



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VI.

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NO. 22.

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:

R. MATHISON, M. A.	Superintendent.
R. MATHISON.	Inspector.
E. H. HARRIS, M. D.	Physician.
MISS EMABEL WALKER	Matron.

Teachers:

W. H. COLEMAN, M. A.	Miss J. O. TENNILL
Miss G. HALL, B.A.	Miss S. TEMPLETON.
P. DENNY.	Miss MARY HULL.
JAMES G. HALL, B.A.	Miss FLORENCE MAYREY
D. J. McALLISTER.	Mrs. SYLVIA L. HALL.
W. J. CAMPBELL.	Miss ADA JAMES
W. F. HERBERT.	Miss GEORGINA LANN
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Teachers of Articulation

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

Miss E. N. MCKENZIE. JOHN T. BURNS.  
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing

Wm. DOUGLASS. Wm. NURSE.  
Storekeeper & Associate Supervisor. Master Shoemaker

G. O. KEITH. J. MIDDLEBURY.  
Supervisor of Boys, etc. Engineer

Miss M. DEMPSEY. JOHN DOWNS.  
Sewstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc. Master Carpenter

Miss S. A. HALE. D. CUNNINGHAM.  
Trained Hospital Nurse. Master Baker

JOHN MOORE.  
Farmer and Gardener

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R. MATHISON.

Superintendent  
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

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



## The Silent March.

When the march begins in the morning,  
And the heart and the foot are light  
When the flags are all a flutter  
And the world is gay and bright,  
When the bugles lead the column  
And the drums are proud in the van,  
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward march!  
Ah! let them lag who can!

For it is easy to march to music  
With your comrades all in line,  
And you don't feel tired, you feel inspired  
And life is a draught divine

When the march drags on at evening,  
And the color-bearer's gone,  
When the merry strains are silent  
That piped so brave in the dawn,  
When you miss your dear old fellows  
Who started out with you,  
When it is stubborn and sturdy, forward march!  
Though the ragged lines are few—

Then it's hard to march in silence  
And the road has become a grove,  
And life is a bitter cup to drink,  
But the soldiers must not moan

And this is the task before us,  
A task we may never shrink,  
In the gay time and the sorrowful time  
We must march and do our work  
We must march when the music cheers us  
March when the straws are dumb,  
Plucky and valiant, forward march!  
And smile whatever may come

For, whether life's hard or easy,  
The strong man keeps the pace,  
For the desolate march and the silent  
The strong soul finds the grace

Margaret E. Zanster



## Pluck and Honesty.

BY FRANK A. MEYERS.

A boy of fourteen, dressed in poor clothes, walked into the large dry goods store of R. Mansard & Co., in one of the largest cities of the United States. His hat was slouchy, his pants poor and patched but clean, the worn elbows of his coat were covered with material of different colors, and his well worn shoes gave evidence of speedy decay. But the clear eye, frank look and pleasing expressions were garments of nobleness that the clothes of poverty and hard times could not hide.

Walking boldly down the crowded aisle, he asked of the first idle clerk where he could find Mr. Mansard.

"Mr. Mansard?" asked the clerk, wondering what such a sorry looking boy as that could wish to see Mr. Mansard for. "He's at the end of this aisle at his desk."

With manly, business-step he moved quickly and quietly along till he reached the inclosed space where Mr. Mansard and others were seated. "I wish to see Mr. Mansard," said the lad in a firm tone, as he walked up to the railing and looked over upon the quiet, busy scene.

At the mention of his name a gentle man, with his elbows on the newspaper spread almost all over his desk, looked up. A quick, experienced glance revealed the inquirer to him. "No business, likely a beggar," he thought. "But what does he want?"

"I'm Mr. Mansard."

"Well, to be quick about it, and not waste words or time, I want to borrow five dollars of you."

Mr. Mansard's face showed his surprise. He was used to beggars and their gauzy stories, but something in the boy's request touched him.

"What do you want it for?" he asked, with a kindly smile. "Going into business? What kind?"

"Selling newspapers. If I can get five dollars, I have it so arranged that I can make some money."

The native shrewdness, the clearness of his gaze and the evidence of having

a digested plan, struck Mr. Mansard favorably.

"It is pretty bold to ask me for five dollars when I do not know you, my lad, not even your name—have never seen you before."

"All very true, sir. It is bold, and not the way business is generally carried on, but I do not know how else to get the money and I will pay it back again."

"There was an honest, manly look in his countenance as he said this, and Mr. Mansard became interested.

"But I do not know even your name."

"My name is Robert Simmons."

"Robert Simmons. Well, Robert can you give me good security?"

"None but my own name, sir. It is all I have in the world. I know you, Mr. Mansard, have often seen you, though you do not know me."

"The whole style of the boy interested him.

"When can you return it?"

"Well, say," looking up toward the farther corner of the well stocked building and studying a second, "say—say six months. I can pay it back in that time. I might pay it back in four, but if it makes no difference to you, say six months. It will not crowd me so to get it."

The accustomed business man's doubt lingered in Mr. Mansard's mind. He had arisen now. He viewed Robert from head to foot. Clean, ragged, but honest looking.

"It is not business like to take you alone on a note without security, especially as you are an entire stranger, but I will do it this time. You look like an honest lad, Robert, and I will trust you."

"Oh I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the favor of the money and for your confidence. I am sure I will succeed now in my venture."

Visions of wealth and happiness danced before Robert's mental eyes, while they, in a formal and business like manner, drew up the note. Seated in Mr. Mansard's padded, leather lined chair, Robert wrote very gracefully his name to the note. It was a very serious bit of work for him. But as he wrote it he thought he never before saw so much importance and honor and power in his name. It was the first time it ever was on a legal, business document. "Robert Simmons," it looked well. He must never dishonor that good name. It was his dead father's name, and was, therefore, a grand name.

"Now, Mr. Mansard," said Robert, as Mr. Mansard handed him a crisp five dollar bill, "in six months I will lift that note."

There is a real business air about that boy," said Mr. Mansard as he walked out. "I wonder if I'll ever see him again. At any rate, I hope the money will do him some good."

Time rolled on, and Mr. Mansard, in the press of business, forgot all about Robert and the money he had loaned him.

Six months had passed, when a well-dressed young lad walked into the store and straight to Mr. Mansard's desk. He glanced around with a familiar look. Judging from his business air, as he moved forward, he had a perfect right there. Pausing at the spot where Robert Simmons stood at the railing and asked the loan of five dollars, he looked over at Mr. Mansard and said:

"Mr. Mansard, excuse me, but have you a little time?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," looking up at the neat, manly well dressed young man. "What is it?"

"You seem to have forgotten me."

"I sure's have."

"Robert Simmons," said the boy, with a pleased look suffusing his face.

"Robert Simmons? Lot me see. Singular I should forget you so completely."

"It is singular that you should forget your debtors."

"What! Oh, I recollect you. But

you are not the boy that borrowed five dollars of me?"

"I am the boy."

"Well, you must be making money, Robert?"

"I am."

"You are well dressed."

"Yes."

"How are you getting along in business?"

looking among a great bundle of filed papers for Robert's note.

"Very well, thank you. I have other boys at work for me, and do quite a business."

"Where do you live?"

"With my mother. We have moved into better quarters than we had when I was here before. That five dollars you loaned me was a great thing for me."

Mr. Mansard paused and listened in blank surprise. At last he said: "I'm really glad to hear of your prosperity, my dear boy."

"I'm sure mother and I never forget your kindness. We pray for you every night together, and I want to pay my note."

Robert never was quite sure whether it was a tear he saw in Mr. Mansard's eye or not.

"You are an honest boy. I did not quite expect to see you again. Let me see. Is it six months since you got the money?"

"Yes, sir. This is the last day. At eight per cent. I owe you now \$5.20."

Mr. Mansard handed him the note and took the money. He wished he could really give it to him, but thought best not to do so.

This was the beginning of an acquaintance which ripened into firm friendship and business relations, and now, after years, Robert Simmons is the junior member of the firm of Mansard & Co. Pluck and honesty made his life a success.

—Outlook.

## Praise to the Face.

I once saw a father walk up to a map his little boy had made and pined on the wall. He stood before it a long time in silence, and in silence walked away. The little fellow was sitting in the room, and his father knew he was there. He was watching with eager child's eyes, waiting anxiously for a word of approval. As none came, his poor little face fell unhappily. Straight into the next room walked the father, and said, carelessly: "Robert has drawn a very clever little map in there. Look at it when you go in."

"Did you tell him it was clever?" asked a judicial listener, following from the room where little Robert sat.

"Why, no. I ought to have done so. I never thought to mention it."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," was the deserved reply. "Go back now and tell him."

We ought all of us to be ashamed of ourselves a dozen times a day for like sins of omission. It costs so little to say nice things, and the result in another's pleasure is out of all proportion to our trouble. "Praise to the face, open disgrace." No such thing. The proverb is wrong. Praise to the face is one of the sweetest things on earth and there is no disgrace in it, unless untruth enters, or unless the praise is undeserved. It is the more grateful because no one may ask for open praise and receive it by asking; its true flavor is quite gone, and is but flattery.—Harper's Bazar.

If the inhabitants of the fixed stars had powerful enough telescopes to see us, they would not see us as we are to-day, but as we were 60, 100 years, or even longer ago, for it would take light that long to travel to them.

Mathematical calculations show that an iron ship weighs 27 per cent. less than a wooden one, and will carry 116 tons of cargo for every 100 tons carried by a wooden ship of the same dimensions, and both loaded to the same draught of water.



# 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 typewriting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

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

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

### SUBSCRIPTION:

Fifty (50 cents) for the school year, payable in advance. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postage stamps, or registered letter. Subscribers failing to receive their papers regularly will please notify us, that mistakes may be corrected without delay. All papers are stopped when the subscription expires, unless otherwise ordered. The date on each subscriber's wrapper is the time when the subscription runs out.

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

### ADVERTISING:

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

Address all communications and subscriptions to

**THE CANADIAN MUTE,  
BELLEVILLE,  
ONTARIO.**



WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1898.

### The Session of 1897-8.

This issue of THE CANADIAN MUTE marks the close of another session, and, though the expression may be somewhat stereotyped, yet it is none the less true, that it has been one of the most pleasant and successful sessions in our history; and one of its most satisfactory features is the fact that very little has occurred that calls for special reference. Each day has been filled with its routine of faithful work and earnest study, about which little can be said, but the sum total of which, in increased knowledge and enlarged outlook and broadened culture, is cause for great present gratification, and will be a source of untold benefit and pleasure to the pupils in the future. Perhaps there has never been a session in which fewer interruptions have occurred in the work of the class-room. The last session has been equalled by this in the uniformly excellent state of health enjoyed by the pupils, there not infrequently having been a perfectly clean bill of health for weeks at a time. The officers and teachers, also, have enjoyed a remarkable immunity from illness, and each one has been able to put his or her best efforts into the respective duties assigned them. And these efforts have been earnest, faithful and successful ones in every instance. Of course there are degrees of excellence, and even the best have fallen far short of their ideals, yet he that has had a proper conception of his duty and responsibility, who brought to his work a fair equipment of knowledge and training and zeal, and who has done his best that in him lieth, has done his whole duty.

But now teachers and pupils must separate, and we wish for each one a very enjoyable vacation and a safe return next fall. Some, however, of the pupils will not be with us again, having

finished their course here. From such we are sorry to part, but we do so with strong confidence in their future. We have done our best to prepare them for acting well their part in life, and we wish for each of them a most prosperous and happy career.

The parents of all these pupils placed their children in our hands at the commencement of the session, and having done what we could for them, we now resign them again in the hands of their natural guardians. We trust that a marked improvement will be observed in every instance; and we would ask for the hearty co-operation of the parents in this work of training and development. While here the pupils have been kept under a strict but always kindly discipline, and we trust, for their sakes, that a judicious restraint will at all times be exercised at home. Here all the pupils are compelled to be submissive and respectful, and to practice proper habits, and we hope that the good results thus obtained will in no case be vitiated by excessive indulgence or indifference at home. And we would urge that the parents and friends of the pupils should make it a point to continue the work of education, which simply means the drawing out of the minds and perceptive faculties of the children. Whenever possible communication with them should always be by writing; by means of the manual alphabet, and the children should be encouraged to always try to express themselves in the same way. As far as possible, they should also be taught the name and use of every object with which they come into contact. In these ways, without any conscious effort on the part of the children, and with but little trouble on the part of the parents, the pupils' intellects would receive a wonderful stimulus and the work of the teachers would be strongly reinforced.

We have received a little booklet entitled "Book of Deaf-mute Signs and Two Alphabets," prepared and published by Harry Ash, of Cheswick, England. It gives pictorially and in text a description of a number of the most common signs, contrasting those used in Great Britain, France and Italy with those used in America. The book is largely in the nature of a prospectus, indicating the character of a "Dictionary of Signs" which the author is anxious to get out, and towards which he solicits aid from the deaf.

We regret a very interesting letter from Toronto, with a full account of the High Park picnic on the 24th May, has to be left over. Everything was closed up ready for the press when it arrived.

FOR THE CANADIAN MUTE.

### To Shannonville and Back.

No one but an enthusiastic cyclist can imagine the delightful sensation produced by whirling at an easy rate of speed along a smooth road in this bright month of flowers and blossoms. So the writer felt during a run made in the afternoon of the first Saturday of this month, along Dundas road toward Shannonville, about nine miles from Belleville. He was glad to be relieved of his duty for some hours and allowed to go for a jaunt to inhale fresh air in the province. He resolved on taking a trip eastward, having been informed that the road in that direction was one of the finest in the province. It is known as the Kingston road, though locally called the Dundas. Our soccer base-ball team left at 12.30 o'clock, directly after taking their dinner, by wagon, for Shannonville to play a return match with the nine there. The writer was to follow them an hour later. He mounted on his

wheel at half past one, running along a side road to Bridge street and taking a turn to the left. Soon he descended a hill, the road being too winding and steep for the comfort of inexperienced riders. Over the bridge the Moria was now crossed, a tumultuous river emptying into the Bay of Quinte,—the Niagara rapids in miniature. A jam of logs is now moving down the river for the saw-mills near by. I then stopped at the Massey-Harris bicycle livery and there was joined by a friend, according to appointment, to enjoy company together during this run. We wheeled out en route to Shannonville in high spirits, anticipating a good time. Passing the general hospital, the blue waters of the bay came into view, a glimpse of which would kindle the imagination of a poet or inspire the genius of a painter. Not very far distant are the celebrated thousand islands at the foot of Lake Ontario, a favorite summer resort. Massawaga Point, about three miles from Belleville, is the park most frequented by its citizens in hot weather. We went past several fine farms, noticing horses, cattle and sheep out in the pasture grazing. The road is smooth, though very dusty just now, for miles, being level. With but little effort our wheels carried us along rapidly, the fresh air sharpening our appetites for the good meal we hoped to have at the place of our destination. Here, about six miles out from the city, three weeks before, my friend, Mr. Charles Holton, a graduate of our school, and a grandson of Sir Mackenzie Bowell, in wheeling with me with the intention of making for Shannonville, had the misfortune of having the rear tire of his bicycle burst, thus compelling us to return home tramping, though only three miles away from that village, it was a case of "so near yet so far." To soothe this disappointment, a fact was recalled to mind that we were on historic ground, that Sir Isaac Brock and his army marched along this very road on their way to Queenston, two hundred miles off, about eighty years ago. Now, about this same spot, my present companion fell into a rut, falling off and losing the dust containing our run, we soon saw that the village was near. Arriving there, an inquiry was made of the whereabouts of our boys playing baseball at a they were pointed out in the northwestern part of the village over a small river that flows through into the bay. After some trouble we went into the fair grounds, enclosed by a high board fence. The playing was then in progress, we recognized our boys from the gate. Soon Mr. Nurse, the umpire in the match, met and greeted us warmly. The field in which the match was being played, is not quite suitable for the purpose, being broken with hollows and stones and uneven grass. Not being used to this rough condition of ground, our boys were playing to their disadvantage, and the conclusion foregone that they were to be avenged for the easy victory gained the week before over their opponents. The match was over an hour later, ending in the usual parting salutation, and a move made for the hotel to be refreshed, preparatory to our return home. At the hotel we did not care to eat much, the fare not being to our liking. Exactly at seven o'clock our boys got into the wagon and off for home. At the same hour we wheeled out (Mr. Nurse going with us part of the way), reaching the city in an hour. After walking over the bridge and up the hill, we stopped, resting on one of the long seats, invitingly placed on the brow of a steep bank, and tempting the tired pedestrians to linger thereon and gaze upon the bay not far off. Here, parting company, I returned to the school in good time, having covered more than twenty miles in three hours. The drive in front of the Institution is in good condition, running around an oval lawn through rows of maple trees which afford abundant shade to the pupils. It overlooks the bay where may occasionally be seen the steamers and sailing vessels which ply between Hamilton and Montreal. All this makes a picture enchanting to behold. Our hearts are filled with a spirit of thankfulness for the goodness of an all-wise Creator. If a new building, to accommodate the now uncomfortably crowded Institution is erected, as has been long contemplated, it will make a great improvement both in arrangement and appearance. There are about a score of bicyclists among those connected with the Institution, the first being our Superintendent, Mr. Mathison, who may often be seen enjoying a spin about the grounds.—A. A.

### "Home, Sweet Home."

O Mother-My-Love, if you'll give me your  
And go where I ask you to wander  
I will lead you away to a beautiful land—  
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder  
We'll walk in the sweet rose garden and there  
Where moonlight and starlight are sweet  
And the flowers and the birds are all  
With the fragrance and music of dreamland

There'll be no little, first-out boy to me—  
No questions or cares to perplex you  
There'll be no little bruises or bumps to care  
Nor patching of stockings to vex you  
For I'll rock you away on the silver-sun  
And sing you asleep when you're weary  
And no one shall know of our beautiful dream  
But you and your own little dearie

And when I am first I'll meet my best  
In the dreamland that's waiting out yonder  
And the wife awake starts still in my dream  
A song which my dreaming shall soften  
So, Mother-My-Love, let me take your dear hand  
And away through the starlight  
Away through the mist to the beautiful land  
The dreamland that's waiting out yonder

—Eugene Kain

### WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own Correspondent.

Eddie Ball has some idea of going to the Convention. He has been very busy lately at the Salt works, often having to work at night. If he can get it is very likely he will go. Mrs. Connelly may go also. So they will likely be the only ones from here.

Charlie Davis came to Windsor on the Saturday before the Queen's Birthday, and spent nearly a week with his old chum, Albert Sepner. He is the same old chip as ever, albeit a little thinner. He says next time he comes it won't be alone, which we take to mean, he will bring a bride along.

A friend has told me the Toronto mutes are very anxious to meet the only original Araminta Jones. Now there is nothing I should like better than to go to the Convention, (unless it is to own a bicycle) but I am afraid there is no prospect of anything so delightful happening so I will wish all who do go a jolly time.

Nearly all the mutes here are doing well. George Munro is employed at the Review printing office, and is doing very well indeed. He says he can't go to the Convention this year, but hopes to go to the next.

When I was a homely little kid of twelve or so (not that I am a beauty now by any means) I used to have a mania for writing poetry. Hard-hearted editors have knocked most of it out of me, but the fire of genius is inextinguishable, so I feel sure there are a few sparks that could be revived. If some fellow correspondent can scrape up a few amusing notes of the Convention and forward them, I will put them into type.

Miss Maria Love, formerly cook at the Institution, lives in Detroit. Your scribe, who has a vivid recollection of sundry chunks of pie and cake during her reign, intends calling on her as soon as ever she goes to Detroit again. She has a candy-store, but I hope no one will be rash enough to imagine that's the attraction.

Both of Albert Sepner's young sisters, Josie and Lillian, have fine wheels. They are very graceful bicyclists, particularly very Josie. Bert intends to have one himself some day in the near future.

It is said that Matilda Lafferty has secured a situation in Walkerville, but what doing, no one seems to know. We are sure she will make it a success.

Our chicken-crank has about 75 little chickens, some over three months old. He had about a hundred killed by cats and weasels, but his enthusiasm is not downed yet.

This is the kind of weather that makes us long to be at the North Pole. I'm glad I ain't a man and didn't have to go to war. It's too hot to behave.

This is the last time I shall write "Notes" this year. Perhaps next year some other writer will take my place. The mutes here wish all who go to the Convention a right jolly time, also the pupils and officers a happy vacation.

The officials and students of the Winnipeg Deaf and Dumb Institute with their friends made up a party of over a hundred yesterday and held their annual picnic at Elm Park. The first electric train load of over 60 young folks arrived at the sylvan retreat shortly after two and from then until after supper in the pavilion the time was spent in a round of pleasure. Games, races, swings, merry-go-round and ice cream tables afforded an inexhaustible fund of amusement for the young and old until the shades of evening drove the satisfied pleasure seekers homeward. *Manitoba Free Press, June 14th.*





Daffodils.

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills  
When all at once I saw a crowd  
A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake beneath the trees  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze

-William Wordsworth

Jim's Strange Visitors.

Jim Carlton was such a cruel boy! He would pull off the wings of flies, pin live butterflies to boards, break in the backs of turtles and amputate the legs of frogs. When any one remonstrated with him about his cruelty he would say, "Oh, pshaw! they can't feel much," and then go in quest of another victim. The long summer days he devoted entirely to his wicked sport, and in time all the neighbors spoke of him as "Hard-hearted Jim Carlton." To be sure, the boy had not kind parents to teach him better, and the aunt who was bringing him up cared very little what he was about so long as he was not troubling her.

One night Jim had not been in bed very long when a brilliant light suddenly filled his room and he sprang up to see what had caused the illumination. There, seated in his best chair, he beheld an immense cat. The animal was actually larger than Jim himself, and by the time Jim had recovered from his astonishment at seeing this visitor, he discovered on another chair a turtle almost as big as the cat. Near by he saw a butterfly of extraordinary size, and when his eyes opened wider, he found that all the seats in the room were occupied by just such strange visitors. In fact, there were more than the chairs could accommodate, and these were seated on the floor. Presently they all began to talk at once, and they made such a hubbub that the cat rapped on a little stand he had drawn up in front of him, and said, with a very serious manner, "This meeting will please come to order."

Instantly all voices were hushed and then a frog, who was present, stood up on his hind legs and looked so very funny that Jim would have laughed outright had not the creature's words struck terror to his heart.

"Mr. President," began the frog, "as the chairman of the Committee for the Prevention of Cruelty to insects and animals of all descriptions, I arise to state what the committee has decided to do. We intended to make the last and greatest offender feel what our brothers and sisters have suffered. The culprit, is the boy, Jim Carlton. Mr. House Fly is to pull out his eyelashes and a large bunch of hair."

"Oh, but that will hurt!" yelled Jim from the seat which he had taken on his bed.

"That is no consideration," said Mr. President. "You had no thought for the feelings of Mr. Fly's brothers when you cruelly pulled off their wings and legs and left them to suffer. That hurts, too."

"Mr. Bull-frog," continued the chairman of the committee, "you are to cut off one of his legs."

"You wicked thing!" screamed Jim; "you don't know what a painful operation that is. Besides, I can't walk without my leg."

"Neither could Mr. Bull-frog's brother," answered the cat; "but you cut off his leg, and left him wounded and bleeding. It hurt him just as much as it will hurt you."

Jim groaned, and wished he had not interfered with frogs. He remembered that he had thus cruelly treated a poor, helpless one that very morning.

"You, Mr. President, are to step on him, and kick him all around the room."

"I won't stand it!" cried Jim.

"But you will be compelled to stand it," calmly said the President. "You made my poor mother endure your kicks and abuses."

"I'll run out of the room," thought Jim, and he quickly slipped to the door, only to find it locked and the key gone.

Then he sat down in despair and waited for further developments.

"And last, but not least," said the chairman of the committee, "Mr. Yellow Butterfly is to pin him to a board so fast that he will have to stay there and suffer till he dies."

Jim was magony. Could it be possible that these creatures would be cruel enough to kill him?

"O please, Mr. Cat, don't let them murder me!" he cried, dropping on his knees before the president. "I am my aunt's only nephew and she would grieve very much if I met such a violent death. And, then, think how it would hurt to have a pin stuck through my body?"

"But you didn't consider that pain when you stuck pins through the bodies of Mr. Yellow Butterfly's relatives. Neither did you think of the sorrow of the mourners. We must make an example of some boy or these abuses will go on to the end of time. You are the worst offender, and at the last meeting we decided to make an example of you. Our relatives are just as sensitive to pain as you are, Mr. Jim Carlton, and have as much right to enjoy the good things of this world as you have."

"But I didn't think how it all hurt," pleaded the frightened boy, "and I'll promise never, never, never to do it again!"

After that speech, the committee had a consultation, and returned to say that they thought it better to show no mercy. If once let loose, the boy would be as bad as before, and cruel boys had become the terror of the entire animal and insect world.

Still Jim continued his pleadings; but the president turned down his furry ears, and said to the members, "Form in line!"

First came Mr. House Fly, who was all ready to tear out Jim's hair and eyebrows; next came Mr. Bull-frog with his big knife, prepared to amputate the boy's leg; then Mr. President, ready to do his part of the abusing, and lastly Mr. Yellow Butterfly, carrying a prodigious pin, with which he was to fasten the unhappy boy to a board.

"Oh, mercy, mercy!" screamed Jim—and with the words his horrible visitors vanished, and he awoke to the fact that he had been dreaming. "At any rate," he said to himself, with a shiver, "I have been taught a lesson, and I'll keep that promise I made to Mr. President. It will be easy enough, too, for I never again could hurt a living thing without feeling what I felt in my dream."

The neighbors wondered thereafter what had caused such a marvelous change to come over Jim Carlton, for he grew to be so gentle with insects and animals that his companions forgot his old nature and gave him the name of "Jim Carlton, the tender-hearted." - Congregationalist.

The Knot in the Boards.

"No one will ever know the difference. A knotty board or two here on the back side will never be noticed. The knots will be covered with paint, and when the owner comes to inspect the building it will be all right."

He was a young man just starting in business as a builder. This was his first contract of importance, and upon its faithful performance went in great measure depend his future success.

Naturally I was curious to know how this method of doing work would result, and I watched the matter for sometime. The building was finished. The owner looked it over and accepted it. Why should he not? Every part of the work seemed to have been well done. So the young man received his pay.

A few years later, not more than two or three at the most. I noticed that the knots in the siding of this building were coming out through the paint. The beating rain and warm sunshine had done their work, and it was plainly to be seen that the house had not been constructed according to contract. Nor was this all. The walls inside were cracked badly, for the mortar used had been poor. Then, too, the foundation had settled, and already this once beautiful house was in need of repair.

What an advertisement for the young contractor? And it did its work. It was only a little while before he found it difficult to secure contracts where he was known, for he continued to act upon the plan that it would be all right if he should slight his work in what seemed to him to be minor points. His business fell off so that he was obliged to discharge his hands one after another and finally he moved to a distant city.

It did make a difference, you see.

The manner in which this young man did his work was the dividing line between success and failure.

Quite likely some who knew about this contractor and his work would have said: "If I had been in his place I would have done better work. For my own sake, if for no other reason, I would have put into every building just the material agreed upon."

Are you sure there are no knots in the work you are doing? Are you yourself always doing good, honest work?

Did you ever hear a young man at school say: "It will make no difference whether this rule is thoroughly committed to memory just now or not. I am in a hurry, some day when I have a little time I will go back and master it."

But the trouble some rule is forgotten. Examination came. The student recites the very rule he had slipped over to enable him to solve a hard problem. In vain he strives to recall the principle involved. Memory is true to her trust, but can do nothing more. Failure results.

In a room at the national capital sat three hundred persons undergoing an examination for positions under the government. It was a searching test. There were pale faces and nervous movements in all parts of the room. Now each would learn how thorough had been his equipment. If he had done good, faithful work in the days of his preparation, he might reasonably hope for success. Of all those present only twenty succeeded in gaining a place on the eligible list. What words of regret from those who failed! But it proved just what the knotty boards taught the young contractor, that it does make a difference how work is done. - Mt. Arty World.

Otorrhoea.

Otorrhoea running from the ear, is frequently the result of acute otitis - i.e., sudden and severe inflammation of the ear - which may cause an accumulation of matter in the tympanum sufficiently great to occasion the rupture of the drumhead. The otitis may be brought on not only by fever, but also by a blow on the head or exposure to wet and cold in various ways. In scrofulous children otorrhoea comes on without any of the symptoms of acute otitis. In some cases of fever, deafness is the almost necessary result of the rapid disorganization of the auditory apparatus by discharge of sanguineous fluid into the tympanum; but in a very large proportion of cases it is traceable to the neglect of parents, who, instead of seeking a cure for the child's otorrhoea, have calmly assumed that "the little thing will grow out of it." One would naturally imagine that the risks to health and hearing implied by a perpetual foul discharge from the ear would speedily impress themselves upon the public mind, yet so far is this from being the case that there are actually persons who hold the extraordinary notion that such a discharge is positively salutary; and it is one's repeated experience that not the malady, but simply the offence to the sense of smell occasioned thereby is that which has at last induced a patient to seek aid. - Draf and Dumb.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:  
WEST 4:15 a.m.; 7:20 a.m.; 8:00 a.m.; 11:15 a.m.; 2:45 p.m.; 5:15 p.m.  
EAST 1:30 a.m.; 6:00 a.m.; 10:47 a.m.; 12:05 p.m.; 5:05 p.m.  
MADON AND PETERSBURG BRANCH 5:00 a.m.; 12:15 a.m.; 6:45 p.m.; 8:00 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 particulars concerning this institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows: Every Sunday.  
West Lobby M.C.A., Corner Queen Street and Davenport Road, at 11 a.m.  
General Control, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 1 p.m. Leaders: Messrs. Smith, Douglas and others.  
L.A. End meetings, Cor. Parliament and Oak Street, at 11 a.m. every Sunday.  
SINGING CLASSES Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and on Queen Street and Davenport Road. Lectures, etc. may be arranged if desirable. Address, 27 Clinton Street.  
Miss A. FRANK, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto.

GENERAL INFORMATION

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Classes:  
SCHOOL HOURS From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5 p.m. DRAWING from 3 to 4:30 p.m. on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.  
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 1:30 to 3.  
EVENING HRY BY FROM 7 TO 8:30 p.m. for senior pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

Articulation Classes:  
From 9 a.m. to 11 noon, and from 1:30 to 3 p.m.

Religious Exercises:  
EVERY SUNDAY Primary pupils at 9 a.m. senior pupils at 11 a.m.; General Lecture at 2:30 p.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8:30 a.m., and the Teacher in-charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective school rooms not later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN - Rev. Canon Burke, High Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, V.G. Rev. J. J. Thompson, M.A. (Presbyterian). Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, (Methodist). Rev. A. H. Cowart, (Baptist); Rev. M. W. Macleau, (Presbyterian); Rev. Father Connolly, (Catholic). Rev. D. D. Rev. J. J. Rice, (Rev. N. Hill).

HOME CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3:15. International Series of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOE AND CARPENTER Shops from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school, for those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. 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 5 p.m. for those who do not attend school, and from 9:30 to 6 p.m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shops and Sewing Rooms 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 permission 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 visiting 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 Sunday afternoons. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 1:30 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:00 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 leaving-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 opportunity 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 Quince Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

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

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parents or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the 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 physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

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