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# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL IV.,

BELLEVILLE, APRIL 1, 1896.

NO. 19.

## INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

HON. J. M. GIBSON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

HON. C. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

A. GIBSON, M. A., Superintendent.  
A. GIBSON, Librarian.  
J. J. WILKINS, M. D., Physician.  
MISS SAUNDY WALKER, Matron.

Teachers:

D. GIBSON, M. A., Miss J. G. TRIMBLE, (Lead Teacher).  
P. GIBSON, Miss R. TRIMBLE.  
MISS M. M. OSTROM.  
MISS MARY BELL.  
MISS FLORENCE MAYRER.  
MISS SYLVIA L. BALIS.  
MISS ADA JAMES.  
MISS GEORGINA LYNN.

MISS GIBSON, Teacher of Articulation.

MISS MARY BELL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS J. J. WILKINS, Teacher of Drawing.

MISS M. M. OSTROM, JOHN T. HURNA, Inspector, Instructor of Printing.

MISS MARY BELL, J. MINDENBACH, Superintendent, Engineer.

MISS SAUNDY WALKER, JOHN DOWNIE, Matron, Master Carpenter.

MISS MARY BELL, D. CUNNINGHAM, Superintendent, Master Baker.

MISS SAUNDY WALKER, THOMAS WILKES, Matron, Gardener.

MISS SAUNDY WALKER, MICHAEL O'NEARA, Matron, Farmer.

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education to all the youth of the Province who are afflicted with deafness, either partial or total, and to receive instruction in the common branches of learning.

All children between the ages of seven and fourteen, and being deficient in intellect, and free from contagious diseases, who are born in 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.

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

For those whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for board, tuition and medical attendance, the same will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

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

It is provided that all having charge of deaf mute children, will avail themselves of the liberal provisions provided by the Government for their education and improvement.

The Regular Annual School Term begins on the second Wednesday in September, and on the third Wednesday in June of each year. Information as to the terms of admission will be given upon application to the Superintendent or otherwise.

R. MATHISON,

Superintendent.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

## INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND SENT WITHOUT DELAY TO THE PARTIES TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED. Mail matter to be put in box in office door will be sent to post office at noon and 3 1/2 p.m. of each day (Sundays excepted). The message is not sent in post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any unless the same is in the locked bag.



### How he Wakened his Grandmother.

Mamma said: "Little one, go and see if grandmother's ready to come to tea. I knew I must disturb her, so I stepped as lightly along the door. And stood a moment to take a peep. And there was grandmother, fast asleep."

I knew it was time for her to wake I thought I'd give her a little shake. Or tap at her door, or softly call. But I hadn't the heart for that at all—she looked so sweet and so quiet there lying back in her high arm-chair. With her dear white hair and a little smile. That means she's loving you all the while.

I didn't make a speak of noise. I knew she was dreaming of little boys and girls who lived with her long ago. And then went to heaven—she had told me so. I went up close and I didn't speak one word. I gave her on her cheek the softest bit of a little kiss. Just in a whisper, and then said this: "Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes, and looked at me. And said, "Why, pet, I have just now dreamed of a little angel who came and seemed to kiss me lovingly on my face."—She pointed right at the very place. I never told her 'twas only me. I took her hand, and we went to tea.—*Sydney Dayre.*



### A Good Turn.

A poor boy was returning from the charity hospital with his mother, who had been there to obtain medicine from the public dispensary. She was very weak, and finding that she would never be able to walk the long distance to their poor home, he determined to get on a street car, and trust to the charity of the conductor to let them ride.

Accordingly he hailed the electric car, and when it stopped, he assisted his mother to a seat. The conductor at once came forward to collect their fares, and the boy said: "We have no money, but my mother is so very weak, that I thought you would be kind enough to let her ride."

"No; I can't. You must get off." "Oh! please, sir my mother can't walk home. She is very ill, and we have just come from the charity hospital. We are very poor. Won't you let us ride?"

"Oh! that's an old story!" exclaimed the conductor. "No money, you must get off at the next corner."

"Please let my mother ride," persisted the boy, "and I will come around to your house and black your boots, or do some other work to pay for it."

"Can't do it! Have to put you off," said the hard-hearted man.

"Please have pity on my poor mother. She may die, if she has to walk, and I don't want my mother to die in the street!" pleaded the boy, with the tears running down his face.

"No! Come, now. Get off, and be lively about it. I can't fool with you all day!" exclaimed the conductor.

"Here is your fare for them," remarked a kind-hearted old gentleman. "I see, conductor, that you have no mercy, and I will take care that you are discharged at the end of your run."

The boy thanked the kind gentleman, and said:

"Some day I shall be able to repay you, if you will kindly tell me who you are."

The gentleman liked the manly bearing of the boy and asked him what was his name and where he lived.

"My name is Albert Watkins," said the boy, "and I am 10 years old."

"And how do you and your mother live?"

"I get money for her, when I can."

"How?"

"By running errands, selling papers,

when I can get them, and doing odd jobs, like putting wood and coal for people but my mother has been sick for a long time, and unless I can get somebody to stay with her I cannot leave her to go out to get money."

"Well, my boy, give me the number of your house, and I will see if I can help you."

"Please, sir there is no number on it. We live in the back yard of a house on Great Jones street. Anybody around there can tell you where we live. Just ask for 'Little Watkins.' All the boys know me. So does the policeman on our beat. Sometimes they save their lunch for me and mother."

Here the car stopped for the boy and his mother to get off, and the old gentleman, assisting the sick woman to alight, put a bill into the little boy's hand, and told him to call a carriage to take his mother home.

The next day a porter brought a great basket of clothing and food to the house on Great Jones street, and told Albert that Mr. Dier had sent them, and wanted him to come to his office the next morning.

Albert, you may be sure, did not fail to go, and Mr. Dier, after asking for his mother's health, and learning that she was better, said: "Now, I want to help you to make a living. What can I do for you?"

Albert said that if he had a news stand, he thought that he was big enough to manage it, and that it would enable him to make a comfortable living for his mother, which was all that he desired.

The old gentleman was pleased with his choice, and before long Albert was installed as the proprietor of a news stand, situated in a good place, and well stocked with papers, magazines, and such things, and a few books.

At this business Albert did very well. He soon built up quite a trade, and before long began to attend a night school, to get some education for himself, but there was scarce an evening that he did not stop at his benefactor's house to see whether he could not do something in the way of chores and errands to repay him for his kindness.

One night, as he was on his way home from his stand, the fire bell rung. Albert stopped to count the strokes, to tell where the fire was, and was amazed to find that it was on the corner where Mr. Dier's house stood. Immediately he ran thither as fast as he could, and when he came in sight, he saw that it was his friend's mansion all in flames. He hastily made his way through the crowd, and as he came near the house, he heard voices crying: "Will nobody save those children!" Albert looked up, and saw at the third story window a fireman with two children in his arms. The firemen on the ground below put up a ladder to the window, but before they had accomplished it, the man above, with the children, disappeared, while great volumes of smoke began to pour from the window.

"They are gone!" the people said. "They must have perished!" Suddenly a small boy was seen running up the ladder with the quickness of a cat. The people below watched him spell-bound. It was but a moment till he reached the top, and disappeared into the house. "He will be burnt up!" cried some. "Why did the firemen let him ascend the ladder? What a terrible fate for a boy!"

Presently, when all hope of his safety had been abandoned, the boy reappeared at the window with a bundle in his arms. He carefully climbed out upon the ladder, just as a great gust of flame swept out of the window behind him. Slowly he descended amidst the encouraging cries of the people, while a couple of stout firemen climbed up the ladder to assist him, and relieve him of his precious burden, which was seen to be the two children. As he reached the foot of the ladder, the boy fell in a fainting condition, and a fireman quickly

conveyed him to a neighboring drug store where everything possible was done for him, while the crowd gathered at the door was praising his bravery, and asking for the name of the noble boy, who had saved those children's lives at the risk of his own. Presently Mr. Dier himself, whose grandchildren they were that had been saved, came into the drug store to see the brave boy, and find out who he was. He found the boy lying on a couch, his hair burnt off, his face and hands terribly blistered, and himself just returning to consciousness. As soon as his eyes fell on him, he knew him. "It is Albert!" he said, "the little newsboy—my little boy, whom I met on the cars." The old gentleman sat down beside him, and when Albert opened his eyes they met the sight of his benefactor, Mr. Dier, the banker.

When Albert was able to speak, his old friend said, "My boy, how can I find words to express my gratitude? How can I ever repay you? You have saved the lives of my dear grandchildren."

"And you, Mr. Dier, helped my mother and me, when we were poor and sick and hungry."

"One good turn deserves another."—*N. O. Picayune.*

### The Dumb Man's Experience.

One afternoon during a camp meeting at the close of the sermon a man who had been deaf and dumb from his birth was invited upon the preacher's stand to relate his experience.

And this address might well be called a *silent sermon*, but it was one of the most eloquent and affecting discourses upon the atonement ever heard.

First, the dumb man described his condition before he found a Saviour. He pointed to the ground, and represented himself as lying upon it and covered with dust.

He had been an intemperate man, and he showed us, more significantly than if he had spoken, into how sad a condition this habit had brought him. Where could a Saviour for such a helpless sinner be found?

He turned his eyes to heaven; he pictured the Son of God among the angels, receiving their adoration and worship. He represented His coming down to earth, His birth as a little baby, His growing to manhood, His going about healing the lame, the blind, the deaf. The audience under the trees were hushed into unworldly silence. Only the rustling of the summer wind through the leaves could be heard. Now he painted Gethsemane and Calvary; the prayers, the tears, the agony of Jesus. He touched the places of the nails in His blessed hands and feet, of the spear in His side. He showed how His sacred head was crowned with thorns, while the blood trickled down His hallowed face. Then he stood still before the silent multitude with his hands outstretched like one nailed to a cross. It was the cross itself preaching. Not an eye wandered in that immense company, and not a heart was unmoved.

Now he went back to the poor sinner in the dust. He pointed his finger to where he was lying in all his helpless misery; then he pointed to himself, as if he would say, "I was that poor sinner." He then turned his eyes as if looking intently upon the one hanging upon the cross. He lifted towards the cross his right hand, and then brought it down upon his heart with an indescribable look of loving trust. It was as if he had said aloud, but how much more impressively, "He died for me!"

There was more than one present in that company that saw how much more powerful in their impression, acts are than words. It is not necessary for us to tell others that we are kind, and generous, or truthful. Our lives bear witness even if our lips are silent.—*Sunday School Times.*



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

### OUR MISSION.

- First.—That a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.
- Second.—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deaf mute subscribers.
- Third.—To be a medium of communication between the school and parents, and friends of pupils, now in the Institution, the hundreds who were pupils at one time or other in the past, and all who are interested in the education and instruction of the deaf of our land.

### SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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

### ADVERTISING

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

Address all communications and subscriptions to

**THE CANADIAN MUTE,**  
BELLEVILLE  
ONTARIO.



WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1896.

### Institution Papers.

The Minnesota Bulletin has issued a special number dealing elaborately with the question,—"What is the proper scope of Institutional journalism?" For our part we have no patience with those people or papers who are always trying to regulate the universe by reducing everything to a dead level. Such a question as the above is an absurdity, since no possible answer could be given which would apply to all cases. As a class the scope of Institution papers is almost unlimited, while the scope of each individual paper must be determined, not by nicely written theories founded on impossible conditions, but on circumstances and limitations which may apply to that paper but to no other. Much depends also on the object aimed at. Some of these papers are published chiefly as a means of entertainment and instruction for the pupils. Others pay more to the deaf-mutes at home; and of course the scope of these two kinds of papers must greatly differ. It is folly to try to define the proper scope of such papers unless and until a similarity of circumstances and motives can be assured; which, however, is neither desirable nor possible. It would be quite as sensible to discuss the question, "What sized boots should people wear?" It all depends on the feet. Our opinion is that any man who is qualified to conduct an Institutional journal is quite competent to define the scope of that paper as determined by the circumstances under which it is issued and the main object held in view.

A large number of pupils in the Winnipeg Institution have been suffering from mumps, and brother McDermid has been able to witness the anomaly of deaf-mutes being obliged to "hold their jaws."

A few weeks ago a teacher was murdered in a certain New York Oral School for the Deaf. Some of the pupils were arrested on suspicion but no evidence has been forthcoming to prove their complicity in the crime. But from this simple fact, that one or two, out of the tens of thousands of deaf mutes in America, have been suspected of murder, some newspaper writers, whose love for sensational copy is much greater than their love for truth or justice, have asserted that deaf mutes as a class are morose, sullen, revengeful, suspicious, passionate, etc. All of which is of course a shameful libel on the deaf. In no respect are the character and disposition of the deaf less amiable than those of the hearing, while in some respects the former are superior. It is really too bad that respectable journals should give currency to such utterly false reflections on a class of persons who are really distinguished for their high moral characters and amiable dispositions.

It has been found that the attention given in the course of the term, are a hindrance to the work of the classes. It has therefore been decided to have no recess at Easter, as has been the custom hitherto.—*Silent Worker*

This Institution long ago abolished all holidays during the session, except of course, legal holidays such as Christmas Day, Good Friday, etc. There are no Christmas or Easter holidays, and the pupils are kept persistently at work from the day school opens in the fall till the day it closes in June. Mid session holidays were found to be in every way unadvisable and now the holidays are given all together during the summer, and we can recommend this as a great improvement on the old plan.

Deaf-mutes everywhere will regret to hear of the retirement of Dr. Noyes, Superintendent of the Minnesota Institution, due to the infirmities of age. Dr. Noyes has spent the best part of his life in the service of the deaf and his labors have been crowned with abundant success. He has always been in the vanguard of the progressive forces in educational methods, and to him deaf-mutes owe and will always accord their deepest gratitude. He retires from the profession as full of honors as of years, and we hope that many happy years of life may yet be vouchsafed to him.

A strong effort is being made in Iowa to have the manual alphabet placed in all the text books used in the public schools in the State. We have often urged that the same be done in Ontario. This could be done so easily, and the resulting advantages would be so great to the many thousands of deaf-mutes as well as to hundreds of thousands of hearing people, that we hope our representations will be heeded. The cost would be so small that it is not worth considering.

The death of Mr. W. O. Jenkins, of the Hartford School for the deaf, leaves a vacancy in the ranks that will be hard to fill. He was one of the most successful educators of the deaf in America, and always made the welfare of those placed under his charge paramount to his own interests. He was an adopt in the most improved methods of instruction and did not hide his light under a bushel but freely gave to others the benefits of his own experience.

The New York Institution has lost eight pupils by death from measles and diphtheria, and the school was quarantined for some time. The record for this Institution has shown but one death during this session and none during the last. We cannot be too thankful for our comparative immunity from epidemics and fatal diseases.

The pupils and others connected with this Institution were much pleased to receive their mail on Sunday, the 22nd ult. For three days no letters were received owing to the snow blockade, and many of the boys and girls were very anxious to hear from their friends. On their behalf we thank Mr. Taylor, the postmaster, for his courtesy in giving out the mail on Sunday under these unique circumstances. Of course this was a technical breach of the letter of the Sunday law, though certainly not of its spirit and intent, since the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath. The office staff have our good wishes for courtesies at all time.

The Ohio Legislature has enacted a law which extends the school term at the Institution to twelve years. For the past twenty-five years the limit has been ten years. We hope we will be forgiven if we break one of the commandments to the extent of coveting Ohio's privileges in this regard. In Ontario we have to be content with a seven year limit, but we hope soon to have it extended to at least ten years.

The Kentucky Institution is in a similar predicament to our own—the attention has become so large that there is not room for all, so the legislature has been asked to grant \$60,000 for a new building. Though our need is quite as great yet we would be satisfied with a smaller sum than that.

The United States "M. D." who last year wrote such ridiculous yarns about the education of deaf mutes, had an article in the last number of *Popular Science* on the mental status of the dog. The learned (?) doctor is getting down to his proper level.

### The Bicycle Races.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN MUTE

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to say a few words in your valuable paper in regard to having bicycle races held in Brantford at the time of the Convention. I think if it could be arranged to have them, they would be very interesting for the delegates. If we could get some of the deaf-mutes to race, we would see if we could get the free use of the track in the Mohawk park, and if we could not get it we could use some good road about five miles and return, but which is not good for the spectators. I know about fifteen deaf bicyclists in Ontario and I think they would be pleased if this arrangement could be carried out. We would like to have two classes in the races, say the Seniors and Juniors. I trust that there will be a great many delegates present at the convention and I hope all that have bicycles will bring them. I would like that one of the races would be for the Championship of Ontario. Trusting all the boys will take an interest in this and make arrangements for the same. Yours, &c.,  
A BICYCLIST.

March 23rd, 1896.

### Teacher Wanted.

Wanted in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belfast, an ASSISTANT TEACHER (Male or Female), with some years experience (Combined System). To a competent, energetic male Teacher the Governors offer a salary of £40 with board, &c., and to a suitable lady Teacher £30 and board, with an annual increment for some years in each case. Applications stating age, qualifications, experience and other particulars, and enclosing testimonials to be addressed to the Hon. Secretaries, and endorsed "Teacher" on the back of envelope.

The greatest miracle that I know of is that of my conversion. I was dead and I live. I was blind and I see: I was a slave and I am free. I was an enemy of God and I love him. Prayer, the Bible, the society of Christians—these were to me a source of profound ennui, whilst now it is the pleasures of the world that are a weariness to me, and piety is the source of all my joy.—*Pinet*.

### Evor of Thee

Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming  
Thy gentle voice my spirit soothes  
Thou art the star that kindly beams  
Shone o'er my path when all was dark  
dear!

Still in my heart thy form I cherish  
Every kind thought like a bird  
Ah! never till life and death part  
Can I forget how dear thou art to me  
Morn, noon and night, where'er I roam  
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee

Ever of thee, when sad and lonely  
Wandering afar my soul joy'd to roam  
Ah! then I felt I loved thee only  
All seemed to fade before affection's glow  
Years have not chilled the love I cherish  
True as the stars hath my heart to thee  
Ah! never till life and death part  
Can I forget how dear thou art to me  
Morn, noon and night, where'er I roam  
Fondly I'm dreaming ever of thee

### Donations to Calcutta, India, School Fund.

Previously acknowledged—  
A. J. Ont., Belleville, Canada  
Miss Nora A. Morey—  
Mr. Apollon H. Long—  
Mr. Charles B. Voss.

Total to date  
March, 25th, 1896.

GERTRUDE E. MAXWELL

1108 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

### BUFFALO NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

There was a birthday party at St. James' Hall on February 10th and a good number of deaf mutes were invited. The writer was also invited but could not go. It was reported that the party was a success, and they had an enjoyable time. Those who were invited were to put in their bags as much money as they were years of age and the one who gave the most money would get a prize; the one who gave the least would be awarded a "copy" of the money will be devoted to Rev. M. Lantzer's travelling expenses as missionary to the deaf.

On February 12th, in the evening, a number of deaf-mutes assembled in St. James Church, and Fr. M. Mann, a Missionary of the Deaf in the Mid West ern States, lectured to them about the "Antiquities of Rome, Italy" which proved to be very good, and instructive to the deaf. The lecture continued for two hours.

The writer is sorry to say that Mrs. G. E. Maxwell's only sister, Mrs. Jones is ill.

There will be a Convention in Philadelphia next summer, and some of our deaf mutes of this city intend to go.

The writer was very sorry to learn the death of Miss Maggie Blashill, who died recently in your school. May she be happy and sing with "Jesus Our Saviour," forever in Heaven.

I wish all the readers of this paper a pleasant Easter. Who will eat the most eggs?

To the lady readers: "Beware of Leap Year." There will be a Convention in Brantford, Ont., and it is hoped many of them will get a prize before the Convention is over. As it will be eight years before another Leap Year comes, the ladies had better be wide awake and not lose a chance this year.

### The Wind and the Sun.

A dispute once arose between the wind and the sun as to which was the stronger of the two. They at length agreed on a plan to settle the question. Each ever first made a traveller take off his cloak was to be accounted the more powerful. The wind began with all his might to blow a cold and piercing blast but the stronger he blow, the closer the traveller wrapped his cloak around him. The sun then broke out, and his warm beams dispersed the cold. The traveller felt the genial warmth, and as the sun shone brighter and brighter he sat down, overpowered with the heat and throw off his cloak. The sun was therefore, declared the winner. From this fable we learn that kindness is better than harshness. Gentleness often effects what force and violence fail to accomplish.

### BIRTH.

BIRTHS.—On Thursday, March 19th, at 10 o'clock, Mrs. Geo. Bridgen, Toronto, a daughter.

### DIED.

DEATH.—On Wednesday, March 11th, at 10 o'clock, Avenue, Henry Bowen, only son of the late beloved son of Henry and Mary Ann Bowen, aged 13 months.

"A lovely bud, so soft and fair, called me to early dawn  
Just sent to show how sweet a flower should bloom."

...at a very girl.  
...with the sun,  
...this day to do alone  
...deeds to be done:  
...after smiles and kindly words.  
...helping hands should lend:  
...other a wants and cries  
...cars should lend:  
...man and woman, too,  
...join these workers small,  
...a fool of happiness  
...earth would fall  
...bones would sunny be  
...are filled with care  
...smiling faces, too,  
...meet us everywhere.  
...the very sun  
...shine more clear and bright,  
...little twinkling star  
...shed a softer light.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

By JESSIE MUNRO.]

It is April Fools day. Wonder who will get fooled the most?

Miss Faith Wiley was pleased with some friends of her family in Marmora, called on her last week.

Miss Ethel Swayze got a photo from her oldest sister recently. We think she looks very good in appearance.

We had very cold weather lately, and afterwards we had much rain, but we are glad it is taking away all the snow and ice.

Miss Bella Mathison has been visiting different cities for nearly three months and we are in hopes of her coming back some day before Easter.

March 18th was Miss Mary Justus' birthday. She got a nice address from her old friends, and some presents. We all wish her many happy returns of her birthday.

The Rev. T. J. Thompson, of the city came up last Thursday to meet the Presbyterian children. He gave us a lecture on the Shorter Catechism, and we were much pleased with him. We hope he will come often.

The Deaf Mute Advance said: The reporter of the girls' side of the Institution, Mrs. is an Illinois girl. She must be popular there. Yes, of course she is very nice and popular. Perhaps you will wonder who she is. Well, it is Miss Jacobina Lohsinger.

Anno Gilleland got word from her father about two weeks ago, saying that her little brother Cecil was taken to the Hamilton hospital for an operation on his right eye. Again she got word that he was much better and had been brought back home. She was also informed that while Cecil was in the hospital, he was admired very much by the nurses on account of his cleverness. He is only seven years of age.

Three of the girls who write locals here would like to correspond with as many from Washington. No matter to what class the girls belong, so long as they can write interesting letters, say once a month, we would be quite satisfied. Should our proposal meet with favor from the Washington girls, one of them could write to Miss Aline DeBellefeuille who is to be one of the correspondents, giving the names of the two other girls and how the letters are to be addressed. Then each of us would choose the one we think would suit us best, and we would begin in earnest. It may perhaps be of interest to Washington young ladies to know that the three who wish to write, are each of different nationality. One is an American, and just in the other is English of the same age as the first one; while the third is French and about 15 years old. Please consider the matter and let us know your decision.

A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too large to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you can not do any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and woes under a pleasant smile. No one likes to hear whether you have the colic, headache or rheumatism. Learn to keep your tears out of place in public. Learn to meet your friends with a smile. "The good-humored man or woman is always welcome, but the peevish or hypochondriac is not wanted anywhere and is a nuisance as well as a family doctor."—Ez.

From our own Correspondent.

Mrs. Daniel Bloom, of Courtright, sister-in-law of Duncan Bloom, of Thamesville, spent a few days here with her father, Capt. Wallen.

After three weeks' cessation the Oil Springs Chronicle reappeared in public, apparently no worse for the late destructive fire, considering that there was no insurance on the building nor on most of the plant.

Mr. and Mrs. David Whitehead were so pleased to hear that their nephew, Willie Corbett, of Owen Sound, was getting along so well at home. They had a visit from him over a year ago.

At the last business meeting of the Independent Order of Foresters, among the appointed officers for the ensuing year was Mr. Wm. Eason, G. N., father of Maggio at your school.

Mr. W. N. Topping, of Galt, uncle of Willie Kay, retired from the office of the famous Goldie & McCulloch firm, on account of ill-health, after having been there as an accountant for 25 years. His daughter Minnie is a teacher in the College of Music in Toronto and is considered a wonder there.

At the recent regular meeting of the Orange Lodge, Mr. Walter Miller, secretary, received from his fellow-brethren an address and two presents in the shape of a beautiful silver cako-basket and a couple of handsome napkin rings, in token of their esteem and good-will for him. Mr. Miller is an uncle of Willie Wark, of Wyoming, and Walter Wark, of Sarata.

To one of the Toronto Correspondents. Please accept my thanks for some information of Leamington. It was with my natural interest that I read the Toronto letter which appeared in the issue of January 15th, about the old photograph taken in Hamilton. As I am fortunate to possess one, I will gladly help the Toronto writer in some respects with some extra remarks, though I do not claim to have an accurate knowledge in that line. The photograph was taken in the fall of 1865, some time after the opening of the first session, after its removal from Toronto; the place was in an enclosed yard outside the new school, known as Florence block, on King Street, and the photographer was Mr. John Milne. The photo was taken twice, first, as directed by the late Supt. Mr. McEann, the pupils looking straight at the camera, and secondly when told to do as they pleased, most of them were in the act of talking, thus making the picture look queer. The names of the pupils not mentioned in the Toronto letter are as follows: George Grant, of Mantoba, John Teller, who afterwards attended the Michigan Institution; as in 1872 I was shown the letter he wrote to his old classmate at your school, Thomas O'Brien, the well known pitcher and captain of the muto base-ball players, who remained at your school till June, 1879. Kate Torrell and Mary Furlong, of Hamilton, Eliza Brown, now Mrs. Alexander of Brighton; Agnes Baptie, sister of Wm. Baptie, of Lakesfield, who was the only muto visitor at your school during the first Christmas holidays; Donald McNaughton, of Huron County; Wm. Donnelly, now of New York, who assisted the late Mr. Terrill in building the pretty cottage which was unfortunately burnt down in May, 1870, and it was only due to his desperate efforts that some contents were saved; Wm. Stewart, of Almonte; David Pringle, of Staffa; George Switzer, brother of the late Eliza Switzer, Jackson Featherston and his brother, of Wentworth County, and Wm. Cull. As to the death roll, according to my knowledge, I have only one more to add, namely, Eliza Sloan of Milton, who died at your school in Feb. 1878, within only a few days of the death of Mark Eward, of Markham. It was said that George Richardson, of Hamilton, got drowned in Burlington bay. I was accustomed to know that James Beemer, of Waterford, was not in the group, nor did he attend the session at all. If I am not mistaken, the old report of the 1865-6 session speaks for itself, as in 1865 I read it; that is, I believe, still in possession of John and Margaret Schweitzer, of Sebringville. The girl who struck me most with her beauty was Mary Harlow, now Mrs. Wm. Sutton, of Simcoe, and the best looking and most gentlemanly boy was R. C. Slater of Toronto; though tall and stately David Hamby, of Nobleton, held his influence over both sexes. I purposed writing some recollections of the session, but finding this letter quite lengthy I postpone it for the present. Now, as for the first Easter holidays

at your school after the opening of the first session. I do not remember whether it was in March or April; the Easter party was only the event, and was held in the boys' sitting room toward the south side, with enough lamps to light around. The party included only the families of Dr. Palmer, of Mrs. Keegan and of Mr. McEann, all the servants and Duncan and Archibald McLellan, the muto lawyers, formerly of Belleville, but now of Trenton. I did not mention particularly that the Messrs. McLellan were among the guests at the first Christmas festival, and one of them made a funny little exhibition in imitation of the steps of a frog. Messrs. Coleman and Greene and Mrs. Terrill did their best to make the occasion entertaining, some games were indulged in and some tricks played. For instance Messrs. Coleman and Greene each made some fun with Francis Spinks and John Schnell by using the unsmoked and smoked plates, respectively, until the victim's faces were black, much to the merriment of the onlookers. Then the teachers took their innocent looking victims around, bowing to some ladies and then to their respective bed chambers to let them discover themselves in the mirror. Mr. Coleman's room was opposite the matron's parlor, and Mr. Greene's next to it, now occupied by Mr. Willie Langmuir, the assistant-carpenter. More anon.

WINDSOR ITEMS.

From an occasional Correspondent.

Miss Lotta Henry has been visiting her friends in Detroit since last July, and has spent an enjoyable time.

Misses Minnie and Annie Pettypeco made a surprise call on Mabel Ball, and she did not recognize them at first. They spent a few days with the Misses Lafferty, called on Miss Henry and visited the places of interest in the City of the Straits.

Miss Bessie Ball will probably attend the Convention to be held in Brantford in June.

Miss Sophia Lafferty is at home with her mother at present. Matilda, who is not working just now, is to be congratulated by her many friends on the clever manner in which she showed them how to swing Indian clubs.

Mabel Ball had the pleasure of seeing Miss McMurray, of Detroit, at the Deaf Mute Class, and reports her to be enjoying good health.

We regret to say that Mr. Edward Ball has an attack of typhoid fever, but he is in hope of recovery.

Mabel Ball was presented with the twenty fifth annual report and she was very much pleased with it.

Mr. Albert Sepner is working in his shoe-shop and will go to the Convention at Brantford, all being well.

I suppose you are all counting the days till you get home. Ah! not so long for you all to be at school now!

Wishing you all a joyous Easter and many more of them.

DETROIT NOTES.

From our own Correspondent.

Have just received a letter from Chicago which informed me that I work in a factory. Don't think it would be any disgrace if I did. But as I have from time to time heard different stories in regard to the kind of work I do, I will here state for the benefit of all, that I sew in private families by the day, and I have a certain number of customers who are among the best and wealthiest people in Detroit—people whom many would consider it an honor to work for. I hope this explanation will satisfy one and all.

Our Bible class continues to improve. Rev. Mr. Mann will be here again on Saturday, 20th, and will give us a lecture that evening. There will be service twice the next day.

The letter I got from Chicago gave me quite a roasting, for saying soldiers were like beggars, and that Miss Maxwell was right about India, and suggested that Miss Maxwell and I collect money for a home for destitute deaf muto tramps at home instead of collecting for India. I am not collecting at all for any place. The writer said that India was richer than America. Don't you think it would be a good plan for some one in India to collect money for a home for destitute deaf muto tramps in America, while we in America collect money for a school for deaf mutes in India.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Moore returned from a visit to Mrs. Zingg, at Berlin.

Mr. J. R. Byrne is expected here at Easter.

Mr. Moore's baby son has been seriously ill.

Mr. Wedderburn has secured a job with the party building the new steamer "Chicora."

Arthur Bowen was here attending the funeral of his sister's child.

Miss Eva Elliott is spending a couple of weeks in London and Detroit, visiting her sisters.

Violitta Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, has a collection of 1433 different buttons strung on a string 25 feet long. Who can beat this?

Mr. Chas. Wilson has been laid up a week or two with a gripe. We are pleased to hear he has recovered and is back to work again.

Those two notorious roughs mentioned in the Mews of March 15th, paid this fair city a visit lately. We hope they have cleared out by this time.

Three of our young bachelors are talking of buying bicycles this spring. This shows that our young men are prospering in this city.

The attendance at our Sunday meetings have been largely on the increase lately. Last Sunday we were pleased to see several new faces.

Mr. F. Bridgen received the congratulations of the mutes on the arrival of his first grandchild.

The infant son of Mr. Henry Mason, of No. 8 Garden avenue, Parkdale, died Wednesday, 11th inst., from the effects of a most distressing accident. The little fellow, who was only 13 months old, was playing about near the kitchen stove, and by some means pulled the tea kettle partly filled with boiling water, over his head and arms, scalding himself horribly. Every attention was given the injured child, who suffered excruciating agony, but in a short time he succumbed.

Rev. E. E. Scott, assisted by Miss A. Fraser, officiated at the burial service of H. Mason's child. Mr. Scott's wife is a cousin of Messrs. Arthur, Joseph and Christopher White of Charing Cross.

BRANTFORD NEWS.

From our own Correspondent.

The Convention is coming close to hand. Brantford mutes are working hard and saying little. All who come will find arrangements made for them, providing of course that they let us know.

Archib Smith, who for time immemorial has been the gentleman of our mutes, has just started work in the Bicycle manufactory, where Jas. Goodbrand also works.

R. McPherson almost paralyzed us last week when we belied him going down Market St. on a brand new Red Bird Bicycle. Jas. Goodbrand will also have one of the same kind shortly.

A. E. Smith has been shipping some of his game fowl to Toledo, Ohio, Donald, B. C., and Winnipeg. He gets \$10 for a trio, and \$2 per dozen for eggs. He has the best collection of game in Canada.

Mr. Thos. Woodyatt, Police Magistrate, has consented to address the association at the Convention. He is a good friend of the mutes and will surely have something interesting to say.

Henry Gottlieb, who started a laundry last winter, has gone back to his old place at Bromly Bros. He did not fail through lack of patronage but rather through his inability to manage it.

A. E. Smith has received letters from quite a number who intend coming to the Convention. Mr. McMurray, of Detroit, and J. R. Byrne will be here.

Now that we have come to think of it, we can see why McPherson has bought a new Red Bird Bicycle. He has been in the habit of making frequent trips to Berlin and will doubtless soon get a White Bird.

An exchange had a notice of the marriage of Chas. W. Brown and Ida Brown, at the residence of the bride's father, J. Brown, Brownsville, by the Rev. George Brown. The best man was Fred Brown, and the bridesmaids were Lottie Brown and Edith Brown. The bride wore a brown gown, and the happy couple will live in a brown stone front. One of the wedding presents was a volume of Browning, which will be placed in the Brown study where the future little Brownies can read it.



Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

OFFICERS
A. E. SMITH, Brantford
I. PHASPA, Toronto
H. G. SLAYFR, Toronto
D. HAYNE, Merivale
D. J. McKILLIP, Belleville
D. R. COLYMAN, Belleville

SELECTION ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
President: R. Mathison
Vice-President: Wm. Nourse
Secretary: Wm. Douglas
Treasurer: D. J. McKillop

BASEBALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS
First Eleven: J. Chambers
Second Eleven: D. Ludly
Hockey First Team: J. Dubois

DEAF LITERARY SOCIETY
President: R. Mathison
Vice-President: Wm. Nourse
Secretary: D. J. McKillop
Treasurer: Ada James

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1900.

What men want and will,
All worldly joys go less
The great joy of doing kindness.

April Fooling.

April fools day is at hand again, and many pranks are doubtless preparing at this moment. April fooling has been an honored custom for many centuries, particularly in France. It is said to have been a practice in France at a much earlier period than in England, and in some instances very important results have grown out of it.

of Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife first, being imprisoned at Nantes, they dressed themselves as peasants and escaped on April-fools day, their success being due entirely to the refusal of their guards to believe that the information which they had received as to the intentions of the prisoners was anything more than a joke. The escaping pair was recognized by a woman of Nantes in spite of their disguise, and she ran at once to the guard and betrayed them. The guard merely smiled, murmured "April-fool," and let the Duke and Duchess pass. When the matter came to the Governor's ears an investigation was ordered, and of course the discovery was made that there was no joke about it, but it was too late. The birds had fled.

An amusing story was told in France many years ago relating to this same custom. A French woman stole a watch from a friend, and when detected pretended that she was merely practising an April fool joke, but the judge before whom she was tried failed to regard it in that light, and sentenced her to prison until April fool's day of the following year.

But, pleaded the prisoner, "I only took the watch in fun."
And that, madam," said the judge, "is why I am sending you to prison—it's an April fool joke I am playing on you."
As the woman was unquestionably guilty it must be confessed that the judge's joke was not a bad one.

The Deaf Mutes of Canada.

A book of 125 pages, profusely illustrated, will be sent to any address, postage paid on receipt of ten cents in stamps. Address CANADIAN MUTE, Belleville, Ont. A few copies of the foregoing book are still on hand.

Let your zeal begin with yourself then you may with justice extend it to your neighbor. Thomas Kempis.

Married man. Nine in family. Salary \$190 per annum. Four years in same school. No complaints. Every one satisfied. Good testimonials at home. Trustee has a relative. Experienced teacher displaced. Now earning threefold at fifty cents a cord. School in question run on money supplied by Government and township council. Ratepayers pay no direct tax. The above bit of current school history found its own moral. Query. On sound principles of Ministerial responsibility, ought not the Government which contributes to the support of the schools from the public funds, to have some direct check upon a downgrade policy or practice of this kind? Educational Journal

HOME NEWS

Our good friend, Roy Canon Burke, never fails to meet the children belonging to the Church during the Lenten season.

The drought last summer, in these parts, made our hay crop very light and for some time past we have had to depend on purchased fodder for our horses and cattle. We all hope for a better crop next year.

The warm rains and mild weather of the past few days has brought on a flood of water and two feet crept into our root-house before it was noticed. As the place is well drained, we do not expect much damage to result.

Last week, our shoe-shop sent off two cases of boots and shoes to Provincial Institutions, one went east the other west. For the rest of this session the shoemakers expect to get all the work they can do from the requirements of our own Institution.

The late blizzard quite upset all railway arrangements and for three days we received no mail or Toronto daily papers. They came all in a lump on Sunday morning and the pupils received their letters, it being the first time such a thing had happened on a Sunday.

The preparations for the Convention to be held in Brantford in June are going on apace and Pres. Smith expects to have the circulars mailed early in April, which will give all needed information. As Brantford is the centre of the most populous western part of the province, a large attendance is looked for.

Miss Gibson has been practicing on her new bike most assiduously, on the quiet, in the girls' sitting room and expects to acquit herself gracefully when she makes her first appearance out doors; in the meantime she is impatiently awaiting the disappearance of the snow; she was the most disgusted resident of the Institute when the blizzard brought a fresh supply.

Our snow shovel brigade are a disgusted corps of snow fighters. After much labor in getting the long side-walk to the city clear of snow and fondly hoping that their labors in that direction were over for the winter, along comes the blizzard and buries the wick feet deep and requiring the work to be done over again. The boys who belong to the shops rather enjoyed it as they are exempt from such work.

On St. Patrick's Day the Catholic pupils attended church in the city in the morning. It was quite the fashion to sport a bit of green and there were few without it. The demand quite exceeded the supply and even Miss Fletcher, our head laundry maid, had to confess herself beaten and send the boys to Mr. McMillan for their bit of green when about fifty of them trooped into the laundry. The boys seem to have the impression that she keeps everything for their needs up there.

The pupils had an exciting contest on the evening of Saturday, 21st ult. The boys and girls were sided off to see which could draw the largest number of words from the letters forming the word "Notice." The competition was keen for forty minutes. The results were then added up and it was found to be a tie, each side having got fifteen words to their credit. We would like to see some other school try the same word without previous preparation or the aid of a dictionary and compare results, we doubt if any could do better.

Our boys have lately obtained the photo engravings of several foot-ball clubs connected with sister institutions across the line. They are subjects of much interest and favorable comment. The players all appear athletic young men and heavier than any thing we can put in the field this year, but "handsome is what handsome does" and just there we guess our boys can hold their own anywhere. The "Nelson" team of the Rome, N. Y. School, the "Pennsylvanians;" the Gallaudet College team and some others have been received. The boys would like Mr. McAloney to send them a photo of the "Alabama Tigers."

It is quite time for owners of bicycles here to be fixing them up for the season. We have one antiquated machine that dates back fifteen years ago. Why its owner is hoarding it up is a mystery. We well remember when that wheel

first came to the Institution and what a wonderful machine it was thought. But where is the rider, Dr. J. H. Brown, who so gallantly rode it out to school on fine mornings? He is away down in Illinois and in a few months the ocean will roll between us and him. If only to keep his memory green we will let the old wheel rust out.

The teachers here are always glad to have visitors in their class-rooms and to show them the methods employed and the results obtained in teaching the deaf—providing said visitors know how to behave themselves, as nearly all visitors do. A few days ago, however, a number of young people of both sexes spent part of a day in the class-rooms here and we are sorry to say that they acted in anything but a courteous manner. Idle curiosity seems to have been the sole motive of their visit, and instead of taking any interest in the work of the classes they spent their time in whispering and giggling together to the disgust of the teachers and the surprise of the pupils.

We have to report another deaf-mute who cut short on the railway track. On the 21th ult., Alexander Read, an old pupil of this Institution, who lived with his brother a few miles from Belleville, was walking on the railway track, and was struck by the Peterboro train a short distance out. The bolts on the front of the engine struck him on the left side of the head, split his skull and tore a large hole in his cheek. The left leg was also broken. He was brought into the city and attended by Dr. Gibson, but did not regain consciousness. He lingered a few hours and death ensued. Deceased was 42 years old, unmarried and was for eight years a pupil here. No blame attaches to any of the railway officials for the unfortunate occurrence.

On Saturday, the 14th ult., Mr. Bala favored the pupils with a most interesting lecture on "Slaves and Slavery," and drew from his subject most pathetic pictures of its cruelty and injustice. He took his audience with him in imagination from the time when the unfortunate people are surrounded and driven out of their native homes by the slave catchers, over the toilsome journey of hundreds of miles to the coast, the horrors of the "middle passage" on board the slave ships, the traffic of them for gold, and the, but too frequent, cruelty and merciless abuse they suffered at the hands of their masters. The whole lecture was most instructive and interesting and much enjoyed by the pupils. A most hearty vote of thanks was tendered him at the close.

PERSONALITIES.

Wedding bells will soon be heard at the residence of Miss Aggie McFarland's father.

Mrs. Murhead, of Toronto, was the welcome guest of Miss Walker for a day or so last week.

Mr. Langmuir's illness still confines him to his room, but his improvement lately is encouraging.

Mr. C. A. W. Gustin's father met with an accident while drawing ice and at present is confined to the house.

Miss Alice Gustin has had an attack of la grippe. She is now recovering and will soon be able to resume her studies.

John Melrose, of Delhi, has been very busy all winter and has secured a job in the new shoe-factory just started up there.

Mrs. C. W. Gustin's mother, Mrs. Noyes, of Denfield, was badly hurt by a fall recently. We are glad to learn she is nearly well again.

Miss Margaret Poiras, of Deseronto, paid a visit to Miss Mathison at the Institution for a day or two last week. She came up to attend the Albany concert.

Mrs. H. V. Peters entertained a number of friends in honor of her uncle, R. M. Thomas, last Saturday afternoon. Irving Park, Mayfair News, Sat. March 21, 1896.

Miss Edith Steele, of Delaware, returned to her home on Friday last, after an exceedingly pleasant visit of some weeks duration with Mrs. Sutton, of Simcoe.

Mrs. John Dempsey, Miss Shannon, Miss Donohue, of Marmora, and Mr. Wm. J. Joyce, of New York City, were interested visitors at the Institution on Thursday last.

We regret to hear that Eddie Ball, one of our old pupils, is at present very ill with typhoid fever, at his home in Windsor. We hope to learn of his recovery in the near future.

R. Mathison, jr., has successfully passed with credit his second examination before the Faculty of the Pennsylvania College of Dentistry at Philadelphia, and will take his final next year.

Mrs. Dowrie has been visiting her old home and friends in Hamilton for a week or two. On her return trip she got storm bound in Toronto and had to remain over for a day or two as all trains were cancelled.

Mr. William Wark is very busy preparing a new home this spring, in such a way that we are led to believe that he will not be alone much longer. He is like other young men who want wives and hunt till they succeed.

Mr. Douglas has passed several sleepless nights lately. Both Mrs. Douglas and baby were quite ill for a time and required the best attention to bring them through. We are glad to report that they are about well again.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Cook, instructor of printing in the Manitoba Institution and a former pupil here, is ill with symptoms of typhoid fever. By later accounts we learn that it was of a mild form and that he was recovering rapidly.

Geo. C. Mathison, son of Supt. Mathison, has passed the final examination of the Pennsylvania College of Dentistry, one of the oldest and most thoroughly reliable in the United States, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Dental Surgery. He was a student in Mr. Caldwell's office in Belleville. Dr. Mathison will try, and hopes to pass his final examination in the Ontario College of Dentistry next year.

Mr. Guy, son of Madame Albani, and Mr. Ernest Schelling, visited the Institution and went through a number of the class-rooms. Afterwards they were taken for an ice-boat ride by Mr. Douglas and Mr. John Mathison, which was thoroughly enjoyed by them. They remained so long on the ice that they had to run to catch the train for Montreal, but even if they had missed the train they said they would not like to have missed the ice boat tour around the Bay of Quinte.

Mr. Kelso, Superintendent of the Society for the Protection of Neglected Children, paid the Institution a visit on the 27th ult. He spent some time in the class-rooms and shops, and afterwards briefly addressed the pupils in the chapel. He explained the nature of the work in which he was engaged and said that he had come in contact officially with about 3000 children in Ontario. He spoke of the great pleasure his visit gave him and said he hoped some time to come again and remain longer. Mr. Kelso is the right man in the right place.

Mr. Thomas' brother, George, living in Mayfair, has a dog partly of the Esquimaux type, aged about 7 years. Mr. Thomas showed Mr. Hascenstab and his wife the other day some of the tricks the dog has been trained to do. Commands were given in signs only. The dog would give his paw to shake, jump over a stretched arm, and also through a circle formed by arms, turn himself in a circle and then wallow. After each trick was played, he was given a piece of meat. In case meat was withheld, he would bark and then refuse to do another trick until given his due reward. The dog is said to be an excellent faithful watchdog.—The National Exponent, March 19, 1896.

A Hole in the Bag.

There was once a beggar who went from house to house begging pennies; each one as he received it, he put in a bag, and as the day was long and his patrons were generous, he thought to have a good pile of money by sunset.

Alas, when night came his bag was empty! for it had a hole in the bottom, and as he dropped each penny in, the wicked hole quickly dropped it out again!

Do you count him a blockhead? Take care! there is a fellow I know who receives each morning the gift of a new day from his Maker; but he is an idler, and idleness makes a big hole in a bag, so that when he comes to count up his days at the end of the week, or the month, or the year, he has nothing to show for them, they have dropped through the hole.

Flow Gently, Sweet Afton.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green  
braes,  
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream,  
Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds from the  
hill,  
Ye wild whistling black-birds in yon thorny den,  
Thou green-crested lap-wing, thy screaming for-  
bear,  
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

Written for THE CANADIAN MUSE.

Helen's Warning.

BY EDITH CHARLTON, ST. GEORGE, ONT.



"DEAR me! What's mother doing now; I wonder?— I wish she would stop.— It makes me tired to see her always working. I wonder if I ought to go

and help her. But there is that magazine Uncle Jack sent, with some splendid historical articles in it. I really think I should read them, they are instructive."

So Helen Chester settled herself comfortably in her arm-chair and very soon mother, busy down stairs, was forgotten in the interest of the new magazine.

Now I don't want you to think Helen was a specially thoughtless, indolent girl; for she was not; she was only like many other girls who apparently think their mothers were made to work from morning till night without growing tired and forget that they need rest as much as their daughters. Yes, Helen very often forgot these things, and now the momentary twinge of conscience was very soon forgotten in the interesting article she was reading; while out in the garden Mrs. Chester was busily engaged trying to fasten up a Prairie Queen rose-bush that hung over the door. She had watched for several days its drooping branches swaying in the wind and feared the tender buds and shoots might be broken before she found time to make them more secure; so she had risen an hour earlier this morning that she might fix it before she had to get dinner for her son, Harry, who worked in a store in the city. And how tired she was; she felt as if she could not hold up the long branch with one hand while she fastened it to the frame with the other, and to climb up and down the step ladder to reach the highest parts made her poor back ache harder. As she worked she could not help wishing Helen would sometimes help her more, and the painful thought would intrude itself. "Did Helen not love her mother?" But each time she put it from her, saying, "Of course she loves her mother dearly, the child is only thoughtless."

But it was so very different from what she thought it would be when Helen grow up, for as a child she loved to wipe the knives, dust the chairs, or do any little thing to "help mamma." Then school days began and every hour was filled with studies; but now she had graduated, and when that time came Mrs. Chester had hoped she would have a valuable assistant in Helen. And the thought of what she hoped would be and what really was, brought the hot tears to the weary woman's eyes.

Helen did love her mother, and would have felt very indignant had anyone told her she did not. But she had grown careless about home duties; perhaps being at school so much was the cause of this, and then another never asked her to help.

The Chesters were not rich, indeed they had to plan very carefully to make both ends meet, and Helen was hoping every day to secure a position in some office that she might help to fill the family purse. In the meantime we must all agree she might have made herself proficient in house-work and eased her mother's burden a little; for a servant was out of the question in Chester home.

The rose-bush would not stay in place,

It was almost impossible to bend back the long branches, and Mrs. Chester had made little progress when it was time to go in and peel the potatoes for dinner.

"If it were not for the numberless little things I have to do I might find more time to work among my flowers," she said to herself as she gathered up her strips of cloth, tacks and hammer and went into the house. "But it seems I can never get beyond the daily round of house-work."

And this seemed to be very true. That morning she was down stairs very early preparing Harry's breakfast, for he must have an early start to work; then fresh toast and coffee had to be prepared for Helen when she came down; the dishes must be washed, the floors swept, the beds made up, and so on through the countless little things which were so wearisome oftentimes.

To-day Helen came down to dinner looking fresh and pretty in a becoming house dress, she was a striking contrast to the tired mother with her thin, flushed face and work-hardened hands who sat opposite.

But Helen was bright and talkative and entertained her mother and brother with choice bits she had gleaned from her paper that morning; and as she rose from the table she said, "Now mother, do let the work go this afternoon, it tires me to hear you constantly moving around."

"Well, it tires me too, Helen, but the work must be done, you know we can't afford to keep a servant."

"I know, and I wish I could get a position some where, we might have things much nicer then. But it seems as if there were nothing for me to do just now to help you. I think I will make a few calls this afternoon," she added, as she reached the dining-room.

On the street that afternoon Helen met a friend, several years her senior; this friend had recently lost her mother, an old lady with silvery hair. Helen stopped her friend to sympathize with her in the great sorrow she had passed through, and the big tears welled up into the friend's eyes and the lips quivered as she thanked Helen for her kind words.

"Oh, you don't know how lonely I am since mother went away," she said. "And I tried so hard to keep her with me too, I thought if I were very careful of her, never let her do any work but just what she wanted to do, and kept all the troubles I could from her, that I might have her with me for a long time yet. But now she is gone and the house is so lonely I can scarcely bear to stay in it. Oh! Helen, I have no mother now." The last words were almost a moan, so stricken was this woman in her sorrow.

What could Helen say? Such grief was now to her. She could only clasp her friend's hand and say while tears of sympathy filled her eyes, "I am so sorry for you." But she could not forget it. As she walked home her friend's words "I have no mother now" kept repeating themselves over and over in her mind. Would she ever have to know such sorrow as that? Could it be possible her mother might die too? She had never thought of such a thing, and her heart almost stopped beating as for the first time it occurred to her. This friend had said she had tried so hard to keep her mother, had never let her work only when she wanted to; but Helen could not say this; no, she had never tried to make her mother's work lighter or give her a rest; and at the recollection of her thoughtlessness her cheeks burned with shame. All night the words "I have no mother" disturbed her dreams and made her sleep restless, but she had had a severe examination with herself and had fully decided on her course.

Mrs. Chester was awakened next morning with a confused feeling of hearing some one go softly down stairs some time before. "Surely it is not time for Harry to be up yet," she said wearily. "Have I over-slept. But I am so tired, if I could only rest a little longer." But she got up, hurriedly dressed and went down stairs quite unprepared for the surprise which awaited her. Opening the kitchen door, the first thing that met her eye was Helen just taking the last slice of toast from the fork and laying it on the pile of crisp toast. The room was fragrant with coffee and broiled steak, while just within the dining-room door she spied a glimpse of the neatly set breakfast table.

"Why, Helen! what does this mean?" were the first words of greeting from the astonished woman.

Helen turned to answer, her face red, done from its close contact with the fire,

her eyes bright with the knowledge of having given her mother a pleasant surprise, but with a determined look on her rosy lips. "What does it mean?" she asked. "Well, it means just this, mamma, that in future you are the one who must be in bed until breakfast is ready, so I give you warning that I am monarch of all I survey in the kitchen from six to eight," she added, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

"But, Helen, you shouldn't; you are not used to this."

"No, I know I am not used to it, and that is just why I want to have it all to myself, that you may not see the mistakes I make. Lady Helen Chester took her departure last night, mother, and I hope you will find an improvement in the plain body who has taken her place."

Then the light tone became serious and the determined look deepened in the bright eyes as she said, "I have played lady long enough, mother, I am going to let you take my place while I try to pay back some of your goodness to me. I am going to be cook, house-maid, and chamber-maid from this out, or until we can afford another."

"Nonsense, Helen, I am quite well; I was a little tired this morning it is true, but I am quite able to look after the house keeping. You need all your time to keep yourself in readiness for any situation that may be offered you," said Mrs. Chester, quite grieved now to think she had ever thought Helen thoughtless.

But Helen was firm. "It is no use, mamma, I have made up my mind that you need a rest. I'll be ready, never fear, when the long-looked for position comes, but in the meantime I am going to learn the mysteries of the culinary art. I told you yesterday that there seemed to be nothing I could do to help, but I find I was mistaken."

Then she went close to her mother's side, wound her arm around her neck and said as she kissed her, "I want to see some of those lines and wrinkles smoothed out of your face, see that weary look fade out of your eyes, and those dear hands become softer. I want to keep my mother with me for a long time yet. I have been very indolent and thoughtless, but I have learned a lesson, I hope, before it is too late."

And Helen was true to her word, hereafter her mother had ample time to rest and grow young again, as she told her daughter she would; while it was Helen's constant care to shield her from the rough places; and her greatest joy was to watch the weariness fade from her mother's face. I wonder if there are many girls who read this, who need to be warned as Helen was.

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TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION. DELICIOUS SERVICES are held as follows: every Sunday: West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a. m. General Central Y. M. C. A., Cor. Spadina Ave. and College Street, at 3 p. m. Lawlick-Messers, South, Bristol and others. Last End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Street. Services at 11 a. m. every Sunday. Night Class—Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. Address, 273 Clifton Street.

HAMILTON DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION. MESSRS GRANT AND DUFF conduct religious services every Sunday, at 3 p. m. in Treble Hall, John St. north near King. The Literary and Debating Society meets every Friday evening at 7.30 in the Y. M. C. A. Building, corner Jackson and James Sts. President, J. H. Byrne; Vice-President, Thos. Thompson; Secy. Treasurer, Wm. Bryce; Serjt.-at-arms, J. H. Mober. Meetings are open to all mutos and friends interested.

Grand Trunk Railway. TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: WEST—11.5 a.m.; 1.20 p.m.; 11.55 a.m.; 5.05 p.m. EAST—1.05 a.m.; 7.00 a.m.; 11.05 a.m.; 12.25 p.m.; 6.00 p.m. MISSISSAUGA AND PETERBORO BRANCH—3.15 a. m., 2.00 a. m.; 12.15 a. m.; 3.10 p. m.; 5.15 p. m.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:— SCHOOL HOURS—From 9 a. m. to 11.30 a. m. from 1.30 to 3 p. m. DRAWING CLASS from 3.20 to 5 p. m. every day and Thursday afternoons of each month. FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday and Wednesday afternoons of each week 3.30 to 5. STORY CLASS for Junior Teachers on Mondays of Monday and Wednesday week from 3.10 to 4. EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8.30 p. m. for pupils and from 7 to 8 for Junior Teachers.

Articulation Classes:— From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 to 3 p. m.

Religious Exercises:— EVERY SUNDAY.—Primary pupils at 10 a. m. and senior pupils at 11 a. m. General at 2.30 p. m. Immediately after which the Class will assemble. EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to attend in the Chapel at 8.45 a. m., and the Teacher in-charge for the week, will open by reading the lesson, and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective schools no 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. URBAN VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Burke, Right Rev. Monseigneur Farelle; Rev. T. J. Thompson, St. Andrew's; Rev. L. N. Baker, (Methodist); Rev. Cowart, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Maclean, (Lutheran); Rev. Father Carson. DAILY CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 3.15, national Series of Sunday School by Miss ANNIE MATHEW, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:— PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CARPENTERS from 7.30 to 8.30 a. m. and from 2.30 p. m. for pupils who attend school those who do not from 7.30 a. m. to 11 a. m. and from 1.30 to 3.30 p. m. 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 3 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and 3.30 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No work on Saturday afternoons.

1.—The Printing Office, Shop and Carpenters to be left each day when work is in a clean and tidy condition. 2.—PUPILS are not to be excused from various Classes or Industrial Departments except on account of sickness without permission of the Superintendent. 3.—Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work to interfere with the performance of several duties.

Visitors:— Persons who are interested, desiring to visit the Institution, will be made welcome any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except the regular chapel exercises at 2.30 on school days. The best time for an ordinary school day is as soon after 10 in the afternoon as possible, as the chapel is dismissed at 3 o'clock.

Admission of Children:— When pupils are admitted and parents with them to the Institution, they are advised not to linger and prolong taking with their children. It only causes discomfort for all concerned, particularly the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without will be quite happy with the other children, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:— It is not beneficial to the pupils for their parents to visit them frequently. If parents come, however, they will be made welcome to the classrooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or entertain guests at the Institution. Accommodation may be had in the city, Quinto Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, American and Dominion Hotels at reasonable rates.

Clothing and Management:— Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent, correspondence will be allowed between parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence:— In case of the serious illness of pupils or of telegrams will be sent daily to their guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FROM PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE AND WELL. All pupils who are capable of doing so be required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the teachers for little ones who cannot write, stating, as far as possible, their wishes. No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution. Parents and friends of deaf children are advised against Quack Doctors who advertise cures and appliances for the cure of deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are swindlers and only want money for which they do not return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of deafness, and be guided by their sound advice. R. MATHISON, Superintendent.