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THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VI.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY 15, 1898.

NO. 12.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Master of the Government in Charge:
THE HON. E. J. DAVIS, TORONTO

Government Inspector:

MR. T. J. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO

Officers of the Institution:

MR. HATHISON, M. A. Superintendent
MR. HATHISON, Director
MR. J. KINGS, M. D. Physician
MISS SARAH WALKER, Matron

Teachers:

MR. J. G. TARRILL, Head Teacher
MISS M. TEMPLETON, Miss MARY HULL
MISS LORENCE MAYRER, Miss RYAN & HALL
MISS ADA JAMES, Miss GEORGINA LIND

Teachers of Articulation:

MR. J. M. TAYLOR, Miss CAROLINA WATSON
MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MR. E. N. McCALEK, JOHN T. BURNE,
Clock and Typewriter Repairer and Editor of Printing

WM. DODD, WM. NURSE,
Book Keeper & Assailler, Master Shoemaker

J. H. AYTH, J. MIDDLEBURN,
Inspector of Boys, etc., Engineer

MISS M. DEMPSEY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Sewer, Supervisor, Master Carpenter

MISS S. A. HALEY, D. CUNNINGHAM,
Teacher of Hospital Nurse, Master Baker

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener

The object of the Province in founding and maintaining this Institute is to afford education and advantages to all the youth of the Province who are unable to receive instruction in the common schools.

That 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 two months during the summer of each year.

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

That mutes whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged upon them, will be admitted free. Clothing must be furnished by parents or friends.

The present time the trades of Printing, Bookbinding, and Shoemaking are taught to the female pupils are instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the sewing machine, and in 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 facilities offered by the Government for their education and improvement.

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

R. HATHISON,
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 by post office at noon and 2 1/2 p. m. of each Sunday excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive any matter at post office for delivery, for any reason unless the same is in the locked bag.



Recessional.

God of our Fathers known of old
Lord of our far-flung battle line
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice
An humble and a contrite heart
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

I've called our heroes men of war
On dune and headland—like the tree
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with a power we know not,
We can speak justly when we draw
Such tongues as this, that bleed for love
Or bitter words from suffering throats,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen hearts that puts her trust
In seeking tube and iron shell
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not these to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Richard Kipling



How he Worked his Way Up.

It was a frosty night in November. I was waiting for a car. My friend said, "Have you noticed the 'wish boy'?" There is one.

I turned and saw a boy, some ten or twelve years of age. He was bending over what looked to be a tin boiler with a lamp beneath it.

My interest was at once aroused. My friend and I went towards him, and before he observed me, I was standing close beside the lad.

He doffed his battered, but still jaunty, polo cap and said, with rising color, "Do you wish?" and then he stopped.

While I was looking in puzzled wonder at his evident confusion, and then down at the boiler before him, my friend said, "He is wondering if you can be a possible customer. Yet he sees you don't belong to the class who usually patronize him."

"What have you to sell?" I asked.

"Wishes, ma'am."

The lad's face was bright and handsome, and his apparel, though poor, was neat.

"And what are your wishes?"

"Show her your outfit, Jack," said my friend.

The boy threw up the cover of the boiler, and revealed two compartments. One was filled with boiling water and the other with small sausages. He uncovered a basket by his side. It contained slices of white dainty-looking bread.

"A wish, ma'am," he said politely, "is a slice of bread and mustard and a sausage."

He took two half slices of bread, spread a small bit of mustard upon each, and dropped a sausage into the boiling water. After waiting a moment, he fished it out and laid it between the slices of bread.

"That, ma'am, is a wish," he said.

The next moment he had slipped the bread and sausage into the hand of a ragged and forlorn-looking little girl, who, unnoticed by me, had passed at my side. She took it in grateful surprise, and murmured a word of thanks as she passed on.

"Do you know her?" I questioned, seeing that she had followed her retreat, and that she was holding her hand out to me.

Not exactly. I know she lives down

by the river, and that her father is a drunkard. She does not get much to eat. One day came just then and we had the little wish-boy good night.

A week later I was again waiting for a car on the same corner. Jack was just setting his outfit upon the pavement. Another boy a year or two his senior, with a similar outfit was disputing with him.

"Yer got no bizness keepin' ther best corner," the burly fellow said, and there was an ugly scowl on his brow.

No one had this corner when I first took it. And it's been mine ever since. Jack's voice was not rough, but positive. "Then it's time yer gin'd away. Come, move on!" I'm gom' ter sell yero ter night.

Then we'll both sell on the same corner," said Jack, coolly. "I'm not going away, cause this is my stand. He busied himself with his lamp. The older boy assumed a pugilistic attitude. "I tell yer ter move on!" he commanded.

A policeman turning the corner at that instant, laid a heavy hand on the belligerent lad's shoulder, as he said, "Suppose you move on yourself, Jack, and fare partners, and this is his stand. Jack flashed the man a grateful glance. The other boy moved his belongings to the other side of the street.

Among his possessions was a basket of fine, red apples. While he busied himself with his lamps, and just as he seemed to have arranged things to his satisfaction, I heard Jack call out to him, "There goes your apples!"

I did not see who had taken them, as a crowd of men and boys had just passed. The boy darted up the street to catch the thief. A moment later two men in workman's blouses passed before the vacant stand.

I saw Jack hesitate. Then he gave a glance at his possessions, and another up and down the pavement, and ran nimbly across the street.

He will profit by the other boy's absence," was the thought in my mind. But I was mistaken. He opened his enemy's little store of provisions and deftly fixed two sandwiches. I saw the men drop some money into his hand as they turned away. Jack looked up the street. The boy was coming with his basket of rescued apples upon his arm. Jack ran to meet him, slipped the coins into his hand and said something in a cheery voice, which I did not hear. I repeated under my breath, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him. Jack has surely caught the spirit of these words."

After that evening I missed Jack. Again and again I looked for him. Only the burly boy with the ugly scowl upon his forehead was to be seen. I felt troubled and spoke of his absence to my friend.

"I didn't know you remembered Jack. He is all right. He has been promoted. Has he? How did it happen?"

A friend of mine who owns one of the largest establishments in the city has had his eye on Jack and has been testing him. Once he bought two sandwiches and handed him a silver dollar saying, "Quick! change this fifty cents. There comes my car!" Jack made the change, and in his haste did not observe that the man had given him a dollar until just as my friend boarded the car. He then ran up and pushed the money into Mr. Thompson's hand, who stood on the platform and said, "You made a mistake, sir. This is one dollar. You can make it right some other time."

Of course Jack is honest, I said. Any one could see that by the frank and manly way he looks in one's face.

About two weeks ago Mr. Thompson tested him again. He bought some apples this time, all that Jack had. Basket and all amounted to exactly one dollar. He slipped a five dollar bill into the boy's hand, calling it a dollar, and stepped immediately upon a passing car. The next day Jack presented

himself at the store with the bill in his hand.

"This is the second big one take you have made, Mr. Thompson," said Jack. "If I was working for you and should make such mistakes, what would you say?"

"Come and try me, Jack. I need just such a boy as you to look after me," was what Mr. Thompson told me yester day. There is no doubt he will yet be come head clerk, if he is attentive, polite, careful and honest. Thompson dotes on him.

A few days later I sauntered into Mr. Thompson's store. It is one of the handsomest and most popular in the city. I know by his smile that Jack at once recognized me. I was surprised to see what a handsome, gentlemanly lad he really was. With his hair neatly cut and brushed, and in his fresh new suit, he looked every inch a gentle man.

His quiet eye seemed to take in everything. I dropped my handkerchief, Jack was across the room from me. He instantly came, before I had missed it, and placed it in my hand. He was back at his post before I could thank him. "What is the secret of Jack's life?" I found myself asking this question as I studied his face. I found where his grandmother lived and visited her. She was a gentle-faced old lady, and her rooms were as neat as pins. I spoke of my interest in Jack, and she said with beaming eyes, "He is a good boy, and will make a good man. He has started out right. He goes to night school since he got into the store, and he is learning fast."

"Do you think he is a Christian?" I asked. The old lady smiled.

"Of course he is?"

This was eight years ago. Yesterday I was again in this city of the south. I visited Mr. Thompson's store.

The head clerk I found to be Jack.

"He will be partner soon," said my friend, —*Mat M. Anderson, in Christian World*

Why "He's a Brick."

When a boy does something that is particularly good or noble his comrades say, "He's a brick!" for to call a fellow "a brick" is as high a compliment as one boy can pay another. If we stop to think about it, though, it seems rather strange that a brick should be chosen as a standard for measuring the worth of a boy. There is surely nothing very wonderful or fine about a brick. But, like a great many other sayings that do not appear to have much sense, we shall find, by looking up the origin of this expression, that it started out with a very sensible meaning. In order to get at its beginning, we have to go back into ancient history for a distance of nine hundred years before Christ— all the way back to the time of Lycurgus, the Spartan ruler. Plutarch tells us that Lycurgus had a great many wise and curious notions as to how people should live and how the affairs of the country should be managed. One of his ideas was that there was no necessity for building a wall about a town if the soldiers were properly trained to protect the place. On one occasion an ambassador from a neighboring country came to see Lycurgus, and he asked how it was that he had no walls around the town.

"But we have walls," replied Lycurgus, "and if you will come with me I will show them to you." Thereupon he took his guest out upon the plains where the army was drawn up in battle array, and, pointing to the ranks of soldiers, he said, "These are the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick." So you see when the expression was first used it had a great deal more sense than it has now.

The ratio of deaf-mutes in the world is 1 to 1,000 of the population. There are also about 400 who are deaf, dumb, and blind.

A Mother and her Deaf Mute Child.

Another view of her infant child
With feelings full of woe
And told his merry gambols with
Her tears incessant flow

His strange she never speaks to him
In mother's accents mild
For while indulging every whim
How silent is the child!

He comes, and by his mother stands
His eyes are full of glee
And laughing claps his tiny hands
As happy as may be

The mother's feelings, who can tell
Or paint her anguish wild?
For he who doeth all things well
Could hath made her child

Fond mother! though thy woe's acute
Yet kiss the chastening rod
For he who made the boy a mute
Is the Almighty God

Yet weep thou not for e'en to him
Instruction can be given
To shield him from the paths of sin
And fit his soul for Heaven

With open ear and loosen'd tongue
Where frailty enters never
He'll sing what ne'er on earth he sung,
Worthy the Lamb, for ever

Then, in you pure, bright realms shall meet
The mother and her boy
And spend in fellowship so sweet
Eternity in joy

The Deaf and Dumb.

CARED FOR AND CURED.

Little Sick Children.

SHORT SKETCHES OF WORK DONE BY THE
GREAT NORTH-WESTERN—THE HOSPITAL
FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO

From every county in the great Province of Ontario children are admitted free into the Hospital for Sick Children at Toronto, whenever their parents can not afford to pay.

And few of the poor little sufferers who are nursed and cared for have rich parents, it would seem. Last year the expense of the Hospital was nearly \$30,000. And to meet this but \$13,325 was received from pay patients.

The balance must come from the more fortunate folks, who are charitable and generous.

The Hospital for Sick Children is the largest of its kind in the world—with out exception. There are 200 cots. The average number of patients is 100 per day; 176 were nursed in the Hospital this year—312 little ones were cured and departed with health, strength and sturdy limbs.

In the dispensary department medicine was given to 1,133 children.

Thus nearly 5,000 children were treated in one year.

A great record of good
Where do the little patients come from?

Nauwigewauk, Newmarket, Newtonbrook, Niagara Falls, North Bay, Norwich, Oakville, Orillia, Oshawa, Ottawa, Owen Sound, Parry Sound, Port Perry, Penetanguishene, Picton, Riversville, Sarnia, Scotland, Springfield on Credit, Stratford, St. Catharines, St. Mary's, St. Thomas, Thornhill, Toronto, Toronto Junction, Uxeter, Victoria Road, Waubesa, Westport, Whitby, Whiteside, Wingham, Woodstock.

How do they come? Very often they hear of the work of the Hospital through the newspapers. In some instances friends of the little sufferers make application on behalf of parents who are poor but independent and self-reliant.

It generally falls to the lot of the chairman of the Hospital Trust to decide when there is a question of ability to pay. One day about a year ago this gentleman was driving towards the city of Brockville, and while passing a school house the scholars rushed out in eager haste for the fifteen minutes of joy they crowd into recess. Mr. Robertson smiled as the youngsters passed him, but the smile vanished when he observed in the rear a little chap who was hobbling along on crutches, happy but crippled. One of his legs was bent at the knee to a right angle. The carriage was stopped, and the little fellow called:

"My boy, how did you injure your leg, so badly?" was the enquiry.

The lad explained that he had met with a mishap one day while chopping wood, that he had been treated in an eastern hospital for some time, that his leg had been straightened, but had again become useless. His parents and schoolfellows looked upon him as a cripple for life.

And so he might have been. "How would you like to have your leg straightened for good?" asked the Hospital chairman, who knew of the complete cure effected at the great Toronto institution in similar cases.

"Well, mister, there is nothing I would like better," said the boy.

He was assisted into the carriage and told to direct the driver to his father, who had a blacksmith shop near by. The boy was one of a family of seven children. Most gladly did the father give his consent to the child's removal to the Hospital for treatment.

The little deformed lad thus fortunately met on the highway near Brockville is a cripple no longer. His leg is stiff, but it is straight. He remained in the Hospital for many months. But it was a joyous homecoming when the boy walked firmly and straight without the aid of stick or crutches.



Another group of children who are being treated by the best doctors in the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. (Reproduced from photograph.)

Even with the strictest economy it requires no less than five executive officers, 21 nurses and 20 domestics to carry on the work of the Hospital. Twenty-five more children could be taken care of with the same number of attendants.

The work of the Hospital is ever increasing. Its doors are wide open to every ailing child in the province.

Such a work should have a million friends in Ontario. If each friend could spare a dollar—what a rich endowment with which to carry on the work!

But the trustees only ask for \$20,000 a year which they are required to pay before the end of January. Everyone can help. The need is most pressing.

The appeal is the appeal of poor, weak, suffering childhood, of little wan-faced babies and children who lie on beds of pain.

The Hospital appeals to you the reader of this newspaper.

Your dollar will bless you in the giving. And you will give it.

Every penny aids—every dollar helps. Your dollar may restore health, strength and straight limbs to some poor crippled boy or girl. Won't you help?

This is a home charity—something that should appeal to every heart.

It was Charles Dickens, that great-hearted Englishman—the friend of the fatherless, the helper of the oppressed and down-trodden, who appealed to every human heart, when he said:

"The two grim nurses—poverty and sickness—who bring these children before you, preside over their births, rock their wretched cradles, and nail down their collars."

In this enlightened Canada of ours this bright Province of Ontario—this shall not be as long as the doors of the Hospital for Sick Children remain open. Help remove that mortgage. Help unload that load of debt.

Two Mothers.

I noticed her when she entered the car. There was something strangely attractive about her, though she must have been at least sixty, and her face was so care worn, and the saddest I ever saw. In spite of my great trouble, I found myself wondering about her, and sometimes—for a moment—would almost forget my grief. Only for a moment, though. Then the recollection that my baby—my little tender baby, used only to the loving clasp of a mother's arms, was in that dreadful box in the jolting baggage car would come to me in all its terrible reality, and I would forget everything and everybody and remember only my great sorrow. I wanted baby. O, how I wanted him! My heart was aching so for the sound of his little piping voice, and the touch of his baby fingers. How could I live without him? Why did God give him to me, only to take him back after that one little year? For weeks I had been so happy planning a visit to my old home with baby. I had told him so much of the dear old grandmother he had never seen. I had looked forward so hungrily to the day when she would take him in her loving arms and cuddle him as only she knew how. And now I was taking him to her—not the warm, laughing, dimpled baby she had longed so to see. The little still, white clad figure in the casket seemed another child. And the cruel cars jolted noisily on and seemed to say over and over till I could scarcely keep from screaming "Where's baby? Where's baby?" Suddenly the tram

IN AID OF THE CHILDREN

Matthew 23:23
Inasmuch as ye have ear of the
Of the least of these the least
Of your love, from death rescue
Shall stand between them and the

"Inasmuch as when the little
You put forth your hand to
light—
Inasmuch, as when they lay on
Ye were with them in the way

"The joy you brought to light
It
Now waits you an evening
As ye did it unto these to Me
Enter ye into the joy of your

Lord, when sought we out
did (anguish)
When put forth the hand
burdens light
Lord we wist not when the
anguish.
And we slept throughout the
night

For our lives were full of
And the night follow'd hard
Had we lingered with the child
hour.
Our own little ones had per-
ish'd

"Inasmuch as though ye
tend them,
Ye were with them in your
saw
And were hateful and feet to
friend them
In the gold and by the silver

Find your treasure where your
have hid it
Take it back a thousandfold for
As ye did it unto these to Me
Enter ye into the joy of your

J. Brunton St. John

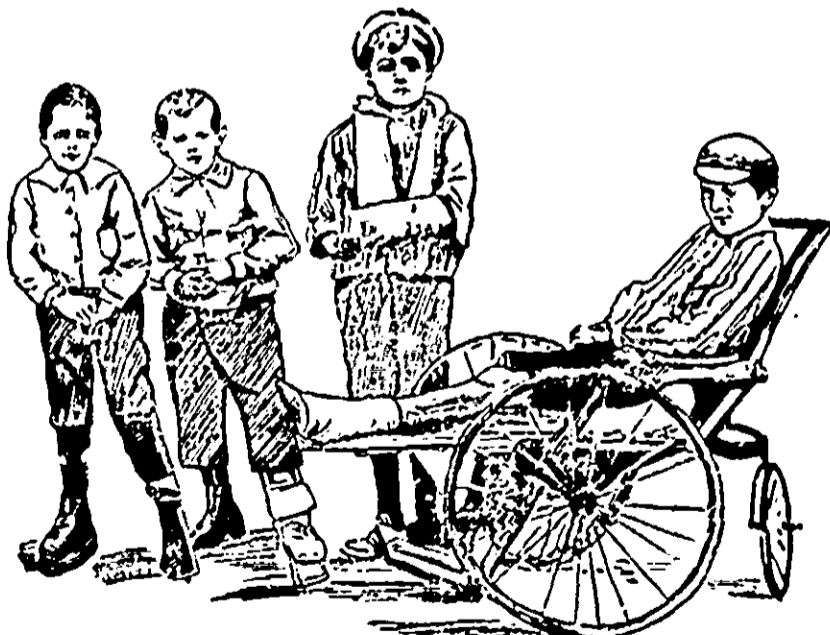
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Hospital from the bondage of
be acknowledged by letter and
columns of *The Evening*
copy of which will be mailed
donor.

Money may be forwarded to
Maria Buchan, treasurer,
street East, Toronto, or to
Robertson, chairman of the
Trust, Toronto.

stopped, and my husband was
ascertain the cause. It was a
rail, and we would be detained
half an hour. I was glad, for I
have a rest from that cruel pain.

It was then that she came
down by me—the woman
sweet, sad face, and almost
knowing it I found myself
my grief to her. It was such
to me mine was selfish grief
thought of myself, and she
understand. She didn't talk
her very presence soothed
remember one thing she said
hear her low sweet voice
dear, it is no slight honor
mother of an angel." I did not
the fullness of her meaning
have since. My heart was
rebellion that day that I did
to find comfort anywhere. I
when the train started
change eyes at the next station
said, "and it may help you
bearing your burden if I tell
thing about myself. I am on
B to see my only son. To
goes to the State prison to
sentence. I would be the
mother on God's earth to day
in your place." The train stop
she pressed my hand and was
watched her as I could thro
blinding tears till she was lost
crowd. But those tears were
baby—*Blanche Bailey King*

The disposition to give a cup
water to a disciple is a far more
property than the finest intellect.



A group of little boys whose maimed and deformed limbs are being straightened at the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto. (Reproduced from photograph.)

From all parts of the province—in 1897 there were patients from these places:—Arthur, Banda, Barrie, Bedford Park, Belleville, Bradford, Brantford, Brighton, Brockville, Brooklyn, Carney, Cartwright, Collingwood, Corbetton, Davisville, Doncaster, Eagleton, East Toronto, Eldorado, Elmville, Ennis, Esquesing, Ewan, Foxmead, Frankford, Gananoque, Georgetown, Gravenhurst, Green River, Hamilton, Hampton Mills, Huron Bay, Huttonville, Invermay, Lambton Mills, Lamo Lake, Listowel, Little Current, Markham, Markdale, Meadowdale, Merriton, Mimico, Mitchell, Mono Mills, Mortimer's Point, Mount Albert, Mount Forest,

This is a single case. Thousands of cases might be cited.

The editor of this paper has been informed that if anyone knows of any sick child under fourteen years of age, who is suffering from accident or disease and whose parents cannot afford to pay for proper medical or surgical assistance they are asked so communicate with the Hospital for Sick Children.

There is room for such children in the Hospital. They will be nursed, cared for, and in all probability, cured.

There is a debt of \$70,000 hanging over the institution, \$20,000 of which is for debts which must be paid at once.

Do Your Best.

I've something to tell you
A plan you can try,
How to be very good,
As the hours go by
A plan very simple,
For a child or for man
And this is the way,
"Do the best that you can"
But that means a great deal
And so it is plain,
If we fail the first time,
We must try yet again
In all this wide land,
To the East or the West
If we want to succeed,
We must just do our best
—B. WELLS WALLACE

PUPILS' LOCALS.

From the Girls' Side of the Institution.

MAUD THOMAS

—New Year passed enjoyably here though very quietly

—The ground has been covered with snow for some time. The little children enjoyed snow balling outside.

—Last week, one evening Mrs. Bails kindly invited all the teachers, and when they came back they reported having an enjoyable time.

—It was very kind of Miss Fanny Ball's youngest brother to present her with a lovely purse as a New Year's gift, and she appreciates his kindness.

—Last week, the reporter was so glad to receive a kind letter from Miss Ethel Swayze stating that she is slowly improving. We missed her very much indeed.

—On the 9th inst., our dear Superintendent, Mr. Mathison, celebrated his 50th day, as hale and hearty as ever. We all join in wishing him much happiness and hearty congratulations, hoping he may be spared to see many happy returns of the day.

—Last Tuesday was Miss Anne Henderson's birthday. We all wished her a very prosperous and happy birthday. Last Saturday afternoon Anne and Miss Edith Wilby spent all afternoon visiting Miss E. Irvine, and they had a pleasant time.

—Misses Maggie Noonan and Annie Hilliard have just received two photos from their dear brothers, with which they were much delighted. They seemed so proud. We all think Maggie's brother is a dace, and Annie's is such a sweet boy and resembles her.

—On New Year's Eve, our little girl, Marion Waters was much delighted to have a visit from her dear mother. She spent all day visiting the various class rooms and shops. She was so deeply interested in our school. The day after she went home, and poor Marion felt very lonesome without her.

—On the 11th inst., one of our teachers, Mrs. Ostrom, who resigned here, was united in marriage to Mr. Gilbert of New York at the residence of her mother. The bride received many beautiful and costly presents. They left for New York where they intend to reside in the future. We all wish them success.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

Mr. Chas. Elliott, of Toronto, has been visiting his sisters in Detroit. He dropped in to see Bert Sepner, at the shoe shop, and was fortunate enough to find Mrs. Sepner and Ed. Ball there. He was on his way to visit Miss Connelly, in company with his sister Eva. He says Detroit is a fine place, but Toronto is better after all. We do not agree with him.

Can hardly get enough news to make a recent show in the Merr. The nutes here are all such great stay at home, never wander from your own fire sides, they never do anything worth mentioning. As Mr. Elliott remarked, pity we are a little more sociable.

Already is the grim hand of age laid on your scribe. Why, it was only the other day, venturing for a skate I sat down very unceremoniously on the glassy surface of the frozen pond. Alas! what a come down for the resplendent Accountant!

Bro. Byrne, let me thump you on the back and say in the words of the immortal Bill Nye, "Them's my sentiments, boxakly." I think it's a first rate idea. I own up, never have I attended a convention because they were always held too far east. Now let all you fellows lend a hand and have it at Hamilton, London, or some place in between Ottawa and Windsor.

Bring it a hundred miles nearer anyhow. Well here we are fairly launched into a new year. The old year—its joys and sorrows are far behind. Our lives are pretty much as we ourselves make them. Every succeeding year we become imbued with the idea of doing a little better than last year, but somehow, when the dawn of another year comes, we are prone to confess it was a dismal failure. We all have our allotted place and time. It depends on ourselves alone, what the result is. A. J.

HAMILTON ITEMS.

From our own Correspondent

We wish you a Happy New Year. Robert McPherson has been away to his home in Brantford during the Christmas holidays, and had a very pleasant time and a good rest under his parental roof.

Andrew Waggoner went to Toronto twice, during the holidays in response to the nutes' urgent invitations to spend his holidays with them for a jolly and good time generally. He reported having a very nice visit in the Queen City.

On Dec. 31st, in the afternoon, C. Golds fell down in a fainting condition in the McPherson Shoe Factory, and was taken to his home in an ambulance. It was found that he was suffering from a pain caused by twisting his back. However, it was not very serious and now he is up around all right.

Owing to the failure of the Winn's shoe firm in Milton, Willie Watt and Charles Mortimer lost their situations, besides some money in wages. Both came to this city and while at once got a place in the McPherson Shoe Factory where A. Waggoner and C. Golds are working. All are steady and well liked by all in the factory. As yet Mortimer has not obtained a job, but is stopping here with his parents.

We were pleased to read in the Merr., J. B. Byrne's letter concerning the coming convention, and about the best place to hold it. We agree with him that every time the convention is held for the benefit of all the nutes, it should be held in a new locality, for the same reasons which he gave in his letter. We always supposed that about two-thirds of all nutes in Ontario lived west of Toronto, and if it is correct, will it be convenient for all, if the coming convention was held in Ottawa, the distance being so great?

Harry Gottlieb and family of Brantford are comfortably settled in No. 26 Canada Street and will be glad to see any who will take a notion to visit them.

With the exception of two or three, all the nutes in the city have good and steady employment and are doing well.

J. F. Jefferson has been in the city about three weeks, on some business of his own, and the nutes have found in him a man of pleasant company, among many things of which he has talked was the one chief topic, his going to the gold fields in the spring. We wish him success.

By another correspondent

Mr. O'Neil has secured a job in the Dowswell's planing mill.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Stanley of Stoney Creek, was in the city, and stopped with Mr. Mosher.

Mr. John Fisher who used to work in the printing office in the States, has secured a job in Dundas, at the Star office.

On the 3rd inst. Mr. Shepherd was in the city for a day, on his way from Brantford to Toronto.

It is reported that many of the nutes would like the convention to be held in this city.

Mr. Waggoner thinks of joining the Y. M. C. A. soon and he says he will be in perfect condition in the spring and when the convention is held would like to meet any cyclists who may be there.

Since Christmas, Mrs. Barlow and family have been on a visit to their parents home in Marmora. Just as we go to press Mr. Barlow has received a telegram calling him to go at once as his little baby was very ill, and it has since died. The parents have our sympathy in their affliction and loss.

Mr. J. Gates of Toronto, was a brief visitor here the other day. He is on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Band, of the Quante Hotel in Belleville.

A man endowed with great talents without good breeding is like one whose pockets are full of gold, but who lacks change for every-day use.

PERTH TOPICS.

From our own Correspondent

Work in the C. P. R. Shops here was very slack before Xmas, therefore a large number of the hands were laid off for a week or so. Messrs. Patrick and Luddy were laid off on the 22nd ult., and went to Ottawa and Carp on a visit. Mr. Noonan accompanied them as far as Carp, but returned to Perth after visiting a couple of days at Mr. Stephen Lett's Messrs. Patrick and Luddy spent Christmas at Mr. Lett's and the following day (Sunday) they with Mr. Stephen Lett and Miss Lila Lett drove out to see Miss Anne McElrude and had a pleasant time. Two brothers of H. McElrude, who is at your school now, were also there. Mr. Luddy afterwards visited Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hodgins. Their little boy only two years old, knows some of the signs. Mr. Loyd Armstrong is hired with Mr. Hodgins. Mr. Luddy was the guest of Mr. Lett most of the time, but also visited Mr. Robert Sissons, and spent New Year's day at Mr. Michael Murphy's. The last two mentioned graduated from your school in 1870. Mr. Patrick regretted he was unable to visit them, as he had promised to pay some of his relatives and friends a visit, which took up the rest of his time. Mr. Luddy returned to Perth on the 3rd inst., but at the time of writing Mr. Patrick had not yet returned.

It has been stated on very good authority that the C. P. R. passenger trains from Toronto to Montreal will have a new route. A new road will be built from Perth to Carleton Place, and the trains will go on to Ottawa, where another new road will be built along the Ottawa River in Ontario to Montreal, the direct line by Smith's Falls to be left for freight traffic. Perth will be made a divisional terminus and have a dining room added to the station. The car shops here are to be made permanent and additional buildings erected for the purpose of constructing passenger cars in them.

Toronto has had the convention and it seems to be Hamilton's turn now. The nutes of the east, however, would rather have it in Toronto as it is the most central location in the province. It would rather be a wild cat scheme to have it held at London, Woodstock or any other far western point, while Ottawa should never have it. Mr. Byrne's suggestion in the last issue of the Merr. is an excellent one. Several nutes in the east have informed your correspondent that they will not attend the next convention at all, but wait till it is held in Belleville.

On the 11th inst., twenty passenger cars and ten sleepers were commenced to be built at the shops here. This is the first time passenger cars were ever built in the Perth shops. The general foreman has received an order for 1,700 box cars and will start on them in the spring. The shops will be kept busy moving next summer, and perhaps some of the departments will be running day and night.

The authorities of the shops here always find it necessary to reduce the force of men during the winter. We are sorry to lose Messrs. Ebister and O'Brien from among our midst. We are pleased to hear of the former's success in getting a job in Toronto and hope the latter will come back in the spring if he can't find anything else better to do.

Mr. F. Stewart, yard foreman at the C. P. R. shops here, is a brother in law to Miss Gertrude Holt, now at your school.

A brother of Mr. Keith's, supervisor of boys at your school, is employed in the car shops here and is quite a friend of your scribe.

Mr. Luddy has learned through his friend Mr. Ferguson, of the Albion Hotel, where he boards, that Mr. Fred Crozier of Westport, has quit baking and is learning printing. They issue a small paper there and have lots of job work. Mr. Ferguson met Mr. Crozier while on a visit in Westport, and of course Fred was inquiring of his old school mates at Perth.

See that you lose nothing by inattention and delay, be deliberate and sure in forming plans and prompt and efficient in their execution. —E. Rich.

Enthusiasm is the element of success in everything. It is the light that leads, and the strength that lifts on and up in the great struggles of scientific pursuits and of professional labor. It robs endurance of difficulty, and makes a pleasure of duty.

The Flight Of The Arrow.

The life of man is an arrow's flight,
Out of darkness into light,
And out of light into darkness again
Perhaps to pleasure, perhaps to pain

There must be something, above or below
Somewhere unseen a mighty bow,
A hand that throes not, a sleepless eye
That sees the arrow fly and fly.
One who knows why we live—and die
—H. H. Stoddard

OIL SPRINGS.

From our own Correspondent

Perhaps this will be the latest Christmas and now year echo from this district.

Mr. and Mrs. Turrill, of Florence, parents of David A., were in Detroit with their daughter for Christmas, thus leaving David lonely at home but, however, he was cheered by a visit from Kenneth McKenzie, who kept him company over Sunday.

Duncan Bloom spent his Xmas and New Year holidays with his parents in Glencoe, and then returned to his shop in Thamesville, no doubt greatly benefited by the change; he is a very hard working man.

On the 30th of Dec. last, David A. Turrill and his brother Daniel were here doing some business, thus giving David the opportunity of making a flying visit to Wilho Kay.

On the 7th ult., Roderick McKenzie called on Wilho Kay, on his way to Sarma, and on the 9th he took him by surprise at Mr. Wm. Esson's house, after missing him at his own place. Then he proceeded homeward and will stay with his cousin, Mr. Michael Showers, for some time. The way he talk of about his Christmas visit at Alma Mater indicated that he had an immense time. I may say that he was just that size when he first entered the Institution in the fall of 1870, only at the age of eighteen, hence the chief topic of conversation during the opening of the term.

Care of the Ear.

When the wax has become so hard that syringing fails to remove it, the patient should lie on a bed or couch with the affected ear upwards, and a little warm salad oil—must not be overheated to cause pain—be gently dropped into the ear, and allowed to remain there for a few minutes. This will soften the wax and then, it followed immediately with a warm water syringe, most probably the desired result will be attained. But if, after the second or third attempt, the wax has not been dislodged, and the noise and ringing in the ear continue, medical advice should be sought.

Caution—If the syringing be too long continued it is apt to cause inflammation. Frequently the wax comes away in such small particles that it is unobscured, and then the water is squirted directly on to the drum of the ear, which is extremely harmful. And never think where gently syringing has failed, the object will be obtained by violently forcing the water in the ear. Such a course is likely to produce evils of the most serious and complicated nature.

In discharges of the ear, a complaint from which children suffer much more frequently than grown up persons, the strictest attention to cleanliness must be paid. If the irritating discharge be allowed to accumulate, it undergoes decomposition, and may give rise to grave mischief. Unless under medical advice, the ears should never when in this—or any other—condition be plugged with cotton wool as it prevents the free exit of the discharge, which is then forced back into the interior of the ear, and becomes of a foul irritating character, which not only injures the ear, but being to a considerable extent re-absorbed by the system, deteriorates the general health, and may if suffered long, possibly produce consumption.—Home Chat.

Early habits of method and regularity will make a man very exact in the performance of all his duties and punctual in his payments.—George Crabbe.

Sometimes, says Uncle Eben, a man puts on a long face and says he is discouraged, when he's simply too lazy to try again.—Washington Star.

A teacher of children totally deaf from birth, having explained to his class how a dog expresses joy by wagging its tail, and told them to express the lesson on their slates, found that one slate contained this amusing piece of information: "My dog hurrahs with his wag."



THE CANADIAN MUTE.

FOUR, SIX OR EIGHT PAGES.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN MONTGOMERY

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 attract interesting matter for and on our page 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 or dumb.

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty cents for the school year. A table in advance shows subscriptions commencing 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



SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1898.

Our Annual Report.

The Twenty-seventh Annual Report of this Institution was presented to the Legislature a few days after the opening of the House and in some respects it is the most interesting and valuable report that has yet been issued. Its characteristic feature consists of several hundred letters from parents of pupils and from ex-pupils, giving their estimate of the character and value of the work being done here. The letters from parents, with some half dozen exceptions, are unanimous in their expressions of surprise and satisfaction with the unexpected progress made by their children, not only in intellectual development and literary requirements, but also in manners and morals and in their conceptions of religious truths. The letters from former pupils, without any exceptions, speak in the warmest terms of the writers' gratitude for, and appreciation of the value of the education and training received at the Institution; and in nearly every instance they were able to demonstrate the truth of their assertions by reference to the practical results, namely, that they were earning a comfortable living and were enjoying life quite as much as those who were in possession of all their faculties. What is especially gratifying in these letters, however, is that which appears between the lines, the sentiment of independence and self-respect, which each evidently conscientiously feels, and which unconsciously perhaps, but very palpably pervades and colors all their expressions. It is very pleasing to know that nearly all of our ex-pupils are doing well in life, that they are law-abiding and industrious citizens, and that they enjoy and merit the esteem of their neighbors and acquaintances. Taken as a whole these letters form both a valuable compend of the results of the training received here

to every variety of character and disposition, and every grade of intellectual capacity, and an eloquent tribute to the faithful efforts of the staff of officers and teachers who have labored so earnestly on behalf of the deaf.

Dr. Chamberlain's report shows that he found everything here in a very satisfactory condition, excepting the fact that the school rooms and living rooms are overcrowded and he urges that a new school building be erected so as to provide accommodation for many other deaf children who should be here but for whom room cannot now be found. He also urges that the school should be made free for all deaf children in the Province, that attendance should be made compulsory, and that the school term be extended to ten years.

The report of the Literary Examiner, A. B. Davidson, B. A. is of a very satisfactory nature. He regards the staff of teachers as an excellent one, but considers the work they have to do is exceedingly monotonous and exhausting. He found a remarkable correspondence between the marks given by himself in his examination and those given by the teachers in their paper examinations, showing that the latter constitute a fair criterion for judging the character of the work done in the class rooms. The conduct of the pupils he found to be all that could be desired. "The earnestness with which they applied themselves to their exercises, even the very youngest, was quite remarkable. The relations existing between the teachers and pupils seemed in all cases to be of a most harmonious character. The teachers treated them with very great kindness, and the pupils showed every mark of respect for their teachers."

Relative to the course of study he speaks as follows: "The course of study covers a period of seven years, and is framed to supply the peculiar want of the pupils, namely, A reads and easy expression of their thoughts in writing and by means of manual signs. Every exercise in the school room, from the lowest class to the highest is primarily an exercise in English. To the mute, English is an unknown language and as it is the only medium by which he can attain a knowledge of anything else taught in the school room more than three-fourths of his time is devoted to the acquisition of a knowledge of it. The course at the commencement is necessarily very narrow and as the pupil's vocabulary increases it becomes wider, until in the highest class it includes Arithmetic, Composition, Canadian History, Geography and Penmanship. During the last ten years the courses of study have been very much extended in the Public and High Schools, adding thereby to the educational privileges of the youth of the Province. From the number in attendance in the highest classes here, the excellent character of the work done, their exceeding great desire to become intelligent, and the fact that they are handicapped in the race of life—it does seem to me that in simple justice, not to speak of pity, an extension should be made in this Institution to their privileges, by extending their course of study for at least one year in the meantime, and providing them with another teacher. Why should these afflicted ones be excluded from any share in the educational benefits which have been so liberally bestowed on their brothers and sisters throughout the Province?"

The maintenance expenditure for 1896-7 was \$15,282.70 equal to \$170.22 per pupil. The items were as follows: medicines and medical comforts \$301.99, meat, fish, poultry, &c., \$3,297.19, flour

and biscuits, \$1,785.80, butter, \$2,357.92, groceries, \$2,035.11, fruit and vegetables, \$711.95, bedding, clothing and shoes, \$770.80, fuel, \$1,169.12, gas, oil, etc., \$1,150.28, laundry, soap and cleaning, \$493.23, furniture and furnishing, \$771.02, farm and garden—feed and fodder, \$1,081.51, repairs and alterations, \$950.89, printing, postage, stationery, etc. \$910.66, books and educational appliances, \$521.27, miscellaneous, water supply, etc., \$2,053.93, salaries and wages, \$21,873.29. Relative to the expenditure the Superintendent speaks as follows: "The average per capita expenditure of the 18 leading Institutions in the United States is \$257. It is a matter for consideration whether we should take credit for our average being so much below the average as given above. Usually the higher the per capita cost the better the school—more teachers, smaller classes and on larger facilities. We are doing well, however, but we might do better. We aim to make our Ontario Institution more efficient each succeeding year, and second to none anywhere. In every department the utmost economy is practiced consistent with efficient administration—nothing is allowed to go to waste, neither is there any stinting, more particularly in the food supply, which is good in quality, abundant in quantity, nutritious and well prepared."

Several changes indicative of progress and prosperity have recently taken place in several of the papers published in the interests of the deaf. The familiar *Deaf Mute Advance* has ceased to exist as such and is now a handsome eight page paper, named *The New Era*. The change is an improvement so far as the form is concerned, while the matter is excellent but to our taste the old name is the better one. Mr. Gray, who has edited the *Deaf Mute* for several years, has retired and his place has been taken by Mr. John P. Walker. We hope to see many improvements under the new management. The *Ontario News* again makes its appearance after six weeks suspension, due to an outbreak of scarlet fever in the school. The *Wisconsin Times* issued an excellent sixteen page Christmas number with a handsome cover. No doubt the interesting matter it contained was well read. The paper was red too, which was not an improvement. The *Deaf Mute Journal* celebrates its twenty-sixth anniversary by issuing a handsomely illustrated edition on toned paper. The *Kentucky Standard* also has completed twenty-three years of useful existence. To all our contemporaries we extend greetings and wish for each and all of them a prosperous and happy New Year.

Valentine's Day?

There are many traditions about the day. Look up any you can find about it in the dictionary, encyclopedia, or story books. The common tradition is that a man by the name of Valentine lived a great many years ago. He was a very good man and did good things for people. He did his good deeds so that people would not know who did it. When he died they called him Saint Valentine. The people chose February 14 as the day to celebrate in his name. Children give pretty things to those they love, and they give them in such a way that their friends are not sure from whom the gift comes.

There are people who never recognize one another in church, but expect to know each other in heaven.

Never economize politeness. To be courteous is a divine injunction. Courtesy should flavor every act of the most ordinary day. Its practice would invest life with beauty and sweetness, would garland the rough places and soften the hard, and be a soothing balm to the sensitive so often needlessly wounded.

The First Snow Fall

Last night the wind blew
Sweet and warm as a baby
And the pasture land—
Were green with the hoar
fields.

Full gold lay the lake near
And rose from the sunset
And soft and grey when the
As the shimmering breast.

But that was yesterday after
At night the fables in silver
Silver shoon and powder
Came slipping down through

And all through the hush
Out of each tiny powder puff
They scattered the snowflakes
And for in the morning the

The fire were buried in snow
Take a tented army street
And out and castle and tower
And how-made grave, in
The crystalline purity

The Drunkard's Sermon

It was growing late in the evening, and the family that earlier in the day had obbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had now gathered leaving the strange and alien world of sense of desolation that comes over the noises of the town are hushed. The electric lights flared unnoted as the street cars passed at intervals, now and then a high wheel carriage, now and then a high wheel carriage, and clear in the stillness of the night a saloon whose lights shone brightly across the pavement. A tramp, unshorn, dirty, disheveled, watched with anxious eyes as the cars passed in and out through the doors, and then he turned and saw two young fellows in evening dress were coming down the street. They had been drinking and they stopped before the saloon and looked curiously at him.

"By jove," said one, "that's a thirst like that, and not to be quenched with an extinguisher in your pocket."

"I Tantalus all to pieces of liquor everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime. "If it could be accepted the tramp would follow interposed."

"Say, he cried, let's do it. I'm a Samaritan, and set Hobo up on his drink."

The other hilariously consented, the tramp slouched into the saloon, the heels of the two gilded young men, the barkeeper set before them two glasses of liquor, and with a hand on the tramp's shoulder he poured out a brimful and raised it to his lips.

"Stop," cried one of the young men drunkenly, "make us a special poor liquor that doesn't loose my tongue."

The tramp hastily swabbed his face with the drink, and as the rich liquor passed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a calm and dignity that all his raggedness could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I spent last night at you and at my set and I lost to me I look upon the present as my last method. This bloated fellow was once as young and handsome as you. The shambling figure once was as proudly as yours, a man in a suit of men. I, too, once had friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, who dropped the priceless pearl of her heart and respect in the wine, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolved and quailed it down in the sea of draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and they faded and die under the heavy curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame on the altar and ministered before it, and put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. My aspirations and ambitions they were as high as the morning star, and they broke and bruised their beautiful and, at last, strangled them. I might be tortured with their memory. To day I am a husband and a wife, a father without a child, with no home to call his own, a man whom every good impulse is dead all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking, his glass fell from his nerveless fingers, shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging door opened and shut to again, and the little group about the bar looked at the tramp was gone.

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

Table with 3 columns: OFFICERS, Name, Location. Includes D. HAYNE, Mervale; A. S. WAGGONER, Preston; A. W. MASON, Toronto; W. M. SCOTT, Belleville; D. J. McKillop, Belleville; W. J. CAMPBELL.

Table with 2 columns: OFFICERS, Name. Includes H. Mathison, Wm Douglas, D. J. McKillop, Wm Nurse.

Table with 2 columns: OFFICERS, Name. Includes I. Charbonneau, P. Harris, T. Chantler, P. Harris.

Table with 2 columns: OFFICERS, Name. Includes H. Mathison, Wm Nurse, D. J. McKillop, Wm James.

THE CANADIAN MUTE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1898.

The happiness of life cannot be bought with money and the poor may have it as well as the rich.

"A Happy New Year."

New Year's Day was passed quietly and pleasantly by our pupils but was of course minus Santa Claus. The skating on the rink was grand but the weather was so cold that only the boys could take advantage of it in full, the girls came out in the afternoon but one by one they dropped out and went in doors leaving the boys in possession of the rink and the enjoyment of chasing the hockey puck. At 11 a. m. the pupils assembled in the chapel and Mr. Stewart who was on duty, gave a New Year's address, drawing a retrospect of the past year and pointing out lines of action and duty which if followed would do much to increase the happiness and improvement of the pupils in the year to come. By the time the address was over the pupils were quite ready for dinner and they made the next half hour the busiest of the day. The festive turkey of course graced the board and there was plenty to satisfy all—nearly four hundred pounds being consumed. The usual party in the evening, at which nearly all the teachers and several hearing friends from the city were present, wound up the day, the pupils joining in the games far more heartily than they did at Christmas. The next day, Sunday, Mr. Balis gave a very thoughtful, suitable and instructive address, his subject being on the keeping of cash vows and promises. He hoped that all would make good resolutions for the coming year and carry them out steadfastly but to pledge nothing rash. In connection he instanced and ably illustrated the rash vows of Hebe and Jephtha and the unhappy results therefrom. Monday was another holiday but on Tuesday morning all got down to steady earnest work again.

Marriage of Miss Metcalfe.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday Dec 30, when Miss A. A. Metcalfe (sister of our Miss Metcalfe, of the Institution) daughter of Mrs. M. J. Metcalfe, Isabella street, was united in marriage to Mr. George G. Farwell, of St. Ste. Marie. The bride was conducted to the altar by her brother in law, Mr. W. Douglas. The bridesmaid was Miss Metcalfe. She was also attended by eight of her young lady friends, namely: Miss Nettie Lockett, Miss Marian Moynes, Miss Bessie Clarke, Miss Minnie Johnson, Miss Mary Burns, Miss Edith and Florence Jones and Miss Norma Vandervoort. The groom was assisted by Mr. C. M. Strange, of St. Ste. Marie. Rev. C. E. McIntyre officiated. The young couple left on the early train on Friday for their new home, going with them the best wishes of a large number of friends for a happy and prosperous wedded life.—Belleville Ontario.

Quiet Home Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at 11 o'clock this morning at the residence of Mrs. Henry Ostrom Wathum-st when her daughter, Miss Mary M. was married to Mr. A. H. Gilbert, of New York. The wedding was attended by only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom and a few intimate friends. Rev. C. E. McIntyre of Bridge St. church officiated after which the company enjoyed a wedding breakfast. The happy couple left on the 3 o'clock train for their future home in New York. The bride has become well known through her connection with the Deaf and Dumb Institution on the staff of which she has been a teacher for some years. The groom is an old Sydney boy, who has made his mark in New York and we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert upon their happy union. Belleville Intelligencer.

One of Mrs. Gilbert's wedding gifts was a very handsome hand painted jardiniere, presented by some of the teachers of the Institution with whom she was long associated. Mrs. Gilbert carries with her to her new home the best wishes of all her friends.



During the last week of the old year Mr. Douglas was compelled to lay off duty through sickness but we are glad to say he is now himself again.

The pupils are looking for a well-earned lecture from our new teacher Mr. McIntosh on the first evening of Saturday evening and we know they will not be disappointed.

Owing to unfavorable weather Jack Frost has only just completed a safe bridge across the bay. Our pupils were allowed to go down there skating for the first time the other day.

We hope before next issue to be able to report the completion of our electric light plant. Conveying lines with the city have been laid and the work seems to be nearing completion.

Mr. McKillop, Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Burns shared supervising duties with Mr. Keith during the New Year holidays in consequence Mr. McKillop had to postpone his usual New Year calls until 1899.

The Superintendent received kind letters on his birthday from Miss Margaret Hutchinson of Gallaudet College Washington and from Miss Annie L. McPhail of Fairwood School Greater New York N. Y. Two former pupils of the Institution. He was pleased to get them.

Mr. Downie and his boys are busy just now building a cold storage compartment in the interior of our ice house. The main partitions must be done before our winter supply of ice is put in, which will be very soon and the rest will be finished off as fast as time from other necessary repairs will allow.

There seems to be considerable rivalry over bicycle riding records among our old pupils. We have received several with a hint to publish them but while we are glad to hear of their successes in annihilating long distances yet we fear if we begin publishing them we will be flooded with too much matter of that kind and if feeling among the contestants will be the result.

Mrs. Balis seldom goes to town without a long list of purchasing commissions to fill for the girls. One can seldom go into her class room at noon without finding her surrounded by a group of girls and making out lists of required purchases from a stack of candy to a roll of dress goods. We hope that our girls do not impose on her kindness, there is usually more to lose than gain on these commissions.

The lady teachers of the Institution have a sewing circle which meets every week or two. Last week they met at the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. Balis in the city. As the roads were good locomotion was easy and all walked down except one. The exception never walks when she can ride and so pressed a hand sleigh and one of our bachelors into requisition and made the trip with ease, pleasure and comfort to herself. We will just say that obnoxious Mac is still alive having worried through the adventure somehow but we

would be glad to speak of the incidents that betide them they are better magnified.

Sunday the 9th just was Mr. Mathison's birthday and the pupils did not let it pass without recognition. They had evidently prepared for the occasion and the word to be ready had been passed quietly around. When he entered the dining room, they allowed him to move on usual round of the table and then at a given signal the whole 275 pupils arose to their feet and mounting their chairs confronted him with a sea of waving handkerchiefs and made the room echo with their cheers. Mr. Mathison was surprised and affected by the ovation and thanked all for their kind remembrance of his natal day. Mr. Burns who was on duty in the dining room did not understand the thing at all and thought that his charges had suddenly gone out of their minds.

A couple of stereopticon entertainments have been given our pupils since last issue. Most of the views in the first exhibit has been shown before so they lacked novelty but last Saturday evening through the kindness of Rev. R. Wallace of the Marchmont Home in the city, the pupils were treated to a new set of views. About one year ago Mr. and Mrs. Wallace made a trip through China and brought back with them about 60 views of that country and its people and he very kindly loaned them to us for the entertainment of our pupils. All the pictures were very fine indeed being high toned and artistically finished and under Mr. Douglas skilful manipulation of the lantern were brought out vividly upon the canvas. Among the views were two showing the frightful results of the use of opium several showing the Chinese manner of punishing law breakers, while the method of the execution of the death penalty was portrayed by a long row of beheaded corpses in a field. To give a summary of all the views would take up too much space, suffice to say that all present very much enjoyed the entertainment furnished through the kindness of Mr. Wallace and he has the sincerest thanks of all for the loan of the views.

PERSONALITIES.

Mr. H. Cameron and Dr. George Mathison took Christmas dinner with us. (Hampden Echo).

Fred E. Benjamin, an old pupil, is now in Wallula N. D. where he has a good farm of 100 acres.

Alexander Labile is hauling and skidding telegraph poles, posts, ties, etc. a Delancey Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Sager and Mr. and Mrs. Rich were visitors to their children here during the New Year holidays.

By word received from Mr. Jefferson we learn that he is still determined in seeking fortune in the Klondike and he is very busy. Any more going?

Mr. John F. Fisher who has been working in the States at the printing has secured a job in the Star office, Windsor, Ont. and expects to get steady employment.

Mr. Crocker who was a carpenter at this Institution in the 70's died a few days ago in Belleville. Many of the old pupils will recollect him. He died of old age and was greatly respected.

Miss Beatrice Gibson of Toronto, was the guest of her sister Miss Gibson, of the Institution for a couple of weeks. She has been head nurse for some time in the Toronto Hospital for Sick Children, and speaking with full knowledge of such matters, she expressed warm admiration for our hospital and its appointments, and for the measures taken to safeguard the health of the pupils here. She returned home on Wednesday after a very enjoyable visit.

The many friends of Mr. McIntosh, both in the Institution and the city, rejoice that he has been called to the Belleville school. His abilities will soon win for him an important position and we feel like congratulating the Institution upon securing his services. Mr. Mac has been a good friend to our school and we will always appreciate his many acts of service performed in the interest of the Deaf of Manitoba. Success to him. (Hampden Silent Echo).

We were pleased to have a former pupil of our school with us for a day or two last week. It was Mr. Kummerly, and he enjoyed renewing old acquaintances very much. The Sunday services

particularly interested him, having been for some years deprived of religious instruction through the medium of signs. He has had steady employment with The Rathburn Company at Deseronto, and the fact that he has worked there for several years speaks commendation.

The Marriage of Prof. Melville Bell was the first solemnized within the precincts of the Greater New York, having occurred in the early morning hours of the first day of the year, almost before the inhabitants were awake to know that they were members of the second greatest municipality on earth. As the father of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, as the originator of "Bell's Visible Speech," and as one prominent at many of the recent conventions of teachers, he has, for years, been a familiar figure to the deaf of our land, and indeed of the whole world, and, with one accord, they wish him every joy. He married Mrs. Harnet G. Shibley, of Harrowsmith, Ontario.—Mt. Airy World.

Appreciate your Parents.

One of the saddest stories ever written is Shakespeare's tragedy of King Lear. Kingship was no source of happiness, and in a forlorn and deserted old age the kind hearted, generous king became insane, because he had been forced to feel "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child." "A thankless child." Could there possibly be a more cruel combination of words? "Thankless" without gratitude or appreciation for benefits conferred for sacrifice made for time and love and labor. Every effort gone for naught. "Child—the dearest object to a parent's heart. Most fathers and mothers will make any sacrifice for their children. Often the restraints that seem so irksome to youth are really great sacrifices for the parents. It would be so much easier to indulge, but thoughtful fathers and mothers plan not only for the pleasure of the moment, but for future years. They study the best plans for the mental moral and physical growth and development of their children, and spend their lives in carrying them out.

A mother whose children are very charming and widely beloved once said "Sometimes I am very strict with them, and it is so hard when I think how little they are but love is the best thing in the world and I want my children to have it. They are dearly loved now but that affection will be lost if the little people grow up selfish and inconsiderate, so small as they are, I try to check all their unlovely impulses. What a work it was and how many heartaches were encountered in the determined carrying out of this course of training! Think of the mother's anguish if her children's love had been denied her!

It is not to be supposed that many young people are so heartless as King Lear's elder daughters but many young people are thoughtless and inappreciative of the efforts their parents make for them.

A careful consideration of father's and mother's wishes will afford more pleasure than the child can understand. Do not let the caresses bestowed upon your mother be so few and far between that she will be not only pleased when she receives one, but surprised as well. Do not imagine because your father is engrossed in business that he will not care for attentions from you. One of the busiest of men, who was influential in very weighty matters and was honored by distinguished people, found the brightest spot in his day made by his daughter always being at the window watching for him when he came home at night. He never had to use a latch key or ring the bell to enter his house, for a loving hand always turned the doorknob when he was coming up the steps. Cannot you find some sweet ways of showing thankfulness for all that is being done for you?—Canadian Churchman.

Truthfulness is the corner-stone in character and if it is not firmly laid in youth there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

Are the little things of no importance? The school is the nursery. The scholars are to become parents, teachers and perhaps superintendents, hence the need of training them to be prompt, reverent, obedient, and regular in attendance, correct in detail and faithful to conviction.—Mt. Airy World.

Report of Pupils' Standing.

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

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 1898.

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH	CONDUCT	APPLICATION	IMPROVEMENT
Armstrong, Jarvis H	10	10	7	7
Annable, Alva H	10	7	7	7
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	10
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10
Bracken, Sarah Maud	10	10	10	6
Ball, Fanny S	7	10	10	7
Brazier, Eunice Ann	10	10	10	10
Benolt, Rosa	10	10	10	10
Brown, Wilson	10	7	10	10
Burtch, Francis	10	10	7	7
Bain, William	10	5	10	10
Burke, Edith	10	10	10	7
Blackburn, Anne M	10	7	10	10
Barnett, Elmer L	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	10	10	10	10
Bellamy, George	10	7	7	7
Burke, Mabel	10	10	7	7
Bourdeau, Benoit	10	10	10	10
Bartley, John S	10	10	10	10
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	7	7	7
Babeock, Ida E	10	10	10	10
Barnard, Fred	10	10	10	10
Billing, William E	10	7	5	5
Baragar, George H	10	10	10	10
Brown, Mary Louisa	10	7	7	7
Boomer, Duncan	10	10	10	10
Bissell, Thomas E	10	10	10	7
Brackenborough, Robt	10	10	7	7
Brauscombe, F. M	10	7	10	7
Baragar, Martha	7	10	10	10
Barnett, Gerald	10	10	7	7
Beno, Richard	10	10	7	7
Burk, Elsie	10	10	5	5
Brown, Dary R	10	10	3	3
Chantler, Fanny	10	7	7	7
Chantler, Thomas	10	7	7	7
Cunningham, May A	10	10	10	10
Charbonneau, Leon	7	10	10	7
Cornish, William	10	3	5	5
Cartier, Melvin	10	10	10	10
Cullon, Arthur E	10	7	10	10
Crowder, Vasco	10	3	5	5
Crough, John E	10	10	10	7
Chatten, Elizabeth E	10	7	7	7
Corrigan, Rose A	10	10	10	7
Clements, Henry	10	10	10	7
Colo, Amos Bowers	10	10	10	10
Cunningham, Martha	10	7	10	10
Clemenger, Ida	10	10	5	5
Cyr, Thomas	10	10	10	7
Croucher, John	10	10	6	3
Cathcart, Cora	10	10	10	10
Cone, Benjamin D. C.	10	10	10	10
Countryman, Harvay B	10	10	10	10
Carter, Stella Jane	10	7	10	7
Clark, Adeline	10	10	7	7
Dowar, Jessie Caroline	10	10	10	7
Doyle, Francis E	10	10	10	7
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	10	10	10
Dool, Charles Craig	10	10	10	10
Dubois, Joseph	10	5	5	5
Dixon, Ethel Irene	10	10	10	7
Daud, Wm. T	10	7	7	7
Dale, Minnie M	10	10	7	7
Derocher, Mary Ellen	10	10	10	10
Duko, Etio	10	10	5	3
Duncan, Walter F	10	10	7	5
Durno, Archibald	10	10	10	10
Deary, Joseph	10	10	7	7
Elliott, Cora Maud	10	7	10	10
Elliott, Wilbur	10	10	10	10
Edwards, Stephen R	10	10	10	10
Elliott, Mabel Victoria	10	10	10	10
Essou, Margaret J	10	10	10	7
Ensminger, Robert	10	10	10	7
Ensminger, Mary	10	10	10	7
Fairbairn, Georgina	10	10	7	7
Forgette, Harimudas	7	10	7	7
Forgetto, Joseph	7	5	7	7
Fretz, Beatrice	10	7	10	7
Forgette, Marion	10	10	7	5
Farnham, Leona	10	10	10	10
French Charles	10	10	7	5
Ford, Charles Ray	10	10	10	7
Floming, Daniel W	10	10	7	7
Gilletand, Annie M	10	10	10	10
Gray, William	10	10	7	7
Gray, William E	10	10	10	7
Gerove, Daniel	10	10	7	7
Gies, Albert E	10	10	10	10
Goetz, Sarah	10	10	10	7
Goetz, Eva	10	10	10	7
Grooms, Harry E	10	10	10	10
Goose, Fidelia	10	10	10	10
Gillam, Walter	10	10	7	5
Green Thomas	10	10	10	7
Gladiator, Isabella	10	10	10	5
Gray, Violet	10	10	10	7
Gelneau, Arthur	10	10	10	7
Greene, Minnie May	10	7	10	7
Gordon, Daniel	10	10	7	7
Guanno, Gertrude	10	7	7	7
Howatt, Felicia	10	10	7	7
Holt, Gertrude M	10	10	10	10
Henry, George	10	10	7	7
Henault, Charles H	10	10	7	7
Hackbusch, Ernest	6	10	10	10
Harris, Frank E	10	7	10	10
Hartwick, Olive	7	7	10	7
Henderson, Anne M	10	10	10	10
Hill, Florence	7	10	10	7
Head, Hartley J	10	10	7	7
Hammell, Henrietta	10	10	10	7
Hartwick, James H	10	10	5	5
Henault, Honoro	10	10	10	7
Harper, William	10	10	7	7
Henderson, Clara	10	7	10	10
Harris, Carl	10	10	7	7
Hagen, William	10	10	7	7
Harper, Marion	10	7	7	7
Ireland, Loms Elmer	10	10	3	3
Jaffray, Arthur H	10	10	10	10
Justus, Ida May	7	10	10	10
James, Mary Theresa	10	10	10	7
Jones, Samuel	10	10	10	10
Johnston, Anetta	10	10	7	7
Jackson, Elroy	10	10	7	7
King, Joseph	10	10	7	7
Kirk, John Albert	10	10	10	7
Kaufmann, Vesta M	10	10	10	5
Kelly, James	10	7	10	7
Kracimer, Johana	7	10	7	7
Kennedy, Christy	7	10	5	5
Leguille, Marie	10	7	10	7
Leguille, Gilbert	10	10	10	10
Lemadelle, M. L. J	10	10	10	10
Leigh, Martha	10	10	10	10
Lightfoot, William	7	10	10	10
Lesho, Edward A	10	7	10	10
Lott, Thomas B.H	10	10	10	10
Loughced, William J S	10	10	10	10
Lyon, Isiah	10	10	10	10
Labelle, Maximo	10	10	10	10
Lett, Wm Putman	10	10	10	10
Lawson, Albert E	10	10	10	10
Lowes, George C	7	7	7	7
Little, Grace	10	10	7	7
Lowry, Charles	10	10	7	5
Laporte, Leon	10	10	10	7
Larabie, Albert	10	7	5	3
Lancill, Cleophas	10	10	10	7
Love, Joseph F	10	10	3	3
Lobsinger, Alexander	10	7	10	7
Law, Theodore	10	10	7	7
Lovesque, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Muckle, Grace	10	10	10	10
Mitchell, Colin	10	10	10	7
Mapes, John Michael	10	10	10	7
Morton, Robert M	10	10	10	7
Mosoy, Ellen Loretta	10	10	10	10
Mason, Lucy Emma	10	10	10	7
Myers, Mary G	10	10	10	7
Moore, George H	10	10	7	7
Moore, Rose Ann	10	10	10	7
Miller, Annie	10	10	5	5
Moore, Walter B	10	7	5	5
Miller, Jane	10	10	10	7
Munroo, Mary	10	10	5	5
Munroe, John	10	10	7	7
Maitre, James	10	10	10	10
Murphy, Hortense	10	10	10	10
Moss, Susan Maud	10	10	3	3
Maas, Anna Maria	10	10	-	-
McBride, Hamilton	10	7	7	5
McKay, Mary Louisa	10	10	10	7
McKay, Thomas J	10	10	7	7
McLellan, Norman	10	3	3	3
McGregor, Maxwell	10	10	10	10
McCormick, May P	7	10	10	10
McKenzie, Angus	10	10	10	10
McKenzie, Margaret	10	10	10	7
McCarthy, Eugene	10	7	10	10
McMaster, Robert	10	10	10	7
McKenzie, Herbert	10	10	10	7
Nahrgang, Allen	10	10	10	10
Noonan, Maggie	10	10	10	10
Orser, Orval E	10	7	7	7
Orth, Elizabeth	10	10	10	7
Orr, James P	10	10	10	7
O'Neil, Ignatius David	10	10	10	7
O'Connor, Mary B	10	10	10	10
Otto, Charles Edward	10	10	5	5
Perry, Alge Earl	10	10	10	7
Pepper, George	10	7	10	7
Pinder, Clarence	10	10	7	7
Pilling, Oertio	10	10	7	7
Perry, Frederic R	10	10	10	7
Pilon, Athaneso	10	10	10	7
Pierce, Cora May	10	10	10	10
Pringle, Murray Hill	7	10	10	10
Parrent, Sophie	10	7	10	7

And the Sun Went Down

Two soldiers lay on the battle
At night when the sun went down
One held a lock of thin gray hair
And one held a lock of brown
One thought of his sweetheart
Happy and young and gay
And one thought of his mother
Feeble and old and gray
Each to the thought that a woman
Murmured a prayer to God
Lifting his gaze to the blue sky
There on the battle sea
Each to the joy of a woman's smile
Smiled through the pain of his heart
Murmured the sound of a woman
Though with his parting breath
Pale grew the dying lips of each
Then, as the sun went down
One kissed a lock of thin gray hair
And one kissed a lock of brown

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PUPILS' LOCALS

From the Boys' Side of the Institution

By JOHN E. CROTON
- This past week the days were a little warmer.
- Skating is one of the popular and healthy amusements.
- James Scrimshaw was much amused by the visit of his father some time ago.
- Little Edwin Roth was very agreeably surprised to see his parents and brother here on New Year's Day.
- Which is the champion hockey team of the Bay of Quinte this winter? We presume the Belleville team is.

On Sunday, 9th inst. number of Catholic pupils attended Low Mass early in the morning and partook of Holy Communion.

Our team would like to play against the Belleville and other teams for practice or for pleasure. We are a good strong team this year.

- Ernest Hackbusch had not been in the printing office because of suffering from pain in the back. We are glad to hear he is better now.

Mr George W. Kimbrell, after twenty years' absence, spent last Sunday and Monday with us and returned home to Deseronto on Tuesday.

The foot-ball fever has died out from the boys now and hockey is the seasonable sport. Our boys seem to like to play hockey now better than foot ball.

- On the 3rd and 8th inst. in the evening, the pupils had the lantern views, which was given in the chapel, and they were greatly interested with them.

- Charles Holton, an ex-pupil, coming in Belleville, comes to see us every week. We are highly delighted to see him face to face and have a good talk with him.

The officers, teachers and pupils connected with the Institution were sorry to hear of the sickness of Charles Holton's father, and they wish him a speedy recovery.

The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year have passed quietly and we are now looking forward to some other holidays with anxiety next spring and anticipate having a grand time.

Our Supt., Mr. Mathison's birthday was last Sunday. He received two addresses from the boys and girls and what an agreeable surprise it was when they handed them to him. He thanked them warmly, for they were kind and thoughtful.

The boys work hard on our teams and they have succeeded in making good. They get permission to play and skate when they have time and the weather favorable. They have a very enjoyable time. We appreciate and Mr. Mathison has done for us.

- Joseph Dubois, one of our boys connected with the Belleville Hockey team now, as he is the best and cleverest player on our team. On the 7th inst. he accompanied them down to Picton. The game resulted in defeat for the Belleville team by a score of 2 to 3. Joseph said the ice was poor and he had a light bad on the rink. But we and the Belleville team are confident we can win from Picton. On the 11th inst. Joseph went with them to Colwellford at 5.30 to play against the Norwood team for the silver cup. It resulted in the Belleville team winning the game by a score of 8 to 1, and we took possession of the silver cup.

A Dog that Earns his Bread.

Harry Stanwix, living in Camden, owns a Newfoundland dog named Don. Don was always allowed to remain in the house except when his mistress was cleaning the rooms, and then he was unceremoniously driven into the yard. The dog greatly prefers the house to the yard, and evidently planned a way to be allowed to remain with his mistress. He noticed that she always dusted the furniture after sweeping a room, and the idea came to him that his large bushy tail would make a first-class dust brush.
One day when the dusting commenced his mistress saw him come in, and, backing up to a chair, he commenced dusting it. At first she thought he was only wagging his tail in appreciation of having returned to the house, but it was soon evident from his going from one article of furniture to another, repeating the performance, that Don was in earnest about helping clean house. It was so novel that he was encouraged in it, and now he is a regular assistant house-keeper to his mistress, his duties being to dust such furniture as he can reach, carry brooms, brushes, etc., all of which he does to the entire satisfaction of Mrs. Stanwix. *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

His Sixth Birthday.

Up his cradle and his little worried
 hidden all his dolls behind the door
 must have a rocking-horse
 and a hard wool top, of course,
 and mamma's baby any more!

Of all his curls, they are only fit for
 left them in a heap upon the floor
 he only wears old to-day
 and no glad to hear them say
 that mamma's baby any more!

ockets in his trousers like his older
 and Jim
 he thinks he should have had them
 before.

his new shoes faced to the top
 a puzzle where they stop
 and mamma's baby any more!

his parents sigh, and has greatly wou
 and why
 I'm sorry when he has such bills to store
 and how now their darling
 and will be their pride and joy
 and cannot be their baby any more

(GEORGINA E. HILLMAN)

Memories of the Past.

FACE IN THE "MY MIND WORLD"

... many times during the 10
 which I have passed among the
 when follow deaf brothers and
 have commented on the
 of losing one's hearing at the
 of 17 years." I have wondered
 a person born deaf should waste
 sympathy on one who spent 17
 with his senses intact

I look at it, the many years spent
 forming child—boy and youth—
 a great deal of the trials of total
 loss during the rest of one's life
 deaf fellows have argued to the
 They consider themselves
 fortunate. Never having known
 of music, the delights of
 conversation, and all the blessings
 perfect hearing brings about, of
 they miss nothing

Sometimes I see it in that light and
 about. It's better to have heard
 fifteen years and lost hearing
 never to have heard at all.

... much that might be said on
 but there is one phase of
 one's hearing late in life that the
 deaf person knows nothing
 of. Some of my personal experience
 is uninteresting.

... days before the illness came
 ended in my finding myself a *frater*
 some of the most congenial people
 the face of the earth, I attended on
 Baltimore's Band concerts, at Gill
 now Madison Square Garden
 nature of the program was the
 playing of a cornet solo by Levy, one
 the greatest cornet virtuosi that
 lived. For an encore he gave
 way down upon the Swanee River
 intricate variations.

... I had been deaf fully a year,
 rolling in a hammock just as night
 I was startled by "hearing" this
 solo repeated, even to the
 notes as distinctly as a year
 before. Some one came up and the
 stopped.

... course it was all imagination—but
 delightful imagination! Another
 elapsed I was in a dentist's
 and under the influence of nitrous
 gas, that solo came to me again,
 to have the stern reality brought
 when I returned to consciousness
 that and saw the knight of the
 going round and round, the
 windows and myself keeping
 company

... years more elapsed and while
 to sleep in the stuffy upper berth
 of a steamship, again the stillness
 of a deadened ear is broken by the
 musical cadence of

... y down up—on the Swan
 ly er, with each variation
 ngly as distinct as the original. It
 ated again and again, and then
 of in the middle of a bar as mys-
 ly as it began, to be repeated two,
 or four years afterwards

... all imagination?
 ... cannot be brought on at will!

... that a mysterious "ghost" of the
 that lingers on the scene to weave
 a spell brought on by weirdly
 long remembrances"

... me who knows no will accuse me
 of superstitions. Never before
 I spoken to any one of those ex-
 ces these echoes of the past that
 come to me fully a dozen times in
 two score years.

... many others I am "stom deaf"
 a vestige of hearing remains.
 ... the Swanee River?
 ... I a singer I could accompany

the mystic cornet with the accuracy and
 precision of a Pathe. I truly believe
 The sound is not loud
 I am not in a building with all the
 acoustic properties that go to making
 the music clear and loud

It seems as if I were sitting down on
 the shores of the ocean, a quarter of a
 mile back on the bluff where the expert
 manipulator of the B flat cornet without
 warning starts. Sometimes it is re-
 peated half a dozen times. Again the
 spell is broken after the first three bars.
 No will power, so much imagination
 can bring it back. I must wait weeks,
 months, years and then it is heard again

Delightful experience isn't it?
 Again another and totally different
 I am alone. The house except for
 my presence, is deserted. The children
 and their mother are in the country.
 Business keeps me at home

I retire early first making sure that
 every door and window is secured. I
 lay me down to rest. Just as peaceful
 slumber gets nearly every tangled
 thread of care unravelled

Thump! Thump! Thump
 Three distinct knocks
 I am up in a second
 Dear me! who can it be that wants
 me at midnight? Must be the police
 man on the beat or a fire perhaps.

Up goes the front window. It's not
 very dark

There's no one at the front door
 I go to one of the rear rooms. Up
 goes a rear window. I look out no one
 there!

I wait developments. I finally con-
 clude it was only a noise made by some
 one "next door" and again seek my
 couch

Fifteen minutes pass. Imagination
 paints pictures of masks—things passing
 up and down the rooms in the next
 room, back into my room. Doors are
 opened, closets ransacked and still I be-
 lieve like one in a trance and

Thump! Thump!
 That brings me out of bed again. I
 look around the room that now is lit by
 the three gas jets. I have turned on in
 full. No drawers or closets are open
 but those taps I couldn't resist

No one at my front door
 The back yard says for a street night
 prowling came is clearly outwitted

There must be some one down stairs
 I hurriedly dress and go down light
 the gas in every room. All is quiet,
 nothing has moved but the pendulum of
 the clock on the dining room mantle
 and the hands indicate, five fifteen and I
 retired before midnight

I go back to sleep and just as I feel
 convinced it was all imagination

Thump! Thump! Thump! Thump!
 Thump!

Five times in succession comes to me
 the sound of hitting a snare drum with
 a drum stick

The whole proceedings are gone
 through with again and I am soon
 asleep, this time to be undisturbed
 till Old Sol's rays creep into my room
 and tell me it is time to get up

Who did the thumping?

Perhaps a trolley car passing in the
 next block caused such vibrations of
 the wires as to carry the sound to
 my room

Perhaps a late retiring neighbor
 "stook the coals on his stove

Perhaps it was all imagination

The reveries of a deaf man out to Ek
 Marvels, and on the the uncanniest
 tales of grim specters of rays and the
 uncertain rustling of purple curtains
 that cast their shadows on the floor
 and fill one with fantastic terror, both
 before and after

A Mute's Recovery of Speech

A mute who is able to speak has
 shown himself at Cremona, in the
 Arrondissement of Roane, on the Loire,
 France to the great astonishment of
 neighbors. He is twenty five years of age
 and, owing to an illness, has been mute
 since his second year, but recovered his
 speech by an accident a few weeks ago

The young man whose name is Gaudard
 was trying in vain to make his sister
 understand that he wanted to smoke,
 and suddenly exclaimed, "tabac." Since
 then he has spoken regularly. Gaudard
 it seems was only a mute not a deaf
 mute and had been at school though he
 could not respond to any questions put
 to him. His mutism was probably the
 result of partial paralysis, which disap-
 peared with age

Better three hours too soon than one
 minute too late. Shakespeare

Training of Deaf Mutes.

From the *Edinburgh Review*, December 31

The Christmas number of THE CAS-
 SARYS. Mr. ... coming soon after the an-
 nual report of the Ontario Institution
 for the Deaf and Dumb, throws some
 light upon the life, the occupations, the
 joys and sorrows of a class of people who
 are strange and unknown to many of us,
 as if they dwelt in Thibet instead of in
 our own Province. The very full pro-
 ceedings which is made in Ontario for the
 mentally and physically afflicted puts
 them out of the way of our daily life and
 leaves us in some danger of forgetting
 them, forgetting what a terrible depri-
 vation it is to have reason at one's
 command quite shut out. Our first thought
 is of the deaf mute missing some of the
 great things, the notes of gay or solemn
 music, the roar of the ocean or cataract,
 the sighing of the wind through the
 pines, the tones of the orator's voice in
 pleading, denouncing or arguing. But it
 is perhaps in smaller or more familiar
 matters that the loss is heaviest to the
 afflicted ones and their friends. The
 firstblings of the child are treasured
 up like gold and repeated like the say-
 ings of sages. How is it where they
 never come, where the days and months
 pass and the mother waits in vain for
 the articulate sound to shape itself
 into the spoken word, where the convic-
 tion at last comes that a curtain is hung
 between the intellect within and the
 world of intellect without, that the
 human voice in sorrow, mirth or friend-
 ship can never break upon the imprison-
 ed soul? There is grave danger that,
 with this window darkened a soul and
 intellect may be starved like a plant de-
 prived of sunshine but care and kind-
 ness can do much to widen the avenues
 of light. The report of the institute con-
 tains many testimonies from former in-
 mates and from friends of inmates of the
 home. Here is one in which the situation
 of the deaf mute is vividly described

M. E. McT. Winnipeg—When I
 pause to think of what my life might
 have been, it fills me with horror, and
 at the same time I am inspired with
 feelings of thankfulness that I was
 granted that inestimable privilege
 which the advances of civilization has
 provided for all afflicted like me. I can
 now recall my condition as a child, not
 that I was unhappy or conscious of the
 difference between me and other
 children. My mind was almost a blank.
 I was active physically and took as
 much enjoyment out of childish games
 as other children, but could not think
 or reason further than my sense of
 sight, touch, smell and taste guided me.
 I saw other children laughing and talk-
 ing, but did not understand or realize
 the great advantage they had over me.
 I went to church, saw the people kneel-
 ing in prayer, but understood it not. I
 did not know there was a God. In
 brief, I knew only what I could see.
 How limited and circumscribed and
 how sad and how terrible to commit a
 human being to such a doom—a certain
 reality if an education is not provided.
 The Belleville Institute has done for me
 what it has done for many others—
 turned darkness into light, and made
 it possible for me to use the gifts God
 has given me. It is a privilege to be
 able to testify to the excellent insti-
 tution over which you preside, which
 not only educates mentally but morally
 and spiritually

The report shows that the training,
 physical, mental and moral, is thorough,
 and that the career of the inmate after
 leaving the institution is sympathetic-
 ally watched by Mr. Mathison and the
 staff. Education includes the teaching
 of several useful trades. We find that
 161 of the men have become farmers,
 41 shoemakers and 17 printers, while
 many of the women find their destiny
 in marriage or in domestic occupations.
 Many of the pupils says the report, are
 well off, many are in comfortable
 circumstances, few are a burden on
 their relatives, none are in jail. As a
 class they are good citizens and enjoy
 the respect of the community. The
 cases of deafness in 1115 cases are
 given. In 133 the child was deaf at
 birth. Cold is put down as the
 cause of 43 cases, scarlet fever of 77,
 brain fever of 28, inflammation of the
 brain of 12, spinal diseases of 93, falls
 of 22, whooping cough of 15. The
 parents of 31 were first cousins, and
 71 more distantly related. It seems
 likely from these figures that deafness
 will diminish as the general treatment
 of disease improves. The institution is
 doing noble work and Mr. Mathison
 is anxious to have its benefits extended
 to every child who needs them.

Occupations for the Deaf

In reading the report of the Ontario
 School at Belleville, we came across a
 table showing the present occupation
 of former pupils. Out of 227 cases, 101
 are farmers and 85 are engaged in
 domestic work. From this we would
 deduce the following conclusion, viz.,
 that farming and domestic service seem
 to be the two occupations in which the
 deaf of that school find their calling in
 life. What is true as regards the deaf
 of this school will practically hold good
 of the graduates of American schools and
 we believe we are perfectly safe in say-
 ing that from thirty to fifty per cent of
 the graduates of our schools are found
 either upon farms or in domestic service
 within three years after graduation. If
 the above estimate is a fair one, and we
 believe it is, would it not naturally fol-
 low that when it comes to giving manual
 training that practical farm train-
 ing for boys and practical domestic
 work for girls would be doing the great-
 est good to the largest number? Yet
 what is done in this line? From the
 statistical tables of the *Annals* we find
 that farming is taught in only three
 of our schools, viz., Indiana, North
 Carolina, (Morgantown) and South
 Dakota. From the same source we find
 but two schools, viz., Pennsylvania
 Oral School and Utah School that make
 any claim to instruction in house work,
 but we find that baking, which certainly
 is a feature of house work, is taught in
 six of our schools, namely New York,
 Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and
 Colorado Schools. Cooking also a part
 of domestic teaching, is taught in seven
 schools as follows: Pennsylvania (Mt.
 Airy), Wisconsin, Iowa, LeConte's, St.
 Mary's, St. Joseph's, Western New York,
 and Portland (Me.) Schools. We live in
 a practical age and are dealing with
 children who as a whole must face the
 practical in life, hence it seems to us
 that as a profession's error in not giving
 more prominence to these two most
 practical branches, Art, chalk engrav-
 ing, clay modelling, china painting, em-
 broidery, fancy work, floriculture, paint-
 ing, plate-engraving, wood carving, all
 of which are taught in one or more
 of our schools, are all very nice, yet if
 the money spent on these for instruction,
 material, etc., were spent on such indus-
 tries as are taken up as breadwinners
 by the rank and file, we believe we
 would come more nearly toward making
 our industrial departments what they
 should be than we do.—North Dakota
 Banner.

English Ideas at the Russian
 Court.

The young empress of Russia evident-
 ly has the courage of her opinions, which
 are very strong ones on certain subjects.
 It must have required no small strength
 of mind for her to issue her recent
 command about cigarette smoking, as all
 Russian ladies smoke as a matter of
 course, and the dowager czarita, the
 princess of Wales's sister (who is certain-
 ly anything but masculine in her habits)
 so far from laying any such restrictions
 upon her ladies-in-waiting, herself actu-
 ally smoked. Some unpleasant feeling
 exists in court circles at the command
 of the young empress, but it is perfectly
 easy to understand her dislike to this
 very unfeminine practice. She is so
 thoroughly English in her tastes and
 views that it naturally offends her to
 have all her ladies-in-waiting continually
 puffing cigarettes. By degrees she is
 certainly Anglicising the Russian court,
 and it is charming to find that her devoted
 young husband helps her in every way
 to this end. He has an immense admira-
 tion for everything English, and is
 delighted to hear his wife speaking her
 mother's language.

Regained his Speech.

Louisville, N. Y., Dec. 29.—Patrick
 Kelly, a hard wood finisher, who for over
 a year had been dumb, suddenly re-
 covered the use of speech during a fit of
 anger. He was greatly surprised to find
 himself talking and changed his words
 from curses to a fervent "thank God." He
 was formerly employed by Mauleson
 & Co., of Wilmington, Del., and was
 about to curse one of the bosses there
 when his voice was restored.

Mr. Elwell—Isn't it strange, but true
 nevertheless, that the biggest fools
 always marry the prettiest girls? Mrs.
 Elwell—Oh, now, go on, you flatterer.

