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INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO,
CANADA.



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POETRY

A New Year.

Here you are, little Year, Did you come in the night
When I was asleep in bed?
And how did you find your way in before light
With no sun shining out overhead?
Did you pass the old Year as he rushed out of sight
With a jack that was heavy as lead?
He looked just like you, oh! so shining and slim,
When he made his bow twelve months ago
We all said: "Good morning, politely to him -
It was lanterns, dear Year, as you know,
And his hand was outstretched and his eye was not dim
As he stood in his first morning glow
But his fifty-two weeks were so crowded with work
And he had such a handful of days,
That you couldn't expect, since he was not a slink,
He'd be chipper and cheery always
His story was raked up with brightness and milk,
And we'll speak of him only with praise.
As for you, little Year, you are growing so fast
As you stand in the other Year's place
That already the shadow that falls from the past
Is weaving its veil over your face
Oh! happy new Year, may your happiness last,
As you trot at the century's pace

Pat Laughed Last.

An Irishman, on seeing a notice in a haberdasher's window one day which ran as follows: "Everything sold here by the yard," entered and asked the man if he sold butter-milk.
"Yes," was the answer.
"Then give me a yard," said Pat.
"All right," said the man, and dipping his fingers into a dish of milk at his side, he drew it a yard in length on the counter.
"Anything else?" he queried, triumphantly, of Pat.
"No," said Pat; "just rowl it up in a piece of paper and I'll take it with me."
When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts also.—South.

MISCELLANEOUS

Grandmother's Boy.

Carl Porter was sitting on the arm of his father's chair, after tea on New Year's eve. "Bess and I," said Carl, "were out in the woods getting mistle-toe and holly, and what do you think we saw? Bob lay carrying home a great bundle of wood. Squire Cannon said he could have all he could take, and Bob has carried home twenty bundles a day all the vacation." Two an hour he makes it, and at night he breaks them up, and packs and piles them in the woodshed. They have a big fire place, and he says they like fine big fires. But wasn't that a dull way to spend vacation?"
"He did not look dull, he looked jolly!" cried Bess, "strong and jolly, as if he had as good fun as we do!"
"And he wasn't a bit ashamed of our knowing the way he did, and seeing his little house, and all."
"Why should he be ashamed, Carl?" asked the father.
"Oh, well - it was so - well - shabby, you know."
"I think it was manly and honourable and noble for a boy to work cheerfully to help along. How do you know him?"
"He goes to our school. I heard some one say that his father left a little money for him, and his grandmother keeps it all to educate him, he is so fond of his books. He don't wear nice clothes, but he is way up at the top of the class, over boys of fifteen and sixteen, and he's only thirteen! He just digs in schools."
"Cousin Paul asked him to the party," said Bess, "but he said he could not come, his clothes did for school and church, but were not fine enough for parties. And he laughed and said:— 'You ask me when I'm a great lawyer or a judge, and then I'll come. Do you believe, papa, he'll be that?'"
"From what you tell me I should say he might. I fancy he is one of the boys that will stand at the top of the ladder.

Brave, honest, industrious, bright—good to his grandmother. That's the stuff men of mark are made of," said Mr. Porter.

"At school for a whole week we played court," said Carl, "and part of the time he was judge, and part of the time he was a lawyer. We had a whole lot of whiskey cases up, and he was terrible hard on the whiskey folks. Paul said to him, 'Carl, you're silly to be a temperance crank, for when you get to be a lawyer, you'll find that half the cases in court come some way from whiskey, and if there was prohibition, there would not be nearly so much work for lawyers, maybe you'd starve!' And Carl said he'd rather starve than make his living out of saying wrong is right, and making it legal to make men criminals by drink."

"I am pretty sure that your little wood-carrier will come out at the forefront of successful men," said Mr. Porter, "many 'temperance cranks' come out there."—National Temperance Advocate.

Three Silent Sisters.

"There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which present some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable," said a gentleman from the state in question, who is stopping at one of the New Orleans hotels. "The three sisters, all of whom are old maids, live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field, while the third does all the cooking and other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel like demons over a division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters have no name for themselves. They are known far and near as the deaf and dumb triplets, although this title is scarcely appropriate."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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R. MATHISON,
Superintendent
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

A Priceless Pearl.

What if this year should be my last?
That or another year shall come
My pilgrimage on earth be past
And I sleep within the tomb!

It may be so, I can not tell,
The future gives no secret out
What is to be she guards full well
And leaves the search still in doubt.

But as I know not, therefore, I
Will act as though this year should be
The last beneath the sunny sky
That kind heaven shall give to me

With sympathy my heart shall beat
For every creature God has made
And love to man, divinely sweet
Each moment shall my breast pervade

Revenge or hatred shall not find
Within my being room to hide
And malice, poison of the mind,
Condemned with serpents to abide

Each day shall see some duty done,
Some act of pure unselfishness,
And every where my feet shall run
To help a brother in distress

Tho' many years may come to me,
Like those now numbered with the past
A priceless pearl this one shall be
As tho' indeed it were my last

Grandfather's Gift.

The last night of the old year Jessie sat on her grandfather's knee, with her curly head resting on his shoulder and her chubby hands swinging her grandfather's watch gently backward and forward.

"What are you going to give me to-morrow, grandpa?"

"Give you to-morrow? Kisses, of course," said grandpa.

"No, I mean what are you going to give me for a New Year's gift?"

"Such a big New Year's gift ought to be contended with itself," said grandfather. "I shan't need to give you anything."

"Oh, yes, you will!" and Jessie let the watch slide into her grandfather's pocket, and framing his face in her little hands, looked reproachfully and entreatingly into his face.

"Must I?" asked grandfather, regarding that same little face with very kind eyes.

"Yes, you must," said Jessie imperiously.

"What shall I give you, then?" he asked.

Jessie thought a moment.

"A pocket full of money."

"A pocket full of money? What could you do with a pocket full of money?"

"Walk out," said Jessie.

"And lose it all."

"No, grandpa, of course not—give it away."

"Oh-h!" said grandfather, "that's the idea."

"Yes," said Jessie. "Last New Year's I met ever so many poor little girls and boys that said 'Please give me a penny?' and Jessie said the words thickly and fast, as she remembered to have heard them, "and it went to my heart, grandfather, to pass them by dressed in my ermine cloak and velvet hat."

"Grandfather's smiling eyes grow serious.

"Supposing, Jessie," he said, "I should fill your pockets with the money which I intended to buy you a pony with next summer, do you think you would be willing to go without the pony when summer came?"

"Oh, yes, grandpa," said Jessie, eagerly. "I am sure I should, and that would be lots of money, wouldn't it?"

"I should only put part in your pocket and the rest in the bank for mamma to help you spend."

"Spoud? For poor little girls and boys?"

"Yes, dear."

"You're a beautiful grandpa!"

Grandfather did not say anything, but he thought in his heart that Jessie was a New Year's gift invaluable.

"Did you hear the child?" he asked of Jessie's mother, after Jessie had gone to bed.

"Why, yes," said Jessie's mother. "It is no more than she ought to do. I should be very sorry if she did not think of others, with all the comforts that she has."

That same night another little girl of Jessie's age lay weeping silently in the corner of a desolate room where a feeble fire burned in a broken grate, and every other sign of poverty prevailed.

Upon a narrow bedstead lay the little girl's mother, too sick to rise, sleeping now, after a day of weary pain.

Presently there came a knock outside the door, at the sound of which the little girl rose, and, brushing the tears from

her eyes, went softly and opened the door.

"Rob!" she exclaimed, gladly, "is that you?"

"Yes, Agnes; but it's no use—"

"Hush!" said Agnes, shutting the door very gently and drawing her brother into the adjoining room. "Oh, Rob, you don't mean they didn't want you?"

"Yes, I do, and we may as well die and be done with it. Never mind, Aggie, don't cry—notice your sister's distress—perhaps something will turn up."

And, striving to comfort his sister, Rob almost deceived himself as to the hopelessness of things.

"People are always kinder at New Year's. I may beg a job somewhere, as long as the Sharples's don't want me. They didn't pay me well, as it was, and if it hadn't been for mother being sick—"

"They've got so much money, too," sobbed Agnes. "Oh, I know if I was a rich man I'd look out for poor people!"

"I think I should, too," said Rob. "At least I wouldn't cheat them out of what really did belong to them."

A faint call from the sick room reached Agnes' ear, and both she and her brother hastened to the bedside of their mother, where they remained most of the night, sleeping and watching turns, hoping that the morning would find her better, yet fearing it would find her worse.

Rob had wished to call a physician, but as there was nothing to pay one with, and no immediate prospect of any means to do so, he had not gone, but in the morning he started out for that purpose, and Agnes, cheering the fire into its warmest blaze, sought to keep up a brave heart, while the patient in valid lay as silent and uncomplaining as it was possible for her, suffering and weak as she was.

The hours stole slowly by towards noon, and Rob did not return, neither did the physician appear, and little Agnes at last decided to go for the latter, while with an anxious heart she wondered where her brother could be.

As she hurried along the street, so intent upon her purpose, eager only to get a physician, and hasten back to her mother, she stumbled awkwardly against a little girl who was walking with one hand in her grandfather's and one hand in her pocket.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jessie, as she put her jaunty hat back on its proper place, and regarded the frightened Agnes. "Oh, did I hurt you, little girl?"

"Oh, no," said Agnes. "I was afraid I hurt you. I'm very sorry—I wasn't looking," and she was hastening on, when Jessie caught hold of her shawl, which felt very thin, and drew her back.

"I want to wish you a happy New Year," she said, "and give you something to buy you a new shawl," and she eagerly pressed a handful of coin into Agnes' hand.

"Do you mean to give this all to me?" asked Agnes, bewildered.

"Oh, yes," said Jessie, "and more, too, if you want it. That's my New Year's, isn't it, grandpa?"

"It will more than pay Dr. Westtan," said Agnes, speaking to herself, as she eagerly counted the money. "Oh, how kind of you! The money'll make mother better fast in itself."

"Is your mother sick?" asked Jessie, compassionately.

"Yes," answered Agnes, her eyes filling with tears; "and I must not stop to talk, although I thank you so very much."

"Just a moment longer!" said Jessie's grandfather. "Where do you live? We may be able to be of use to your mother. Dr. Westtan and I are old friends. Does he think your mother so very sick?"

"He hasn't seen her yet," faltered Agnes; "we did not like to call him until we had to, as we were afraid we could not pay him; but now—now I must hurry, for mother is alone."

"Go back to her," said Jessie's grandfather, "I will go for Dr. Westtan myself."

"Oh, thank you!" said Agnes, "then he will be sure to come."

"Yes, and we'll come back with him," said Jessie, shouting after her as she hastened away. "Let us hurry, grandpa. I hope Dr. Westtan will be at home."

They found him just returning, and making preparation to call on the sick woman, as Rob had left word for him to do in the morning.

He took Jessie and her grandfather with him in his chaise and in a few minutes they stopped before the shabby

habitation which Agnes was just entering.

She uttered a glad exclamation at beholding them, and showed the doctor at once to her mother's bedside.

"I am glad," he said to Jessie's grandfather after prescribing for his patient, "to meet you here, for here you will find an opportunity to exercise the charity for which you have acquired a reputation. These are worthy people and your kindness will not be lost upon them."

Meanwhile, Jessie had been explaining to Agnes about her pocketful of money, and Agnes had been telling her of other little boys and girls who, she supposed, would be as glad of the money as she had been.

"Oh, I hope Rob will come soon," she said, "everything is so nice. Rob said people would be kinder to-day because it is New Year's and he was right."

"Is Rob your brother?" asked Jessie.

"Yes," and Agnes drew such a glowing picture of him that Jessie wanted to wait and see him, but grandfather warned her that their dinner hour was near at hand and that they must be going.

"You will hear from us again," he said to Agnes, while Jessie insisted upon putting more money into her hand.

"For Rob," she said, laughing.

Doctor Westtan remained a while longer, as he was in truth more anxious about his patient than he really cared to show.

She was, however, sleeping quietly, when, with a few kind words to Agnes, he withdrew.

"I need not be quite so afraid to put my last shovelful of coal on," said she, meditatively, as she renewed the fire, and settled herself to recount her money and consider what of all their needs it should buy for them.

While thus occupied she fell asleep. Jessie was eating her New Year's dinner, and between the mouthfuls, recounting the adventures of the morning.

"You'll go there, mamma, won't you?"

"Certainly, my dear, this very afternoon."

"And, mamma, I shall give them all the money I was going to put in the bank, shall I not?"

"We will consider it, my dear. We will learn first what their needs are."

"Most everything, I should think, shouldn't you, grandpa?"

"Pretty nearly, from what I saw and from what Dr. Westtan tells me."

"Oh, mamma, why didn't I think to ask you to send that little girl a dinner?"

"I thought of it," said grandfather, "and your mother has sent it."

So when Agnes woke with a start from her sleep it was to find by her side a basket of provisions which some one had left there.

"Mother," she said, softly, "but her mother was still sleeping." "I ought to have locked the door," said Agnes, "but I did not think of going to sleep. That dear little girl must have sent this. I will put it by until Rob comes, and then we will enjoy it together. I wish mother could eat some of it."

Jessie was much displeased when, later in the afternoon, she and her mother made their proposed visit, to find that the dinner was untouched.

"Didn't eat even a piece of pie?" she asked.

Agnes shook her head.

"Then you must eat it now," said Jessie, "for mother is going to send you as many pies as you want, and everything else."

Which was, Agnes thought, quiet true, when that night the narrow bedstead had given way to a more commodious one, and the scanty bedclothes were replaced by warm, soft blankets and a downy spread.

Every comfort that the invalid could desire was placed at her disposal, with the promise of the constant attention of Dr. Westtan until health should return to her.

A happy New Year it proved in this home from the first day 'til the end.

With rope and comfort, health and happiness returned, for that night when Rob came back to find the joyous change the day had wrought, he had his own happy story to add to the general rejoicing.

He had aided a lady to cross a crowded street, and picked her little boy out almost from under the horses' hoofs, and she, in turn, had taken him home with her, and recommended him to one of her gentleman boarders who had need of a boy in his business, and who at once engaged Rob, and as he was only too willing to begin his labors then and there had kept him busy till night, for before

his father died Rob had been in school.

"A happy New Year," said she and Rob watched the smile on her mother's pale face that night sleeping.

"A happy New Year," said she with her curly head nestled on her grandfather's chin. "It was present you gave me grandpa?"

"It was a wise little brain that thought of it," said grandfather, "wait till the summer comes, a pony, and then see."

"Grandpa!" and Jessie's eyes quite silenced him. *New York Weekly.*

A Mistake Somewhere

"Miss Gracie," he said, with a engaging smile, "did you ever see a hand at one of these progressive games?"

"What is a progressive game, Mr. Spoonamore?" inquired the lady.

"Haven't you heard of them? It is one. Why is a ball of yarn a letter 'C'? Because a ball of yarn is circular, a circular is a sheet, a sheet is flat, a flat is forty-five dollars a month, forty-five dollars a month is dear, dear is swift, a swift is a swallow, a swallow is a taste, a taste is an inclination, an inclination is an angle, an angle is a point, a point is an object aimed at, an object aimed at is a target, a target is a mark, a mark is an impression, an impression is a stamp, a stamp is a thing stuck on, a thing stuck on is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 'C' because he stands before the Miss Gracie."

"I don't think you have the answer quite right," said the young lady. "A ball of yarn is round, a round is a steak, a steak is a coat, a thing a woman thing is a young man in love, and a young man in love is like the letter 'C' because Mr. Spoonamore" and she spoke clearly and lastly, because he is often crossed.

The young man understood. He took his hat and his progressive coin, and vanished from Miss Gracie's parlour, leaving her with the *Tribune*.

Met His Match.

Certainly the gilded youth of today has not the chivalry of his ancient prototype. Perhaps the new woman has something to do with the bad manners and ill concealed indifference which he assumes at whatever function he honors with his presence. If this is the case, however, it will be diamond cut diamond for the girl of the period is far more with her tongue, and can be just as independent and independent as her own-line contemporary.

"Jack," said a lady to one of her guests, "come and be introduced to Miss—"

"She is charming!"

"Thanks, awfully; but I'd rather talk to you," was the answer overheard by the sharp ears of the young lady in question, who could see her hostess laughingly expostulating.

Finally the youth, apparently yawned, lounged towards her with, "Well, then, up, then," and the next instant Miss B. and her victim stood before her. "Miss dear," she whispered, "Mr.—" as anxious to be presented to you, may I?" and then aloud, "Miss S.—I want to introduce my great friend, Mr. A.—" The girl gave a little nod and looked at him critically, as if to take in all his points. "Yes," she said, simply, "he's very nice and now trot him back again," and turning her back, she continued her interrupted conversation with her companion. *New York Tribune.*

A well-known dry goods store recently displayed the following placard: "The stock of kids. Assorted colors and sizes. Step in and examine them." It happened no one knows, but the morning the sign was seen fastened to the entrance of the Orphan Asylum around the corner. *Truth.*

Lewis, Md., has a horseless car. The vehicle is of the ordinary kind, the motor power being in front and placed between the shafts as usual. Two guide lines connect with the axle of the machine to direct the car. Connection is also made to the rear by leather straps. Speed is regulated by the driver, 8 to 10 miles an hour on ordinary roads being made. The car is a gray mule.

We Greet New Year.

Children, don't you hear
The knocking at the door?
It's the glad New Year
To you and me once more.

With treasures ever new,
At our waiting feet;
To give and purchase new
Four lives to music sweet.

Shed the thorns of the flowers,
But mind our duty,
To fight the priceless hours,
We will glow with beauty.

Open the portals fling,
The high the liberal cheer,
Laugh, at it about, and sing,
Come, welcome, glad New Year.

The Christmas Entertainment.

When it was suggested that some entertainment be arranged for Christmas week, every one, from Superintendent down, entered into the scheme with nearly good will and promised their assistance, so the programme here presented was decided upon. Owing to the unusually crowded condition of the dining room, it was decided that the large study-room of the girls should be utilized as a hall for one evening. It is a smaller room than the dining room which prevented the invitation of the usual number of city friends; and it was also thought best that home talent be used to as great an extent as possible, and that the entertainment be kept as a pleasant surprise for the pupils. A large stage 10x20 feet was erected at one end of the room, and all the light supplied by the oxy-hydrogen light in charge of Mr. Douglas, who, by a skillful manipulation of colored glasses gave a variety of beautiful shades, that added much to the stage effects.

Promptly at 7.35 p. m. the curtain rose, and displayed a single full length figure of a Grecian woman in her flowing white draperies. Then followed a group of three, the Gypsy in full length, the Japanese and Maid of Franco as bust portraits upon either side. The Algerian was the next full length portrait, flanked by a Swede and a Spaniard. Lastly the Highlander, Italian and Quaker. The second number, "The Fortune Teller," showed a gypsy's camp, tent, camp fire and accessories; the Gypsy Queen was standing by her tent door gravely scrutinizing the outstretched palm of the young lady in evening dress who, with her escort, had deigned to visit her at such a late hour, in quest of information of their future.

"An Innocent Victim" was in two scenes, both upon a battle-field. The two red cross nurses were bending above a wounded soldier in kindly ministrations. In the next scene one of the nurses had been wounded and was dying in the arms of her companion, while the men for whom she had risked her life stood about in pitying but helpless sympathy.

"Cinderella," the fairy story dear to all child hearts, next followed. The first scene showed Cinderella weeping over her mother's grave, and an angel hovering over her striving to bring life to the wounded heart. The second scene showed the step-mother and her daughters in the various stages of preparation for the ball, Cinderella sitting alone by the fire. In the third scene she is found, sitting alone by the fire, when suddenly there appears a group of fairies, and stands before her. She rises keeping her eyes on the goodmother who raises her wand, and presto! Cinderella appears radiant in white silk, ready for the ball. The fourth scene represented the morning of the ball, step-mother and daughters in gowns, and Cinderella in her rags. The Prince and his Page arrived, and the Page was sitting on Cinderella's foot while the Prince looked on, and the disreputable step-relations showed their chagrin all too plainly. In the next scene, the Prince and Cinderella kneeling upon cushions before the man, who, in cap and gown was in the act of giving them his blessing. About them were grouped the young guests, the ladies resplendent

in silks and satins and plumes, the gentlemen in knee breeches, decorated coats, velvet vests, lace befrilled ribbon, bowed and buckled.

Mr. Coleman explained each number upon the programme before the curtain rose, so the children understood the significance of each group.

"Joan of Arc," in her coat of mail, with shield and sabre, was therefore of interest to the older pupils.

"The Proposal and Disposal" showed a young man upon his knees before a coy damsel, whose irate parents were also witnesses to his avowals, and the father was threatening to settle the question with the soft end of a broom.

"Our Three Little Maids from School" stepped right out of the realms of the Mikado, and a lovely group of shy little Japanese were they.

Violet Gray, huge slipper in hand, chastised her helpless dolly which lay across her knee and demanded in dumb show, "Now, will you be good?" Her very curls bristled with determination.

The poor old bachelor who was so tormented by mice he had to find a wife, amused the children. His various tribulations excited their risibles, and when he returned in triumph with his wife in a rickety wheel barrow, which broke down and caused her to shed tears, his dismay was comical.

Perhaps one of the prettiest tableaux on the programme, was where the two little people were shown in one of the poses of the Minuet the stately dance of our grand parents. Little Clara, dressed in a quaint old dress of the Queen Elizabethian era and beautiful black haired little Annetta, dressed as the boys of that period dressed, in yellow satin knickerbockers and jacket with wide lace collar and cuffs, plumed hat and buckled shoes, a tiny sword hanging by her side.

Two anxious little mothers with sick children, and a serious business like little doctor to feel their pulses, made up the group in "Playing Doctor." The doctor was nearly extinguished in his father's coat and hat, and his cane was as tall as himself.

The last scene, "Good night," was a repetition of the tableau given three years ago, it having been so favorably received that many requests came for its reproduction this time. The nurse, lighted candle in hand, stood in the back ground while seven girls, daintily robed for the night, knelt in a semicircle before her, in attitudes of prayer.

The successful presentation of "The Fortune Teller" is due to Miss Templeton, who arranged it. To Miss Walker should be given the credit of the arrangement of the tableaux of "An Innocent Victim." Miss Gibson suggested "Cinderella." Miss Maybee arranged the tableau of "Joan of Arc." Miss Dempsey arranged the two beautiful tableaux of "Three Little Maids from School" and "They Danced Them a Measure on Christmas Night." To Mrs. Ballis is due the lion's share of credit for the success of the entertainment. She was general manager of the whole affair, and her many experiences in pantomimes of this character, her fertility of resource and her careful attention even to the smallest details ensured its success from its inception. Mr. Nurse, as stage manager, also had an important and difficult part to play and succeeded admirably.

NOTES.

Everything went off without a hitch and those in charge felt grateful and relieved when it was all over.

Mr. Coleman's humorous explanations of the living pictures made the audience merry and even the subjects of his remarks found it difficult to maintain a becoming gravity.

All who took part received praise, but Mrs. Ballis well deserved the special vote of thanks so heartily tendered her at the close. She worked indefatigably to make it a success.

Miss Walker and Miss Dempsey spared neither themselves, time or trouble to assist in making the entertainment a success. There was a magic power in Miss Dempsey's needle and it did wonders.

The Kingston friends who so kindly loaned us costumes for Cinderella have our hearty thanks. Mrs. Torrell brought them with her upon her return from there where she had been spending Christmas with her daughter.

Mr. McKillop's personification of bachelorhood was as perfect as it could well be and, being the only comedy on the programme, was much enjoyed. The wheel-barrow spill of his wife and

her belongings was so ludicrous the audience wanted to see the mix up again.

Following is the programme, giving names and characters.

LIVING PICTURES

Grecian	Miss S. Hale
Maid of Franco	Miss J. Mathison
Gipsy	Miss K. Templeton
Japanese	Miss K. Showers
Swede	Miss G. Linn
Algerian	Mr. Geo. Stewart
Spaniard	Miss M. Ball
Highlander	Miss C. Gibson
Quaker	Miss I. Dith Wiley
Italian	Miss M. Hall
Joan of Arc	Miss H. Hammell

TABLEAUX VIVANT
THE FORTUNE TELLER

Miss S. Templeton	Miss F. Maybee
Mr. John Matheson	

AN INNOCENT VICTIM

Miss I. Walker	Miss M. Dempsey
Mr. John Matheson	Mr. Geo. Stewart
Master Wm. Cornish	Mr. L. Charbonneau
Master Harry Ponton	

CINDERELLA

Cinderella	Miss F. Chantler
The Stepmother	Miss M. Lamondelline
Two Stepsisters	Miss F. Maybee
The Godmother	Miss C. Gibson
The Page	Miss A. Jelleffolle
Prince	Miss A. James
Clergyman	Master John Mapee
Queen	Master Wm. Gray
Nog	Mr. J. T. Burns
Angel	Miss B. Mathison
	Mr. Chas. Holton
	Miss A. Allendorf

FAIRIES

Marion Waters	Grace Little
Mary Brown	Anna Allendorf
Martha Cunningham	Cora Pierce

WEDDING GUESTS

Mr. W. J. Campbell	Miss S. Hale
Mr. J. C. Ballis	Miss M. Dempsey
Mr. D. J. McKillop	

SCENE FIRST—Cinderella at her Mother's Grave
SCENE SECOND—The Preparation for the Ball
SCENE THIRD—The Godmother's Visit
SCENE FOURTH—Fitting the Slipper
SCENE FIFTH—The Wedding

THE PROPOSAL AND DISPOSAL

Dr. Geo. Mathison	Miss C. Showers
Mr. Thomas Green	

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

Miss K. Showers	Miss A. Showers
Miss Elizabeth Veitch	

"NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"
Violet Gray

PANTOMIME COMEDY
IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Mr. D. J. McKillop, Miss Ada James
George Arnall, Miss Lillian
Miss Annetta Johnson, Miss Clara Henderson

SCENE FIRST
"When I was a young man I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had I kept upon a shelf"

SCENE SECOND
"Then I went to London to get me a wife."

SCENE THIRD
"The streets were so long and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to take my wife home in a wheelbarrow"

SCENE FOURTH
"The wheel barrow broke my wife had a fall,
And down came little wife, bundles and all"

TABLEAUX VIVANT

They danced them a measure on Christmas night"
Miss Annetta Johnson, Miss Clara Henderson
Violet Gray, Mary Russell
Master Allan Walton

GOOD-NIGHT

Miss S. Hale
Miss Annetta Johnson, Miss Marion Waters
Miss Grace Little, Miss Cora Pierce
Miss M. Cunningham, Miss May McCormick
Miss Anna Allendorf

MANAGER—MRS. STEVIA C. BALLIS
STAGE MANAGER—MR. W. NURSE
INTERPRETER—MR. D. R. CULFMAN

—George McDonald worked with his brother on the farm during the summer and expected to secure employment in the lumber camps this winter, but on account of business being so dull he has been unsuccessful.

—On Wednesday the 23rd ult., at an entertainment held in the Methodist Church at Atherly, Geo. McDonald, favored the audience by singing the "Lord's Prayer" and "Nearer My God to Thee," which was appreciated.

—Ronald McDonald, Cornwall, writes to Mr. Mathison.—"It affords me a good deal of pleasure to address you a few lines. I certainly have not forgotten your great kindness to me while at school. I am pleased to tell you. I am getting on very nicely here. I work in the shoe factory and like it very much. I make quite a little money. I find my education a great assistance and must thank you, and the teachers for the interest you took in my behalf. I suppose you have a full school again this year and hope the children are all very good. Mother is well and presents her kindest regards and hoping Mrs. Mathison and family are very well. Hoping to hear from you, and wishing to you a very very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year's Day. I remain, your former pupil and respectful friend. My brother Hugh works in the cotton mill in Cornwall and is doing well."

Ring Out the Old.

Ring New-Year bells, ring loud and clear,
With merry peals so full of cheer,
Ring in the boy that's first at school,
Ring out the dance-block and the fool;
Ring in the boy that's bright as day,
That loves to work and loves to play,
Ring out the idler and the drone;
Ring out the grabblers, every one;
Ring out the boys who will not lend
A willing hand to help a friend.
Ring in new school books and new toys,
Ring out all things that ruin boys;
Ring out the wrecker from the street,
Ring out the fighter and the cheat,
Ring out the child that doesn't care,
Ring in good children everywhere.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Boys' Side of the Institution.
[BY GEORGE MUNRO.]

—January.
—New Year's Day, 1897.

—W. Brown saw a notice in the *Shoeburne Economist* saying that his cousin was shot in the foot while out hunting.

—Willie Lightfoot, a pupil here, left for home on the 17th ult., on account of his grandfather's illness. We hope he had a good time on Christmas.

—Edward Lewlio, who was in the printing-office, has left. John Crough is now taking his place as "Jack" says he will get work at printing in Peterborough, his home.

—Mr. Tait, a deaf-mute from Halifax, N. S., paid us a visit on the 18th. We were all pleased to see him. He can hardly spell with one hand, but he does well with two hands.

—On the 15th ult., when the boys were squirting water on the rink, the machine near the bay broke and the water stopped instantly. They were disappointed of having fine skating.

—On the 21st inst., through the generosity of Mr. Mathison, we were allowed to go skating on the bay. The classes and work-shops closed at 2 p. m. It was also the birthday of the reporter of these items.

—Some time ago, a mouse did something mischievous in J. Armstrong's closet, and he set a trap and the next morning there was the little mouse dead in the trap. Jarvis thinks none will trouble him again.

—On the 18th ult., in the evening, Miss Mathison invited the all-day working boys and girls to a party in the Supt's house. All reported having a very good time and were sorry to leave when time was called for us to go to our sides again. There was also refreshments there. We all thanked Miss Mathison for her kindness.

—Mr. J. C. Ballis, one of our teachers, gave us an interesting lecture on the evening of the 12th ult., about Central Africa and the fashions of the colored people, also the different burials. He said that when a colored man dies, his wife would be buried alive with him, or when the King dies, his wife would be buried alive too, because the souls can not part. We thought this very strange, as we know nothing of it before.

—On the evening of the 28th inst., while the boys were studying their lessons and while the all-day workers were in the reading-room, Michael Noonan, who left here last year, came in, on his way to Woodstock to visit Wm. McKay. They were all surprised to see him. After the study-hour, the boys came down into the reading room and looked innocently into his face, but soon recognized him.

—Christmas came on the 25th inst. In the morning after breakfast some boys went skating on the bay and soon afterwards went to chapel. The pupils were glad to see the sketches on the chapel slates drawn by W. E. Gray, which the boys say are prettier than those of Nelson Wood last year. About 9.45 they left the chapel and went into the girls' sitting-room, where the piles of boxes and books were laid. Every one got a book, but some did not get a box. Three boys, Jno. Shilton, Dalton Gardiner and Robt. Enaminger got turkeys besides other things. At dinner the turkeys looked so tempting the boys wanted to have one each. After dinner, we were allowed to go skating on the bay, but the skating did not satisfy us as the wind was blowing fast and was so strong. It broke Mr. Douglas' ice-boat. If it were not for the wind, we would have had a better time. There was a party in the evening in the dining-room and a number of visitors were present. It broke up to the regret of all at 10 o'clock, when we soon left for our beds.



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 calculated to wound the feelings of any one will be admitted—if we know it.

ADVERTISING

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

Address all communications and subscriptions to
THE CANADIAN MUTE,
BELLEVILLE,
ONTARIO



FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1897

We wish all our readers
"A Happy New Year."

The New Year.

This issue of the CANADIAN MUTE marks the close of another year and the beginning of a new, and we desire to express our sincerest wish that to all our readers it may be the happiest and best year of their lives. It may or may not be the happiest—that we cannot decide since we cannot choose all the elements and regulate the various events and circumstances on which happiness depends. But it may and should be the best, for we can and ought to so control and direct our thoughts and acts as to make it such. And for us to make it the best year of our lives simply means that we are moving forward in the right direction, as we are in duty bound to do. We should not stand still, for that means stagnation. We should not retrograde, for that means shame and disaster. But with the experiences and mistakes of the past for our warning and admonition we should advance to some perceptible extent towards purer motives, higher aspirations and a truer success, else to us life is in truth a failure. And while we mark each anniversary of these fast recurring cycles of time as milestones on our brief journey through this vestibule of eternity, we should ever remember that after all it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die. "The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat and drink, to be exposed to darkness and light, to pace round in the mill of habit and turn thought into an implement of trade—that is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities will slumber which makes it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, only these

can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The laugh of mirth that vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the death which startles us with mystery; the hardship which forces us to struggle; the anxiety that ends in trust: these are the true nourishment of our being." Let us then use all these experiences for the highest development possible for each of us, and above all let us remember over how few and how fast-fleeting are the two or three score years allotted to us in this life.

They are slipping away these swift little years
Like a leaf on the current east
With never a break in the rapid flow
We watch them as one by one they go
Into the beautiful past

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim lighted stair
We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead.
As beautiful and fair

There are only a few years left to live,
Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—Oh, let
No envious taunts be heard,
Make life a fair pattern of rare design,
And fill up the measure with love's sweet
wine,
But never an angry word



Hon. E. J. Davis.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a photograph of Hon. E. J. Davis, M. P., Provincial Secretary of Ontario. The boys and girls here, who enjoyed Mr. Davis' visit to the Institution a couple of weeks ago, will readily recognize and appreciate the picture; while the friends of the deaf throughout the province will be pleased to possess a likeness of the gentleman who now has charge of this and some of the other public institutions throughout the Province, and who has given every indication of both the desire and the ability to conduct the affairs of his department in a manner that will best conserve both the interests of the public in general and the progress and welfare of those in attendance at these institutions in particular.

Mr. Davis is of United Empire Loyalist descent, his father, Asher Davis, having come from one of the Carolinas in 1770, and settled in Halton County. Mr. Davis himself was born in the Township of King, Dec. 2nd, 1851, and is now, therefore, but 45 years of age. He was educated at the public schools, at the Waterdown Grammar School and at the Hamilton Commercial College. His avocation is that of a tanner, at which he has been engaged since seventeen years of age with marked success. He is today sole proprietor of the establishment of A. Davis & Son, which is one of the largest tanning businesses in Canada. From his boyhood he has always taken a keen interest in the public affairs of the country. He was elected a councillor for King Township in 1887, and re-elected each successive year till 1890. In 1881 and 1882 he was Deputy-Reeve, in 1883-4-5-6 Reeve, and in 1886 he became Warden for the County of York. In 1888 he was elected a member of the Local Legislature to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. Widdifield, and was re-elected with large majorities in 1890 and 1891. He at once took a foremost position among the ablest men in the Legislature,

his incisive and logical style of debate, lighted up with a kindly humor and a graceful oratory making him a power in the House, while his scrupulous honesty, and his attractive personality and his extensive and accurate acquaintance with public affairs commanded the esteem and admiration of all the members of the Legislature. On the re-organization of the Cabinet consequent to the retirement of Sir Oliver Mowat and the accession of Mr. Harby to the premiership, Mr. Davis accepted a Cabinet position without a portfolio; and on the demise of Hon. Mr. Balfour he became Provincial Secretary, assuming charge of his department August 28th of this year. He is a prominent member of the Methodist Church, and has been a teacher of the Bible Class in the church at King Village for twenty-three years. Mr. Davis is a total abstainer and a strong temperance advocate, having been a member of the Sons of Temperance since 1870. He is a member of the Independent Order of Foresters and has also been an enthusiastic Mason for years.

North West Deaf Children.

The Winnipeg *Silent Echo*, in its issue of Dec. 1st, made another urgent appeal to the Dominion Government on behalf of the deaf mute children in the North West Territories, who are now and always have been excluded from the opportunity of acquiring an education. For a long time the *Echo* has been endeavoring to induce those in authority to remedy this grievance, but so far without success. There will be room in the Manitoba Institution, when the contemplated addition is completed, for all the deaf children in the Territories, and though, of course, the Manitoba government cannot be expected to provide a free education for these children, it has expressed its willingness to admit them on the payment of a reasonable amount for each pupil by the Dominion Government, whose duty it is to provide for educational facilities in the North-west. Some time ago an agreement relative to this matter was prepared and approved of by the Manitoba government and the Executive Council of the Territories, and submitted to the Minister of the Interior. The arrangement seemed on the point of success, but for some reason—or without one—the matter was postponed and nothing has yet been done. The *Echo* cites a number of pathetic instances of the sad results of this want of educational facilities, and it strongly urges that the new Minister of the Interior should at once take some action in the matter. The Superintendent of this Institution, also, has received numerous letters from deaf friends in the North-west relative to the grievance referred to and we sincerely hope that the *Echo's* appeal will be heeded. A government that neglects such an obvious duty as this incurs a grave responsibility. It thereby practically condemns these deaf wards to a life of dependence, and in many cases of misery. From a financial standpoint alone such a course is most unwise, since it will cost much more to maintain these people all their lives in idleness than it would to give them an adequate education and thus enable them to earn a livelihood for themselves. But this is the lowest standpoint from which to view such a subject. Who can estimate the sum of human happiness of which these mutes are deprived because of the enforced ignorance in which they are kept? And what mere computation of dollars and cents can set forth the possible consequences of the moral darkness in which they must ever be condemned to live because of the lack of training and development which they would have received in school?

Lecture by Mr. Bails

Mr. Bails' lecture on the 1st was too late to report in our issue. It was of a most intensely interesting character and he kept his audience bound for over an hour. The subject was Central Africa, its inhabitants, customs in dress, food, worship, travelling, superstitions, currency, signs of war, executions of slaves and criminals, etc; the country, its size, fruits, rivers and marshes, its animals and the methods of their capture. The natives, the poisonous reptiles and terrible scoto fly whose bite is fatal to all European animals of draught, were the ass. In the delivery of the lecture Mr. Bails' powers of mimicry and the flexibility of the pupils' faces, while his plain lucid signs made it clear to the most obtuse. Mr. Bails had intended to touch on the darkest side of Africa, namely, its slave traffic, but the time was too short so it was held over for a future lecture. At the close Mr. Bails was tendered a hearty vote of thanks with a pressing request to come and lecture again soon, which of course he promised to do.

From Former Pupils.

One of our girl graduates writes to the Superintendent as follows: "I have not written to you for some time for you have so much to occupy your attention that I did not want to bother you. * * * One of my good friends prophesied that I would blossom out into a poet or novelist, but there does not seem any probability of it coming to pass. There was a deaf mute here to-day peddling court plaster. He was a strong man, fairly well educated, and I felt a great contempt for him for being engaged in such a business. He told me to death and made himself disagreeable generally. He talked about nothing else but Light, and Darkness, and Moses, and things. At least that was as much as I could make out. Am always glad to get a mute to talk to me, but I have the line at cracks, religious fanatics and tramps. You will think I am unmerciful to my fellow sufferers, but he was simply awful. * * * I am seeking a house for my brothers, and I don't know what I would do if you had not made me go into the sewing room when I was at school the last term. The days I spent at the Institution were the happiest of my life. Do you know I make home-made bread three times a week, sometimes five times, and have it as a baking, and sell it to my regular customers. I am proud of my accomplishments in the culinary line that I would be of writing a book. I have joined the Library Association in our town so have plenty of opportunities for indulging my taste in reading. I have McLaren's "Beside the Bonny Briar Bush" now. I like Scotch stories and history best. Give my love to Miss Walker, and my other friends. I wish you all "A Happy New Year."

Miss Margaret Hutchinson, who is now at Kendall Green School, Gallatin College, Washington, U. S., writes to Mr. Mathison:—"I must apologize for not answering your very welcome letter for such a long time; every day I tried to find time to write to you, but I could not, as I am busy reviewing my lessons for the Christmas examinations. I had not realize that Christmas is so near to us, and I hope everyone at the Institution will get a Christmas box and have a jolly time. I shall miss you all very much on Christmas morning, and more particularly yourself, as you were my Santa Claus for a number of years while I was at school. When you make your address to the pupils on Christmas morning, before the distribution of presents, please tell the teachers and pupils that I wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. In addition to good wishes our friend Hutchinson, sent \$1.00, to be expended for some poor child at school whose friends are too poor to forward an offering. It was put to good use, and the hearts were made happy by the use of the money."

—Parents in remitting money to the Institution will please not send American silver, as we cannot receive here except at a discount of 20 per cent.

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association

OFFICERS	
Pres.	D. Hayne, Belleville
V. Pres.	A. S. Wagoner, Preston
Secy.	A. W. Mason, Toronto
Treas.	Wm. Nurse, Belleville
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Dist. Secy.	
Dist. Secy.	

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1897.

Over the gloomy landscape,
 Wrapped in its robe of night
 The glowing sun arises
 And clothes it all with light
 So in our daily troubles,
 A hopeful word of love
 Transforms our grief to gladness,
 Like sunshine from above.
 —HONOR. D. BRZEZ.

Christmas Festivities.

Christmas has come and gone again, and the long drawn out pleasures of an occupation, have been exchanged for the brief but intense joys of participation, and these, we fear in some cases have been succeeded by the bitter pangs of depletion. Be that as it may, all the children were manifestly very glad when the longed for day arrived; and the Superintendent, the Matron and others, whose duty it was to be father, mother and Santa Claus to the 200 children here, were no doubt even more glad when the day was over. Yet, difficult as was the task they had to accomplish, and weary as they were with the labors of the day, it was thoroughly enjoyed by them for what greater delight can anyone know than of giving pleasure to others. Measured by this standard, if the happiness enjoyed by Superintendent and Matron was proportioned to the aggregate of that which beat in these 200 hearts, they must have had much more than their fair share of felicity.

For some time before the festal day the spirit of eager expectation was everywhere manifest. The days and even the hours, whose slow passing must yet elapse, were counted a dozen times a day, and many were the sly efforts made to catch at least a passing glimpse of the mysterious boxes and parcels that by the score were arriving by mail and express.

But at last "The time drew near the birth of Christ" and on Thursday afternoon, officers, teachers and pupils all assembled in the chapel for the usual Christmas gratulations and good wishes. Superintendent Mathison said he was very glad indeed to see every one present looking so well and happy on this festive occasion. Last year several of the pupils were sick at Christmas time, but, though there had been much sickness and several deaths recent among the children in the city, there had not been any cases of serious illness for this season in the Institution; for this and the many other mercies which they had every reason to be thankful and happy. He then explained the programme for the morrow, raised the anticipations of the children to the highest pitch by describing some of the boxes and their probable contents, and he said he was glad to see that every boy and girl there would get a gift of some sort. He exhorted them to be moderate in indulgence in the sweetmeats and to eatables their boxes might contain, closed by wishing all of them a merry Christmas.

Next addresses full of felicitations and good wishes were made by Messrs.

McKillop, Denys, Campbell, Coleman and Hall, and by Mr. M. Noonan, an ex-pupil, who was present. On motion of Prof. Denys, seconded by Prof. Coleman, the pupils, teachers and other officers reciprocated Mr. Mathison's good wishes in a very hearty manner.

Next morning the excitement and expectation had attained an almost irrepressible pitch. Breakfast was partaken of at a somewhat later hour than usual, and at nine o'clock all assembled in the chapel where an appropriate Christmas talk was given by the teacher on duty, Mr. Stewart. Prof. Coleman also told the story of Cinderella, in order that the pupils might better understand the tableaux illustrative of this story to be given the next Tuesday evening. At about 9.15 the longed for signal was given and the pupils fyled into the girls' study room, at the door of which stood Mr. Mathison and Miss Walker, who shook hands with each one. Then as they entered the room there burst upon their sight the, to them, delightful spectacle of a platform in the centre of the room on which was piled a huge pyramid of boxes and parcels of every size and shape. When all were assembled Mr. Mathison mounted the platform and again extended his best wishes to one and all for a very merry Christmas. He then read the following telegrams—

HALIFAX, Dec 25th, 1896.
 MR. H. MATHISON,
 Supt. Inst. D and D, Belleville.
 The pupils of the Halifax Institution wish the pupils of the Belleville Institution "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."
 J. FEARON, Principal

BELLEVILLE, Dec. 25th, 1896
 J. FEARON, Esq.
 School for the Deaf, Halifax, N. S.
 Pupils, teachers and officers Belleville School for the deaf reciprocate kind wishes and hope all in Halifax Institution may live long and prosper.
 H. MATHISON, Superintendent

BELLEVILLE Dec 25th 1896
 Principal D. W. McDERMID,
 School for Deaf, Winnipeg, Man.
 All at Belleville School send compliments of Season to every one at Winnipeg Institution
 H. MATHISON, Superintendent

WINNIPEG Dec 25th 1896.
 MR. H. MATHISON,
 Supt. Inst. D and D, Belleville.
 Thanks for good wishes. We all wish you the same.
 D. W. McDERMID, Principal

H. Mathison, jr., who was unable to be present, but always remembered the pupils here, had also sent a message of greetings and good wishes, as had also Miss Maggie Hutchinson, from Gallaudet College.

The distribution of presents was then proceeded with, and was, of course, to the children, the acme of the pleasures of the day. By the kindness of the Government each boy and girl received in addition to their other gifts, a handsome book. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, ex-Premier of Canada, who entered while the distribution was still going on, was then introduced by Mr. Mathison as one who had always shown a strong and often tangible interest in the Institution. Sir Mackenzie briefly responded, expressing the pleasure it gave him to be present. The last time he was there was on the memorable occasion of Lord Aberdeen's visit, and he was glad to tell them that His Excellency had never forgotten nor lost his interest in them. He was very glad to see them all have such happy, smiling faces and if he could judge by those tokens they were all having a very merry Christmas. He advised them to pay particular attention to the instruction given them by the Superintendent and teachers, and endeavor to gain such training and instruction as would enable them to earn their own livelihood. He hoped none of them would ever do what they knew or even thought to be wrong. He urged them always to pursue a straight forward course, to be industrious and honest and to always remember that the interests of their employers were their own interests. They should always work as cheerful and do as much for their masters as they would for themselves. He advised them to shun all evil habits and especially intoxicants, for if they did not it would be their ruin. He hoped they would all grow up to be honest, industrious and successful men and women.

—The CANADIAN MUTE, published at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville, produces a Christmas number which is a credit to Superintendent Mathison, to Mr. Burns, the instructor in printing, and to the pupil writers and printers whose work is there portrayed. The MUTE is always the nearest of the Times' many exchanges.—Hamilton Times.



An unknown Santa Claus sent \$1.00 for some little one in need. Thanks!

—Christmas greetings were received from Hattie A. Montgomery, of Goodstown, for all her old friends here.

—Another pretty Christmas number that has reached the Herald office is the Christmas number of the CANADIAN MUTE, published at the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb at Belleville. It shows that Christmas is Christmas among the silent inmates of the Institute.—Hamilton Herald.

—On Christmas Day Mr Stewart was teacher in charge, and he gave an instructive and entertaining lecture in the chapel, taking for his subject, "Christmas, Its origin and observance." He contrasted the habits and methods of people in pagan countries with Christian civilization, and spoke of the most favored and happy condition of children in Christian lands, and under the care of kind and benevolent governments. Cor.

—We have received, through the thoughtful kindness of Mr. William Wade, of Oakmont, Penn., a most acceptable Christmas gift, in the shape of a two years' subscription to three periodicals for young people, viz: "Sports Afield, Recreation and Popular Science News," for the pupils' reading-room. Mr Wade is the intimate friend of Helen Keller and a well wisher of the deaf everywhere, and in no better manner could he have manifested his friendship than in these contributions for the intellectual improvement and entertainment of our pupils. They will appreciate his kindly forethought and add another name to those they already cherish upon the list of friends and benefactors. A right "Merry Christmas" to you, Mr. Wade, and many a "Happy New Year" greet you in days to come.

PERSONALITIES.

—Mrs. Terrill spent Christmas in Kingston with her daughter.

—Miss Gibson, of Caledonia, spent the Christmas season at the Institution as the guest of her sister, Miss Carrie Gibson.

—Dr. George Mathison returned home a couple of weeks ago for his Christmas holidays and was warmly welcomed by the pupils.

—C. A. W. Gustin, of Forest, shipped 125 barrels of apples to Montreal lately. He had 200 barrels left. He is an adept at fruit raising.

—Mr. Walter A. Wark, of Wyoming, and Mr. Thomas Noyes, of Denfield, were lately visitors at the home of Mr. Gustin, Forest.

—Since our last issue we have been favored with pastoral visits from Rev. Canon-Burke, Rev. Mr. McLean and Rev. Mr. Thompson.

—Mrs. J. W. Terrell, of Toronto, spent the Christmas and New Year's holidays on a visit to her son Freddy. She was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nurse during her stay.

—Among the visitors here at Christmas time were Mrs. Bellamy and Miss McCracken, of Wicklow; Mrs. Pinder, Toronto, Master Harry Bernard, of Tilsonburg, and Mr. Waters, father of Marion Waters, Toronto.

—"L." in the Silent Echo, gives friend Jefferson some really good advice which we hope he will heed and give up his idea of crossing the Atlantic in a small boat, for he is one of the few who cannot be spared and muteness would be lost without him.

—Mr. M. Noonan, who graduated from school last June, called to spend Christmas with us and renew old acquaintances. We were all glad to see his jolly face again and he seemed just as glad to see us and was one of the gayest of the gay at the Christmas party. He returned home this week.

—Mr. Robert E. Bray, who has been engaged in stained glass decoration, in Worcester, Mass., since leaving Canada, has gone to England for the Christmas holiday, being called there by the death of a brother-in-law and nephew. He hopes to return to the U. S. during February, to be present at the inaugural ceremonies in Washington, D. C.

—The many friends of Miss Maud Andrews, of Owen Sound, will be glad

to learn that she is somewhat improved in health and it is expected before long she will regain her old time health. A letter from her to Miss Walker states that she regrets that she has been unable to write to her friends for the last month or two, but will be sure to make it up when she gets strength enough. She wishes all of her acquaintances a Happy New Year and we hope this year will be a better one for her than the last.

—We were favored on the evening of the 22nd ultimo with a visit from G. F. Marter, Esq., M. P. P., ex-leader of the Opposition in the Legislature. He visited the main building, took in the evening study room and dormitories, and spent an hour or two talking with Superintendent Mathison at his residence. We were all sorry that he did not arrange to remain over and visit the class rooms, but business compelled him to make his stay a short one. We trust he will come again and stay longer.

—Three plucky boys, Clarence Brasior, Harry Gardiner and George Wilson, members of St. Andrew's Sabbath school, braved the inclemency of the weather yesterday to convey to their teacher, Mrs. A. Mathison, wife of the bursar of the D. and D. I., on behalf of their class, a handsome souvenir of respect. After a lively whirl on the bay in the "Trilby," one of the Avondale fleet of ice-boats, Ted Matheson, skipper, the boys were given a hearty supper and then comfortably driven home.—Belleville Sun.

—It was our pleasure during the last few days to welcome, among other visitors to the Institution, Mr. A. A. McIntosh, a former pupil who passed through the school with distinction. Mr. McIntosh was also, at one time, a student at the Mile End Institute, Montreal. The young gentleman is unassuming in manner and inspires respect wherever he goes. Although a mere child when he lost his hearing, he has through intelligence and earnest application not only acquired a superior education, but likewise sufficient means to be of assistance to others. All here were much pleased to see him.

—A deaf mute named Adelard Lupien, whose home is in the parish of Maskinonge, was found in a half-frozen condition between two cars at St. Cuthbert, early yesterday morning, and brought to Montreal. The police at first thought him insane, but on trying to make him understand, found that he was deaf and dumb. The Recorder decided that the only thing to be done with the unfortunate man was to send him to gaol for a month, and accordingly did so, but before he could be removed his sister arrived and he was surrendered to her. He had run away from home.—Montreal Star.

—There passed through the city about the middle of November on his way home to Aurora, Ont., Mr. A. Clark, a graduate of the Belleville School. He came here in July or August to work on his uncle's farm, near Virden, he said, but the writer has since discovered that he is one of these professional peddlars against whom several Ontario mutes had been "kicking" through the CANADIAN MUTE. During his stay in this province he did a good amount of peddling and disposed of two parcels of court plaster, etc. We understand that his father has a good and large farm near Aurora, and as he is an able bodied and muscular young man, it is beyond our comprehension why he takes to such an occupation (peddling) which is repugnant to all self-respecting deaf-mutes.—Silent Echo.

—Mrs. Theo. Taylor, of Toronto, mother of Miss Spaight, our articulation teacher, who made us a short visit last fall, has not forgotten that Christmas is approaching, and that there is no time in the life of a child when the possibilities of producing happiness is greater. At least we should judge so from the generous impulse which has moved her in this direction. We received not long ago a donation of \$15 "to be used for the benefit of the pupil of your school." We have always known that Mrs. Taylor loved the deaf and she did not need to give this additional evidence of it. She was one of Belleville's most accomplished matrons, and enjoyed the enviable reputation of being known as the "friend of the deaf." We most heartily thank her for the kindly remembrance of her visit and assure her that the sum she has so generously given for the children will be devoted to their happiness during the holiday season.—Winnipeg Echo.

Report of Pupils' Standing.

Excellent, 10; Medium, 5;
Good, 7; Poor, 3.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1890.

NAME OF PUPIL.	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Armstrong, Jarvis Earl	10	10	10	10
Annable, Alva H.	10	7	10	10
Arnall, George	10	10	10	10
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	7
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10
Bracken, Sarah Maud	10	7	7	7
Ball, Fanny S.	10	7	10	10
Brazier, Eunice Ann	10	10	10	7
Benoit, Rosa	10	10	10	7
Brown, Wilson	10	10	10	7
Burtch, Francis	10	10	10	10
Bain, William	10	7	10	7
Burke, Edith	10	10	7	7
Blackburn, Annie M.	10	10	10	10
Barnett, Elmer L.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	10	10	10	7
Bellamy, George	10	10	7	7
Burke, Mabel	10	7	7	7
Bourdeau, Benoit	10	10	10	10
Bartley, John S.	10	10	10	7
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	10	7	7
Babeock, Ida E.	10	10	10	10
Barnard, Fred	10	10	10	10
Billing, William E.	10	10	10	10
Baragar, George H.	10	10	10	7
Brown, Mary Louisa	10	10	10	10
Boomer, Duncan	10	10	7	7
Bissell, Thomas E.	10	10	10	10
Brackenborough, Robt.	10	10	7	7
Bombrige, Minnie M.	10	10	3	3
Brancombe, F. M.	10	10	5	5
Chantler, Fanny	10	7	10	10
Chantler, Thomas	10	10	10	7
Cunningham, May A.	10	7	10	7
Charbonneau, Leon	7	10	10	10
Carson, Hugh R.	10	10	10	7
Cornish, William	10	7	7	7
Cartier, Melvin	10	10	10	10
Cullen, Arthur E.	10	10	10	10
Crowder, Vasco	7	7	7	7
Coolidge, Herbert L.	10	10	10	10
Crough, John E.	7	10	10	10
Chatton, Elizabeth E.	10	10	10	7
Charrigan, Rosa A.	7	10	10	10
Clements, Henry	10	10	10	10
Cole, Amos Bowers	10	10	10	10
Cummings Bert	10	10	5	5
Cunningham, Martha	10	10	10	7
Clemenger, Ida	10	10	10	10
Cyr, Thomas	10	10	10	7
Croucher, John	10	10	5	5
Catheart, Cora	10	10	10	7
Cone, Benjamin D. C.	10	10	7	7
Countryman, Harvey B.	10	10	7	7
Carter, Stella Jane	10	10	5	5
Dowar, Jessie Caroline	10	7	7	5
Delaney, James	10	7	7	7
Doyle, Francis E.	10	10	10	10
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	7	10	10
Dool, Charles Craig	10	7	10	10
Dubois, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Dixon, Ethel Irene	10	10	10	7
Daud, Wm. T.	10	10	10	7
Derocher, Mary Ellen	10	10	10	7
DeBellefeuille, Alino	10	10	10	10
Duke, Ettie	10	10	5	5
Duncan, Walter F.	10	7	7	7
Durno, Archibald	10	10	7	7
Elliott, Cora Maud	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Wilbur	10	10	10	10
Edwards, Stephen R.	10	10	10	7
Elliott, Mabel Victoria	10	7	10	7
Esson, Margaret J.	10	10	10	7
Ensminger, Robert	10	10	10	10
Ensminger, Mary	10	10	10	10
Fairbairn, Georgina	10	7	7	7
Forgette, Harmada	10	10	10	7
Forgette, Joseph	10	7	7	7
Fretz, Beatrice	7	7	7	7
Forgette, Marion	10	7	7	7
Fleming, Eleanor J.	7	10	10	7
Farnham, Leona	10	10	10	7
Fronch, Charles	10	10	10	10
Ford, Charles Bay	10	10	10	10
Fleming, Daniel W.	10	10	10	10
Gilleland, Anno M.	10	10	10	7
Gardner, Dalton M.	10	10	10	10
Gray, William	10	10	7	7
Gray, William E.	10	10	10	10
Gerow, Daniel	10	10	7	7
Gies, Albert E.	10	10	7	7
Gootz, Sarah	10	10	10	10
Gootz, Eva	10	10	10	10
Grooms, Harry E.	10	10	10	7
Goose, Fidelia	10	10	7	7
Gillain, Walter	10	10	5	7
Green, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Gladiator, Isabelle	10	10	10	7
Grey, Violet	10	10	10	10
Gelineau, Arthur	10	10	5	5
Greene, Minnie May	10	10	5	5
Howitt, Felicia	10	10	7	5
Holt, Gertrude M.	10	10	10	10
Henry, George	10	7	10	7
Hennault, Charles H.	10	10	10	7
Hackbusch, Ernest	10	10	10	10
Harris, Frank E.	10	10	10	7
Hartwick, Olive	10	10	7	7
Henderson, Anno M.	10	10	10	7
Hill, Florence	10	10	10	7
Head, Hartley J.	10	10	10	7
Hammell, Henrietta	10	10	10	10
Holton, Charles McK.	10	10	10	10
Hartwick, James H.	10	10	7	7
Hennault, Honore	10	10	10	10
Harper, William	10	10	10	10
Henderson, Clara	10	10	10	10
Ireland, Louis Elmer	10	7	3	3
Jaffray, Arthur H.	10	10	10	7
Justus, Ida May	7	10	7	7
James, Mary Theresa	10	10	10	10
Jones, Samuel	10	10	10	10
Johnston, Anetta	10	10	10	7
Keiser, Alfred B.	10	10	10	10
King, Joseph	10	7	5	5
Kirk, John Albert	10	5	3	3
Kaufmann, Vesta M.	10	10	10	5
Kelly, James	10	10	10	10
Leguille, Marie	10	7	7	7
Leguille, Gilbert	10	10	10	10
Leinadeleine, M. L. J.	10	10	10	7
Leigh, Martha	10	7	10	10
Lightfoot, William	10	10	10	7
Leslie, Edward A.	10	10	10	10
Lett, Thomas B.H.	10	7	10	10
Lougheed, William J.S.	10	10	10	10
Lyon, Isatah	10	10	7	7
Labelle, Maximo	10	10	10	10
Lett, Wm. Putman	10	10	7	5
Lawson, Albert E.	10	10	7	5
Lowes, George C.	10	5	10	10
Little, Grace	10	10	10	10
Lowry, Charles	10	7	10	10
Laporte, Leon	10	7	7	7
Larabio, Albert	10	7	7	7
Lauicell, Cleophas	10	10	10	10
Love, Joseph F.	10	7	3	3
Lobsinger, Alexander	10	10	10	10
Law, Theodore	10	10	5	5
Muckle, Grace	10	10	10	10
Muckle, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Munroe, George R.	10	10	10	10
Mitchell, Colin	10	10	10	7
Moore, William H.	10	10	10	7
Mapes, John Michael	10	10	7	7
Morton, Robert M.	10	10	7	7
Mosoy, Ellen Loretta	10	7	7	7
Mason, Lucy Emma	10	10	10	7
Myers, Mary G.	10	10	10	7
Moore, George H.	10	10	5	5
Moors, Rosa Ann	10	10	10	10
Miller, Anno	10	10	3	3
Moore, Walter B.	10	5	7	7
Miller, Jane	7	10	10	7
Munroe, Mary	10	10	7	7
Munroe, John	10	10	7	7
Major, Edith	10	10	10	7
Maitre, James	10	10	10	5
McBride, Annie Jane	10	10	10	10
McBride, Hamilton	10	7	10	7
McKay, Mary Louisa	10	10	10	7
McKay, Thomas J.	10	10	7	7
McLellan, Norman	10	7	7	7
McGregor, Maxwell	10	7	7	7
McCornick, May P.	7	10	7	7
McKenzie, Angus	10	10	10	10
McKenzie, Margaret	10	10	10	7
McCarthy, Eugene	10	10	10	7
McMaster, Robert	10	10	10	10
McKenzie, Herbert	10	10	10	7
McGuire, Lily Edna	10	10	7	7
Nahrgang, Allen	10	10	7	7
Nicholls, Bertha	10	10	10	7
Noonan, Maggie	10	10	10	7
Orser, Orval E.	10	7	10	10
Orth, Elizabeth	10	10	7	7
Orr, James P.	10	10	7	5
O'Neill, Ignatius David	10	15	7	7
O'Connor, Mary B.	10	7	7	7
Otto, Charles Edward	10	10	7	7
Perry, Algo Earl	10	7	7	5
Pepper, George	10	10	7	5
Pinder, Clarence	10	10	7	7
Pilling, Gertrude	10	10	5	5
Perry, Frederic R.	10	10	7	7
Pilon, Athanese	10	10	10	10
Pierce, Cora May	10	5	7	7
Pringle, Murray Hill	10	10	7	7
Quick, Angus R.	10	10	10	10
Reborthie, William	10	10	10	7
Rooney, Francis Peter	10	10	7	7
Rutherford, Emma	10	10	7	5
Reid, Walter E.	10	10	7	7
Randall, Robt.	10	10	10	10
Rutherford, Jessie M.	10	10	7	7
Ronald, Eleanor F.	10	10	5	5
Russell, Mary Bell	10	10	10	10
Rielly, Mary	10	10	10	10
Roth, Edwin	7	10	7	7
Roberts, Herbert	10	10	10	10
Smith, Maggie	10	7	10	10
Schwartzentruber, Cath	10	10	10	5
Scott, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Swayze, Ethel	10	10	10	10
Skilling, Ellen	10	10	10	10
Siess, Albert	10	10	10	7
Sager, Mabel Maud	10	10	10	10
Sager, Phoebe Ann	10	7	7	7
Sager, Matilda B.	10	7	5	5
Sager, Hattie	10	10	7	7
Shilton, John T.	10	10	10	7
Scott, Henry Percival	10	10	7	7
Shannon, Ann Helena	10	10	10	7
Scripshaw, James S.	10	10	7	7
Scott, Evan R.	10	10	10	10
Sedore, Alloy	10	10	10	7
Sedore, Fred	10	10	10	7
Smuck, Lloyd Leeland	10	5	10	10
Showers, Anne	10	10	10	10
Showers, Christina	10	10	10	10
Showers, Mary	10	10	10	7
Showers, Catherine	10	10	10	7
Simpson, Alexander	10	7	7	7
Thompson, Mabel W.	10	10	10	10
Thompson, Ethel M.	10	7	10	10
Tracey, John M.	10	10	7	7
Thompson, Beatrice A.	10	7	10	7
Thomas, Maud	7	10	10	10
Terrell, Frederick	7	10	10	7
Tossell, Harold	10	10	7	7
Taylor, Joseph E.	10	7	3	3
Tudhope, Laura May	10	10	5	5
Vance, James Henry	10	10	10	10
Veitch, Margaret S.	10	10	10	7
Veitch, James	10	10	10	7
Veitch, Elizabeth	10	10	5	5
Woods, Alberta May	10	10	10	10
Wallace, George R.	7	10	10	10
Wilson, Muirville P.	10	10	10	7
Watson, Mary L.	10	10	7	7
West, Francis A.	10	10	10	10
Wylie, Edith A.	10	10	10	10
Warner, Henry A.	10	7	10	7
Wickett, George W.	10	10	7	7
Waters, Marich A.	10	7	10	10
Woodley, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Watts, David Henry	10	7	5	5
Webb, Rosey Ann	10	10	10	5
Walton, Allan	10	7	10	10
Wilson, Herbert	10	10	7	7
Welch, Herbert	10	10	5	5
Young, Sarah Ann	10	10	10	7
Young, George S.	10	10	7	7
Young, Roseta	10	10	10	10
Zimmerman, John C.	10	10	10	7

Greetings of the Annual King- dom for the New Year

BY HENRY W. ROBERTS
after the style of Terry

Horses with long and coarse tails,
Shoulders broad and strong as iron,
Burdens upon their backs they bear,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Antelopes with prong shaped horns,
Up among the mountains as if
Keeping secret movements from us,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Pheasants with their gorgeous feathers,
Which children delight to gather,
These, the birds which we don't fear,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Panthers and tigers of the bush,
At anything they angrily rush,
That live in the forest not very near,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Yankees of the Southern States,
Who once fought their Northern
Work in the cotton fields with
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Newts that live in swampy land,
Against cold climates they cannot stand,
That love to frolic in the mire,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Elephants with trunks that are very long,
Which men employ to do work so strong,
These animals with large broad ears,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Wolves and jackals of distant lands,
Camels and horses working with
These animals that unite together,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Yellow birds of brilliant plumage,
To warm climate they always pay,
And other birds that live very near,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Eagles of our own country,
Eagles of Uncle Sam's country,
Big ones that we dreadfully fear,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Auks that swim in the Arctic water,
Penguins that swim in warmer seas,
Ostriches and other birds with feathers,
Extend greetings for the New Year.

Robins with their scarlet vests,
And other birds that build nests,
Warble gentle songs to cheer
The greetings of the New Year.

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution

BY EDITH WILD.

-A Happy and prosperous New Year to all our readers.

-Cora Catheart got the largest box on Xmas, and she feels pretty proud.

-Marion Waters' father visited her on Monday last and who was very much pleased to see him.

-The 16th ult., was Grace Shick's birthday, and she got some presents which were highly prized.

-On the 3rd ult., Annie Henderson and Annie McBride went to town in the morning to have their teeth filled. They said they enjoyed the ride to the city very much.

-From the suspicious movements and whispering among some of the lady teachers, it would appear that we are going to have a great surprise some time before New Year's Day.

-We girls were permitted to go skating on Monday. Those who didn't want to go were allowed to skate on the bay. It was the first we skated on the bay since the ice was frozen.

-A few weeks ago Annie Henderson got a letter from her mother saying that her brother Jonathan, a former pupil of this school, had gone to Denfield to work in a grocery. We wish him a very successful career.

-Maggie Noonan was pleased to see her brother Michael, who left here in June. He came to see her on Xmas and

Nature's Worship.

Sit Up Straight.

TORONTO TOPICS.

Donations to Calcutta, India, School Fund.

That shines in the heavens... Nature's worship text describing natural elements and their praise of God.

Nothing is more abominable in a young person than the habit of stooping... Text discussing posture and health.

A very pleasant gathering was held on the evening of the 22nd ult... Toronto Topics article about a social gathering.

Table listing donors and amounts for the Calcutta School Fund, including names like Mr. J. H. Sawyer and Mrs. J. H. Sawyer.

Prepare for the Battle of Life.

We who are engaged in the responsible work of teaching the deaf should always keep in mind the fact that we are training them up not to associate together as a class... Article on education for the deaf.

Why is it?

Why is it that some boys learn and succeed better than others? This is the question that is often asked by old people as well as young... Article on learning and success.

Her Age.

"And what is your age, madam?" was the attorney's question... Humorous dialogue about age.

OTTAWA DISTRICT.

Ottawa is not dead, as some may be led to believe by our long silence... Ottawa District news and correspondence.

LONDON NOTES.

John Noyes is all smiles, as it is a daughter this time... London Notes news items.

Ring Out the Chimes.

Ring out the chimes once more again,
Over cloud-capped hills and towering trees.

Ring out the chimes, loud, swell on swell
Over leaping sea and running stream.

Ring in the year, the infant year
Ring out all cares that trouble life.

The Fairies' Gift.

One Christmas Harriet's grandma
came over to spend the day. She
brought a red silk bag with a big ball of
yarn in it, and a shining set of steel
knitting needles.

Harriet saw them. She thought,
"I am sure grandma means them for
me. Hateful things! It makes me tired
to look at them!"

Grandma said kindly, "He did his
duty whatever it was, and it is your
duty to learn to be useful and help
mamma knit and sew."

"Would it not be nice, grandma, if
fairies could bring our dresses and
stockings all sewed and knit?"

Grandma laughed. "Oh, no, my dear
that would never do. But I believe in
fairies, too, and if you take hold and
knit this yarn into a pair of stockings
for yourself—there is just enough—these
fairies I am thinking of will bring you
something you want very much."

"Are you sure, grandma?" asked
Harriet.

"Certainly and true."

"But how can they, grandma? Tell
me how," asked Harriet.

"You will see," and grandma's eyes
twinkled merrily.

A stocking was set up, and the nimble
fingers began their long journey.
Harriet was often about ready to throw
the stocking, ball and all, into the well
at the barn. It was such hard, tiresome
work. The thought of the fairies kept
her fingers going.

At the end of a month, grandma help-
ed her to "too off" her first stocking.
Then the ball began to get smaller, very
fast, until finally, on her birthday, there
was little yarn left. Harriet took her
bag on her arm and went over to grand-
ma's to ask grandma to help her to
"too off" the other.

Grandma was knitting a mitten. She
sat before the fire. Harriet brought her
little chair and sat beside grandma.
Away went their needles, click! click!
clatter! clatter! The flames leaped and
danced, the coal snapped, and the tea-
kettle sang. All at once, something fell in
Harriet's lap. With a shout, the little
girl hopped out of her chair and went
dancing about the room, holding high in
her hand a tiny gold locket and a pretty
little gold chain.

"And to think, grandma, it was in the
middle of my ball all this time," said
Harriet. "But you said the fairies
would bring it, grandma."

"So they did, dear," laughed grand-
ma, spreading Harriet's brown fingers
on her knee. "See, here they are.
And those ten little fairies will work
greater wonders, if you will let them,
than all the fairies in a whole shop full
of story-books."

"Just my own fingers, after all,"
thought Harriet, as she ran over the
snow towards home, her red silk bag
swinging on her arm, and her "fairy
gift" about her throat.

Who can tell the month and the day
of the month of Harriet's birthday after
reading this story?—Selected

An old farmer's description of a point-
less preacher was—"A good man, likely,
but he rakes with the teeth up."

When you go home fill the house with
joy, so that the light of it will stream
out of the windows and doors, and illum-
inate even the darkness.

No Hiring About The Matter.

Probably one of the neatest bits of
sharp bargaining ever enacted took
place not long ago between an apparently
ignorant German with an abundance of
wealth and a sharp dealer in horses.

The German wanted a day's outing,
and decided that a long drive would
suffice for his wants, and applied to the
horse dealer for the hire of his best
horse and trap.

The dealer not knowing the applicant,
demurred at supplying his wants. The
German, determined to have his ride,
finally pulled out a huge roll of bills,
and offered to buy the horse and rig,
provided the dealer would buy them
back at the same price. This surprised
the dealer, but not wishing to offend
the owner of so much ready money and
possibly a good future customer, he
agreed to the deal.

The German departed with the horse
and rig, and at the end of the day
returned them in good condition, ex-
pressing his satisfaction at the pleasure
the drive had afforded. The dealer
according to agreement, paid him back
the money, and the German started to
leave the place.

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed
the dealer, "but you have forgotten to
pay for the hire, you know."

"Pay for the hire? Why, my dear
sir," coolly replied the German, "I fail
to see that. If you will exercise your
memory a trifle you will agree that I
have been driving my own horse and
trap all day, and, now you have bought
them back, they are yours. There was
no hiring about the matter. Good day,
sir." And he left the astonished dealer
to reflect.—Harper's Round Table.

A Frenchman's Practical Joke.

A certain wag called at a house in
Paris, and asked the servant who came
to the door.

"Is M. Henri Mounier here?"

"No, sir, he is not here. He does not
live here," was the reply.

"Yes, he is here," laughed the wag,
"for I am Henri Mounier."

The next day, M. Mounier made his
face up with false whiskers, and visited
the same house. The same servant
answered the bell.

"Is M. Henri Mounier in?"

"No, sir," said the servant, sharply.

"Yes, he is," shouted M. Mounier, as
he pulled off his disguise, and roared with
laughter.

The servant shouted after him.

"If you come here again, I will answer
you with a broomstick."

M. Mounier then wrote to his friends
that he had changed his lodgings, and
that he invited them to a "house-warm-
ing" that evening. The new lodgings,
he made believe, were at the house where
he had angered the servant. Evening
came.

"Ah! you are here again, are you?"
was the servant's reply to the first visitor
who asked for M. Henri Mounier.

Then the servant followed his remark
up by a shower of blows from a stick.
A few moments later another man
called and asked for M. Henri Mounier.
He, too, was beaten off the step. A
third person received the same punish-
ment, and so did all of M. Henri Mounier's
friends who accepted the invitations to
the "house-warming."—Ez

Artemus Didn't Know Adam.

Artemus Ward was once travelling on
the cars, dreading to be bored and feel-
ing generally miserable.

Presently a man approached him and
sat down.

"Have you heard the last thing on
Horace Greeley?" he asked.

"Greeley? Greeley?" said Ward.

"Who is Horace Greeley?"

"The man did not say anything for five
minutes. Then he asked—

"What do you think they will do with
George Francis Train over in England?
He is kicking up quite a row there."

"Train! Train!" said Artemus, very
solemnly. "I never heard of the man."

This time the disturber of Ward's
privacy and peace remained silent for
ten minutes. Then he came again.

"What do you think of Grant's
chances for the Presidency?"

"Grant? Grant?" answered Artemus.

"Why, hang it, man, you seem to know
more strangers than anybody I ever
saw!"

"Strangers? Why you ignoramus, I
wonder if you ever heard of Adam?"

"I don't know," said Artemus, "what
is his other name."

Instinct In a Baby Beaver.

Every animal inherits the power of
doing certain things without being
taught—that is to say, they have what
is called instinct. A gentleman refused
to believe in this instinct, so to convince
him a Canadian friend bought a baby
beaver from a hunter and sent it to the
gentleman.

The little beaver became a great pet
in the house, but gave no sign of want-
ing to build a dam until one day a leaky
pail of water was put on the floor of the
back kitchen.

Though but a baby, the instinct now
awoke in the beaver. The instant he
saw the water oozing out of a pail, he
scampered into the yard, brought in a
chip, and began building his dam.

The gentleman was called, and watch-
ed the little fellow, very much astonish-
ed by all he saw. He gave orders to
have it left where it was, and the
industrious beaver kept at his work four
weeks, when he had built a solid dam
all around the pail.

If you want life power, you must have
a life work, and be continually at it.

Religion does not consist in occasion-
ally doing religious things. It consists
rather in doing everything religiously.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION:
WEST 3:15 a.m. 4:30 a.m. 6:15 a.m. 11:35 a.m.
5:05 p.m.
EAST—1:05 a.m. 6:30 a.m. 11:05 a.m. 12:25 p.m.
6:00 p.m.
MADOC AND PETERBORO BRANCH—3:45 a.m.
11:45 a.m. 3:10 p.m. 6:20 p.m.

For Calcutta Deaf and Dumb School.

AN APPEAL.

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

All the deaf mutes and friends interested in
deaf mute education the world over are re-
quested to respond to the appeal so as to assure
the permanence of the school before the Bengal
Government can grant the aid needed. From
one cent upwards will be most gratefully acknow-
ledged.

As regards the Calcutta School see particulars
in the Collector's letter in the CANADIAN MUTU-
OF Dec. 1st.

A. A. MCINTOSH,
Canadian Collector.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, '96

Great Pictorial Supplement.

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the subject of a large colored reproduction of a
painting of this historic battle, by Mr. J. Kelly.
Its size is 21 x 31 inches. It appeals to the patri-
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and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows
every Sunday:—
West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and
Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m.
General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall,
Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College
Street, at 3 p.m. Leaders Messrs. Nasmith,
Hirgden and others.

HAMILTON DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION

MESSES GRANT AND DUFF conduct re-
ligious services every Sunday, at 3 p.m. in
Trebble 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.
Llyrce Vice-President, Thomas Thompson, Secy
Treasurer, Wm. Llyrce. Serjt-at-arms, J. H.
Mather.

Meetings are open to all mutes and friends
interested.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS. From 9 a. m. to 12 noon
from 1:30 to 3 p. m.
DRAWING CLASS from 1:30 to 3 p. m. on
Monday and Thursday afternoons of each
week. FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday
Wednesday afternoons of each week
3:30 to 5.
SIGN CLASS for Junior Teachers on the
Mondays of Monday and Wednesday of
each week from 3:10 to 4.
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8:30 p. m. for
pupils and from 7 to 8 for Junior pupils.

Articulation Classes

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

Religious Exercises

EVERY SUNDAY Primary pupils at 9 a. m.;
senior pupils at 11 a. m. General at 12
noon. Immediately after which the
Class will assemble.
Each school day the pupils are to be in
charge of the Chapel at 8:45 a. m. and the
afterwards dismiss them so that they
may reach their respective schools no
later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon
to clock the pupils will again assemble
after prayer will be dismissed in an
orderly manner.

Clergymen of all Denominations

cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND LAMEN-
TORY from 7:30 to 8:30 a. m. and from 12
noon to 1:30 p. m. for pupils who attend school
those who do not from 7:30 a. m. to 1:30
p. m. and from 1:30 to 5:30 p. m. each working
day except Saturday, when the office and shop
will be closed at noon.
THE SHEDDING CLASS HOURS are from 7:30 a. m.
to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p. m.
for those who do not attend school, and from
8:30 to 3 p. m. for those who do. No work
on Saturday afternoons.

Visitors:—

Persons who are interested desiring to visit
the Institution, will be made welcome at any
school day. No visitors are allowed on
Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to
the regular chapel exercises at 2:30 on Sun-
day afternoons. The best time for a visit
on ordinary school days is as soon after 12
in the afternoon as possible as the classes
are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and parents are
with them to the Institution, they are kindly
advised not to linger and prohibit the
taking with their children. It only causes
discomfort for all concerned, particularly
of the parent. The child will be tenderly
and for, and if left in our charge without a
parent will be quite happy with the others on
the 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 classrooms and allowed every op-
portunity of seeing the general work of
the school. We cannot furnish lodging or
entertain guests at the Institution, but
accommodation may be had in the
Quinte Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's
American and Dominion Hotels at moderate
rates.

Clothing and Management

Parents will be good enough to give ad-
vice concerning clothing and manage-
ment of their children to the Superintendent.
correspondence will be allowed to
parents and employees under any cir-
cumstances without special permission
each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence

In case of the serious illness of pupils
or telegrams will be sent daily to par-
ents. IN THE ABSENCE OF
FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE KEPT AWAY
AS WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing
work are required to write home every three
letters will be written by the teacher.
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
doctors 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 advertize
cures and appliances for the cure of
deafness. In 999 cases out of 100 they are
and only want money for which they
do not return. Consult well known
practitioners in cases of deafness and
be guided by their coun-
sel.

R. MATHISON,
Superintendent.