

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Généralique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					✓						

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

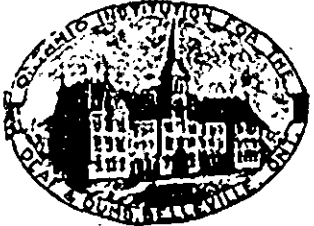
Published to teach Printing to some Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

VOL. IX.

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 1, 1901.

NO. 10.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:
HON J R STRATTON TORONTO

Government Inspector:

DR T F CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

MATHISON, M A Superintendent
W AUCHINCLOSS, W H Surgeon
D GOLDSMITH, M D Physician
S ISABEL WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MR HERMAN M A, Head Teacher
MISS S. TEMPLETON, Head Teacher
MR HENRY, Head Teacher
MISS MARY HULL, Head Teacher
MR J. HALL, B.A., Head Teacher
MISS SYLVIA L. BALIS, Head Teacher
MR W. CAMPBELL, Head Teacher
MISS GORONINA LINN, Head Teacher
MR J. STEWART, Head Teacher
MISS ADA JAMPA, Head Teacher
MR T. MADDEN, Monitor Teacher

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS LIDA M JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work
T C FORNSTER, Teacher of Steno.

MR L. S. MCICALFE, JOHN T. BURNS, Head Typewriter Instructor of Printing

MR W. MCICALFE, Wm. N. CRUE, Shopkeeper & Associate Superintendent Master Shoemaker

MR G. KRITH, CHAS. I. PEPPIN, Instructor of Boys etc. Engineer

MISS M. DENNEY, JOHN DOWRIE, Instructor of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter

MISS S. MCNICOLL, D. LUNNINGHAM, Head Hospital Nurse. Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province, who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

Instruction is given to all deaf and dumb children, who are 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 six months during the summer of each year.

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

Deaf and dumb children whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay this amount, are admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

At present time the trades of printing, bookbinding and shoemaking are taught to the female pupils. The regular term of instruction is seven years, with a vacation of nearly six months during the summer of each year.

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

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September and the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information 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 DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM AN ADDRESS IS GIVEN. Mail matter to go to post office at noon and 2:30 p.m. of each Sunday excepted. The messenger will call at post office for parcels or other matter at post office for delivery for any address the same is in the locked bag.



Easter Day Offering.

BY ALICE F. ALLEN

It was the Sabbath morning, still
The whole world felt the joyous thrill
Which gladdens Easter Day
That day the purest white flower
That blooms in all the earth a bright flower
Had touched with unseen magic hand
The shadows lingering over the land
And changed to gold the gray

The Easter lull, bells sweet and clear
Chimed through the valley, far and near
Like some faint far-off strain
One beam in dream, in the church, dim
We knelt with reverent thoughts of Him
And seemed to hear again His voice
Whispering our hearts once more rejoice
"Fear not I rise again!"

And while the music from above
Down floated, like pure thoughts of love
The door was pushed ajar,
And passing swiftly down the aisle
Along she came with trusting smile
A tiny fair-haired little maid
With sweet, blue eyes though half afraid
Bright as a summer star

She paused before the chancel rail
A little flower, fair and frail
She seemed herself to be
And in her hand with tender care
She held one blossom rich and rare
One snow-white rosebud, pure and sweet—
A poem in itself complete
The picture seemed to me

She paused and waited wonderingly
And somehow then, we felt that she
Had come to meet Him there
More lovingly the music fell,
As if in words it tried to tell
The thoughts that filled the baby heart,
As there she stood, alone, apart,
Before the place of prayer

A wondrous silence filled the place
As waiting there with upturned face,
She stood, "His little one,
And then our Christ like minister
Turned tenderly and spoke to her
"What do you seek, my little girl?"
One tear-drop fell, a great white pearl
All glistening in the sun

"I want to see Christ, if He's here
My mamma said the voice was clear
As song of June-time birds,
He always rains here, Easter tide
And I could find Him if I tried
I want to give Him, He'll be glad
My Easter rose, was all I had
Oh, blessed, blessed words

The Christ is here, he answered her
So quickly, through a sudden blur
Of tears I saw her place
Before the cross, her heart's best gift
Her one white rose, then upward lit
Her earnest, love lit eyes, and say
"I knew He'd surely come to-day
With simple, child like grace.

She paused a moment while the beam
Rose upward through the silent rain
The loving Easter light
Just kissed her flower like face I knew
His angels stilled to see her go
Then down the aisle, and through the door
She passed as she had done before
From out our loving light

Before the cross the blossom lay
All through that holy Easter Day
The shadows went and came
And over its petals pure and white
The sunshine fell with softened light
As if His blessing lingered there,
Crowning it with golden glory rare,
That offering "in His name.



The Land of Silence.

BY FRANCES PRA

When the fever left Margaret Hanson
So weak and feeble that it was an effort
To turn her head on the pillow, her first
Sign of interest in the life coming back
To her again was wonder at the intense
Stillness. The nurse moved as if shod
With velvet, no one spoke aloud in the
room, and the window that had creaked
so annoyingly all through the first
unpleasant stages of her sickness moved
back and forth without a sound

As she watched it she remembered
that she had wanted some one to fasten
it, but with the unreasonableness of the
sick she had said to herself that if they
did not care enough for her comfort to
see that it worried her without being
told, she would never tell them. Some
one must have noticed it and padded it

in some way for here it was, moving
back and forth in the same old way, but
without a sound.

"How very sick I have been!" she
thought, as she glanced at her thin,
white hands, which she felt no inclina-
tion to lift from the bed. "That must
be the reason every one is so still, and
no one speaks to me"

Then she slept and awakened, ate a
little, and slept again with the know-
ledge that life and strength were coming
back to her, but still the dreadful quiet
which shut her in puzzled and perplexed
her. She seemed to be an actor in a
pantomime that grew more and more
oppressive

"I must ask the doctor how long it is
necessary for me to lie here with no one
to talk to I must ask him at his next
visit. I am certainly better and stronger
this bright spring morning."

She was lying with her face turned to
the creaking window, which had been
opened to let in the fresh air. The
branches of an apple tree full of pink,
unopened buds almost filled it. She
thought of the chattering wrens that had
a nest in the branches the year before,
and hoped they would come back.

"They were such noisy company in
the mornings, but what a relief their
shrill songs would be now! They
always treated me to a perfect carnival
of song at day break, no matter how badly
I wanted to sleep.

She raised herself in the bed with a
look of horror. On the nearest branch
she saw a bird, who with open mouth
was evidently singing with a perfect
abandon of ecstasy. And she could not
hear him!

Thus, then, was the life she had come
back to and been so grateful to have.
The doctor who tried to comfort her
told her that as her strength returned
she might regain her hearing in some
degree, but she turned away and refused
to be comforted. The spring days length-
ened and health returned, and with it
strength to endure, but Margaret with-
drew from all kindness and sympathy.

"Why should I pretend to enjoy
seeing any one, or why should people
with the best intentions endure trying
to talk to me? It is so distressing for
them to shout at me, and it cuts me to
the heart when they laugh at my mis-
takes. It only makes me more miserable
than I am. I must endure living, but I
can make no pretense of enjoying it.

"But just think," wrote a friend,
"how much worse it would have been
for you if the fever had left you blind!
You can at least look out over the earth
and enjoy its beauties. You are not
without friends, if you will let them love
you. You have a good home, and do
not have to go into the world to live.

Think more of your blessings, Margaret,
and do not dwell so persistently on what
you have lost."

"It does not help me to know it is
worse to be blind," she answered. "I
pity all sufferers, but forever pressing on
me is this horror by night and by day—
that I am forever alone. Everything
that moves around me moves as in a
nightmare. I never succeed in shaking
off this feeling of unreality. Let me
alone, that I may learn to bear this as
best I may in solitude."

So one by one her friends withdrew.
She seldom left her home, and invited
no one to visit her. There were many
who pined for her, but knew of no way to
reach her, and as the years passed by
they forgot her even as she wished to be
forgotten.

It was another day in early spring,
five years later, when Margaret walked
down the streets of the village, and
noticed the swelling buds on the lilacs,
the tender green of the newly springing
grass, and with a pang the pink buds on
the apple trees. Those buds were so
associated with her memory of the day
when she first learned of her deafness
that she almost wished they would not
bloom where she must see them.

The minister of the church which she
had attended years before staid at her

from the door, and came out to write on
her tablet.

"It is a late Easter, Margaret, but we
have more blossoms for it. Will you not
come in and see the lilacs? We would
be glad to have you at the services to-
morrow."

"The Lord has afflicted me and turn-
ed His face from me," she answered,
coldly. "I will not sing for gladness,
'Christ is risen.' One year is as another
with me, except as it brings me nearer
the time when I shall endure no longer."

"Poor child," sighed the minister, as
she passed on, "so young and so bitter!
I wish I knew how best to reach her."

Margaret passed on down the street:
Near the end of it stood a house, small
and shabby, and she remembered that
just the day before there had been a poor
little funeral from it.

"Some one who was needed and will
be missed," she thought, "while I live
on."

"Will you come in here a little while?"
It was the doctor who spoke.

She was glad to have him speak to her.
He was one of the very few people she
could hear without much effort. She
turned in at the gate with him. He led
her to a baby's crib in the corner of the
one room.

"I want you to take him and care for
him. He has no one in the wide world."

"How can I?" she protested. "I
could not hear him if he cried or called.
You cannot be in earnest."

"His lungs are sound. I think you
could hear him."

As if in proof of the doctor's assertion,
the baby raised its voice in a loud wail.

"I can hear him indeed," said she,
with a laugh. "I will take him a few
days until you can do better for him."

"I might do better for him, possibly,
but I do not know any way of doing better
for her," thought the doctor.

The next morning she did not have
time to think, as she always did, "One
more day to get through as best I may."
The baby must be washed and fed, and
by her own hands, for, with the sweet
tyranny of babyhood, he would go to no
one else. She even sang to him as he
nestled against her to sleep, and Mar-
garet's old housekeeper smiled to herself
as she went about her work.

"I will watch and help her where she
cannot hear," she thought, "but it is
best for her to have the care of him. It's
most like old times to hear her singing
like that again."

"Are you tired of him?" asked the
doctor, a few weeks later. "I have a
chance to place him in a good home now."

"It would break my heart to give him
up," she answered. "I do not think I
lived at all before I had him."

Well, I won't take him by force.
The world is full of little ones needing
help."

"And full of grown-up people needing
to give it," said Margaret, softly.

I wish I could tell how much the baby
did for her. Almost before she realized
it she was taking up her life where she
had dropped it. Much as she loved the
baby, she found that love alone would
not do. Its little ailments were matters
of vital importance, and must be discus-
sed with some one who knew how to ad-
vise her.

One by one old friends who had long
been shut out came back at her call.
Margaret forgot her deafness, her sensi-
tiveness and loneliness as she hung over
the baby's crib. She forgot her old fear
that people might speak to her and annoy
her as she wheeled the boy in the sun-
shiny streets. For the baby's sake she
went once more to the church, where
the lilies breathed out their fragrance,
and in time sang almost with the old
joyfulness, "Christ is risen!"

"The Lord had not forgotten me," she
said, long afterwards. "My life can
never be what it might have been, but
He has given me strength to make the
best of what is left. Though I dwell in
the land of silence forever, it shall be a
land of hopefulness and love. — *Truth'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 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, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, 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. Names 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.

All communications and subscriptions to

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO



MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1901.

Domestic Science.

It is said, that no other language in the world—except the cognate languages—contains a word fully equivalent to the English word "home," with all its holy associations, its tender memories, its potent influences, its vast and comprehensive significance. Ours is in a peculiar sense a "nation of homes," and to this fact in a very considerable degree may be attributed the sterling excellences of the Anglo-Saxon character and the domination of Saxon ideas and civilization, and in the preservation of our home life in all its purity lies our hope and confidence in the final triumph of Saxon ideals. This being the case it is self-evident that anything which tends to enhance the attractiveness and stability of the home is worthy of the warmest public approbation and support. Hence it seems rather inexplicable that the science of Domestic Economy should be the last in the round of human knowledge to receive a specific place on the school curriculum. All other trades and professions are limited in their scope and each one directly concerns but a small part of the community, while Domestic Science is intimately associated with the comfort, the happiness, the physical health and the potential usefulness of every man, woman and child in the state, yet heretofore, while all other fields of human endeavor have received due attention from educationists—and properly so—nothing has been done for the mothers and the home-makers. The first steps are now being taken for the removal of this anomaly, and there should be no difference of opinion as to the great need and the transcendent importance of the now Domestic Science that has recently been introduced into the educational systems of Ontario and other progressive states and countries, and which should—and we hope soon

will—be taught in every town and city in the Province. It is to the credit of England that, though somewhat behind in many other countries in her general educational system, yet in this intensely practical and utilitarian phase of education she was one of the pioneers and occupies a high rank. In 1891 there were 12,000 pupils in England taking a Domestic Science course. In 1896, 200,000, and now over 3,000,000. In Germany and Sweden it is now a compulsory subject in all schools, and in the United States it has been introduced in many of the largest cities. A few years ago the Ontario Educational Department took hold of it and established at Hamilton a Normal School of Domestic Science, and efforts are now being made to establish schools in all the larger places. Many of the more progressive towns have promptly and eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity offered of instructing the children in so useful a branch, but much difficulty is being found in inducing some school boards to adopt it or even to investigate or inform themselves relative to its scope and purpose, the idea prevailing with too many trustees, including most members of the Belleville Board, that what was good enough for them in their boyhood is good enough now, henceforth and forever more. The propaganda of this new idea in education is in the capable hands of Mrs. Hoodless, President of the Normal School of Domestic Science. She is a lady of fine talents and persuasive powers, and is abundantly endowed with that prerequisite of success—a thorough belief in and an enthusiastic devotion to her work. Wherever she has spoken she has been greeted with crowded houses, and great and hopeful interest was taken in the subject she so ably advocated.

It is the hope and desire of the Education Department that classes in Domestic Science be established in connection with the various public and high schools throughout the Province. These are not meant to be mere cooking classes, although that is included. The girls—all girls—would be expected to work in the domestic kitchen and, if possible, the boys in a workshop, at least two or three hours a week. The children would be taught where our spices come from and how to use them in preparing foods, how to manage a stove, not how to make fancy dishes but how to prepare digestible food, getting the best results from economical expenditure, and minimizing time and money. They are taught to be expert and painstaking and to build up strong bodies and cheerful dispositions. Lessons are given in the laws of health and the children made to understand what is essential to a well managed, healthy home. Moreover, the effects of this training where it has been adopted have been to develop in a marked degree the intellectual cleverness, mental activity and executive ability of the children, and it has been abundantly demonstrated that manual training in schools exerts a very potent and healthy moral influence on the pupils and is a most effective counteractant to cigarette smoking, street-corner loafing, vile language and precocious wickedness manifested by so many of our boys, and to the different but no less regrettable faults and weakness of the girls. Surely anything that would have these beneficial effects and would help to correct the evil tendencies of the youth of our land, should be cordially welcomed and heartily supported by everyone who is interested in the welfare and advancement of the state. Too many women do not know how to make home comfortable and attractive, where jaded energies can be renewed and fresh hope and inspiration for the daily labor be obtained, while too many young men

are incapable of providing the means for supporting even a humble domicile. Hence there seems to be a growing tendency towards the loosening of homes and the weakening of the home influences. It is quite time, therefore, and of the utmost importance, that an intelligent effort should be made to counteract these deplorable tendencies, and towards this end the now Domestic Science should very materially contribute. We hope it will not be long ere this branch of knowledge will be taught in every school along with the relatively much less useful subjects of history, geography, etc., and will occupy on every school and college curriculum the conspicuous place that its great importance merits.

The Chinese School at Chefoo, China

We are in receipt of letters containing the financial statement of the above school, covering the year of 1900. Though the report is necessarily much condensed it is nevertheless most interesting reading. Mrs. Mills in whose charge the school is, has accomplished a great deal and the future holds much of promise. She has a number of boys under instruction and with the assistance of a native teacher is gradually educating them and fitting them for lives of usefulness. Some of them are orphans, some have been left in this condition by the recent uprising of the Boxers. It has been the aim of Mrs. Mills and her assistant to keep the facts of the dreadful massacres from their pupils, but being like most deaf children exceedingly observant, they have gained some knowledge of what has been passing. It seems most wonderful that the school and its inmates should have escaped the notice of the blood thirsty hordes which have surrounded them. But they have been in no way molested. Some \$2,635.91 has been contributed to the support of the school during the past year, the larger part by persons residing in other countries, who have taken an interest in the work. It costs about \$200.00 per month to maintain the school. There is at present a mortgage of \$5,500 upon the plant and the time limit given is only three years. Often, Mrs. Mills has drawn upon her private bank account to keep the school running. It is a good work being done in a far country and one deserving of all assistance that can be given. In order to add a little to their income, the teachers and pupils have taken up photography and they have been successful in selling quite a large number of their photographs. They have also learned to make fancy candies, which they sell. Where such wills are shown ways are bound to be opened, yet a little assistance now and then is never amiss in any good work. We are pleased to note that the deaf of Canada have contributed their mite to this most worthy cause. They are credited with the sum of \$43.77. Part of this amount was collected during the Convention held here last June and the balance from other sources.

Vagrants "with a Story" are Frauds.

The majority of the "men with a story" (vagrants) are frauds. The expression is often heard, however, "Oh, well, help them anyway!" It is better to help many frauds than to let one genuine case suffer. That argument is all right provided there are any genuine cases. But are there any genuine cases? There is on record a statement of the late Doctor John Hall that in all the years of his experience in New York City he had never found one. Certainly of the two hundred strangers who have come to me during the past year not one was worthy of any help of the kind asked for.—Rev. David M. Steele, in the April Ladies' Home Journal.

Easter Chimes on Mount Zion

Low and sweet, low and sweet
Drifting down from Olivet
Easter bells their notes repeat
In that windy tower set

Sacred day on which Christ rose
Gives this music from Olivet
And more softly hestron flows
Christians lift to heaven their

Low and sweet, low and sweet
In the Sabbath hush we hear
On this ancient Jewish street
Chimes now ringing, O how dear

From the mount His feet have trod
Drifting down to every ear
Sweet-voiced messengers of God
To Jerusalem most dear
George Baker of N. Y.

Death of a Deaf-Mute Scientist

The following, clipped from *British Weekly*, gives high honor to Scotch deaf-mute and shows that business is no bar to scientific success. "The Dundee Advertiser" mourns the loss of a tried and trusted weather correspondent, in the person of Mr. J. Mustard, who has died, at the age of seventy-six years, at Montrose, of which he was a native. Mr. Mustard was a deaf-mute. Although his business was cabinet making, he was studiously inclined, meteorology being his special pursuit in his leisure moments. So versatile did he become with this branch of natural science that he was looked upon as an almost infallible weather prophet, and in the eighties he was engaged by our contemporary to contribute weather forecasts, and especially when he went to America on a visit in 1891, did so with regularity until two or four years ago, when old age compelled him to lay his studies aside. Mr. Mustard was very successful with his predictions, and his notes on the weather were eagerly looked for by the agriculturists and his long conversations with Mr. Mustard preferred conversation to be tried on by a state. He seems to have been a most interesting person.

Deafness Cured (?) By Mail

A Milwaukee Daily gives more than a column to the phenomenal success of a poverty cure dodge of a Milwaukee man who is said to enjoy an income of \$160,000.00 a year. "The Sentinel" says: "The ex-matrimonial agent under indictment for alleged use of the mails for fraudulent purposes and alleged attempted bribery, has a remarkable faculty for making money. This is demonstrated by the fact that within seven months from the destruction of his first enterprise, his matrimonial agent has built up a mail order business of \$150,000.00 a year. A Cure for Deafness is his speciality now. He operates over the country and his daily receipts according to his own statement and of United States District Attorney W. C. Phillips, are between three hundred and four hundred dollars a day. "This man's wife also conducts a mail order business, which is even more profitable than her husband's. She guarantees a cure for \$15.00, but so more lenient and charges considerably less, 'my mail order business is as large as that of my husband's and nearly as profitable' she declared. 'I think it would seem that this couple are enjoying a mail order business of about \$250,000.00 a year.' Whether the authorities will succeed in breaking up these operations in what a glib public appears so willing to succeed, remains to be seen. See Weekly.

To Parents of the Deaf

The information has come to us several times lately that parents of deaf children in our State have been flooded with circulars setting forth in glowing terms the alleged merits of an electro-travivance to restore lost hearing. The circulars hail from Coboes, New York. The circulars that we have been permitted to see, sent no testimonials of effect and no endorsement by any competent to judge of the merits of contrivance, as to whether it is safe of producing any beneficial result safe to place into the hands of all classes of people. Until such evidence is coming we advise parents of the deaf to let it severely alone. If the inventor has any merit the fact will be known to the profit of the company. It has no merit, which, judged by appearances, is likely to be the case. It will be justly condemned. See Weekly.

Little Bird Blue.

Little Bird Blue, come sing us your song...

When you sing then the springtime will come...

Belonging to him in the woods, for we know...

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by Pupils of Mr. Denys' Class.

Yes, go. Old winter! And, oh! dear, Don't forget your grip...

That rare accomplishment which has long...

Rain fell in steady a few days ago which looked like blood...

—O spring! hear my little prayer Do thou come...

LONDON NOTES.

Mr. Wm. Bruce has been teaching in the city during the winter months...

is a blind man the composers are all deaf and dumb...

WINDSOR NOTES.

Rev. Mann, is to give a lecture and hold services on the last Sunday of the month...

The Time of the Singing Birds is Come.

Those who know tell us that already the birds' nests are coming back...

APRIL						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				



Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

OFFICERS		
President	H. Mathison	Belleville
Vice-President	P. E. Hadden	Toronto
Secretary	J. H. Byrne	Toronto
Treasurer	W. Nurse	Belleville
Interpreter	D. J. McKillop	Belleville
	W. J. Campbell	
	Miss A. Frazer	Toronto

INSTITUTION ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION		
President	H. Mathison	
Vice Pres	Wm. Douglas	
Secy-Treas	D. J. McKillop	
Surgeon	Wm. Nurse	

FOOTBALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS		
Captain First Eleven	G. H. Wallace	
Second Eleven	Francis Doyle	
First Team	G. Wallace	
Second	John Bartley	

DIFFERIN LITERARY SOCIETY		
President	H. Mathison	
Vice Pres	M. Madden	
Secy-Treas	D. J. McKillop	
Editor	E. I. Burnett	
Surgeon-at-Arms	W. Nurse	
	G. H. Wallace	

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

MONDAY, APRIL 1, 1901.

The Easter tide has come again,
And spring has checked the melting plow
While we with one accord
Sing praises unto him who gave
The hope of life beyond the grave
With him, our risen Lord

Mr. Forrester's Lecture.

On Saturday evening, the 16th ult., Mr. Forrester lectured to the pupils in the chapel. He well knew the pupils' predilection for soldier stories, hence his subject. — Sir William Wallace, the greatest hero Scotland ever produced, Robert Bruce and Lord James Douglas. He related a story about Sir William Wallace defying three English soldiers who demanded all the fishes he had just caught, the result being the killing of the three soldiers and his flight to the woods. Soon afterwards, he found himself a leader of the Scotch people in their struggle for independence. Mr. Forrester, being a native of Scotland, put his heart into his lecture and gave some most exciting exploits of Wallace, showing that it was all owing to treachery that the hero was at last captured and put to death. He then related how Robert Bruce took up the dead hero's work. The well known story of Bruce and the spider was told, and his wonderful prowess and muscular strength was shown in many anecdotes, and how he at last secured the independence of his country at the battle of Bannockburn. Lord James Douglas proved himself Bruce's ablest lieutenant in the fight for liberty. Mr. Forrester kept the pupils in close attention on his lecture all the time. The pupils will hereafter have greater respect for Sir William Wallace and the Scotch. Mr. Forrester stated that at the present time, the Scot and Briton were elbowing each other in the defence of the British Empire, and a Scotchman can now love his country and

still be loyal to the British Crown. The lecturer sat very hard on the English and perhaps it was lucky for him that Mr. Burns was on duty that evening, if it had been Mr. Nurse, there would likely have been wigs on the green that night. Miss James tried her best to stick up for her country. The pupils were so much pleased that they asked Mr. Forrester to relate another military story, but the hour was late, he may, however, lecture again some Saturday night before the warm weather comes. The meeting then broke up but not before a most unanimous vote of thanks had been passed.



—A little girl, whose home is in Belleville, commenced her school course here last week.

—English subscribers hereafter, in addition to 50c a year, will be charged 20c. for postage, in all 70c for the CANADIAN MUTE for the school year.

—We were pleased to receive a call lately from Miss M. Baragar, who had to go home last session because of ill health. Her friends were pleased to see her much improved and she may be able to return to school again next year.

—The main pipe connecting the water-works pump-house and the city, where it crosses the Moua River, broke the other day and we have had to fall back for our water supply to our own pumping plant at the bay until the break is repaired.

—The officers and members of the boys' Literary Society were photographed last week. Mr. Mathison kindly released them from the work shops in the afternoon for the purpose. A framed copy will be added to the shoe-shop collection of pictures.

—The pupils have probably had their last skate for this season and we would advise our boys to put their skates in their trunks at once. Many of them are careless in the matter and leave them around or hide them in some place expecting to find them again when wanted next winter and are often disappointed as they deserve to be.

—On Saturday evening, the 23rd ult., Mr. Madden favored the pupils with an intensely interesting and instructive lecture, on the growth of the German Empire and the Franco-German war of 1870. He began away back with Frederick the Great and the wars with Austria down through the times of the 1st Napoleon, William I. and Napoleon III, bringing out prominently the iron hand and will of Bismarck in the welding together of the German States. Mr. Madden well deserved the thanks of the pupils, as many of them left the chapel a great deal wiser than they entered it an hour or so before.

—A number of our small boys on a recent Saturday afternoon thought that a good drink of pop would be nice and decided to go into the soda water manufacturing business. Their leader, a boy named Kirk, undertook the work and the others clipped in with their pennies. A parcel of soda was ordered from the drug store and the stuff dumped into a couple of cans and stirred vigorously with a stick. We do not know if it was baking soda or washing soda that the drug clerk gave them but we know it did not fizzle worth anything. The boys tried to imagine it was the real thing and poured down as much of the stuff as they could. They were pretty sick boys next day.

—Hearing people cannot account for the queer practice indulged in by the deaf in every school. When one of their school mate's birthday comes around, instead of a hearty hand shake and good wishes, the congratulations take the form of every imaginable harmless teasing that boys can invent. Freshly B's birthday came last week and his room mates had planned an early start after him in the morning, but when they woke the bird had flown and was in hiding. The boys, however, caught him after breakfast and dipped him into a snow bank and other pleasantries until he escaped into the shoe shop where he was safe for the time being. Happy is the boy whose natal day comes during the vacation months.

PERSONALITIES.

—Mr. J. S. Gould, of Deseronto, with the Misses Sager, paid a visit to the Van Loven homestead at Olesca lately.

—Miss D. Beatty, of Melrose, spent a few days in the city last week visiting her friends, Misses Butler and Irvine.

—Mrs. H. Moore, of Toronto, spent a few days in the city the guest of Miss Irvine. She left last Tuesday for Kingston, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. Melroe.

—Messrs. Corbett and Hubbard, of Owen Sound, will shortly be at work on the boats running into Collingwood and will then be frequent visitors among the nutes there.

—Mr. W. H. Hazlett, of Toronto, called to see his little boy here lately. He is travelling for the Queen City Plate Glass and Mirror Company and was only able to stay a short time.

—Messrs. Taylor, of Southampton, and Middleton, of Horning's Mills, were in Collingwood on the 17th, St. Patrick's Day. They were heartily welcomed to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Morrison.

—The Orangemen of Eastern Ontario lately assembled in Belleville. Three of the delegates from Carleton County visited the Institution during their stay. They were acquainted with several of our former pupils who live near them, especially Mr. John Patrick and Mr. M. Hodgins.

—The Grand Jury attending the Spring assizes called up to see us on the 20th ult. Owing to the absence of Mr. Mathison, Mr. Coleman was their conductor through the Institution. They arrived at about 11 a. m. and the time was too short to allow a thorough inspection of the building, classes and industrial departments before dinner, so the usual visit to the shops was omitted.

—The Grand Jury visited the Institute for the Deaf, in Winnipeg, last week and noted that they were more than pleased with the excellent work being done there by Principal McEmond and his able assistants. The new and handsome addition is about completed and we can readily see the great need of such a building as the crowding in the old part handicaps to a great degree the work of the Institute.

—Our old friend Luddy fell into the hands of an advertising swindler at Oaklands B. C. The man claimed to be a doctor and advertised for an assistant. Luddy applied and was accepted, and afterwards the so-called physician coaxed \$50 out of him. Finding that he had been duped, Luddy had the man up in court who will now have to pay it back at \$3 per week until full restitution is made.

Bird's Nest Changed the Road.

Some years ago General David S. Stanley of the United States Army was leading a force across the plains. He was laying out the route for a great rail road. There were two thousand men, twenty-five hundred horses and mules and a train of two hundred and fifty wagons heavily laden.

One day the general was riding at the head of a broad column when suddenly his voice rang out, 'Halt!'

A bird's nest lay on the ground directly in front of him. In another moment the horses would have trampled on the nestlings. The mother bird was flying about and chirping in the greatest anxiety. But the brave general had not brought out his army to destroy a bird's nest.

He halted for a moment, looked at the little birds in the nest below, and then gave the order, 'Left oblique.'

Men, horses, mules and wagons turned aside, and spared the home of the helpless bird. Months and even years after, those who crossed the plains saw a great bend in the trail. It was the bend made to avoid crushing the bird's nest. Truly, great hearts are tender hearts, and the loving are the daring. —Young People's Paper

CHIPPED HANDS —The simplest remedy is found in every one's kitchen closet, and is common starch. Reduce it to an impalpable powder, put it in a muslin bag, keep it in the table drawer. Whenever you take your hands out of the dish water or suds, wipe them dry with a soft towel, and while yet damp, shake the starch bag all over them and rub it in. The effect is most agreeable.

Peace is the harmony in the soul that health is in the body. —Clarendon.

The Akoulalon.

We have received several inquiries from adult deaf persons and from parents of the deaf regarding the Akoulalon, the instrument for the relief of deafness, the recent exhibition of which in New York City was reported at great length in the press throughout the country. We do not believe that this, or any other instrument, can remedy all cases of deafness, but we consider it a great improvement on any other that we have examined. The fact that the volume of sound can be increased or diminished at pleasure gives it a great advantage, making it possible to accommodate it to varying degrees of deafness. It would seem that any one who can hear with an ear-tube or trumpet should find the contrivance of great value. A few others whose sense of hearing is too slight to respond to ordinary devices might find this helpful because of the great intensification of sound through the electric current. But it is not possible that it could benefit in the slightest degree a case in which any of the essential apparatus of hearing is destroyed. It should also be understood that the power of the instrument to make a deaf person hear sound does not insure his hearing through it all the sounds that enter into speech. There are many people who, without any artificial aid, can hear some sounds as well as any one, but are deaf to other sounds and to certain tones of the human voice. Experiment will probably prove, in time, that the majority of those who are able to hear sound through the akoulalon are similarly situated.

In our schools for the deaf may be found examples of all kind of deafness, and as several of these schools are now testing the akoulalon with a view to demonstrating its practical value, those who think of buying the instrument would do well to wait until they report results. —Mt. Arty World.

Day by Day.

"I don't believe I can ever be much of a Christian," said a little girl to her mother.

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that wool into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of to-day and let those of to-morrow alone till we come to them. Of course there's a great deal of work to be done in a Christian's lifetime, in the performance of our obligations to God, and the discharge of the duties that devolve upon us; but that work is done just as Dick moved the wood—little by little.

"Every day we should ask God for strength to take us through that day. When to-morrow comes, ask again. He will give all we ask for, and as we need it. By doing a little to-day, a little to-morrow, and keeping on in that way, we accomplish great things. Look at life in its little by little aspect, rather than as one great task to be done all at once, and it will be easy to face it."

At the End of the Journey.

A small boy sat quietly in a seat of the day coach on a train running between two of our Western cities. It was a hot, dusty day, very uncomfortable for travelling, and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady, leaning forward, asked sympathetically:

"Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?"

The lad looked up brightly and replied, with a smile: "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

What a beautiful thought it is, that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustfully and, like the lonely little lad, "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.

Easter-Tide.

The Easter-tide the sunbeams fall
The earth is fair with bud and leaf
O, may the glory of it all
Speak softly to the hearts in grief

There in that acre do they lie
Who were our joy, our all, our gain
Our longing, 'neath the lunatic cry
To see our loved and lost again

Peace, peace, sad heart, the fragrant air
The chill and gloom that far away
The violet blooming, sweet and fair,
When snowdrifts spread but yesterday

The life lifting up its breath
The quivering asp in shrub and tree
All say "Where is thy sting, O death
O grave, where is thy victory?"

Each Easter-tide the old earth sings
An anthem sweet and true and strong
And all the tender, growing things
Dwell in the Resurrection song.

JEAN BLEWETT

Six Love Letters.

"Are there any more of those letters?"
When her father asked this question
in an awful tone, Lucilla Richmond
could not say No, and dared not say Yes,

"Bring them to me, Lucilla," said her
father, as if she had answered him, as
indeed she had; and the girl, trembling
and weeping, arose to obey him.

Then Mrs. Richmond, her daughter's
own self grown older, came behind her
husband's chair and patted him on the
shoulder. "Please don't be hard with
her, my dear," she said, coaxingly. "He's
a nice young man, and it's all our fault
after all, as much as hers."

"Perhaps you approve of the whole
affair, ma'am," said Mr. Richmond.

"I—no—that is I only—" gasped the
little woman; and hearing Lucilla com-
ing, she sank into a chair, blaming her
self dreadfully for not having been pre-
sent at all her daughter's music lessons
during the past year.

"It was inexcusable in a poor music
teacher, who should have known his
place," Mr. Richmond declared; and he
clutched the little perfumed billet which
had fallen into his hands, as he might a
scorpion, and waited for the others with
a look upon his face which told of
no softening. At last six little white
envelopes, tied together with blue rib-
bons, were laid at his elbow by his trem-
bling daughter.

"Lock these up until I return home
this evening," he said to his wife; "I
will read them then. Meanwhile Lucilla
is not to see this music teacher on any
pretence whatever."

Mr. Richmond put on his hat and de-
parted, and Lucilla and her mother took
the opportunity of falling into each other's
arms.

"It is so naughty of you," said Mrs.
Richmond. "But oh, dear, I can't blame
you. It was exactly so with your father,
and my father objected because of his
poverty. He used to be very romantic
himself in those old times. Such letters
as he wrote to me. I have them in my
desk yet. He said he'd die if I refused
him."

"So does Fred," said Lucilla.
"And that life would be worthless
without me, and about my being beauti-
ful,—I'm sure he ought to sympathize a
little," said Mrs. Richmond.

She went into her own room to put
the letters into her desk, and as she
placed them into one of the pigeon holes,
she saw in another a bundle, tied exact-
ly as those were, and drew them out.
Those letters were to a Lucilla also, one
who had received them twenty years be-
fore. A strange idea came into Mrs.
Richmond's mind.

Who she left the desk she looked
guilty and frightened. The dinner hour
arrived, and with it came her husband,
angered and more determined than ever.
The meal was passed in silence; then,
having adjourned to the parlor, Mr.
Richmond seated himself in a great arm-
chair, and demanded, in a voice of
thunder, "Those absurd letters, if you
please."

"Six letters—six shameful pieces of
deception, Lucilla," said the indignant
parent. "I am shocked that a child of
mine should practice such duplicity.
Hem! let me see. Number one, I believe.
June, and this is December. Half a year
you have deceived us then, Lucilla. Let
me see—ah! From the first moment I
adore you, bah! Nonsense. People don't
fall in love in that absurd manner.
With your smiles for a goal, I would
win both fame and fortune, poor as I
am! Fiddlsticks, Lucilla. A man who
has common sense would always wait
until he had a fair commencement before
he proposed to a girl. Praising your

beauty, eh? The loveliest creature I
ever saw! Exaggeration, my dear. You
are not plain, but such flattery is absurd.
Must I hear from you or die? Dear, dear,
dear, how absurd! And Mr. Richmond
dropped the first letter and picked up
another. The same stuff, he comment-
ed. I hope you do not believe a word
he says. Ah! now in number three he
calls you an angel! He's romantic, up
on my soul! And what is this? Those
who forbid me to see you, can find no
fault with me but my poverty. I am
poor! I am earnest in my efforts. I
am by birth a gentleman, and I love you
from the depths of my soul. Do not let
them sell you for gold, Lucilla. Great
heavens, what impatience to your
parents!"

"I don't remember Fred saying any-
thing of that kind," said poor little
Lucilla. "He never knew you would
object."

Mr. Richmond shook his head, frown-
ed and then read on until the last sheet
lay under his hand. Then with an ejac-
ulation of rage, he sprang to his feet.

"Infamous!" he cried. "I'll go to him
this instant—I'll horsewhip him—I'll
murder him. As for you, by Jove,
I'll send you to a convent. Elope—
elope with a music teacher! Here,
John, call a cab!"

"Oh, papa! you are crazy!" said
Lucilla. "Frederick never proposed
such a thing. Let me see the letter.
Oh, that is not Fred's—upon my word it
is not. Do look, papa, it is dated twenty
years back, and Frederick's name is not
Charles." Papa, these are your letters
to mamma, written long ago. Mother's
name is Lucilla, you know."

Mr. Richmond sat down in his arm
chair in silence, very red in the face.
"How did this occur?" he said, stern-
ly, and little Mrs. Richmond, retreating
into a corner, with her handkerchief to
her eyes, sobbed.

"I did it on purpose! You know,
Charles, it's so long ago, and I thought
you might not exactly remember how
you fell in love with me at first sight,
how papa and mamma objected, and
how, at last we ran away together, and
it seemed to me if we could bring it back
all plainly to you as it was then, we
might let Lucilla marry the man she
loves, who is good, if he is not rich. I
do not need it to be brought back any
plainer myself, women have more time
to remember, you know. And we've
been very happy—have we not?"

And certainly Mr. Richmond could
not deny that. The little ruse was
favorable to the young music teacher,
who had really only been sentimental,
and had not gone one half so far as an
elopement, and in due course of time
the two were married with all the pomp
and grandeur befitting the nuptials of a
wealthy merchant's daughter, with the
perfect approbation of Lucilla's father.

"He is Risen."

There is no period in the whole year
that holds such a prospect of hope and
happiness as does the Easter-tide. The
world renews its youth upon the first
Easter morn and the spirit of hope was
born. None looked forward before them
to aught save a future of my blackness,
whereas now there is a blaze of super-
natural brightness overhanging all the
thoughts of that world which lies in the
great beyond, and we speak with bated
breath when conversing on that subject
as did the prophets of old when they
approached Holy Ground.

The conquest of the grave teaches a
distinct and positive lesson—that we
have no reason to feel discouraged at
any obstacles, for there is always some
way of surmounting the difficulty or of
overcoming it. If that grim monster
Death has been overcome, then there is
a chance for all of us. There are times
of depression, when we all feel as though
we would like to give up the struggle
against the tide, and drift down stream
with the current. All energy and hope
have vanished, we feel that we are more
helpless than the innocent babe, for we
have engaged in the strife and encounter-
ed all its difficulties, and therefore know
how great the fight must be in order to
push ahead to success and fame, where
as the child has yet to learn, and is
shielded from the rough edges in life's
pathway by loving parents and friends.
Do not think how great and seemingly
impossible the task is, but concentrate
the mind upon the fact that other have
been victorious, and why not we?

A physician has more confidence in
the results of an operation when he
knows that others have performed it
successfully than if he were the first to

undertake it. It is not as hard to follow
in the track made by others as it is to
make our own road. The weeds, under-
brush, branches of the trees and piles of
rubbish will impede our progress when
we undertake to branch out and follow
new lines planned by ourselves and un-
traveled, hitherto, by a single human
being. With the eye of energy in our
hands we must hew our way through all
these and more, on our way onward.
With the stout staff of progress to aid us
in our journey, and our minds set to go
ahead, no matter how great the obstacles,
there will be one result, and that is the
goal at which we aimed—success.

Easter suggests bright things, and the
very sound of the word seems to par-
take of the spirit of hope. Gloom and
sullen looks are as much out of place on
an Easter morn as would be a funeral
procession at a wedding. "He is Risen"—
let the words be prophetic of our own
circumstances. Let us rise from the
depths into which we have fallen and
ascend into the higher and better places
of life. Drop all the old associations
that tend to be the millstone around the
neck which drags us down, down—never
to rise again. Cut the cord that binds
the weight to us, and shake off the in-
cumbance. If others will not rise with
us, there is no reason why our progress
should be impeded by their lagging steps—
better one saved than two lost.

Every moment is filled with oppor-
tunities, which, if neglected and suffered
to pass by, will never return, but will be
lost to us forever. As Christ conquered
the grave, let us vanquish our foes in
life. All the world will rejoice and burst
forth in strains of sweetest melody upon
this glorious Easter morn. Our life will
soon be tinged with rose colored hues,
and everything that is dark will give
place to that which is blithe and glad-
some. Harmony will supplant discord,
hope will displace despair, and all life
will seem to take on a new meaning, for
instead of hearing the words "He Has
Fallen" we shall hear angel voices pro-
claiming in accents as sweet as the
chime of silvery bells—"He is Risen!"
—The Summary

A hardened conscience is one that has
been seared and crusted by the fires of
sin.

I believe the first test of a truly great
man is his humility. I do not mean by
"humility" doubt of his own power, or
hesitation in speaking his own opinions,
but a right understanding of the rela-
tions between what he can do and say
and the rest of the world's doings and
sayings. All great men not only know
their own business, but usually know
that they know it, and are not only
right in their main opinions, but usually
know they are, only they do not think
much of themselves on that account.
They do not expect their fellow men to
fall down and worship them, they have
a curious undersense of powerlessness,
feeling that greatness is not in them
but through them. They do their work
feeling that they cannot well help doing
it.—Haskin.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLVILLE STATION.
West 10:00 a.m. 12:00 a.m. 6:00 a.m. 11:15 a.m.
1:15 p.m. 5:10 p.m.
East 1:45 a.m. 10:45 a.m. 12:07 p.m. 5:50 p.m.
11:40 a.m. 5:45 p.m. 6:20 p.m.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY
person who receives this paper send me the
names and post-office addresses of the parents
of deaf children not attending school, who are
known to them, so that I may forward them par-
ticulars concerning this Institution and inform
them where and by what means their children
can be instructed and furnished with an edu-
cation.
R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows
every Sunday—
West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and
Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
And Y. M. C. A. Hall, Cor. Yonge and McGill
Streets, at 10 a.m.
General Central up stairs at Broadway Hall,
Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College
Street, at 10 a.m. Lectures every Wednesday
night and other.
SINGING CLASS Every Wednesday evening at 8
o'clock, corner Spadina Ave and College Street
and 101 Queen Street and Dovercourt Road.
Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable.
Miss A. Fraser, Secretary to the Deaf in
Toronto, 28 Division Street.

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE
Education and Instruction of blind children
is located at Branford, Ontario. For particu-
lars address
A. H. DYMOND, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.,
from 1:30 to 4 p.m. on Tuesdays and Thursdays of
a week.
DAILY PIANO WORK CLASSES on Monday at
noon of each week from 3:30 to 5:30.
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 9 p.m. for
pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3:30

Religious Exercises

EVERY MONDAY Primary pupils at 10 a.m.,
senior pupils at 11 a.m. General Lecture
7:30 p.m. immediately after which the Bible
Class will assemble.
EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble
in the Chapel at 8:15 a.m. and the Teacher
in charge for the week, will open by prayer,
and afterwards dismiss them, so that they
may reach their respective schools at least
later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon
to 1 o'clock the pupils will again assemble for
after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and
orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. J. C.
Mackay, Light House, Mount Pleasant, N. C.
Rev. T. J. Thompson, J. V. (Presbyterian)
Rev. J. W. Crothers, M. A. D. D. (Methodist)
Rev. A. H. Cowart, Baptist, Rev. M. V.
Maclean, Presbyterian, Rev. Father A.
Sheehy, Rev. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. H.
Rev. Jos. H. Locke.

BIBLE CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3 p.m. Inter-
national Series of Sunday School Lessons.
Miss ANNE MARSHON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments

SEWING ROOM Monday, Wednesday and Friday
afternoon, from 11 to 12 o'clock.
PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND LABORERS
Bifrons from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and from 1:30
to 2:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. For
those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 noon
and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. in each working day
except Saturday, when the office and shop
will be closed at noon.

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

The Printing Office, Shop and Sewing
Room to be left each day when work ceases
in a clean and tidy condition.

THE OFFICE are not to be excluded from
various classes of Industrial Department
except on account of sickness, without per-
mission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not
to allow matters foreign to the work to inter-
fere with the performance of the
several duties.

Visitors

Persons who are interested in visiting
the Institution, will be made welcome on
any school day. No visitors are allowed on
Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays, except for
the regular chapel exercises at 10 o'clock on Sun-
day afternoons. The best time for a visitor
on ordinary school days is as soon after 12
in the afternoon as possible as the classes
are dismissed at 1:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children

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

Visitation

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends
to visit them frequently. If parents must
come, however, they will be made welcome
to the class-rooms and allowed every oppor-
tunity of seeing the general work of the
school. We cannot furnish lodging, meals,
or entertain guests at the Institution. Good
accommodation may be had in the City of the
Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen, Anglo-
American and Hamilton Hotel, at moderate
rates.

Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to give their
thoughts concerning clothing and manage-
ment of their children to the Superintendent, so
correspondence will be allowed between
parents and employees under any circum-
stances 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 PARENTS
FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY
ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so,
will be required to write home every three
weeks. Letters will be written by the teacher to 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 phy-
sicians 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
remedies and appliances for the cure of deaf-
ness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are swindlers
and only want money for which they can
no return. Consult well known medical
practitioners in case of deafness and
be guided by their counsel and
advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.