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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VII.

BELLEVILLE, MARCH 15, 1899.

NO. 12.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE ONTARIO
CANADA.



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

Government Inspector—

DR. T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

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A. MATHISON, Librarian
J. E. KINGS, M. D. Physician
MISS ISABEL WALKER, Matron

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D. B. COLMAN, M. A. Head Teacher
P. DUNN, Teacher
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Miss Ida M. JACK, Miss CAROLINE GIBSON, Miss MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

Miss I. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURSA, Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

WM. DOLGANS, WM. SUMS, Storekeeper & Assistant, Master Shoemaker, Supervisor

W. G. KEITH, CHAS. J. PIPPIN, Supervisor of Boys etc., Engineer

Miss M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE, Seamstress, Supervisor, Master Carpenter of Girls, etc.

Miss S. McNEICH, D. CUNNINGHAM, General Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE, Farmer and Gardener

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

All deaf mutes between the ages of seven and twenty not being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are less than 160 miles from 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 unable to pay will be charged the sum of \$50 per year for tuition, Tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

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

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

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

The regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and ends on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission, pupils etc., will be given upon application to the Institute in letter or otherwise.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent
BELLEVILLE ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matter to go in if put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 2.45 p.m. of each day, Sundays excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery for any unless the same is in the locked bag.



The Shamrock.

The spreading tree is fair to view
And rich the meadow violet a hue,
Or queenly tulip filled with dew,
And sweet the lily's fragrance,
But there's a flower more dear to me
That grows not on a branch or tree,
But in the grass plays merrily,
And of its leaves there are but three,
The Ireland's native shamrock.

My country's flower, I love it well
For every leaf a tale can tell,
And teach the minstrel's heart to swell
In praise of Ireland's shamrock.
The emblem of our faith divine,
Which blest St. Patrick made to shine
To teach eternal truth sublime,
And which shall last as long as time
As long as blooms the shamrock.

Oh! I love a wreath of shamrock leaves
They decked the banners of our chiefs
And calmed the Irish exile's griefs,
Our country's cherished shamrock.
The muse inspired with words of praise
The poets of our early days,
To write in many a glowing phrase
And sing in powerful thrilling lays,
The virtues of the shamrock.

He who has left his island home
Beneath a foreign sky to roam,
And in a foreign clime unknown
How dear he loves the shamrock
When on the feast of Patrick's Day
He kneels within the church to pray
For holy Ireland far away,
He feels again youth's genial ray
While gazing on the shamrock.

The brightest gem or rarest flower
That ever bloomed in Easter bowers
Possess for him not half the power
That dwells within the shamrock
Sweet memories, like refreshing dew
The past with all its charms renew,
The church, the spot where wild flowers grew
The faithful friends, the cherished few
He left to eulge the shamrock.

Land of the West, my native isle,
May Heaven's love upon you smile
And laugh for that may beguile
The loters of the shamrock
May that forever cherish thee
In peace and love and harmony
And rank thee proud 'mid nations free
Thus pray thy children fervently
For Ireland and the shamrock. —Set



Story of St. Patrick.

St. Patrick, the good old patron saint, whose marvelous miracles and heroic deeds Irishmen the world over will recall at this time—the anniversary of his death—was probably about forty years old when he landed on the inhospitable shores of Ireland, and he is said to have continued his labors unflinchingly for the space of four score years, until the day of his death, on March 17, 463 A. D., which would have made him almost a century and a quarter old.

There are many doubting Thomases who assert that the good saint was neither a Scotchman nor, as some say, a Frenchman, but was an entirely mythical personage whom the church canonized in order to constitute a patron saint of wonder-working reputation.

There is a delightful homeliness about most of the legends and traditions concerning the saint, their hero is so essentially human always, notwithstanding his transcendent gifts. All hearts were won by his kind and genial personality.

It is related that when the saint lay on his death-bed he was deeply touched at the sight of his mourning followers. He gazed on them with pitying eyes, and with his last breath it is gravely asserted that he murmured "Take a drop of something for my sake."

It is said that the art of distillation was taught to the Irish by St. Patrick, though he had no mean reputation as a temperance advocate. At all events, "poten" was named after him.

When a boy of sixteen the embryo missionary was captured by pirates and sold to slavery in Ireland for seven years. But for this lucky chance, by the way, the Emerald Isle might still be unregenerate. The youth was employed as a swineherd on the top of a lousy mound

tant. Here he was wont to meditate on the urgent necessity of a little missionary enterprise among these semi-barbarians.

One night, so the story goes, his lonely vigil was interrupted by no less a personage than the devil himself. His Satanic Majesty had adopted the effectual disguise of a huge stone and attempted to frighten the future saint by jumping on him. The lad, however, was nothing daunted, but speedily extricated himself, called out in a lusty voice "Helas! Helas!"

At the same moment the orb of day saw fit to anticipate the dawn, according to the almanac, by several hours, and rose gloriously upon the scene. This was too much for the Prince of Darkness. He fled in his natural shape, while the swineherd resumed his post and the sun discreetly sank to abide the orthodox time of rising.

On a certain cold morning St. Patrick and his followers were on the summit of a bleak mountain, with no apparent means of making a fire. To add to their discomfort snow was falling heavily, and a howling wind had arisen. Now was the opportunity for the saint. He ordered all hands to collect snow-balls together in a great heap, then he quietly breathed upon the frosty mound, and lo! flames burst forth immediately.

The following touching poem alluding to the above is of comparatively recent date

St. Patrick, as legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together,
Then gently breathed upon the pile,
Who every fragment blazed on fire.
Ah! If the saint had been so kind
As to have left the gift behind
To such a loss-born wretch as we,
Who daily struggles to be free,
I'd be content—content with just
To only ask to thaw the heart,
The frozen heart of Polly Lee.

A peasant family living near Belfast in the early part of this century were the much-envied possessors of St. Patrick's jawbone.

The relic was supposed to have a supernatural value in determining the guilt or innocence of a suspected criminal. The accused one had merely to place his hand on the jawbone and take a solemn oath. In case he perjured himself the most frightful punishment followed. It was also of great assistance to women in child labor, and a sovereign remedy for epileptic fits and to ward off the evil eye, witches, fairies, etc.

Everyone knows about the most stupendous miracle of all the miracles of St. Patrick, the one which of itself was enough to make the saint's name immortal, but we don't all know how the feat was accomplished. Colgan, the antiquarian, says that the snakes were banished from Ireland in the following novel and ingenious manner. St. Patrick procured an immense drum and then walked forth over hill and dale while beating a most thunderous tattoo. Light in the midst of his arduous labors a hole was knocked in the top, whereupon the snakes all stopped short on their march to the sea.

In the nick of time an angel appeared and mended the drum. After this the operation was continued to the end without further accident. Every reptile was supposed to have left the island, but the saint himself knew better. There was one snake that behaved so badly during the grand march that St. Patrick concluded to punish him. According to the legend the recalcitrant serpent was confined in the gloomy depth of Lough Dilveen, in the Galtee Mountains of Tipperary. It was understood that the prisoner should be released from duration vile on the following Monday, when he would be driven out to join his fellow-crawlers in the briny deep. Alas! St. Patrick was so busy he forgot all about it. At least they say in Tipperary that on every Monday to this day the hapless snake comes to the surface of the lake and utters this plaint in Irish "It's a long Monday, Patrick!"

The shamrock in Ireland, as is well

known, is always associated with the saint. The popular reason given for its peculiar significance is undoubtedly the true one. When St. Patrick commenced to preach the gospel to the pagan Irish he found it very difficult to make them comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity. At last a bright idea struck him. He displayed to the throng a sprig of the common trefoil (shamrock) and in a moment his auditors grasped the idea how perfectly simple it was for three to emanate from one.—Ez.

A Boy and a Filo.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature,—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor for many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

"When I was fourteen years old," he says, "it became necessary for me to go out in the world and earn my share in the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, 'Boy wanted.'

"I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

"I walked back to the little den with a high partition around it, and pushing open a door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

"It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was leaning over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

"I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"Oh!" said the man, with a grunt.

He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me.

"Sit down," he added, "I'm busy."

"I looked back at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, and if a little noise won't disturb you I'll fix that door while I am waiting."

"Eh?" he said quickly. "All right. Go ahead."

"I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short filo I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was right. When I put my filo back in my pocket and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

"At twenty-five I was a partner in the house; at thirty-five I had a half-interest; and I always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the filo."

Silence is sometimes the severest criticism.—Charles Ruxton.

Teacher—James, can you tell me what is meant by a cubic yard? James—I don't know exactly, but I guess it's a yard the Cuban children play in.



THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

OUR MISSION

- First - That a number of our pupils may learn typesetting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.
- Second - To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.
- Third - To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the institution, the hundreds 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 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 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 anyone 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

THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE
ONTARIO



WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1899.

Neglected Children.

One of the most interesting publications issued by the Ontario Government is the annual report of Mr. J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of Neglected and Dependent Children, and the sixth issue, which is just to hand, is perhaps the most interesting and valuable of all. Mr. Kelso's work has of necessity to do largely with the sorrows and tragedies of life, and much of the pathos of the incidents which he and his co-workers have witnessed, and the experiences which they have gone through, has been portrayed in vivid, burning words in the pages of his report, and he makes an eloquent plea for more active co-operation of the Children's Aid Societies, and of all lovers of childhood, in the work of rescuing these neglected boys and girls. Last year 225, and during the past five years 828 children were removed from vicious surroundings and placed in happy and comfortable homes, most of whom would doubtless have otherwise developed into irreclaimable criminals. This, however, does not represent all the work done, for, in addition, hundreds of parents, who were negligent or cruel towards their children, were persuaded or compelled to reform in this respect, and untold misery has thus been averted. The report is embellished with numerous pictures, the sight of which is sufficient to bring tears even to unwonted eyes, while the contrasted pictures of some of these neglected ones as they now appear in their new homes strikingly illustrate the beneficent nature of the work accomplished. One picture is particularly pathetic—a tiny child sitting on a chair, with the sad, dreary, abandoned look which should never be seen on an infant's face, and whose whole attitude and expression eloquently plead "I wish I had some one to love me." Sad beyond expression it is to know

that even in the favored province of ours there are thousands of little children who have never once heard the accents of love or felt a caressing touch or experienced any of those tokens of affection which are as the very breath of life to every child. Whether viewed from this higher sentimental aspect, or from the lower ground of economy and public utility, this work is one that commends itself to every one of us, and it is to be hoped much more will be accomplished in 1899 than in any previous year. To look helplessly on while children are being trained up by hundreds to become vicious and criminal men and women, reserving all our money and energy for their apprehension and punishment when they have become full fledged, is too short-sighted and ignominious a policy to be perpetuated by an intelligent community.

Helen Keller, Tommy Stringer and Mr. Geo. O. Goodhue.

IN THE CANADIAN MUTE of February last it is stated that a Canadian Mr. Goodhue originated the movement for the education of the deaf blind boy Tommy Stringer. Now we have thoroughly investigated that matter some time ago when it was alleged that a gentleman in Pittsburgh, Pa., was entitled to the credit of getting Tommy to the Perkins Institution and our researches showed that Helen Keller was entitled to the whole credit and while we doubt not that Mr. Mize has evidence on which to base a statement, we must believe that the fact remains true that Helen was the one and the only one who originated and carried through that movement. *Michigan Mirror.*

THE EVIDENCE.

EDITOR MIMOR: Replying to your mention in your number of March 2nd I would say that the article in THE CANADIAN MUTE referred to is almost strictly correct, although it may commonly be misunderstood. It is a fact that the movement which resulted in raising the money to take Tommy to the Perkins Institution was initiated by Mr. Goodhue, but the devoting the money to Tommy was Helen's own act, as Mr. Goodhue's proposal was directed towards Helen herself. The story in brief is this: I gave Helen a mastiff which was shot by a policeman near her home under one of those stupid ordinances about dogs running at large. Helen was terribly distressed when she heard of it, yet amidst her sobs and tears, her lovely disposition shone on and she said, "They could not have known what a good dog, lioness was, or they would not have done it." In my indignation at such stupidity as the ordinance referred to I mentioned the death of the dog and Helen's forgiveness of its murderer in *Forest and Stream*, whereupon Mr. Goodhue urged that the readers of that paper should join in a fund to buy Helen another dog, and I got all kinds of offers of dogs, contributions, etc., when Helen heard of it and begged that the money should be given for Tommy's education instead of the purpose originally proposed. This took like wildfire, and I even got large contributions from England and Helen's "Tommy Fund" was the result. Therefore it is strictly correct that the large heart of my excellent friend, Mr. Goodhue, started the movement that finally developed into Helen's most beautiful charity. Your truly, W. Wain.

Oakmount, Pa., Feb. 28, 1899

Some day, perhaps our neighbors north of the Great Lakes will join with us in fraternal celebration of Washington's birthday, as they do now in annual Thanksgiving.

We would not have the least objection to doing so, even now, if we were spending the day on the other side of the border. George Washington, though considerably overrated, was no doubt both a great and a good man and as his many fine qualities of head and heart were due entirely to the good British blood that flowed in his veins, of course we, as Britishers and as the joint heirs with him of this noble heritage of British pluck and British virtue, could have no scruples in doing him honor. It is but just to say, however, that Britain has produced a multitude of men in all respects his equal but lacking only his golden opportunity.

The Executive Committee of the National Association of the Deaf has finally decided that the sixth Convention of the Association shall be held at St. Paul, Minn., July 11-14, 1899.

Another Marriage

One of our old pupils was married in Buffalo, as will be seen from a perusal of the following:

On the 15th of March, an extraordinary event occurred in the life of Helen Keller, the deaf and blind girl who has become the most famous person in the world.

Her marriage to Mr. Frank H. Keller, of Buffalo, N. Y., was celebrated at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Keller, on the 15th of March.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. H. H. H. of Buffalo, N. Y., and was attended by a large number of friends.

The bride was Miss Helen Keller, of Buffalo, N. Y., and the groom was Mr. Frank H. Keller, of Buffalo, N. Y.

The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Keller, on the 15th of March.

The bride and groom were accompanied to the altar by their parents and other relatives.

The ceremony was a most interesting and successful one, and was attended by a large number of friends.

The bride and groom were most happily married, and the ceremony was a most successful one.

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A Song.

Scatter in springtime a handful of seeds
And gather in summer a lapful of gold
This is the song of the wind in the trees
Sown by the roadside and over the sea
Under the sunshine and under the stars
After the rain and a handful of dew
And gather in summer a lapful of gold
Scatter in childhood kind words and love
After the tears and a handful of tears
When the sky brightens or when the sun
Their blossoms shall come to these seeds

Bottled Sunshine.

Our minister preached a funny sermon this morning, said Marge Hoyt to her invalid mother upon returning from church one Sunday.

"What was it about, dear mother asked."

"He talked about bottled sunshine."

"He explained how the sun shines on trees and they took the sunshine and put it into them and it made them grow and the trees turned into coal and when a light it, it gives out a bright sunshine again and then he said we should be bottling up God's sunshine in our hearts to make others happy. Now, mamma, tell me what he meant. And is it true that coal was once wood?"

"Yes, my child, the coal we burn is once wood white lay buried many years stored up by our heavenly Father for our use."

"But I never heard it called bottled sunshine."

"I think it a pretty thought, dear you? But far more beautiful is to bottle up sunshine all the time for the comfort and happiness of others."

"How, mamma?"

"By getting into habits of kindness. When you are thoughtful of others and store up a kind, loving disposition, it will shine out like sunshine and make you a treasure to your friends."

"I see when you take disappointments pleasantly, you are getting a habit of cheerfulness that will sparkle and shine more than the most beautiful diamonds. Reading God's word and loving Him will help you most of all to be a blessing and substitute to others. I once knew a blind man who had bottled up a good supply of sunshine."

"Why, mamma, how could he?"

"He was so patient, kind and loving that every one who knew him felt better for being in his company, just as you and I feel better for this beautiful sunshine."

"Then he knew a great deal. He bottled up knowledge and often when we wanted to know something that we could not find in books, we went to him and he gave us the information we wanted."

"Do you know anybody else that has bottled up sunshine, mamma?"

"I do. Somebody who does not forget to say, 'Good morning, mamma' and who always smiles pleasantly when she says it. Somebody who runs to open the door for papa when he comes home tired at night from work. Somebody who walks softly when mamma's head aches."

"Oh, mamma, do you call that sunshine?"

"Yes, my dear, I do."

"Then, mamma, I'll bottle up a big jugful," said little Marge, as she tripped away. *The Child's Paper (Adapted)*

The Oak and the Vine.

Once a little vine grew close beside the sturdy oak. It was growing tall but so slender it could not stand alone.

"Bend near me, O Oak!" said the Vine "that you may be a support to me!"

"Gladly would I give my strength to support you," said the oak, "but I am too large and solid to bend. But cling close to me, and I will hold you firm, even if you climb as high as the clouds."

The Vine gratefully obeyed, and clung to the rough trunk of the Oak with its tender arms.

Each year it grew stronger, and its glossy, green leaves and scarlet berries adorned the old Oak till he stood in the forest like a warrior with all his plumes. And the Oak said, "So the Master of life wills that by the aid of the strong the weak gain strength."

WANTED

IMMEDIATELY, A GOOD MAN or STRONG BOY, to assist on farm. Apply to JOHN COOPER, Doufleur P. O., Ont. March, 1899

STAY THOUGHTS.

Why, what is the world... Why, why not... Why, yes, to be sure...

TORONTO TOPICS.

On Thursday night the 2nd of the deaf of this city were invited to a lecture with magnetic views by Miss Melville, a missionary from Africa...

Mr and Mrs P. Fraser invited a number of their friends to a social party on the 23rd ult. to celebrate Mrs. Fraser's birthday. The evening was a very enjoyable one...

Mr John J. Jackson and his wife on their return from the east spent a few days with Mr A. W. and H. Mason. Mr and Mrs Jackson are old graduates of the Belleville Institution...

Miss M. Campbell has returned from Chatham where she had gone to visit her sick brother. We are pleased to learn that he is recovering from a severe attack of pneumonia...

Your correspondent has been requested to convey to Mr. Deary the sympathy of all his friends on the death of his father to which we very sincerely add our own.

The death is reported of the father of Benjamin William and John Ferrell and M. S. Smith of this city. The sad event took place on Sunday, the 7th inst. in Newmarket. We tender our friends our sympathy.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr Calder and his young bride when spending a couple of days in this city prior to their departure for Manitoba on the 7th inst. Their friends intended holding a reception in their honor...

Mr J. H. Ford of this city, employer of Mr A. W. Mason, Misses J. Munro and M. O'Neil is sojourning in sunny California at present for the benefit of his health. He lately wrote a long letter to Mr. Mason stating among other things that he met our old friends, Mr. Widd, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis while he was in Los Angeles...

Miss Dolly Morrison from Muskoka, is staying in the city at present with her aunt. We had the pleasure of meeting her for the first time last Sunday at service. She is another of Belleville's old pupils and is bright and intelligent.

LONDON NOTES.

The coldest weather so far this season is prevailing here at present. 28 below zero was registered on Feb 12th. This breaks the record in this locality since 1872.

Ice gripp was quite prevalent for some time but it has gone now. Mr. Sim Thompson's painting business has been somewhat slack the past few weeks, owing to the excessive cold weather. He expects to start again in the spring.

On the evening of Feb 14th a successful carnival was held at the St. George's Rink, in which a large number of young people enjoyed themselves skating to the music of the Colored Band. Mr. Richard Leathorn again carried 2nd Prize as Uncle Sam. The manager of that rink presented him with a lovely butter-dish, and Richard is proud of it.

Mr Harper Cowan went to St. Thomas on Feb 14th to have a skating party with Miss Ada James and Mr Jonathan

Henderson and his deaf sister Annie. Reported a good time.

Mrs. Eliza McIntyre was confined to her room through illness, but we are glad that she recovered and is at work again.

Mrs. Ada Mason had worked through all the year with her sister, of the Duke of York House and left there for her home in Hyde Park on Feb 18th. We miss her very much.

Mr and Mrs Wood spent several days here on a visit to their boy Nelson, and they are pleased to hear his business is progressing very nicely in the London Pig and Lard Co.

During her holidays, Miss Sarah Ried took a trip to Paris and renewed old acquaintances, returning home in excellent health.

DESFIELD NOTES.

Again we hear the sweet music of the sleigh bells. Another fall of the beautiful snow.

The sneak thief who entered the home of Mr and Mrs John Pincombe and stole \$120.00, has been arrested and pleaded guilty before the Judge and was sent to Central Prison for one year.

Mr Wm. Bryce, of Hamilton, is engaged with John Pincombe, of Poplar Hill, to assist on the farm.

Mr J. Noyes has finished shipping his wool to London and realized the handsome sum of \$230. He did the work himself, besides doing all the chores.

We regret that Mr and Mrs W. Geo are leaving our midst in April. We wish them health and much happiness in their new home.

Mr Andrew Noyes intends going extensively into making maple syrup. He will tap over one hundred and fifty trees and can sell all he makes to our customer in London. Andrew is preparing to build a new granary in the spring and will do all the work himself, as he is an experienced mechanic. Andrew is the boy to do things up in the right shape.

Our young friend, Nelson Wood, who is engaged in the Free Press office, of London Ont. intends giving a large party to his many deaf mute friends of London and country on Easter Monday at his parental home near Exeter.

Our esteemed friend, Mrs. Noyes, sen., we are pleased to say, is on a fair way to recovery after a very long illness from the effects of la grippe.

The scribe visited the home of Mr and Mrs Richard Pincombe and found them well. They have five very smart and interesting children two of whom are going to school.

Andrew and John Noyes have both fine ice houses and both are well filled with ice.

Superintendent McKee of the Missouri School, in his last annual report, asks that the school term of his pupils be extended from ten to twelve years. He says: 'The discrimination in favor of the hearing child is so great that it may be said to merit the odium that attaches to class legislation. The school life of the deaf child is limited by statute to a period of ten years. He enters school with faculties undeveloped without a language without a vocabulary, ignorant even of his own name. It follows that most of his allotted time in school is spent in learning that which his hearing brother learns before he is of school age. The hearing child may enter the public school at six years of age and remain until he is twenty one. After that a state university is open to him. As the parents of the deaf and the deaf themselves are taxed to maintain these public schools and this state university, may they not demand as their right that ample provision be made for all the deaf children in the State, and that the period of instruction be extended?'

Discontent is the want of self-reliance, it is infirmity of will. Emerson.

Curiosity is looking over other people's affairs and overlooking our own. -H. L. Hayward.

We cannot live better than in seeking to become better, nor more agreeably than in having a clear conscience. -S. Carter.

It is surprising how practical duty crushes the fancy and the heart, and reason clears and deepens the affections. -M. T. Anderson.

Sorrow is a stone that crushes a single laborer to the ground, while two are able to carry it with ease.

The Boys We Need.

Here - to the boy who is not afraid To do his share of work. The future is by toll dimmed and And never tries to shrink.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet All lions in the way. Who is not discouraged by defeat. But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do The very best he can. Who always keeps the right in view And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be The men whose hands will guide The future of our land and we Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the one who is A man at heart, I say Whose legend on his shield is this, "Right always wins the day."

-Golden Days

A Child's Reproof.

A company of young recruits about to join the army were waiting for the cars. They were excited and noisy, and obviously their mothers and sisters were not among the friends who waited with them, for their talk was liberally sprinkled with slang and swearing. There is a perverse notion in silly-heroic minds that a soldier must swear.

The train arrived, and the young men stormed aboard, shouting back their good bys with interjections of oaths and vulgar lingo. Their rude manners of course drew notice of all the passengers.

For nearly an hour their coarse fun was kept up. By that time they had about exhausted their hearers' patience. Several of the annoyed and indignant passengers were on the point of appealing to the conductor, when a little girl not more than seven years old, a fair and delicate child, silenced the men in a moment.

Like the rest, she had borne their bad language as long as she could. She slipped from her seat beside her mother, and going straight to the loudest swearer in the gang, laid her little pocket bible in his lap.

Not a word was said. One appealing look in the young man's face, and the little girl trotted back to her mother; but she had administered a rebuke that was keenly felt by him and his noisy comrades. Not another oath was heard during the journey.

At the next stopping-place the young man got out and bought a package of candy for his little friend. When he gave it to her he stopped and kissed her, and promised that he would always keep the bible for her sake.

The act of the child—entirely of her own prompting, as her mother afterward said—was one of those inspirations of gentleness that check lawless maleducation when direct reproof would only make it more abusive. In the most impressive and tender way it reminded the young soldier and his companions that social decency and divine command still held a claim upon them, and that profanity, instead of a "martial virtue," is an unmanly shame.

Best Part of Life.

Life after forty years of age is not the down hill road it is too often claimed to be. Especially to the thoughtful man or woman, the best years are those after two score have been passed in preparation. There is the satisfaction, then, of doing the work with a master hand rather than that of the apprentice. The trained intellect sees everything more clearly and in better proportions, and the trained temper meets all obstacles more calmly and judiciously. The advance toward every stronghold is with the ordered pace of conscious power and deliberate determination. The student of science then regards the world as the freshest and with most enticing fields. Everything has gradually taken on a new beauty as parts of a wondrous whole, and the pleasure of advancing knowledge should increase with the advancing years. Life is no more measured by the years past, than is the knowledge of the school boy by the pages "been over." The more thoroughly life's lessons have been learned, the greater will be the effectiveness and satisfaction of the real work after the "commencement" at forty. But how about those who never learn any lessons, whose life's school days are all recess? The real life after forty reserves for them no intellectual conquests and pleasures.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty. -Madam Svecchine.

CANADIAN MERE.

Merill-McKenzie Homestead.

On Sunday recently we spent the day enjoyably with Mrs. Jas. A. Merrill and her intelligent and witty son, William, his oldest boy, aged 12, who proudly displays his much-learned watch, and of course his brother, who is busy drawing wood to Petrolia.

Mr. Christiana Showers and her daughter accompanied by John Vince, a well-known hired man, visited Mr. and Mrs. Merrill lately, who returned there a few weeks later, and were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wright. Need we say we had such a jolly time as to forget when the time arrived for us to break up.

Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, who is always regarded as the biggest, strongest and most robust of our boys, fell a victim to one of the worst typhs and was obliged to be in Oil Springs to have a doctor fitted and surprised he recovered by his skill in doing the work, thus saving himself the cost of a few dollars.

Mr. Michael Showers and his daughter, the Showers girls of your town, went on a trip north for a week to visit their 40 year old mother in law, Mrs. Showers, living with her son, Mr. H. Hoedjge, near Wingham. Mr. and Mrs. Ken McKenzie, in Gilman's, Bruce Co. visited of Rodetiek and Mr. John D. Locket, Mic. and Kenneth of the town. Old Mr. McKenzie is the father of Mrs. Mary Showers.

On Sunday we were at Mr. Jackson's. Mr. Summers came here and unfortunately found that the birds had flown away. It was the same with David Turill and myself a few days later when we arrived at the place. My expectation to gather interesting news from him for your paper is frustrated for the present.

It is surprising to learn from the boys that they had called on Mr. Bradshaw, now of Warkentin, Bruce Co. living 2 1/2 miles from here, and found him such a nice, pleasant gentleman.

Mr. Mason, father of the three Mason girls, our neighbor, bought a calf from a brother of William Wark, and a butter factory on a piece of land that mutes near Wyoming, south from here.

The boys here were at Mr. Barnes and far away, yesterday for a snow-sawing job, and showed the cam that they were superior to them. Kenneth came out victorious in the stick tug of war, beating his opponent.

D. S. of Gallaudet College, Washington, D. C. U. S. Please accept our thanks for your full description of the Washington Monument. David of this place, your old classmate, wishes to be kindly remembered to you. Sorry that he is not in the city.

It may be interesting to know that the party in 1874 was held in the room of your school for the first time in its history. The eastern part was changed during the previous summer. The interesting guests of the party were the late John Moore and Mrs. Sarah Stoy, now Mrs. Riddell, of Toronto, whose husband was a pupil there then and was a teacher to her.

The best thing to do with your troubles is to introduce them to your blessings.

A man is valued in this world as much by his conduct that he wishes to be valued.

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

OFFICERS	
President	A. E. Smith, Brantford
V. Pres.	F. H. Smith, Toronto
Secy.	A. W. Mackay, Toronto
Treas.	Wm. Nurse, Belleville
Com. Secy.	D. J. McKillop, Belleville
Com. Secy.	D. H. Coleman, Belleville
Com. Secy.	W. J. Campbell, Belleville

GOLF AND HOCKEY CLUBS.	
President	H. Mathison
V. Pres.	Wm. Douglas
Secy.	D. J. McKillop
Treas.	Wm. Nurse

GOLF AND HOCKEY CLUBS.	
First Eleven	W. Longheed
Second Eleven	J. Armstrong
First Team	F. E. Harris
Second	J. Armstrong

GIRLS LITERARY SOCIETY	
President	H. Mathison
V. Pres.	Wm. Nurse
Secy.	D. J. McKillop
Treas.	D. J. McKillop

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1899.

The sun is climbing in the sky
We're glad to know
Days will be longer by and by
And brighter grow
The sun is climbing in the sky.
The snow will go
Days will be warmer by and by
And flowers will grow.

Yonks's Companion.

Lecture by Mrs. Hall.

The evening of Saturday, March 4th, Mrs. Hall addressed the members of the higher classes. The lecture was very much appreciated as it was given in an earnest, heartfelt, interesting manner. She took for her topic, "The dignity of labor," and for her text the prophetical

servant with this clause
Make me meet work divine
I sweep a room, as by God's laws
Make that, and the action fine.

knowing children's insatiable love for stories she first gave them a short sketch of the life, struggles, hardships, ultimate success and final tragedy of Abraham Lincoln. She gave them some description of what slavery meant. She then gave them a long promised description of prison life and prisoners as she had seen them when upon a visit to the Columbus, Ohio, Penitentiary last summer. The punishments of idleness, disobedience and sin were depicted. Because of the chronic grumbling and discontent of some of her audience to their life as they viewed it at present, and their disinclination to profit by the many advantages now at their command, she had given them Abraham Lincoln and other famous or successful men and women as illustrations of what was possible to those placed in far more adverse circumstances than their own. They thought the light tasks they were called upon to perform, hard; they will find life in no other place so easy as at the school where they now are, and few friends so kind as those now in authority over them, but whom they choose to regard such severe task-masters. To show them what hard work and hard task-masters were, she had used slavery as an illustration. They grumble and complain because requested to obey certain rules, and to employ their time profitably, and because not allowed to follow their own devices in roving over the country. To prove to them how the cause for complaint they had also illustrated by the prison life and discipline she had seen in various such institutions she had visited. The foregoing remarks and illustrations had served as a preface to the real topic of the evening. It was impressed upon them that the world was not an easy place to make a living in, that now is the time for them to master some trade and to improve their opportunities. She gave a number of occupations at which they could excel. For the boys there were many lines of work other than

the trades taught them here. The most of them are from country homes and at these they were advised most strongly to remain. Farm life is lonely for a deaf and dumb person but it is many times more independent and happier than life in a city can be. All honest labor is honorable, an unskilled day laborer is more to be respected than a dandified sharper who tries to live on his own wits and the trick of them in his victims. She gave them the usual amount of wages paid a day laborer, and tried to show them the cost of living in a manner that would both interest and impress them. To the girls she spoke most seriously on false pride and foolish notions in regard to the all important question of house work. A lady is always a lady in whatever her circumstances she may be. To wash, iron and scrub cook, sweep and sew is more honorable than to be idle and long for the unattainable. A busy woman is usually a happy one and most frequently healthy. She could not see why it was more degrading to work in other people's houses and be paid for it than to work in their own and never see a cent. The difference in wages paid a shop girl, and those paid a good servant were given, and it was shown how much more protected and comfortable the latter were. They were warned that the world was not always kind to the afflicted, they have had much done for them, they cannot expect always to be cared for, and upon their efforts depended their success or failure hereafter. Both boys and girls evinced a lively interest in all that was said and the free discussion that followed was most entertaining.

Saturday Evening Pantomime

Saturday's pantomime passed off well and was a great source of entertainment. The first act which was decidedly good was perhaps the most amusing. The scene was an old gentleman's house. The gentleman himself reminded one of an old Jew who had made his fortune hawking watches and jewelry about the country. Dressed up in a light brown coat that had seen better days (for he seemed to be suffering from the grippe) he occupied his time reading the newspapers, meditating on the future prospects of his beautiful daughter, or thinking of the troubles his scapgrace son were likely to bring upon him. The old lady of the house was his constant companion. Frail and troubled with rheumatism as she was she hobbled about the house with her clock. The son drained the old man's purse and gave him many an anxious night. One evening the last young man returned home bringing with him one of his sporting friends. This friend was captivated by his beautiful sister and of course decided to call again. Professing to be a bank clerk Sunday school teacher and temperance advocate his calls ended in an engagement. On one occasion, however, the old lady discovered in the pockets of this young man a bottle of something else than water, a pack of cards and a tobacco pouch. This broke the engagement much to the disgust of the unsuccessful wooer, and much to the grief of the object of his affections.

The other scenes. The "igger singing school" and "Boy wanted kept the pupils in convulsion of laughter from beginning to end. At the close the performers were called out and Miss Allendorf moved a vote of thanks which was heartily seconded and they received a hearty send off. The following pupils took part: Negro boys, W. E. Gray, A. Jaffray, M. Cartier, N. O'Neil and F. Terrell. Clown, W. Longheed, Dissipated lover, M. Madden, Scapgrace brother, J. Dubois, Young lady, J. Shilton, Papa, Wm. Nurse, Mamma, F. Green.

A visit to the girls' sitting room found Miss Dempsey surrounded by her girls and very busy as usual. Enquiries disclosed that everything was very quiet and nothing out of ordinary happening, that means that there is only the usual weekly pile of boys and girls clothing and stockings to go over and repair. Mamma at home with a small family of boys know what that means. We have about 150 healthy robust boys here and the way they burst their breeches and tear their coats as they rush around in their play would horrify their mothers and our girls could find much more congenial work than making the almost daily repairs.

HOME NEWS

When we wrote last we thought that skating was about over for this season but a change in the weather has given our pupils several more opportunities to enjoy a skate on the bay, which pleased them very much.

Our Catholic pupils always like to attend church in the city on Sunday morning, but are always disappointed when the state of the weather keeps them at home. For the past two or three weeks we have had wet weather on Sunday and they were unable to attend church.

Last Sunday morning some of our older boys attended the Catholic Church in the city and Mr. Poppin sat with them. The Rev. Monsignor Farrelly mistook one for a deaf mute and wrote an envelope about Mr. Denys. Mr. Poppin, of course, answered vocally much to the Rev. Monsignor's surprise.

Mr. Denys has been away for a well earned holiday although it is not the most agreeable season in the year for a vacation but it is the best time that can be spared. While school is closed his busiest time and keeps him steadily at work making the needed repairs around the buildings. We hope he has a pleasant time.

Fanny Dool and his shears have been busy on the boys' heads every afternoon for some days and as a result we have about 25 bald-headed boys here. With the small boys the operation is compulsory but the elder boys are allowed to hold their hair provided they keep it well cut but many of them prefer to go under the shears.

One of our gentlemen teachers promises us a surprise as spring opens. He will show us how a veteran teacher of the deaf can trundle a bicycle. From the position of our Institution outside the city all our non-resident teachers ought to own one, and after a trial we are sure they would find its convenience so great they would not be without it for any reasonable consideration.

The first was Mr. Campbell's birthday and he was very kindly remembered by his pupils and others. He was most very much how the pupils remain and keen memories for these days and thanks our boys and girls must keep up of every one. Congratulations poured in on him in such a stream that to a flashy man like Mr. C. it was rather embarrassing and by the time he got through it was rather glad that birthdays are only annual occasions.

A month or two ago, one of our correspondents sent us news that Mr. and Mrs. Morrison of Collingwood had a little daughter on the 15th of last December and we inserted a birth notice in our paper. Mr. Morrison writes that it was not true and wishes us to correct it. We are sorry for the mistake. We must request our correspondents to be careful and send us truthful news or none. We shall be sorry of news coming from any whom we are not habitually untruthful or thoughtless.

On Sunday the 5th inst. Prof. Denys was called away to his paternal home by the receipt of a telegram conveying the sad intelligence that his father had died on the previous day. The venerable old gentleman had never fully recovered from the effect of the illness he passed through some weeks ago. He had reached the age of 82 years, and was gathered in as a sheaf fully ripe. Prof. Denys has the warm sympathy of all in the Institution in his bereavement, but though his parents are strangers to us they yet seemed to belong to ourselves because of the high esteem in which Mr. Denys himself is held. On Monday Superintendent Mathison sent Mr. Denys a letter in which he gave expression to the sympathy of himself and all in the Institution and to this Mr. Denys telegraphed the following feeling reply: "Father buried this morning. Sympathetic letter and delicate attention appreciated by all beyond measure."

Sporting Notes.

His Dubois of our team, assisted by the Second against the Trenton team last week. That he played well the results show. Of the four goals scored by the Belleville team every one was credited to him. Of course our boys are proud of him.

Our resident lady teachers and

officers are taking more interest in the matches on the ice rink than ever before. The other evening five of them took the long walk to see the hockey match between the Belleville team and the Nationals of Guelph, and were quite enthusiastic over the game.

Mr. Forrester, with Messrs. Nurse and Madden, attended a hockey match in the city rink last week, and Mr. Forrester for the first time saw hockey as it is played in this country on ice and skates. It reminded him somewhat of the slunney played with a hooked stick and ball on his native heath in Scotland when he was a boy.

On Wednesday afternoon last our skating rink was the scene of a hockey match between the junior Victorias and our junior team. The ice was not in very good condition that day, but the game was interesting. Our boys were slightly the heaviest and had an advantage, but the city boys stuck to it pluckily and put up a neat game and if the full time had been played they would perhaps have made the score more even, but supper was waiting and our boys had to stop play ten minutes before time was up. The score was 7 to 3 goals in favor of our boys. The following represented our school: Goal W. Gray, point R. McMaster, cover point, J. E. Armstrong, forwards, J. Shilton, A. Jaffray, M. Cartier and H. Grooms.

PERSONALITIES.

Our old pupil, W. J. S. Gregg, is an industrious young man and is saving his money to get a home for himself after a while. We are glad to hear of his prosperity.

Mr. John Noyes, Denfield P. O., Ontario, wants a good man or strong boy to assist him on his farm. He would like to arrange for some one before the 1st of April.

Mrs. Bais kindly volunteered to give a lecture to the pupils on Saturday evening, the 4th inst. It is open now for any of the other lady teachers to follow her example.

The many friends of Alfred Grey, in the Eastern part of the Province, will regret to learn that he has been troubled with an affection of the eyes and had to go to Montreal to get them treated.

We sympathize with our former pupil, Mrs. W. A. Phillips, nee Miss A. Crosby, in the loss of a loving mother. Her parent had been ill for a long time with a cancer and passed away on the 2nd inst.

Andrew Porter, who has been visiting the old folks at home in Bauda for the past three months, left for Carleton Place, Northwest Territory, where he is hewing out a home for himself. Andrew deserves to succeed.

Our friend, Tom Hill, is visiting in the vicinity of Wingham and met our old pupil Joseph Moryau. We regret to learn that Joseph is not in very good health, but hope in a little while that he will get strong and hearty again.

W. W. Smith, one of the old pupils, in renewing his subscription for the paper, says he had lost sight of the boys and girls who were with him at school for sometime, but the personal items in the MTE let him know where they are and brings back fond recollections.

John F. Taylor, of Stinghampton, has been a busy man during the winter, cutting saw logs in the woods with his brothers. He thinks that kind of work is very healthful and very much more conducive to building up a strong constitution than sitting in a shoeshop pegging boots.

Mr. D. Morrison has not gone to the woods as usual to work this winter but has found employment in Collingwood. He has spent the last sixteen summers in the saw mill and the past eight winters in the woods logging, so he finds it pleasant to have employment that does not necessitate his leaving home and his young wife.

Tom Hill, deaf mute agent, when in New Brunswick met a deaf man named Thomas Bartlow and taught him for several months. He reports afterwards he was sent to Fredericton Institution for the Deaf and there he is doing very well considering his age. Tom is a kind of philanthropist in a way and is always looking out for uneducated deaf and dumb children when he travels through the country. His sticking plaster affords him a living and he is doing a little good at the same time. His health requires a change occasionally and he is thinking of going to California before very long.

A Spring Song

Come, blithe-some Spring,
And with the June
Budding trees, and birds, and flowers...

This footstep light
In rapid flight
Miss the green with gentle pressure...

All things greet thee
Smiling sweetly,
Gentle Zephyr breaths with pleasure...

For thy dear sake
Both nature wake
All her powers of blossom masters...

The light foot hath
A flowery path
See the bright-eyed daisies springing...

See the daffodil
And the daisy
Of the river, smiling, shining...

-Schuyler Matthews

Stand a-Test.

Here's your butter, mother!" exclaimed Will, laying down a package upon the table.

"How do you know that?" asked his mother. "Because I was there when the tub came and I saw Mr. Wilkins sample it."

"Well," laughed the mother, "I suppose in the mouths of two or three witnesses it is established. But it may be that that particular part of the butter which the sampling instrument brought out of the tub was good, while the rest of it might not be so good."

"Oh, no, mamma," assured Will. "Mr. Wilkins said when you sample a tub of butter that way that you sample each layer of it, and if the sample is good the butter is good."

"Well," said the mother, "that seems to be a pretty good conclusion, and I guess it is generally true that you can judge the whole of anything by a very small portion if you know how, boys as well as butter."

"I'd like to know how you're going to sample a boy," answered Will. "Why easy enough," replied his mother.

"You don't have to know all about a boy, or live with him in a house seven days in a week to understand what kind of a boy he is. If you know how, just as Mr. Wilkins knows how to sample butter, a few little things about a boy tell the whole story—the way his hair is combed, his shoes blacked, or his face and finger nails cleaned?"

Will started off for school thinking over this. On the way he met Mr. Harlen. Mr. Harlen was the superintendent of the broom-works, and Will was anxious during the summer vacation to get a job in the factory as office boy.

"Good morning, Mr. Harlen," he said in his pleasantest way. "Why, good morning Will," responded the gentleman, who seemed to be quite pleased with the frank and pleasant address of the boy.

He held out his hand to him. Will extended his hand in return, but as he did so he felt quite mortified as he noticed he had forgotten to clean his finger nails carefully. Mr. Harlen, too, seemed to be scanning his hand closely.

"I declare," said Will to himself, as he walked away. "I believe he was just sampling me by those finger nails."

At school that day the teacher said to them that Professor Totten had promised "five of the pupils of this room shall be promoted to the next, owing to the fact that we are so overcrowded. I shall not tell you how I shall decide; but I shall pick out the five whom I think are the most deserving in every way."

"I wonder if she's going to have an examination," whispered Harry. "I'll stand as good an examination as anybody."

But no examination was mentioned.

"I know," said Will to himself. "She's just going to sample us the way Mr. Wilkins did the butter. She's watching some little things. And the trouble about this sampling business is, just as Mr. Wilkins' clerk said, if there is a lump of salt or a streak of bad butter, the knife is just as apt to strike it as not. I tell you, you've got to be awful particular of yourself, if you're going to stand sampling. There! If I didn't go and talk out loud thinking so hard."

When the announcement of the promotion came, Will was not one of the favored ones.

"I've just been the best boy I know how the whole week," he said to his mother, "but it don't do any good to put your good butter in the top of the tub; Mr. Wilkins said so the other day at the store. Teacher must have run the sampling iron into some careless streak or poor work. I knew I'd examined and peeped for some of my recitations, but I don't see how she found out."

"Honest studying, like honest butter, always has a market when that of unreliable quality is rejected," said his mother. "But isn't there some one else who is sampling you every day more unerringly than your teacher?"

"Who?" Will wanted to know. "One whose eye is more searching than the probe Mr. Wilkins used or the teacher's tests. Can you say to Him, 'Search me O Lord and try all my ways?'" -The Enterpriser.

Honor Thy Father.

Once upon a time there lived an old man, who was so very old that he could hardly walk. His knees shook under him; he could hear little and see less, and he had lost all his teeth.

When he sat at a table he could hardly hold the spoon, he spilled his soup on the tablecloth, and some of it ran out of the corners of his mouth. This made his son and daughter-in-law (with whom he lived) very much ashamed of him; so they put the old man in a corner by the stove, gave him his food in an earthen bowl, and would not let him come to the table.

He looked at them sadly as they ate their dinner, but he did not complain. One day his trembling fingers let the bowl fall to the floor, and it was broken. He made no answer, and only sighed. They bought him a cheap wooden bowl, and made him eat out of that.

A few days after this they found their little son trying to whittle something out of a piece of wood.

"What are you doing, my boy?" asked the father.

"I am making a bowl for mother and you to eat out of when you grow old like grandpa."

The man and his wife looked at each other in silence, and then their eyes filled with tears.

After that the old grandfather always ate at table, and was never scolded when he spilled his soup. -Hartley House News.

These Mornings.

The sting of the winter
In their? Yes:
But the balm
Of the spring
And the kiss
Of the sunshine:
The lazy ease
Of the fishing pole
And the shady green
Of the grassy bank
By the clear water
That tinkle and tinkle
Into the face of the blue sky
Above them
The echo of bluebirds
Far to the south.
And the sweet suggestion
Of the robin's note
The smell of the new grass
Growing
And the promise of
Bud and blossom
On bush and tree
The hinted fragrance
Of flowers
And the straining
Of the crocus
To burst from its yielding thorns
Silent they all are
But their silence
Is living and warm
And the still brown earth
Is eloquent
Of their coming
The mantle of white
May fall again
And the cold hard hand
Of the frost shut down
Not the earth
And the air and the sky
Are alive
And filled with
The unheard music of spring
These mornings
-W. J. Lampman, in New York Sun.

The small courtesies sweeten life; the greater, enoble it. -Boyer.

The art of conversation consists as much in listening politely as in talking agreeably. -Maceil.

A Precious Bit of Shamrock.

H. Phelps Whitmarsh writing in the Century of "The Story of Today," draws this picture of one of his companions in the voyage that he made:

Kneeling in an upper bunk near me a middle-aged Irishman was hanging a pot containing a shamrock plant. I entered into conversation with him, and learned that he was going to join his son in California, to whom he was taking the shamrock as a present.

"I hope it will live," he said, looking wistfully at the pot as it swung from the beam. "Twas the way thing the bhoy wanted. 'Leave it'rything, says he in his letter, 'an' come over; I have enough for the both of us now,' says he, 'an' I can make you comfortable for the rest of your days. But, says he, 'fetch me a livin' root of shamrock if you can.'"

All Sunday we were in smooth water, running under the lee of the Irish coast. The day being fine and warm, the steerage swarmed on deck in full force. Men, women and children all crowded about the after-hatch, some playing cards, some dancing, and some already making love; but for the most part they lay about the deck, sleeping and basking in the sun. In the afternoon my friend the Irishman appeared with his shamrock. He wanted to give it a "taste" of fresh air, he said. At sight of it many of the Irish girls shed tears; then, seating themselves about the old man, they sang plaintive Irish melodies until the sun went down. The sad faces of the homesick girls, and the old father sitting among them holding in his lap the precious little bit of green, presented a sight not easily to be forgotten.

THE SHAMROCK.

Three little leaves of Irish green
United on one stem
On Irish soil are often seen
They form one magic gem
One leaf is truth, and valor one
The other one is love
And the three magic leaves are wet
By dewdrops from above

When Irish soil received the plant
Two elfin kings came forth
Love, Truth and Valor waited there
And liked the soil so well
Each left an emblem in a leaf
And these together grew
Sustained by heaven's warmest beams
And nurtured by the dew

To thee I give this triple leaf
An emblem of my love
I only hope the magic gift
May not grow scarce above
A flower of more pretensions
Could not more plainly tell
The triple faith I have in thee
Thou Shamrock of the dell

Trumpeter ringing door-bell—Please
ma'am I've seen better days.
Howkwoif (broaking in)—So have I. It's quite
foggy to day; good morning.

Pedestrian (to footpad)—"Money or
my life, is it? I was wondering how I
was going to live through this week.
Now I won't have to. Very kind of you.
Shoot away."

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLVILLE STATION:
West—2:15 a.m.; 4:30 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.
2:30 p.m.; 4:30 p.m.
East—1:30 a.m.; 10:45 a.m.; 12:10 p.m.; 5:20 p.m.
MADOC AND PATERBORO BRANCH—5:40 a.m.;
12:10 a.m.; 3:55 p.m.; 6:30 p.m.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY
person who receives this paper send me the
names and post-office addresses of the parents
of deaf children not attending school, who are
known to them, so that I may forward them 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
Dorchester Road, at 11 a. m.
And Y. M. C. A. Hall, cor. Yonge and McGill
Streets, at 10 a. m.
General Central, 47 stairs at Broadway Hall,
Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors north of College
Street, at 3 p. m. Leaders Messrs. Sasmith,
Hirshon and others.
HIGH CLASS—Every Wednesday evening at 8
o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street,
and cor. Queen Street and Davenport Road.
Lectures, etc. may be arranged if desirable.
Miss A. Fraser, Missionary to the Deaf in
Toronto, 1 Major Street.

Institution for the Blind.

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

GENERAL INFORMATION.

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Classes:

DEPARTMENT FROM 9 a. m. to 12 noon
from 1:30 to 3 p. m. DRAWING FROM 3
p. m. on Tuesday and Thursday of
week

THIRD FASHION WORK CLASS on Monday
noon of each week from 1:30 to 5
PRACTICE STUDY FROM 7 to 9 p. m. for
pupils and from 7 to 11 for junior pupils

Articulation Classes:

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

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils at 10 a. m.;
senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture
2:30 p. m. Immediately after which the
CLASS will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble
in the chapel at 8:45 a. m., and the teacher
in charge for the week, will open by prayer
and afterwards discuss them so that they
may reach their respective school rooms
later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon,
at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble
after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet
orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. C.
Burke, (Unit. Ch.), Monseigneur Vastelle, S. J.,
Rev. F. J. Thompson, M. A., (Presby. Ch.),
Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist), Rev.
H. Cowart, (Baptist), Rev. M. W. Mackay,
(Presbyterian), Rev. Father Connelly, S. J.,
Rev. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. S. Hill.

MUSIC CLASSES, Monday afternoon at 3:15, Inter-
national Series of Sunday School Lessons.
Miss ANNIE MATTHEW, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTRY
shops from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m., and from 1:30
to 3 p. m. for pupils who attend school. For
those who do not attend school, from 7:30 a. m.
to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 3:30 p. m. each working day
except Saturday, when the office and shops
will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 9 a. m. to
12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 3 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, Shops and Sewing
Room to be left each day when work ceases
in a clean and tidy condition.

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

Teachers, Officers and others are not to
allow matters foreign to the work in hand to
interfere with the performance of their
several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desirous of visit-
ing the Institution, will be made welcome on
any school day. No visitors are allowed on
Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to
the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on Sun-
day afternoons. The best time for visitors
on ordinary school days is as soon after 1 p.
m. in the afternoon as possible, as the classes
are dismissed at 3:30 o'clock.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come
with them to the Institution, they are kindly
advised not to linger and prolong leave-
taking with their children. It only makes
discomfort for all concerned, particularly for
the parent. The child will be tenderly cared
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 or meals,
or entertain guests at the Institution. Good
accommodation may be had in the city at the
Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, and
American and Dominion Hotels at moderate
rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all direc-
tions concerning clothing and management
of their children to the Superintendent. No
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 a pupil, letter-
or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or
guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTER-
FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THE
ARK 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 nearly
as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have been
used at home, or prescribed by family physi-
cians 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 such
cures and appliances for the cure of deaf-
ness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds
and only want money for which they give
no return. Consult well known medical
practitioners in cases of adventurous deaf-
ness and be guided by their counsel and
advice.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent