protect us. I must sit by Eric to be ready to shoot." With a last embrace and carefully placing his pistols in the pocket of his fur overcoat, he opens the door and swings himself out and up to the seat beside the coachman.

"How many versts yet, Eric?" he eagerly asks. "About ten, your excellency." "Can we make it?" "God and his saints alone know," was the low reply, scarcely heard through the fierce baying of the rapidly approaching pack.

It is as though the gates of Inferno had been opened, for the hoarse, angry

roaring of some two hundred blood-thirsty wolves is truly demoniacal. "Drive faster, drive faster!" cries the baron, as, leaning from his seat, he fires at the leader of the pack, which, with open jaws and red protruding tongue, is a few yards in advance of the rest. For a moment the onward surge of the fiendish band is stayed as they crowd around and rend the body of their writhing leader.

"Unfasten one of your foremost span!" cries the baron. It is but the work of a second for Eric to leap from his seat and obey the command. The poor horse, wild with terror, rushes off across the plain, the wolves turn aside to follow. Small need to urge forward the foaming, terrorized horses; they know that a hideous foe is upon their track, and are straining every nerve and muscle. But hark! again the fierce howling grows louder. Again comes the order "Unfasten the other leader!"

Again the baron, leaning forward, takes steady aim and leaves two of the gray monsters bleeding on the frozen snow. Wildly the frenzied horse dashes off on the race for life, but the swift-limbed wolves have tasted blood and long for more. One, two, three—twenty leap upon him, and in ten minutes blood stains, a few hairs, and bones are all that remain of the gallant horse.

The black sleigh seemed winged as it leaped along toward the post-house, whose lights are even now twinkling on the far horizon. Inside the conveyance, the fair-haired baroness has sunk upon her knees. She clasps closely to her bosom her weeping little daughter, soothing her with words of comfort and hope, then prays in broken accents. The little flock of fair, white dovesings at home, how can they spare both father and mother, how can she see her handsome, brown-eyed Michel and her baby Anita torn in pieces by the hideous wolves? "See, darling," she cries, "the lights of the post-house! We shall be saved. But ah, the wolves are even now upon us! Oh, Eric, drive faster, faster or we are lost! God and the saints deliver us!"

Again the baying pack is hearing its prey. "Eric," says the baron, "can we spare another horse?" "No, your excellency." "Then have your pistols ready, we will die fighting." "My master," begins Eric, in a quivering voice, which gradually grows firmer. "The post-house is yet two versts away. If we give another horse we cannot reach the inn with one, and all must die. I love you and yours, my master. I will give myself to the wolves, it will give you time to reach the post-house."

"Nay, my faithful Eric, I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself." "My master," speaks Eric in the same low, firm voice, "my master, my father loved and served your father. You will give my love to my wife and children and take care of them—promise me?" "Aye, truly I promise, my brave Eric, but you must not do this." "My master, there is no time, I must perish or all. Tell my wife I love her and died bravely. God and his saints protect you!" Then he leaps down, to face death in its most horrible form. "Farewell, my noble Eric!" cries the baron, as he brushes back the blinding tears, and takes one look at his faithful servant holding at bay for a moment that would tear him in pieces the next.

"My noble Eric! oh, my brave Eric!" moans the baron, as he lashes to fury the panting, quivering horses.

The post-house lights are bright. "Five minutes more and we shall be within its walls. But hark! the fearful foe is gaining. Now, God and his saints lend us speed! Nearer, yet nearer and louder the baying of the wolves.

With a clang the iron gates swing to as the panting horses stagger inside. Not a moment too soon. Hungrier, fiercer, more terrible than ever are the

howling wolves as they rush around the stone walls and heavy iron portal, seeking entrance.

The good baron and his wife slept not that night as they listened to the dread baying of the wolves outside and thought of the self-sacrifice of their noble Eric.

Peace reigned when the morning sun dawned. Could it be possible that the night before had been so full of terror and peril? Ah the absence of their faithful Eric told too true a tale!

In the sunlight sallied a group of searchers for the remains of the noble Eric. They found on the white, glittering snow only a skull and bones. Today, the traveller sees on the wide Russian plain an iron cross, on which is written, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

The Last Dollar.

A prosperous New Yorker, who in the course of twenty-five years has attained high distinction in his profession, attributes his success in large measure to his father's good sense in appealing to his manliness and pride.

He had been an indolent student at college, and had made a poor use of his advantages, and as soon as he was graduated he had asked his father to allow him to go to New York and to study law. The father's reply was brusque and forcible.

"So far as I can make it out, you have wasted your time at college," he said, "and there is no ground for faith in your success at the bar. Still you may do as you like. I shall give you one hundred dollars; but remember that when you have spent your last dollar, it will be useless to ask me for money."

This reads like an unkind, unsympathetic speech, but the son treasures it to this day as a rich legacy from a wise father. It helped to develop in him a spirit of manly independence. It made him set his teeth together, and resolve that under no circumstances would he ask his father for another dollar.

A strange glow of excitement brightens the veteran's face whenever he tells the story of his last dollar.

When he reached New York the letters of introduction upon which he had depended, failed to secure an opening for him, and he found himself without a friend in the great city. Week after week he walked the streets in search of employment in stores, factories and offices, and he received no encouragement. His lodgings became poorer and poorer, his luncheon was dropped, and at last he had only one meal a day.

There came a day when he had only one dollar left in his pocket. It was late in the afternoon, and he had eaten nothing since the previous night. With this last dollar unbroken he secured a clerkship in a dry goods store, and the crisis of his fortunes was passed. Six months afterward there was an opening for him in a law office, and eventually he became a successful lawyer.

A metropolitan banker recently remarked that his bank was an asylum for millionaires' grandsons. "I have six of them in training as clerks," he said, "and not one of them has the energy required for earning his living unaided. If they were poor men, without having the prospect of inheriting great wealth, they would find it for their benefit to learn something in my bank, and to fit themselves for useful careers."

That was a cynical remark at the expense of rich men's sons; but it is true that hard and painful experiences, like the young collegian's search for employment with his last dollar in his pocket, toughen the fibre of one's manhood and develop force of character, and with the possession of good mental qualities, contribute to success in life.—*Youth's Companion.*



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 pupils 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 other wise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

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

ADVERTISING

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

Address all communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE,

ONTARIO



FRIDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897.

An Appeal to the Deaf.

The appeal made to the deaf in Ontario for contributions in aid of the education of the deaf in India should find a ready and liberal response, for the cause is a most worthy one. The condition of the deaf in that country is a very sad one indeed, and one that should appeal strongly to our sympathy. The educated mutes of Ontario are able to realize how sad and almost hopeless is the condition of an uneducated deaf man, and can and do appreciate the value of an education, its absolute necessity even if over they are to be able to earn a competent livelihood and become responsible citizens. But in India there are 200,000 deaf people, equal in number to one-sixth of the whole population of this Province, and for all this silent multitude there are but two small schools able to accommodate some 50 pupils. All the rest must continue to live in hopeless ignorance and dependence unless aid is forthcoming. Some may think it is the duty of the government to provide an education for these silent ones, and doubtless this is true, yet the government has not seen fit to do so. Nor should we be much surprised at this, for of course the condition of India in respect to education, as in many others, is far behind that of Canada. The vast bulk of the people of India have not yet been christianized and do not value an education for the masses as we do, nor do the ruling classes feel that responsibility for the welfare of those below them in social and intellectual status, and more especially for those deprived of any of their faculties, which christianity has imposed as a duty upon us, and the enlightened discharge of which is one of our greatest glories. The bulk of the Hindoos regard deafness or blindness, not as the accident of birth or disease, but as a punish-

ment imposed by the gods for some sin of the individual or of his parents, and they think that to attempt to overcome the disadvantages to which these unfortunate ones are subjected is to try to defeat the purposes of the gods, and is, therefore, reprehensible. This attitude of the people is probably one reason why the government has not yet established schools for the deaf, though they now give a small grant to each of the two schools now existing, and have promised to assist such other schools as may be founded by private enterprise, and it is confidently hoped that in the not distant future they will provide facilities for the free education of all the mutes. But meanwhile time is passing, and with it those opportunities which come but once to each individual. The deaf boys and girls now of school age cannot expect an education provided by the government, and unless outside assistance is given, those will be condemned also to a life of ignorance. Such being the facts of the case it is to be hoped that the deaf in this Province, who have received a free education and realize its value and necessity, will aid to the best of their ability their fellow-subjects in India who are similarly afflicted, and who now dwell in the darkness of hopeless ignorance and dependence. To the prevalence of christian ideas the deaf of Ontario owe their educational facilities and other blessings. This faith and these beneficences we are commanded to carry to all the people of the earth, and who should so readily assist in doing this, as a class such as the deaf who are especially indebted for all of hope and cheer that they enjoy to the prevalence of christian ideas and the practical application of christian principles.

"Telephone," in the *Mt. Ivy World*, remarks by way of protest, "some Institution papers still speak of the boys and girls as males and females." Well, ours are. What kind of boys and girls has the "Telephone" man been accustomed to deal with?

It would not be a bad idea to spend some time in teaching our pupils how to study. That they don't know, in many cases is evident enough. What we often condemn as dullness and lack of comprehension may often be due to lack of a knowledge how to study. It is not easy to learn any lesson without a plan, and if teachers would show pupils how to seize the important facts and group around them other facts, and seek the principles involved, then in class have a thorough application, we doubt not that we should get better work. —*American School and College Journal*.

Right living is, in one sense, a living without making mistakes. To make mistakes is human, however, and a mistake may at least have in it the merit of activity. The person who does nothing may escape blaming, but a do nothing policy is not often a help to progress. "Recently," said a notable speaker at a memorable gathering lately assembled, "I saw some people who have made no mistakes for thousands of years; they were in the museum of the university of Pennsylvania, in the Peruvian and Mexican departments, in glass cases."

Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen. Water was brought to him and just as he was about to drink a wounded soldier borne by on a litter fixed his eyes upon the bottle with such a wistful look that Sidney insisted on giving it to him, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Sidney died, but this deed will ever be remembered.

Napoleon one day searching for a book in the library at Malmaison discovered it at last on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Mouton, one of the tallest men in the army, who chanced to be present, stepped forward, saying "Allow me, sire, I am higher than your Majesty." "Longer, longer, you mean, Marshal," said the emperor, with a frown.

Early Days of Gilbert Parker.

Gilbert Parker, the novelist, came very near missing his calling. Several years ago, when he was a country school teacher, he went to the town of Trenton and applied to a local druggist for a situation. The druggist sized him up and advised him to stick to school teaching.

"You think, then, that I'm no good," said young Parker dejectedly.

"Well, I didn't say that," replied the druggist, "but I don't think you'd do for the drug business. You'd better stick to school teaching."

When Gilbert Parker came to Toronto on a recent visit he met the Trenton druggist of former days, Mr. W. T. Baker of Ossington avenue, this city, and they recalled old times.

"You spoiled a good druggist that time, Mr. Baker," said the novelist, "but I am very glad you did."

It is not generally known that Gilbert Parker, later on, took holy orders and for about four years officiated as deacon in the Anglican church at Trenton. He was a fine elocutionist, and when, after going to Australia, he resigned his orders, those who know him felt that the church had lost a most promising creature. He was a teacher of the Deaf at the Institution in Belleville and a good one too. The gesture language he studied there gave him the gracefulness which adds so much to his elocutionary powers. It will thus be seen that Gilbert Parker offered himself to the business of drugs, that he became Roy Gilbert Parker, that he taught school, that he lectured in Trinity College, that he went to Australia to sell books, but came back a writer of books. His case seems to show that the man who is fitted for a career will blunder into the right line whether or no. —*Saturday Night*.

The Teacher Taught.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in the volume of autobiography which I have just published, tells the unique story of how, as master of the Birmingham grammar school, he was caned by one of the boys.

The class was engaged on Cicero. Some disorder occurred near the master's chair, and, seizing the cane, he "gave a nasty cut up" the too tempting back of one youth, who seemed to be the offender. "If you please, sir," said the boy, squirming, "I did nothing. It was Scudamore that kicked me in the stomach, underneath the desk."

The statement was true. Scudamore had demanded from his neighbor, quite illegitimately, the explanation of an obscure passage, and not being attended to, taken this much too emphatic means of enforcing attention. Having called the class up, Arnold said to the doubly wronged boy, who was still rubbing the place "It was I who am most to blame for having dealt you an undeserved blow. Take that cane and give it back to me as hard as you got it." "No, sir," the lad answered, "I can't do that."

The whole great school-room was now listening, masters and all. Arnold insisted: "Jones, you must obey me; and if you disobey, I am sorry to say I shall make you write out that page of Cicero three times, staying in to do it."

Whether it was desperation at this dreadful alternative, or the sparkling eyes of his class fellows, evidently longing to have the good luck themselves of "licking" a master, that suddenly inspired Jones, I know not. What I do know is that he reached forth his hand, took the cane, and dealt me no shame telling out over my shoulders. I had no idea that the ridiculous instrument could sting as it did, like a scorpion. "Rubbing the place" in my own turn, I managed to thank Jones for his obliging compliance, and then said to him: "Break that detestable weapon across your knee and throw it out of the window. Never again will we have anything to do with such methods here." Sir Edwin Arnold adds that corporal punishment is, in his view, a cowardly and clumsy expedient, and that he who can not teach without the stick had better get some other business.

The Pennsylvania Institution has lengthened its terms to twelve years. This is decidedly a step in the right direction. Out here in Michigan we think a thirteen year term is one year too short, and intend some time to add another year to ours, but still twelve years is a pretty good term. —*Michigan Mirror*

A Hushaby Song

Autumn winds are crooning
Lulling soft the birds below
Close thy bright eyes (dozing) now
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber do!

Dreamland often hover near
Whispering drowsy-songs to thee
Covered soft I tuck around thee
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber do!

O'er the land, fair nature spread
A coverlet, o'er summer fled
The fields were water, gold, and green
The fences, stiches, worked between
Now the earth is brown and drear
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber do!

Royal sun, and harvest moon
Tell 't at winter cometh soon
Tenderly covering the flowers aye
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber do!

Starry lamps glint in the sky
Each one lighting the way on high
Of angel guarding some earth child
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber do!

Through the shadowy curtain
The moonlight gleams o'er the lawn
Thy simple joys too soon will go
The coming years bring strife and woe
Thy feet will lag, thy heart be weary
Hush thee! hush thee! slumber do!

ALICE, in the Rockwood

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE.

A Deaf Girl on a Wheel

BY M. C. LYNCH, CHATHAM

I have been riding a wheel, or, to be exact, and caudoe compels me to say so, that I might slide along through the vale of tears, without trying to amuse another, and be all the better for it. A sinful youth, named Johnnie, persuaded me to do it. "You'll look better on a wheel," he said enthusiastically, whether he meant it as a sarcastic remark at my increasing aversion, I do not know, but I am willing to bet five dollars on ten dollars that he did. I was wakened up into such a state that I knew I should make a precious idiot of myself, and I did too, as you will see later. I hesitated for about two seconds, and then I was lost. I dashed off, and presently returned hugging a wheel. The wheel, as the aforesaid wheel, may have been a trifle smaller and lighter than those of a locomotive, but I have my doubts about it. "All you have to do," said my young teacher, "is to climb up, hang on to the handle bar, so as to balance the wheel, place your foot on one pedal, and push, and then it will fetch the other pedal up, keep on pedalling at a moderate rate, and there you are. When 'there' was, I do not know, but I presume it was the first ditch I fell in. The wheel came out best for it was a top. I managed to extricate myself from the wheels, and looked around for Johnnie. He had vanished, a muffled sound proceeded from a tree some ten yards away, and was followed five minutes later by the appearance of Johnnie, very crimson in the face, and very shaky about the shoulders. "You have done fine," he said in a smothered kind of a way. I glanced at him suspiciously but he looked so innocent that my suspicions that he had been laughing at me vanished utterly. "Come on and have another, Rome wasn't built in a day, you know." Thus, the usual course, philosopher overcame my scruples a second time. Once more I mounted. The fence was about a yard away. I concluded to pedal gently over and over back. It's a well known fact that you never know just how fast you are going on a wheel. I discovered this too late. The front wheel struck the fence and rebounded, having first gently depressed me over the fence into a bed of tomatoes. In about two minutes I was up and brushed the tomato seedlings from my garments. Then I looked around for that boy. All I could see was a speck and two wheels revolving like tops. Hence, I have had some pretty trying experiences, but that wheel has done all. I regard the "Bicycle Craze" and bicyclists and bicycles to be as much shunned as the small pox and cholera. I believe fellow sufferers will no doubt agree with me. Them's my sentiments and I don't care who knows 'em."

One of the daily papers in its column of Cuban War news, gave as an instance of Spanish cruelty, the killing of a mute boy. The soldiers met the boy in a field of his father's plantation, asked some questions, to which the boy answered in gestures that he was deaf and dumb. But the soldiers insisted that he was shamming, shot him in sight of his father before he could get them and interfere.

It is the wife who has the mark of a man's home, says an exchange, and now and then she makes her own way too.

Little Armchair.

Some boys and girls with kinds of dresses. Mrs. Dalrymple...

AMELIA WOODS. We were all surprised that it was so good...

EDWARD A. LESLIE. I liked to see the living pictures...

MARY L. LAMONT. I was thinking of the things...

THOMAS CHANTLER. We saw the pantomime living pictures...

ANNIE B. GREGORY. We had living pictures tableaux vivants...

MISS A. FRASER. I was thinking of the things...

DEAR MISS FRASER. We the members of the deaf mute association...

MISS W. ROBERTS. It is said to have been all previous engagements...

MISS ANNE MATHISON. There was a pantomime which Mr. McKillop and Miss James...

MISS MARY THOMAS. There was a pantomime which Mr. McKillop and Miss James...

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TORONTO TOPICS.

New Year's day was dull and gloomy. Mr. Bigden entertained the deaf with his magic lantern...

Our genial friend Mr. McIntosh spent New Year with friends in Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. W. J. Terrell returned from a visit to her son Freddy in the Institution...

Charles Gold and his bride, nee Miss Watts, spent part of their honeymoon in our city. A well-known deaf gentleman acted the part of Santa Claus by distributing books among the children whose parents are deaf...

We regret to hear of the serious illness of your Ottawa Correspondent, and of V. E. Smith, of Brantford, but pleased that they are on the road to recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchan were made happy by the arrival of a little daughter on the 21st...

Little Ada Wilson is suffering badly with the quinsy. Messrs. Bowen and Goodbrand spent the holidays with friends in this city. Mrs. Slater has been on the sick list, but happy to hear she is improving. Mr. Geo. W. Grant arrived in the city from Manitoba at Christmas and after stopping a few days he went to London to visit relatives...

Miss A. Fraser was ill a few days with dizziness in the head, supposed to have been caused by gas escaping from a coal stove. Following is the address presented to her, as mentioned in our last issue.

To Miss A. Fraser Missionary to the Deaf and dumb Toronto. DEAR MISS FRASER. We the members of the deaf mute association of Toronto...

Mr. Joseph Oliver Smith, a colored deaf mute, pupil of the New York School for the Deaf, who has been on a visit to his parents here, left for his home in Wingham on Dec. 23rd. Miss Bryce has returned to Toronto after spending the Christmas vacation with her mother and her old chum, Mrs. D. Dark, at Eron and London East.

Mr. Groth, of Guelph, was on a visit to Mr. Dark's place. We were all surprised to find he can spell and sign as well as the deaf mutes. His stay was very brief and pleasant to us all. He left here for Guelph on Jan 1th. We hope he will come again soon. On the 3rd inst., in the afternoon and evening, some deaf mutes assembled in Mr. D. Dark's house and Mr. Groth explained to them about "the spirit and flesh."

We heard that Maggie Philmore was coming to this city to learn dress making. We hope she will be successful. Kenneth McKenzie, of Kincardine, was in London lately and visited the hardware store of Harper Cowan father. Harper recognized him and says he has changed a little. Skating is a pastime that we all indulge in if possible. Eliza A. McFutyr, who was a very graceful skater on the Institution rink six or seven years ago, finds she has not forgotten the way to skate yet. Mr. D. Dark contemplates visiting Toronto in the near future, in search of employment.

A mother admonishing her son, a lad of about seven years of age, told him he should never put off till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little archer replied, "then mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum pudding to-day."

They tell this story on an absent-minded professor in the University of Alabama. He was writing at his desk one evening when one of his children entered. "What do you want?" he asked. "I cannot be disturbed now." "I only want to say good night, papa," replied the child. "Never mind now," replied the professor, "I will be instantly resumed his writing." To-morrow morning will do as well.

There was an exhibition in the sitting room which was very successful. We were all interested in seeing living tableaux and pantomimes. The exhibition commenced at 7 o'clock with the first picture. It was a Grecian. The stage was lighted upon it. In the last event the picture was very beautiful with some colored lights. We were all dismissed at 10 o'clock with satisfaction.

The pantomime was very successful. We would like to see it again.

WALKERTON TIDINGS.

Miss Eva Zingg has been spending the Christmas and New Year's holidays at her home in Hanover. Mr. Arthur Clarke, of Aurora, was in Walkerton during the Xmas holidays and was the guest of Mr. David Luddy on the 27th ult. He was also in Owen Sound where he met Messrs. Corbett and Hubbard, whom he reported to be getting along well.

Miss Jacobina Lobsinger's cousin, Mr. Geo. A. Lobsinger, has been elected 2nd Deputy Reeve of Carriack township by acclamation. He has previously been Reeve of the same township. A letter from Mr. John Fisher says that he is doing pretty good at advertising and can easily beat any printers whenever they want to have a race with him filling a stick. Well done "Jack."

Mr. Clarke has informed your correspondent that he is in doubt whether he will rent a farm in Manitoba next spring or not. The Rev. Mr. Guthrie, pastor of Knox church, Walkerton bears a striking resemblance of Mr. W. J. Campbell. Generally when your correspondent is showing the photo. of the late Convention to visitors they assure him so. It was Mr. Guthrie that tied the knot at Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bradshaw's wedding last May, which he thought was a most interesting affair.

This is the first time your correspondent has spent Christmas at his home in Bruce County. The first Xmas he spent in Canada was while he was in Toronto, having spent the previous ones in California. The others after that he spent at your school, except the last one. Mr. S. H. McKay, one of Walkerton's most promising young barristers, who is a cousin to Annie Shaanon, one of your present pupils and a close friend of your correspondent, has been elected a member of the town Council. Mr. McKay takes a great interest in the welfare of the deaf, and frequently inquires of your scribe about the system of deaf-mute education.

Mr. D. Luddy's uncle, Mr. David Snith, Jr., who is in Walkerton at present, has just got word that the post-office outfit has arrived to run Dryden post office in Rainy River District. It is a very lonesome place this winter, but by spring there will be a great boom on account of the gold mines being opened up. It is 700 feet higher than Winnipeg and 800 feet higher than North Bay, therefore it is very cold during the winter. One could make lots of money out there keeping boarders, but no idlers need think of taking this advice for it requires a lot of cooking to be done. Game is plentiful. D. S. L. January, 5th 1897.

From Former Pupils. WILMOT, January 4th, 1897. Dear Mr. Mathison - It is my sad duty to inform you of the death of Miss Sarah Haffman, one of your ex-pupils, on the 29th of December last. She was buried on the 31st ult. in the presence of an unusually large crowd of people. She had been in delicate health for the past two years. About five weeks before her death she began to stop working about in the house and grow weaker and weaker till the morning of the 29th, when death relieved her. The disease was heart dropsy. Her parents requested me to let you know the above sad news. They feel very grateful towards you, for Sarah had been taught in your school to know, obey and fear the Lord. I am happy to be able to tell you that we are all well at present. Mary has gone to Elmira to spend a few months with her relatives, and Louisa is still with her cousin. Sarah and myself are still on the farm. I hope the 200 little ones under your fatherly care enjoyed good health and good times at Xmas and New Year's. I shall never forget what advice you gave me when at the close of my last term, to remember the Eye of God is always upon us. Please accept my thanks for your kindness to me while at school. Wishing you all the Compliments of the Season, I remain, Your former pupil, OLIVER NARRANSO.

In prose, the language is the vehicle for the matter; in poetry, the matter is the vehicle for the language. An evil propensity confessed is half cured, people irritate themselves by trying to prove that they are not irritable.

Little Things That Count.

In every line of business, no matter whether conducted on a large or small scale, it is the little things that count. The little expenses, the little wastes, the little economies, are the ones that turn the balance of accounts, either for profit or loss, and it is these little things that need the closest attention. If the larger, more important details of every business are carefully looked after there is very little chance for neglect, carelessness or oversight. The workman who spoils a costly piece of machinery, or causes a loss of any considerable amount, is held responsible, and is generally very careful in this respect. But in the little things he is not as prompt in exercising care and economy, and these little things are looked upon as of no consequence and as having no real value. We have heard it asserted by a man who, beginning on barely nothing, succeeded in building up a large and profitable business, and retiring with a considerable fortune, when asked how he succeeded, what was the secret of his success, he replied, "By saving what others wasted, looking after the little things and seeing that not a thing was thrown away or cast aside as too small or insignificant to be of any value. A few cents here and a few cents there make up quite a sum in the course of a year, and it is by paying careful attention to the little details, by looking after the cents, that I have made my dollars." The Shears.

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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1897.

In a perfect whole but a day in fractions - In all strength and sweetness flows the striving soul

A Miracle Indeed.

Another miracle is attributed to St. Anne. Besupro. In this instance a young woman, deaf and dumb for twenty years, recovered her speech and hearing. The person in question is the late sister of Mrs. W. Shanahan, business street. When about three years old Miss Rape suffered from a fever which left her deaf and dumb. She spent about seven years in the deaf and dumb institution at Belleville. Last summer she visited the shrine of St. Anne, but without result. This year she made another pilgrimage and she was cured. She lives at Elm-stone, and when she stepped off the steamer which conveyed her home she astonished her friends by exclaiming 'I am cured'. She can now carry on a conversation with ease, although she never was known to have spoken before. She can hear quite well with her left ear, but the right one troubles her yet. It was expected to become all right in the course of time. -Kingston Whig.

In order to learn all about the foregoing, Mr. Mathison wrote to Miss Rape and her mother. The following letter from the young lady's mother explains the case. Miss Rape when at the Institution was in the Articulation class and spoke readily understood, she was a girl everybody liked and admired for her graceful and ladylike demeanor. We are sorry her hearing and speech are restored.

MATHISON, DEAR SIR: I DID SOFTLY to say speech and hearing are not restored. I went to the papers gave credit too. We were annoyed, at the time, at the liberty taken by you without authority from herself or her friends. I know we should have consulted and given a true statement of the case. Susella felt so worried over her name in the papers in such a way, we thought that she had dropped the letter. I took it down to the shrine of St. Anne last year. I intended going with her this year when I got as far as Kingston I was not well, and she appeared quite willing to go, but several of her friends were going, and she was alone in a crowd of thousands. Every one that saw her was interested in her, strangers as well as friends and when they heard her speak so clearly (as she often does) they probably concluded she was cured. I trust, Mathison, you will not think Susella in any way for not answering your letter for several attempts to do so and failed. She is grateful to you for your kind interest in her and many thanks for your kind inquiry. I am very sincerely, Mrs. P. BALEN, Belleville Ont.

What is Charity?

Little Walter told to his teacher, 'What is charity?' 'Have you charity?' 'Yes, what is it, Walter?' 'It is forgiving often. It is being kind. It is good. It is being able to answer, continues the boy. 'Charity is the greatest virtue in the world. It is having a good intention. It is having good intentions. It is being sympathetic. It is being kind. It is being polite. It is not being angry. It is not being provoked. It is not being jealous. It is not being proud. It is not being vain. It is not being selfish. It is not being dishonest. It is not being unkind. It is not being unclean. It is not being unbecoming. It is not being unhygienic. It is not being unwholesome. It is not being unhealthful. It is not being unbeneficial. It is not being unhelpful. It is not being unkind. It is not being unkind. It is not being unkind.'

HOME NEWS

The article headed Meddler, on last page of this paper is well worth reading.

Now the days are growing longer we shall soon be able to dispense with gas in the work rooms. All will be glad of that as the light sometimes gets very trying to the pupils eyes.

John Crough, of our high class is now able to take up his studies again after a long rest. Some time ago he received a severe scalding on the leg by some hot tea being upset while he was waiting on table and has been through a trying experience of its effects.

Skating has been good for a long time and the pupils have been given plenty of opportunities to enjoy it. They are often excused from the work rooms at 3 p. m. and no doubt the exercise in the fresh air has much to do with the good health they at present enjoy.

A rumor has reached us that two of our ex-pupils have lately entered on a life partnership together and we expect soon to hear something definite on the matter. We do not like to publish the names until we are quite sure, as hearsay news of weddings are sometimes misleading.

A pretty little dog followed the boys home from the city the other day and found a warm berth in the engine room for the night. Next day one of our employers took charge of the little waif and took him home as a companion for his cat, but as they do not agree any one who wants a dog can have it.

The health of our pupils is excellent and far above the usual average at this season of the year. Clear sick reports each morning from both sides of the building are quite common. When it is considered that we have 265 pupils, attendance, and many of them of a tender age, our immunity from illness is remarkable and is a cause for great thankfulness.

During the past two Saturday evenings Mr. Douglas has given the pupils a series of stereopticon views in the chapel and on the last occasion a pleasant evening was spent as the light was good and the scenes came out clear on the canvas. With these views, Saturday evening lectures by the teachers, Christmas entertainment and socials, our pupils have been well off for amusements this winter.

Master George Henry, one of our colored boys, thought the show was not worth a free visit, so took a stroll up town instead of going into the Opera House with the other pupils. On his return to the Institution and after the other boys had recounted the wonders of the scenes, Master George wanted to go and permission was given him, but as he would have to pay for his fun he gave up the idea.

A number of our large boys did not go to the Cinematographe, neither were they allowed to witness the magic lantern exhibition in our own chapel. We are sorry that they were deprived of the pleasure and hope that hereafter they will have more respect for the rules of the Institution and the rights of property. We wonder if they made any good resolutions for the New Year, if they did not they had better make them now.

In the Fall our officers and teachers who live in the city usually look forward to the long winter months and wish they were over. Heavy snow often makes walking very hard and the roads almost impassable for pedestrians. This winter has been an exception, in Belleville we have not had a single heavy storm yet and the walking has been excellent. There has been no work for the snow plow, and the shovel brigade has had an unusually long rest.

As the procession of teachers and pupils marched to the city to see the exhibition, one of the gentlemen at the tail end was kindly invited to take a ride on a passing vehicle, which he quickly availed himself of and smiled blandly at the poor pedestrians on the sidewalk, as he passed. However, a thought or something struck him before he got clear and he was reminded that something might happen to the crowd if he were not there to prevent, so 'shank's mare' was brought into requisition again and all shared alike.

Just do a thing, and don't talk about it. This is the great secret of success in all enterprise. Talk means discussion, discussion means imitation, imitation means opposition, and opposition means hindrance always, whether you are right or wrong. -Liz.

On the 7th inst., Superintendent Mathison gave the pupils a rare treat by permitting them to spend the afternoon in viewing the Cinematographs in the Carman Opera House. As was the case with everyone who saw it, the children were delighted with the exhibition and filled with wonder as to how the marvellous result was obtained, nor was this wonder confined merely to the pupils. It certainly is a most remarkable invention and one that would seem to have almost inconceivable possibilities for the future.

Our readers will find a new advertisement in our columns, it relates to bicycles and as spring is approaching it will soon be seasonable. Our ex-pupil, T. Bradshaw, works in the Massey Harris Works at Toronto and has an agency for the bicycles manufactured by that firm, whose reputation for good material and workmanship is world-wide. We would advise our readers who propose investing in a bike this season to write to him for terms and they may depend on getting square dealing. Poor wheels are dear at any price, so save annoyance and loss by buying from reliable firms.

PERSONALITIES.

James Ross is working on a farm in Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and is doing well.

Mr. William A. Thackberry, of Carleton Place, sent us a very nice letter on New Year's Day, with good wishes to all.

Miss Sarah Basset, an old pupil of ours, is prospering at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. She is an expert dress-maker.

William Thompson, an old pupil, is now well and strong again and is employed by his uncle Sherman on his farm near Florence.

Alexander Labelle has now removed to Whitney, Michigan. He has a job on Section 8 of the Felch Mountain Branch Railway.

We regret very much that Miss C. Hamos of Chesterville was lately called upon to part with her father through death. She has our sympathy.

Miss Templeton has been confined to the house with a heavy cold the past few days. Miss Mathison has had charge of her class during her absence.

Kenneth McKenzie purposes visiting and working with David A. Turrill, of Florence this winter. David has a good farm and is a very industrious young man.

Chas. F. McIlentz, an old pupil, worked in a saw mill at Whitney last summer and had good wages. He had steady employment and his employers and all those with whom he is brought in contact like him.

Among the successful mayors in the recent Municipal Elections throughout the country, we were pleased to note that of Mr. F. W. Wright, of St. Thomas. Mr. Wright is a cousin of Miss A. James, of our staff.

Mr. Middlemas was compelled to lay off from his duties for a few days. Working in an heated atmosphere and then a sudden transition to cold brought on an attack of rheumatism. With care he is now able to be back to his work again.

Mr. J. A. Gates, of Toronto, called to see us last week. He is down east on a visit to friends in the city, but we also think there is another object that makes Belleville attractive to the young gentleman, however, we were glad to see him.

Mr. J. R. Newell kindly remembered us with his photo last week and has our thanks. We note little change in him although it is many years since he left us to carve out for himself a slice of the world's favors. We were glad to hear from him and wish him success.

We clip the following from Fitzroy Harbor news in the Ottawa Free Press. From it we learn that Angus, who left us last year, is showing the people near his home how to build and sail an ice-boat. - "Angus McMillivray ice-boat is quite a novelty, being the first ever constructed here, and when there is a good wind Angus makes some nice sailing."

David Luddy, of Walkerton, writes the Superintendent: - "It is too late to say I wish you 'A Happy New Year,' but I really do wish that 1897 will be a very happy, prosperous year for you and all connected with the Institution. Give my love to Miss Walker and all the officers, teachers and pupils."

Miss Winnie Ballagh, of Toronto, writes to say she is not learning dress-making, but is endeavoring to be a first class milliner. She is anxious to be steadily employed as she feels very much happier doing something than idling away her time. Her many friends here wish her a happy and prosperous future.

During Christmas tide we had a flying visit from Mr. Geo. W. Grant, who spent the last 3 or 4 years in this province on a farm which he said is his own now. He was on his way to his old home in Ontario. Mr. Grant is a middle aged man and prepossessing in appearance. He graduated from the Belleville School for the Deaf twenty years ago, and all the teachers and officers connected with that noble and worthy school now, he knows, are Messrs. Coleman, Denys, McKillop, McIlhew, and Mrs. Terrill. He spoke in most affectionate terms of the late Prof. S. T. Greene. - L. in Manitoba Silent Echo.

From a letter we have received from an old friend we glean news of several of our old pupils of whom we have not heard for many years. The letter is from Manitoba and tells us that James Buchanan went out there in 1880 and has been working a farm of 170 acres for the past sixteen years. Percy Wood has taken up a homestead and has occupied it for three seasons. Charlie Downey, another old pupil, has also taken up a farm and is doing well. J. J. Jackson, after spending seven years in Dakota as a carpenter and builder, has crossed the line and bought a farm on the Wilson River and expects to settle on it next summer.

Mr. Mathison received the following letter from one of the parents of a child who came here last September; it is a sample of many which are sent to him by grateful and happy parents: - "Dear Sir, - We received the paper and when we read the account of the Christmas entertainment we felt so very thankful to you and the teachers for the trouble you all had in getting up the entertainments for the children, for they would have missed home and all its pleasures more at this time than any other, if you had not made it pleasant for them. Dear Sir, accept our thanks for yourself and the teachers for all your kindness to Tommy, and for sending us word from time to time of him. We get the paper regularly and we look for it just as if it was a friend coming to tell us how Tommy is getting along. Wishing you 'A Happy New Year' and many of them."

Mr. Mathison lately received a very interesting letter from Miss L. Herrington, of Dickenson. She enclosed her renewal for our little paper as she feels that she cannot do without it as it keeps her in touch with the associations of her school days and her friends at the Institution. She was very successful with an exhibit she made at the Russell Show Fair, taking first prize each for the best crazy quilt and the best collection of crochet work. At present, the little daughter of her sister, Mrs. Jos. McEwen, of Billings Bridge, is staying with them. She and her cousin, Mr. L. A. Shelp, also received a visit from Mr. Holland, who was visiting the deaf in that part of the country and doing mission work among them. His visits were much enjoyed as the deaf are so scattered and have so few opportunities to receive religious instruction in a clear and simple form. In conclusion, she sends her kindest remembrances to all her old friends and teachers.

In the cross road corners of Chacoville, in the county of Illio and Seck: On the 2nd day of the 13th month On the 8th day of the week. We shall do all the things that we planned to do And accomplish whatever we try On the sunset shore of "Sometime or other," By the beautiful bay of "Time-by" -OLD ALBUM.

Of all paths a man could strike into, there is at any given moment a best path for every man, a thing which, here and now, it were of all things wisest for him to do, which would be but belted or driven to do, he were then doing "like a man," as we phrase it. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him. -Thomas Carlyle.

Take Care of Yourself.

A farmer dropped two grains of corn in the cold, dark earth one April morn...

The warm sun shone, and the soft rain fell, The grain in the earth began to swell...

"Nay," answered the other one from the earth, "Only from pain and death comes birth..."

September's fields stand brown and bare, Now comes the "fall corn in the ear."

OIL SPRINGS.

From our own Correspondent.

Mrs. Wm. Esson and her little daughter Mary, mother and sister of Maggie...

Mr. Thomas Scott, uncle of Percy Scott, of your school, has moved to Petrolia.

Mrs. Walter Millar, aunt of Messrs. Wark, returned home after spending a few days with her friends in Petrolia.

Mr. M. Merchant, uncle of the Messrs. Wark, left here lately for London, where he will spend the winter with his son, Mr. Frank Merchant, Principal of the Collegiate Institute.

The Presbyterian congregation celebrated the last St. Andrew's day (Nov. 30) by a grand supper and concert in the Masonic Hall.

Mr. Hugh Beaton will continue to be the principal of the public schools here during the ensuing year.

The result of the visit here of Dr. May, the Inspector of provincial free libraries, some time ago, was that a free library has been established.

Last month Mrs. Bernard, nee Mrs. Lorenzen, and mother of Mrs. McDermid of the Winnipeg School, was in Petrolia on a visit to her niece, Mrs. Proctor.

The county superintendent of schools in a western state says that he was once visiting a school when a reading class was called up to recite.

The letters in the CANADIAN MUTE and Silent Echo, written by Angus A. McIntosh, soliciting assistance for the pitiable condition of the mute school in Calcutta, India, are remarkable and eloquent especially in the latter.

The Presbyterian Christmas entertainment was held in the Masonic Hall on Christmas night. Among the entertainers were John and Gilbert Esson, older brothers of Maggie, now at your school, who rendered a good piece entitled "Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother."

Hon. Clifford Sifton, the now Minister

of the Interior, was brought up here and attended the public school with several prominent citizens.

I was sorry that I omitted to mention in my Christmas letter that the "Ironing Girl" was represented by a senior boy of 15.

I was much pained to learn of the death of that good man, William Bappte. I never forgot his kindly attention to me when I was only a small boy at the old school in Hamilton, over 30 years ago.

I was surprised to notice in the "Homo News" of a recent issue about Mr. McKillop's refusal to say what his age was when he was congratulated on his birthday, (Oct. 20).

The Way to Learning.

The well known ignorance of some of the rural school teachers of long ago makes it a matter of surprise that so many boys who received no instruction but that the schools afforded went out into the world to become the great men many of them did become.

"Come, come children; can't you set up a little more ereeter?"

But this is not equal to the awful slaughter of the king's English of which a certain western teacher was guilty. Some one asked him if he had been to a lecture given a few nights before; "No," he replied; "I didn't know of it in time. If I had of knowed I would of went."

The writer once heard a somewhat irritable teacher say to his pupils; "It does seem as if I can't never learn you nothin'."

The county superintendent of schools in a western state says that he was once visiting a school when a reading class was called up to recite. A girl stood up to read and after reading a line or two she came to the word "sancer," whereupon she hesitated because she could not pronounce the word.

"What," said the teacher, a big, burly fellow with an important and all-wise air, "you can't pronounce a little word like that? Well, let some one else in the class pronounce it for you."

The girl spelled the word aloud, but no one in the class offered to "pronounce" it and the disgusted teacher said:

"Is it possible that I've got to pronounce that word myself? I'm ashamed of you. Well, now listen while I pronounce it and don't you ever forget it. The word is sancer?"

The same teacher, who was really regarded as an excellent teacher, always rebuked his pupils for leaving the door ajar by saying; "You go right straight back an' show that door shet."

It was but a year or two ago that the writer heard a rural school teacher say to a boy who did not know his lesson:

"Well, I'm plum ashamed of you. A body would think I hadn't taughted you a thing this whole term. It's awful to be so ignorant."—Detroit Free Press.

The Meddler.

The meddler is a disagreeable and despicable person who takes great pleasure in busying himself or herself with the affairs of other people.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION. West—1:15 a.m., 4:30 a.m., 6:15 a.m., 11:25 a.m., 5:05 p.m.

For Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School. AN APPEAL.

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

All the deaf-mutes and friends interested in deaf-mute education the world over are requested to respond to the appeal so as to assure the permanence of the school before the Imperial Government can grant the aid needed.

The Calcutta Deaf School has been maintained for three years. It requires funds for its maintenance, for a suitable house of its own, and for the gratuitous education of destitute deaf-mute children.

A. A. McINTOSH, Canadian Collector, 62 Collier St., Toronto, Ont.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday: West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Davenport Road, at 11 a.m.

HAMILTON DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION

Messrs. GRANT AND DUFF conduct religious services every Sunday, at 3 p.m., in Treble Hall, John St., near King.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:—

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, from 1:30 to 4 p.m. Drawing Class from 2:30 to 5 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons of each week.

Articulation Classes:—

Religious Exercises:—

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

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

Industrial Departments:—

PRINTING OFFICE, BLOK AND CARPENTERS from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and from 4:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school.

THE READING CLASSES are from 9 a.m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p.m.

The Printing Office, Bloks and New Room to be left each day when work ends in a clean and tidy condition.

PUPILS are not to be excused from various classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not allowed to interfere with the performance of the several duties.

Visitors:—

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the Institution, will be made welcome any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on Sunday afternoons.

Admission of Children:—

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leave taking with their children.

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.

Clothing and Management:—

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

Sickness and Correspondence:—

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE ASSURED THAT ALL WILL.

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 far as possible, their wishes.

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

Parents and friends of Deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of a ventitious disease and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.