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# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. III.

BELLEVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

NO. 16.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB  
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO  
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge :  
THE HON J M GIBSON.

Government Inspector :  
DR T F CHAMBERLAIN

Officers of the Institution :

H MATHISON, M A	Superintendent.
A MATHISON	Director.
J F EAKINS, M D	Physician.
MISS ISABEL WALKER	Matron

Teachers :

D H COLEMAN, M A	Head Teacher.	MISS J G TYRRELL	Superintendent.
F DENNY	Teacher.	MISS N TWELTON	Director.
JAMES C HALL, B A	Teacher.	MISS M M OSTRON	Physician.
D J McHILLIP	Teacher.	MISS MARY HULL	Matron
W J CAMPBELL	Teacher.	MISS FLORENCE MATHISON	Teacher.
GEORGE STEWART	Teacher.	MISS SYLVIA L HALLIS	Teacher.
		MISS ADA JAMES	Monitor.

MISS ANNIE MATHISON,  
Teacher of Articulation temporarily.

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work

MISS EMILY M YARWOOD, Teacher of Domestic.

MISS L N MITCHELL, JOHN T HUNTS,  
Clerk and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

WM DOUGLASS, FRANK FLYNN  
Storekeeper & Associate Master Carpenter  
Superintendent

G G KEITH, WM. NUNN,  
Supervisor of Boys Master Shoemaker

MISS A GALLAGHER, D. CONNINGHAM,  
Instructor of Sewing Master Baker  
and Supervisor of Girls.

J MIDDLEMASS, THOMAS WILLS,  
Engineer, Gunlayer

MICHAEL O'MEARA, Farmer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R. MATHISON,  
Superintendent

## INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail matters to go away if put in box in office, floor will be sent to city post office at noon and 2 1/2 in. of each day (Sundays excepted). The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one, unless the same is in the locked bag.



### Foot Steps of Angels.

When the hours of the departed  
And the voices of the night  
Wake the holy soul that slumbers  
To a better, calm delight  
To the evening lamps are lighted,  
And like phantom's grin and tall,  
Shadows from the fatal firelight  
Dance upon the parlor wall

Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door,  
The beloved ones, the true-hearted  
Come to visit me once more!  
He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife—  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,  
Who the cross of suffering bore  
Folded their pale hands so tremble  
And were seen on earth no more!  
And with them the being beautiful  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me  
And is now a saint in Heaven

With a slow and noiseless footstep  
Comes that messenger divine,  
Takes the vacant chair beside me,  
Lays her gentle hand in mine  
And she sits and gazes at me,  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like those stars so still and saint like  
Looking downward from the skies

Utters not, yet comprehended,  
In the spirit a voiceless prayer—  
Soft sobbing, in blessings ended,  
Breathing from her lips of air  
Out through oft depressed and lonely  
All my fears are laid aside,  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

Longfellow



### Boys Who Became Famous.

"Well, I used to think no one could do two things well at once, but that boy seems to have managed it, and no mistake."

So spoke an English traveler who was inspecting one of the great cotton-mills in the west of Scotland, not far from Glasgow. And well he might say so. The lad whom he was watching—a pale, thin, bright-eyed boy, employed in the mill as a "piercer"—had fixed a small book to the framework of the spinning jenny, and seemed to snatch a brief sentence from its pages every time he passed it in the course of his work.

"Aye, ho is jist a wonder, yon laddie," answered the Scotch foreman, to whom the visitor had addressed himself. "We ca' him 'Bussy Davie' here, for he's aye readin' like ooy minister; but he does his wark weel for a' that."

"And does he really understand what he reads?" asked the Englishman, looking wonderingly at the young student's book, which was a treatise on medicine and surgery that would have puzzled most lads four or five years older than himself.

"I's warrant he does that," replied the Scot, with an emphatic nod. "There's no a quicker chiel than Davie i' the hail mill."

And the visitor passed on to look at another part of the works, and forgot all about "Bussy Davie" for the time being. But he was suddenly reminded of him two hours later, when the mill hands "knocked off" for dinner. Coming back across the yard when his tour of inspection was over, the traveler caught sight of a small figure in a corner by itself, which he thought he recognized.

A second glance showed him that he was not mistaken. There sat "Bussy Davie," holding in one hand the big oat meal "kannock" that represented his dinner, and in the other a soiled and tattered book without a cover, which he was devouring so eagerly that his food remained almost untouched. The Englishman stole softly up behind the absorbed boy, and glancing over his

shoulder at the book, saw that it was one written by himself a few years before, describing the most perilous of all his journeys through the wild regions beyond the Orange River in South Africa.

Just as the visitor came up, the little student, quite unaware that the author of the book was standing beside him, read half aloud one of the more exciting passages, following the lines with his roughened forefinger:

"The progress of our party was necessarily very slow, as we could only march in the mornings and evenings, and the wheels of the wagon often sank up to the very axle in the loose sand. In some places the heat was so great that the grass actually crumbled to dust in our fingers. More than once our supply of water ran out altogether, and men and beasts staggered onward over the hot, dusty, never ending plain, with parched tongues and 'shot' eyes, silent and despairing."

At the thought of these difficulties which he himself was one day to meet and overcome a few men have ever done before or after him, the boy's thin face hardened into the look of indomitable firmness which was its habitual expression in after life. But it softened into a smile the next moment, as he read as follows:

"In several of the places where we camped, our chief food was a species of large frog, called by the natives 'mat tlemetto,' which was kind enough to assist us in our hunts for it by setting up such a tremendous croaking that we could easily find it, even in the dark."

Here the boy turned over a leaf, and came suddenly upon a startling picture of a man lying prostrate on the ground with a lion's fore-paw planted on his chest, and its teeth fastened in his shoulder, while several negroes, with terrified faces, were seen making off as fast as possible in the background.

"How would you like to travel through a country like that, 'ay lad?" asked the explorer. "It would be rough work, wouldn't it?"

"I wad like weel to gang there, for a' that," answered the boy, "for there's muckle to be done there yet."

"There is indeed, and it is just fellows of your sort we need to do it," said the traveler, clapping him on the shoulder. "If you ever go to Africa, I'll be bound it will take more than a lion in your way to stop you."

The whole world now knows how strangely those lightly spoken words were fulfilled twenty-eight years later when that boy did actually come alive out of the jaws of the hungry African lion, which had broken his arm with its teeth, to finish those wonderful explorations that filled the civilized world with the fame of Dr. D. Livingstone.—*Harper's Young People.*

### How to Master Your Temper.

Starve it; give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself, to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that the temper had been controlled.

Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and pain is given to others as well as to self. The pain too often lasts for days, even years—sometimes for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler, it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.—*United Presbyterian.*

The poorest education that teaches self control is better than the best that neglects it.

### Born Deaf.

EVERY ONE IS BORN DEAF, BUT ONLY FEW STAY THAT WAY.

All infants are deaf at birth, because the outer ear is as yet closed and there is no air in the middle ear. A response to a strong sound is observed at the earliest in six hours, often not for a day, sometimes not for two or three days. The awakening of the sense may be recognized by means of the drawing up of the arms and the whole body and the rapid blinking which a loud noise provokes; and it is a sign of deafness if the child, after its ears have had time to come into a suitable condition for hearing, fails to respond thus to a strong sound.

No other organ of sense contributes so much to the early physical development of the child as that of hearing after it has become fully developed. The superiority of the ear over the eye in regard to this point, is shown by the intellectual backwardness of persons who are born deaf, as compared with those who are born blind. At the beginning of life as a rule, the voice of the mother and the nearest relatives afford the first impressions of sound. Very soon these voices are distinguished, and differently responded to. It is particularly interesting to compare the soothing operation of singing of the cradle melodies with the extraordinary vivacity exhibited on the hearing of dance music, in the second month. Certain sounds, as those of the male voice are effective at a very early period in quieting the crying of a child; while other strong and strange ones, will cause it to cry. Observations on these points, which are easily multiplied show that in spite of its original deafness the child learns very soon to discriminate between the impressions of sound.—*Phrenological Journal and Science of Health.*

### Only Diamonds.

BY MRS. BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

A ship-wrecked mariner who had been washed upon the rocky coast of an island which seemed to be uninhabited, lamented that he had only been snatched from the sea to die a lingering death from starvation.

One day, while wandering round in search of food, he chanced upon a tiny package done up in paper. Hoping to find something therein to satisfy his hunger, he picked it up and hastily tore it open, but instead of the morsel of bread he craved, his eyes rested upon diamonds that glowed and sparkled in the sunlight. Throwing them from him, he cried out in despair: "Only diamonds, and I am perishing for bread!"

So to the starving soul in the hour of death everything, except Jesus, is "Only Diamonds."

I once knew a man, a prince among his fellows, who possessed houses, and lands and gold in great abundance; every comfort that earth could bestow belonged to him, but in the enjoyment of the gift he forgot the Giver, until through his lofty portals, the unbidden guest came creeping stealthily in. Then it was, he realized the treachery of the sandy foundations upon which he had been building. In his agony, he begged his friends to snatch him from the jaws of death, and to his physicians he offered millions of dollars if they would only prolong his time a single hour; but the irrevocable summons had gone forth, and poor human skill stood utterly helpless in the presence of the King of Terrors. The passing soul was Christless, and everything else was "only diamonds."

"For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*The Christian Observer.*



# THE CANADIAN MUTE.

Four, six or eight pages.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

### OUR MISSION

**First**—That a number of our pupils may learn typesetting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

**Second**—To furnish interesting matter for and encourage a habit of reading among our pupils and deal with subscribers.

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

### SUBSCRIPTION

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

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

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

### ADVERTISING

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

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



FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

### Manual Training.

What are our industrial classes for? Do pupils and their parents properly estimate their true value? The authorities of the various Institutions for the Deaf evidently consider them of importance or they would not be in existence. The object of their establishment is mainly to teach the pupils a trade whereby they may gain a livelihood when they leave school; and, secondly, to inculcate habits of industry and application, and impress upon their minds the dignity of labour, and so prepare them to engage successfully in some pursuit. The boy leaving school should carry with him sufficient scholastic and mechanical training to fit him for whatever it might be necessary for him to do, and he should be given all the time required to prepare himself for that end. The officers here should know best when a pupil has reached the limits of his capability, and parents removing him before that time, must assume the responsibility. We do not say that every pupil can complete the full course, even if allowed to return as long as the Institution will receive him. Instructors, however faithful, cannot fill a void or supply what a boy may not have—an intelligent brain—but there are many whom we would gladly retain for further instruction; but the parents step in and for some reason of their own, the pupil is removed. This, too, happens sometimes because the pupil has grown tired of the routine of school, and to save himself from being sent back, makes wilful misrepresentations which the parent believes without enquiring about their truthfulness.

This term the foreman of our shoe-shop regrets the removal of several of his most promising pupils, who have

been kept at home through the mistaken idea that as they can drive a peg they are shoe makers, and anything further that the shop here can teach them, they can learn elsewhere, and be making money besides. It will not be long before this is found to be wrong. A pupil going out before he has taken a full course will have to finish his apprenticeship in some other place, there he will be "a hower of wood and drawer of water—the least important individual in the shop." In the Institution shops, on the contrary, "he is the most important individual, he is the object for which the shop exists, he is the material that is to be finished. Instead of being left to himself, like the apprentice elsewhere, to pick up what he can and how he can, competent and intelligent instructors devote themselves to his training. Elsewhere the apprentice exists for the shop, here the shop exists for the boy."

It is remarked, that many pupils when they leave our shops do not follow the trade they have been working upon, and the instructor is often unjustly blamed as the cause; the parents quite forgetting "the beam in their own eye" in not giving him sufficient time to learn all that can be taught him. We do not blame our pupils for taking up something more lucrative if it is offered, but first, let us do all in our power to make his bread and butter sure. We do not consider our time lost if after years of patient teaching our pupil only learns to patch up an old shoe, the fault is not his, he did the best he could; but we decidedly object to be blamed for his non-success when the boy has been removed before everything possible has been done for him, and he goes out and is a failure, and is then compelled to take up any other labor that offers, for whatever remuneration it will bring him. Far better for him to spend an extra year or two in attaining more proficiency, and go forth prepared to compete with the workers in one particular trade, than to join the thousands of the unskilled who turn to anything that will bring them a livelihood. The supply of such labour being always in excess of the demand, the wages are kept at the lowest possible limit by competition. A boy who attempts to complete his training outside, starts to work for some shoemaker for two or three dollars per week—very few would get more for the first year or two, this sum is just sufficient to keep him in food with a very small margin for clothing, and he finds himself at the end of the year no better off financially. But how has he gained in progress? The employer pays him wages, and, naturally, desires to make as much profit from his apprentice as possible, so gives him work that will bring him, the employer, the best returns, whether the apprentice improves or not is quite a secondary consideration.

To fit a young man to do the ordinary work of a journeyman, from four to six years, according to his ability, is required to make him fairly proficient; but taking our pupils' time in the shops, very few spend more than three or four full years. Our shop aims to prepare our pupils to run a little country or city shop of their own and so be independent of any employer,—factory work like many other things being overdone. To do this, they must learn in addition to the ordinary making up and repairing branches, the work of cutting, measuring, fitting and the working of a machine, as well as a knowledge of the qualities and prices of leather, &c. We believe that as long as boots and shoes are made of leather, good solid hand work, both for new boots and repairing, will always be in demand, and by the time that the present boy grows to manhood, men who can do it, and do it well, will be at a

premium. At this moment we very much doubt if there is within a radius of fifty miles a single apprentice to the trade in any of the custom shoemaker's shops.

What we have said of the shoe shop will apply to our other industries, and we ask parents to carefully consider this matter. We think they will see that the gain of a few dollars now will be nothing in comparison to the benefit to be derived in the future, by giving their children every chance and oven by making present sacrifices for their future good.

The Christmas number of the CANADIAN MUTE was especially fine. We are convinced with every one of those papers whose subscription lists are so long that they can indulge in the finest quality of paper and unlimited illustrations.—Maryland Bulletin

Our contemporary's way of looking at this matter is similar to that of the merchant who refuses to advertise because business is poor. If there be any virtue in advertising then the worse business is the more need for advertising to improve it. Papers whose subscription lists are so long that they can indulge in fine paper and handsome illustrations are long because they do these things.

On Friday evening at the Y. M. C. A. Convention, Mr. Metcalfe, of the Kingston Medical College, referred to his visit to this Institution and spoke in warmly eulogistic terms of the excellence of the work done here. He said that if he had not seen it he would not have thought it possible for these children, deprived of one of the most important of their senses, to acquire knowledge so rapidly.

The California News, published at the Institution for the Deaf, at Berkeley, comes to hand printed from new type and presents an improved and handsome appearance. It is cleverly edited, the selections are always interesting and as an authority on "magic squares" it is unsurpassed.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute, having reached its majority, appears in a new dress, and it is now one of the handsomest as it is one of the ablest and most interesting of our exchanges. May ever-increasing prosperity attend it.

We are glad to know that Supt. F. D. Clarke, of Michigan, is not to be removed from his position as head of the Flint Institution. The despatch to the Chicago papers saying he had been deposed was incorrect.

The Institute Herald, St. Augustine, Fla., comes to hand in a new dress and much improved. We are pleased to notice these signs of prosperity on the part of our confreres.

We acknowledge with thanks the kind invitation to the Fifth Annual Masquerade Ball of the Par-a-Pas Club of Chicago.

A number of the delegates attending the Y. M. C. A. Convention, yesterday afternoon paid a visit to the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and were delighted with what they saw. The various classes were visited and all the workshops were also inspected. Those who attended were loud in their praise of the courtesy extended to them by Principal Mathison and his efficient staff of officers and teachers.—Intelligencer, 26th ult.

We have only once to live, therefore let us live to a purpose. The day that dawned this morning will never dawn again. The opportunities which it brought with it will never come again; and if we fail to fill it with the service it requires of us, there will be no possibility of returning into it to repair the mischief. The wheels of time have rattled to them, and they move only forward.

### The Passing Years

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

As light as the breath of the thistle-down  
As fond as a lover's dream,  
As pure as the flush in the sea shell's eye  
As sweet as the wood bird's wooing  
So tender and sweet they seem

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

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

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

### Language for the Deaf.

Supt. F. D. Clarke concerning language for the deaf, says:—"The great word of the deaf is language, the English language. Those who have never made the matter a subject of careful thought do not realize how isolated and ignorant a child who has no language must be, neither do they realize the very great difficulty of teaching any language, especially the English with its irregularities and great store of idioms, to the deaf. The general opinion among those who are not teachers of the deaf, is that as soon as a deaf child is taught to form the letters of the alphabet, and write a few words, the task is accomplished. One might as well claim to know the German language as soon as he has mastered the alphabet of that tongue. People usually imagine there is very great difficulty in teaching a deaf child the first few words, but after that all is easy. The exact opposite of this is true. Every principle and step has to be carefully explained and taught by long hard practice. Words and phrases that pour into a child's ear and become acquired by the deaf after careful drill and long practice in school exercises, a hearing child will use more language in telling a loving mother how the day has been spent than the most diligent deaf child will be able to use in a week of hard work in school. The progress made in language depends upon use and consequently that of the deaf bears the same relation to that of the hearing as one's slow pencil does to the other's nimble tongue."

### His Opinion of Oralism.

A. M. Blanchard is a deaf man living in St. Louis, Mo., and is an engraver by occupation. He never attended a school for the deaf but was educated, as best he could be under such circumstances, in the public schools. He has been totally deaf thirty years and is an expert English reader. The following is an extract from his letter to the Mirror of Dec 24.

"My personal conviction is obviously that pure oralism is not the system best calculated to develop the faculties of the deaf mute, and qualify him for his unequal struggle with the world. His intellectual power, is always limited, often unintelligible, and generally annoyingly painful to hearing people. Neither can he meet the deaf educated by any other system on equal terms, for he is ignorant of their graceful and expressive language, so his isolation is even greater than theirs.

"Is it not about time to stop moulding victims to fit a theory advanced by enthusiasts who confessedly know but one side of the subject, and who pride themselves on their ignorance of all the methods of educating the deaf which have been proven rational and successful?" —Exponent.

### Said to be 133 Years Old.

George O. Sharpe, of Elyria, O., claims his grandmother, Mrs. Crittenden, who lives with G. H. Sharpe, ten miles south-east of Cleveland, is the oldest woman in Ohio. He gives her age as 133, and says she is healthy and cheerful and does not look to be over seventy years old. She is somewhat deaf but can see well and gets around with comparatively little attention. She does considerable reading, but attempts only light work. Sharpe says her mother in Scotland, whose home was eight miles from Aberdeen, was 116 years old when she died.—Chicago Tribune.

## Letter from a Former Pupil.

BOISEVAIN, MAN., Jan. 6, 1895.

MR. R. MATHISON, DEAR SIR:—It is with pleasure I take up my pen to write you a few lines. I and the rest of my friends are well and enjoying the blessing of good health. I hope you, the officers, teachers and pupils are also favored with the same blessing and enjoying a happy new year. No doubt the pupils, as usual, had a very enjoyable time on Christmas and New Year's Day. I was pleased to hear the good news of the happy event which occurred to Mr. Wm Douglas. He has my congratulations and best wishes. Since October, I have been out of work. I did very well during the summer just passed. I am anxious to get work again. Times are dull here this winter. I am going to take lessons in crayon and painting after a while, under a first class artist teacher, recently of Woodstock College, Mrs. Springer by name. I am quite a good crayon artist, and have done some crayon work here for other people. I wish J. B. Byrno was back at Boisevain. While he was here, during the summer of 1893, he was good company for me. We, however, carry on a correspondence with each other. I am pleased to know that he is doing a good work among the deaf in Hamilton. I eagerly look for every copy of the CANADIAN MUTE, which is welcome received. Now, as my second yearly subscription has just expired, I herewith enclose fifty cents for another year. I hope the circulation of your bright little paper will increase greatly this year. With best wishes, I remain your friend.

EDWARD STARR.

## PANSY BLOSSOMS.

EDITOR CANADIAN MUTE.—Ever now your many readers have, I do not doubt, concluded that "Pansy" has completely forgotten you. However, this may chase away all such conclusions, for I am not likely to forget an old friend unless that friend proves himself or herself unworthy of remembrance.

Since I laid aside the pen which I used to write my letters with for the CANADIAN MUTE, when it was in its woe infancy, my thoughts have been constantly with you and it has afforded me pleasure to note the splendid success the paper is making.

While in Hamilton last summer, a little bird gently whispered in my ear of the approaching nuptials of Miss McKillop, hence the final announcement of her marriage was no surprise. I remember the bride well, having met her in Toronto and Detroit. The young lady was most amiable and well may Ottawa boast of their new possession. Despite the fact that Mr. D. J. McKillop protests against such showers of congratulations, I extend mine to his sister.

What has become of L. McM.? She no longer furnishes items from Detroit. In fact I don't see any more letters from the States in the CANADIAN MUTE.

Some one informed me that there is now living in Buffalo a young lady named Miss Annie McPhail, formerly a Hamilton resident and a Bellerillo pupil. I have made several efforts to locate her but have failed. As far as my personal acquaintance with the deaf of Buffalo goes, (which is exceedingly limited) I have heard of none as having been former Bellerillo pupils, excepting Miss Hazard, who was a pupil at the Hamilton Institution, and now is Mrs. Robertson.

Bizzards are raging in these parts these days and considerably hindering daily traffic.

In a private letter just received by your writer, the formal announcement is made of the approaching marriage of Mr. James Henderson to Miss Mary A. Heltzer, of Calumet, Mich. The latter is a graduate of the Michigan School for the Deaf, and was a very intimate friend of your writer; Mr. Henderson, I understand, is a graduate of the Bellerillo School, and his many friends in Canada will be both surprised and pleased to hear of his marriage, which takes place Tuesday morning, January 29th. Both have my hearty congratulations and I know others will join me in wishing them a long prosperous wedded life.

Buffalo, N. Y.

An ill-bred man is sometimes more harmful than an ill-natured one; for while the latter will only attack his enemies and those he wishes ill to, the other injures indifferently both friends and foes.

## DETROIT NOTES.

From our own Correspondent

I do not know how long ago it is since I wrote you last. Though it has been quite a long time, I have not for a moment forgotten you, and always read your paper through as soon as received. The only excuse for my silence is, I am so busy and cannot get news that I think would interest your readers.

Our clergyman, Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, spent his summer vacation in Europe, and after he returned he gave us a lecture on his trip through England, Ireland and Scotland. He told us about the old ruins he visited—a church many hundred years old in Chester, England. He also went up in the tower where King Charles watched the defeat of his army by Cromwell. He told about his visit to Westminster Abbey, where Kings and Queens who reigned several hundred years ago are buried. One thing that surprised him greatly was, that many people in those countries knew the double-hand alphabet and were able to talk with the deaf and dumb. I do wish people in this country would learn the single hand alphabet and talk more with your readers and all deaf and dumb. On Dec. 22nd, Mr. Mann gave us another lecture, on his trip through Rome, which was very interesting. He told us about the Pantheon Temple, the temple of the Roman gods. You know, over a thousand years before Christianity, the Romans used to worship gods and built the temple Pantheon, it was then a magnificent building of marble. He said it was now only a brick building, no windows, the light being admitted through an opening in the top, and is now a Catholic Church—nothing about it but its name to remind one of the magnificent building of the past. He described the coliseum. It is the largest and most impressive ruin in Rome, would cover about four square blocks, and is known as the king of ruins. It is there the Roman Emperors and people met to witness combats between men and wild beasts. Many of your readers have, no doubt, seen a picture of a bull fight. They think nothing about a man being killed. There they look upon such things as we do here on wrestling. He also told us about Capitoline Hill. On the way to the hill you would have to pass some ruins, and would there see two living wolves inside the inclosure. Many of you have perhaps read the fable about Romulus, the founder of Rome, and the wolf. The wolves are placed there as a reminder of the fable. On Capitoline Hill are two museums, known as the Capitoline Hill Museums, which contain relics of olden times, such as money, statues and busts of heroes, warriors, statesmen and men who had become great in war, literature, philosophy, science and art. Rome at one time was very magnificent and the greatest city in the world, over a thousand years ago. Next came the description of the ruin of the Temple of Vesta and Saturn, the magnificent churches of modern Rome, Palatine Hill, the roads and bridges of old Rome, etc. Were I to give a thorough description of each place it would take up all the space in the CANADIAN MUTE. Mr. Mann said it was impossible to form any idea how grand a place Rome was and had been without seeing it. Of course, Rome of the present time is nothing like Rome of ancient time. We can only get an idea by the ruins, how magnificent and grand a place it must have been.

We expect to have a social and perhaps another lecture sometime soon. I will try and write a better account of it.

On Sunday, 23rd, we had service twice. On going to attend afternoon service, your writer was greatly surprised to see Miss Mabel Ball, of Windsor, there looking so well; I had no idea that she had improved so much. She is now entirely well. The writer spent an hour or two with her Xmas afternoon and had quite a pleasant visit.

A letter was received by the writer from Miss Marion Campbell a few days ago. She is in good health and had quite an enjoyable time skating on New Year's Day. I am sure you all had a very enjoyable time during the holidays.

We are having winter here in earnest now. It began to snow Thursday and the snow is quite deep now; it is also very cold and blustery to-day.

This is such a long letter, I am sure before the Editor gets half through it he will say, thank goodness she doesn't write oftener, so will close with the promise to try and write again before school closes.

## Characteristics of the Graduates of our Schools for the Deaf.

The individuality of every human character is so marked that it is seldom safe to predicate of a class. To say that all men or women, that all physicians or all teachers, or that all of any large numbers are anything in particular, whether good or evil, is inevitably in many cases to be wide of the mark. The child who insisted that at least all devils were bad was doubtless right, it followed as a matter of course, but it is only where the generic term indicates the character that we may so promise. There are men and men, there are women and women, there are physicians and physicians, and there are teachers and teachers, and so there are the deaf and the deaf. They run through the whole gamut of character, and are after graduation much as they were before it, and at all times very similar, in all their attributes to those of the hearing world that revolves around them.

I have never been one of those who have been able to discover in the deaf such innumerable idiosyncrasies, certainly not one of those so quick to detect in them all manner of defects. I have found them rather quite "as other men are," and yet there are in them two or three characteristics that are marked characteristics that are possessed by almost every one of the number that has passed without our doors to enter upon the weightier duties of life. Among these I think may be mentioned a keenness of observation rarely met with in any other people. A look, a nod, a wink, a smile, a curl of the lip, the raising of an eyebrow, an attitude, the slightest gesture, all convey to them a world of meaning, and we are time and again astonished by the quick remarks that follow our slightest act, showing their appreciation of the whole situation and an insight even into our very thought.

Then, too, there is in them a perfect candor that is most noticeable. They use language to express their thoughts not to conceal them. The untruth ever so unobtrusively told at first, seldom if ever persisted in, confession is the letho in which they wash every sin, and a secret with them is a shadowy something that exists only in name.

As a third characteristic may be considered their implicit confidence in the hearing. Sign your name there and the proprietor of a large manufacturing house in Philadelphia, some months since, to a deaf man in his employ. The place indicated was the foot of a note for six hundred dollars, and the signature was unhesitatingly attached. The note was discounted at the Quaker City National Bank, and was of course not paid at maturity. Suit was entered upon it by the receivers of the bank, judgment was obtained, and to-day there is upon the docket at the City Hall, a lien for six hundred dollars that any property he may ever become possessed of will go to satisfy.

"Sign your name there," said a hearing man to his deaf brother, a couple of years since, pointing to the space at the end of a receipt in full, when but three hundred dollars was being paid on account of eight hundred. The receipt was promptly signed and that particular deaf man is to-day five hundred dollars out, the judge who sat at the trial of the case charging that as he wrote an excellent hand he must be a man of intelligence, certainly intelligent enough to know the force of the word in full, and directing the jury to find for the defendant.

So common are instances of this kind that I have almost come to the conclusion that somewhere in our curriculum there should be a lecture to our pupils concluded in no uncertain terms, upon the care that should be exercised by the deaf in their transactions with the hearing.

Perhaps the most marked of all the characteristics of our graduates, a characteristic, indeed, that seems to belong to all of the deaf of whatever age, is an absolute fearlessness of death. "Am I going to die," said a bright young deaf man to me once as I sat at his bed-side. There was not the least evidence of fear in his manner, and so I had no hesitation in saying that his recovery seemed quite out of the question. My response gave him not the slightest alarm, and he followed the first with a volley of other inquiries, that impressed me as being prompted as much by curiosity as any other feeling, bearing upon the future life. Would he see Jesus at once or after

a few days or weeks, would it hurt to die, would he be able to talk as well as hear, would people, in Heaven, appear to him as they did in this life and so on, evincing a calmness in the presence of death that greatly impressed me. The testimony of our nurse and physicians, and of every one at all familiar with the deaf is all to the one effect that to them the "grim monster" has no terrors.

The other characteristics of our graduates impress me as being rather those of the genius than of the clerk, and vary in individuals quite as widely as they do in the hearing. I have found them, as a rule, of generous impulses, kindly, courteous, considerate, honest, industrious, seldom in our courts as litigants, almost never upon the criminal list, in every way bearing upon themselves the impress of characters that have developed in them that only which is good, and frequently comparing more than favorably with the other members of the family of which they are a part. "My son," said the mother of one of our old pupils to me some years ago, "is one of thirteen children. He is the only one who is deaf, the only one who can read, the only one who can write, the only one who does not use tobacco or intoxicants, the only one who has a trade, and this week he is making more money than all the rest of his brothers and sisters put together." What a monument to the alma mater who placed him in such a position in life! His were not the characteristics brought from his home to the Institution, but those that had been brought out at the school in which he had spent all the most impressive years of his life. All human characteristics are subject to modification, and, most of them, even to complete change by changed conditions. Precept, example, environment have much to do with them, and education is to a very great extent responsible for every trait we find in later life. The innate bent of our pupils are largely done away with during the time they spend with us, and turn where we may, the solemn truth confronts us that they are, after graduation, just as we, their educators, have moulded them.—JOHN P. WALKER, in *Silent World*.

## A Pickpocket's Arrest.

William Blake, of 116 Adelaide street west, was arrested by Police Constable Allen (40) on Saturday afternoon in the act of picking the pocket of a deaf and dumb lady named Margaret Plenix, of 205 Lisgar Street. Accompanied by Robert Green, of 602 Parliament street, who is also a deaf-mute, she was standing at the corner of Melinda and Jordan streets, gazing up at the ruins of the Globe, McKimton, and Osgoodby buildings. Blake coolly slipped up behind her, raised her jacket, slipped his fingers into her pocket, and took out the innocent lady's purse. She felt something unusual going on, however, and, turning suddenly, she saw the pickpocket standing beside her, and in his hand was her purse. P. C. Allen, who was not more than ten feet away, had also had his eyes on Blake, and now moved down upon him. The latter tried to slip away, and dropped the purse in the snow. The officer took him in custody, and marched him to police headquarters. Mr. Green there proved his good memory of faces by writing on a piece of paper that a year or two ago he had seen this same Blake arrested at the Yonge street wharf for picking a pocket. In this Green was right. On that occasion the pickpocket was tried, and sent to the Central prison for a few months. On his release he resumed his thieving, and has done fairly well at it since. On Friday last he had the nerve to offer himself in Magistrate Wingfield's court as bondsman for "Dickie" Lewis, who is charged with shooting a youth named Martin on Christmas. When Blake was asked as to his financial standing, he replied that he owned a farm in the Gaspe peninsula. An effort will be made to send him over to a jury where the police here he will meet with stern justice than is dispensed in the Police Court.

This case was tried at the Assize Court. The two witnesses were examined by means of an interpreter, Miss Sophia Green, who received the barrister's questions and then asked them by means of the finger alphabet to the witnesses, and then translated the answers, much interest being taken by the audience in the proceeding. Blake was found guilty, and was, to his great astonishment, sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

# Report of Pupils' Standing.

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

NAME OF PUPIL.	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Armstrong, Jarvis Earl	10	10	10	10
Annable, Alva H.	10	10	10	10
Arnall, George	10	10	7	10
Allen, Ethel Victoria	10	10	10	10
Allendorf, Anna May	10	10	10	10
Bracken, Sarah Maud	10	10	7	5
Ball, Fanny S.	10	10	7	10
Brazier, Eunice Ann	10	10	7	5
Brown, Jessie Mel.	10	10	10	5
Butler, Annie	10	10	10	10
Benoit, Rosa	10	10	10	10
Brown, Wilson	10	10	10	10
Burtch, Francis	10	10	7	7
Bam, William	10	10	5	5
Burke, Edith	10	10	10	10
Beatty, Donella	10	10	10	10
Blackburn, Annie M.	10	10	7	7
Barnett, Elmer L.	10	10	10	10
Blashill, Margaret	10	10	10	10
Brown, Eva Jane	10	10	7	5
Baragar, Martha	10	10	10	10
Bellamy, George	10	10	7	7
Burke, Mabel	10	10	10	10
Bourbeau, Benom	10	10	10	10
Bartley, John S.	10	10	10	10
Brown, Sarah Maria	10	10	10	10
Babeock, Ida E.	10	10	10	10
Barnard, Fred	10	7	7	7
Billing, William E.	10	7	7	7
Baragar, George H.	10	10	10	10
Chantler, Fanny	10	10	10	10
Chantler, Thomas	10	7	7	7
Cunningham, May A.	10	10	10	10
Chausin, Eugenie	10	10	10	10
Chambers, James	10	10	10	10
Corbiere, Eli	10	10	10	10
Charbonneau, Leon	10	10	10	10
Carson, Hugh R.	10	5	7	7
Cornish, William	10	10	7	7
Cartier, Melvin	10	7	10	10
Cullen, Arthur E.	10	10	10	10
Crowder, Vasco	10	10	7	7
Coolidge, Herbert L.	10	10	10	10
Crough, John E.	10	10	7	7
Chatten, Elizabeth E.	10	10	7	7
Corrigau, Rose A.	10	10	10	10
Clements, Henry	10	10	3	3
Cole, Amos Bowers	10	10	3	3
Cummings, Bert	10	10	7	7
Dewar, Jessie Caroline	10	5	5	5
Dudley, Elizabeth A.	10	10	10	10
Delaney, James	10	7	10	5
Doyle, Francis E.	10	10	7	7
Douglas, John A.	10	10	10	10
Dool, Thomas Henry	10	10	7	5
Dool, Charles Craig	10	10	10	7
Dubois, Joseph	10	7	10	10
Dixon, Ethel Irene	10	10	10	10
Dand, Wm. T.	10	10	10	10
Derocher, Mary Ellen	10	10	1	10
Elliott, Cora Maud	10	5	7	7
Elliott, Wilbur	10	10	10	10
Edwards, Stephen R.	10	10	7	7
Elliott, Mabel Victoria	10	7	7	10
Esson, Margaret J.	10	7	10	10
Fairbairn, Georgina	10	7	10	10
Forgette, Harnudas	10	10	7	7
Forgette, Joseph	10	10	7	7
Fretz, Beatrice	10	10	7	5
Feuner, Catherine	10	10	10	7
Forgette, Marion	10	7	10	7
Fleming, Eleanor J.	10	10	10	5
Gilleland, Anno M.	10	10	10	7
Gardiner, Florence A.	10	10	10	10
Gardiner, Dalton M.	10	10	7	7
Gregg, William J. S.	10	10	10	7
Gray, William	10	10	10	7
Gray, William E.	10	7	10	10
Grooms, Herbert M.	10	7	7	7
Garden, Elsie	10	10	10	10
Gillam, Christopher	10	10	7	7
Gerow, Daniel	10	10	10	10
Gies, Albert E.	10	10	7	7
Goetz, Sarah	10	10	5	5
Goetz, Eva	10	10	5	5
Grooms, Harry E.	10	10	10	10
Gainer, Mary Malinda	10	10	3	3
Goose, Fidelity	10	10	7	7
Graham, Mary E.	10	10	7	7
Gillam, Walter	10	10	7	7
Green, Thomas	10	10	10	10
Howatt, Felicia	10	10	10	10
Holt, Gertrude M.	10	10	10	7
Hodgson, Clara Mabel	10	10	10	7
Hutchinson, Margaret	7	10	10	10
Hares, Emily L.	7	10	10	7
Henry, George	10	10	5	5
Henault, Charles H.	10	10	10	7
Hackbusch, Ernest	10	10	10	7
Harris, Frank E.	10	10	10	10

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Hartwick, Olive	10	5	7	5
Henderson, Annie M.	10	10	10	7
Hill, Florence	10	7	7	10
Head, Hartley J.	10	10	10	10
Hunter, Wilhemina	10	10	7	7
Hammell, Henrietta	10	10	10	10
Holton, Charles McK.	10	10	10	10
Hartwick, James H.	10	10	10	10
Henault, Honore	10	10	10	10
Irvine, Eva G.	10	10	10	10
Jaffray, Arthur H.	10	10	10	10
Justus, Mary Ann	10	10	10	10
Justus, Ida May	10	10	7	7
James, Mary Theresa	10	10	7	7
Kavanagh, Matthew	10	10	10	7
King, Robert M.	10	10	10	7
Keiser, Alfred B.	10	5	7	7
King, Joseph	10	10	10	10
Kirby, Emma E.	10	7	7	7
Kirk, John Albert	10	7	7	7
Kaufmann, Vesta M.	7	10	5	3
Legulle, Marie	10	7	7	5
Legulle, Gilbert	10	3	5	6
Lezandeleine, M. L. J.	10	7	7	7
Lough, Martha	10	10	10	10
Luddy, David S.	10	10	10	10
Lighthouse, William	10	7	7	10
Leslie, Edward A.	10	7	7	7
Lett, Thomas B.H.	10	10	10	7
Loughheed, William J.S.	10	10	10	7
Leggatt, Pachel	7	10	10	7
Lewis, Levi	10	10	10	7
Lewis, Levi	10	10	6	5
Lyon, Sarah	10	10	10	7
Labelle, Maxime	10	10	10	10
Lett, Wm. Putman	10	10	10	10
Lawson, Albert E.	10	7	7	5
Lett, Stephen	10	10	10	7
Lowes, George C.	10	10	7	7
Lawson, Frank Herbert	10	10	5	5
Labelle, Noah	10	10	7	10
Major, Edith Ella	10	10	7	7
Muckle, Grace	10	10	10	10
Muckle, Elizabeth	7	10	10	10
Munro, Jessie Maud	10	10	10	10
Moote, Albert E.	10	10	7	7
Munroe, George R.	10	10	10	7
Mitchell, Colin	10	10	7	7
Moore, William H.	10	10	7	5
Mapes, John Michael	10	10	7	7
Morton, Robert M.	10	10	7	5
Mosey, Ellen Loretta	10	10	7	7
Mason, Lucy Ermina	10	10	10	10
Myers, Mary G.	10	10	7	7
Moore, George H.	10	7	7	6
Moore, Rose Ann	10	10	10	10
Murphy, Hortense	10	10	10	10
Miller, Annie	10	10	3	3
Moore, Walter B.	10	10	3	5
McBride, Annie Jane	10	10	10	7
McGregor, Flora	10	10	10	10
McGillivray, Mary A.	10	10	10	10
McDonald, Ronald J.	10	10	10	7
McDonald, Hugh A.	10	7	7	6
McGillivray, Angus A.	10	10	10	7
McKay, William	10	10	10	10
McBride, Hamilton	10	7	7	7
MacMaster, Catherine	10	7	5	5
McKay, Mary Louisa	10	7	7	7
McKay, Thomas J.	10	10	10	7
McLellan, Norman	10	10	10	7
McMillan, Flora E.	10	10	10	7
McGregor, Maxwell	10	10	10	10
McCorrick, Mary P.	10	7	10	10
McKenzie, Angus	10	10	10	7
McKenzie, Margaret	10	10	10	10
McCarthy, Eugene	10	10	10	10
McMaster, Robert	10	10	10	10
McKenzie, Herbert	10	10	10	10
Nahrgang, Allen	10	10	10	7
Nicholls, Bertha	10	10	5	5
Noonan, Michael	10	10	10	7
O'Neil, Mary E.	10	10	10	10
Orser, Orva E.	10	10	5	7
Orth, Elizabeth	10	10	7	5
Orr, James P.	10	10	10	7
O'Neil, Ignatius David	10	10	7	5
Perry, Algo Earl	10	5	5	5
Pierce, Cota May	10	10	7	7
Pepper, George	10	10	10	10
Phillimore, Margaret	10	10	10	7
Pinder, Clarence	10	7	7	6
Pilling, Geruo	10	10	7	7
Perry, Frederic R.	10	7	7	7
Ross, James	10	7	10	7
Riviero, Donald James	7	10	10	10
Rebordie, William	10	10	10	7
Rooney, Francis Peter	10	10	10	10
Rutherford, Emma	10	7	7	5
Reid, Walter E.	10	7	7	7
Randall, Robert	10	10	10	7
Rutherford, Jessie M.	10	10	7	7
Ronald, Eleanor F.	10	10	5	5
Russell, Mary Bell	10	7	5	5
Rowe, George	10	10	7	7
Ross, Ferdinand	10	10	10	7
Smith, Maggie	10	7	10	10

NAME OF PUPIL	HEALTH.	CONDUCT.	APPLICATION.	IMPROVEMENT.
Schwartzentruber, Cath	10	10	7	5
Scott, Elizabeth	10	7	7	7
Swayze, Ethel	10	10	10	7
Skellings, Ellen	10	10	10	7
Smith, Louisa	10	10	10	10
Swanson, Alexander D	10	10	10	10
Stess, Albert	10	7	7	7
Sager, Mabel Maud	10	10	10	10
Sager, Phoebe Ann	10	10	10	10
Sager, Matilda B.	10	7	5	5
Sager, Mattie	10	10	7	7
Simard, Emile	10	10	10	7
Shilton, John T.	10	10	5	6
Scott, Henry Percival	10	10	7	7
Shannon, Ann Helena	10	10	3	3
Serimshaw, James S.	10	7	7	5
Scott, Evan R.	10	7	10	10
Smith, John	10	10	10	7
Sedore, Alroy	10	10	10	7
Sedore, Fred	10	10	5	6
Smuck, Lloyd Leeland	10	10	7	7
Showers, Annie	10	7	10	7
Showers, Christina	10	10	10	10
Showers, John W.	10	10	7	10
Thompson, Mabel W.	10	10	7	7
Todd, Richard S.	10	7	10	7
Toulouse, Joseph	10	7	7	5
Thompson, Ethel M.	10	7	7	7
Tracy, John M.	10	10	7	7
Thompson, Beatrice A.	10	7	7	7
Vance, James Henry	10	10	7	7
Veitch, Margaret S.	10	10	10	10
Veitch, James	10	10	10	7
Woods, Alberta May	10	10	10	10
Warwick, Emily F. M.	10	10	10	7
Wilson, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Woodward, Edwin V.	10	10	10	10
Wallace, George R.	10	10	10	10
Watt, William R.	10	10	10	7
Wood, Nelson	10	10	10	10
Wilson, Mairville P.	10	3	3	5
Watson, Mary I.	10	10	10	10
West, Francis A.	10	7	7	7
Wylie, Edith A.	10	10	10	10
Warner, Henry A.	10	7	7	7
Wickett, George W.	10	10	5	6
Waters, Marien A.	10	7	10	10
Woodley, Elizabeth	10	10	10	10
Watts, David Henry	10	10	3	3
Young, Sarah Ann	10	10	10	5
Young, George S.	10	5	5	5
Zimmerman, John C.	10	10	10	10

**A WORD.**  
A word, and the skies grow darker  
A word, and the clouds grow blacker  
A word, and the soul is sickened  
And hurt hearts grieve and sigh  
A word, and the skies would brighten  
A word, and the clouds would fly  
A word, and the soul finds healing  
And hurt hearts cease to sigh  
Oh, word, ere too late, be spoken  
Let the threshold of silence be broken  
Ere the thread of thy fate be broken  
And thy chance forever be lost

## PUPILS' LOCALS.

### From the Girls' Side of the Institution

(BY ELISE GARDNER.)

—On the 10th ult. Misses O'Neil and Gardiner had a letter from Miss Bella Mathison, who is visiting in Malton, saying that she is having a lovely time. We are expecting her home in about two weeks.

—We have been allowed to go out skating many times since New Year's Day, and we enjoyed it ever so much, as it always gave us bloom on our cheeks. Aren't we proud to have the bloom of good health?

—Sometime before this date was the birthday of Miss Hunter. Many of our little friends wished her many happy returns of the day, and a box of nice things was sent to her from home. She appreciated those things highly.

—Since the arrival of Miss Gibson, she has made many friends with the girls. She is learning lip-reading here, but we don't know when she will start to teach. We hope that when she completes learning it, she will be a successful teacher.

—There has been another new teacher added. Her name is Miss Lynn. She was born in Belleville, but when her father died, four years ago, she went to Winnipeg to teach the deaf pupils, and came back to join the work in this institution. She does not hear very well.

—On the 26th ult. another pantomime took place in the chapel, and was a great success. It was gotten up by the little girls and boys, and 21 children, 12 girls and 9 boys took part in it. We think the little girls' pantomime was a better one than the one given by the large girls.

—On the 20th ult., while washing the dishes at noon, one of the girls while carrying a pail of hot water, tripped and fell, the hot water going over her face, which got scalded and was very painful, but she was such a brave little girl, she did not cry when the accident happened.

—Two of the attendants, Misses A. and M. Sweet, who were called home on account of the sickness of their mother, came back on the 16th ult. in the evening, and declared that their mother was getting better, but after they left home, who was taken worse and the next morning they got a telegram announcing her death, which caused them to grieve very much for the loss of a loving mother, and in the evening they left here again for home to attend the funeral. We all sincerely sympathize with them in their bereavement.

—George A. Kelly is progressing a' home helping his father. His father promises to build a fine brick house for him in the spring of 1890.

—The deaf-mutes of Detroit have under consideration the reorganization of their association. Mr

## Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

**OFFICERS**  
President, A. E. SMITH, Brantford.  
Vice-Pres., P. FRANKS, Toronto.  
Secretary, H. C. BLAIR, Toronto.  
Treasurer, D. HAYNE, Melville.  
D. J. McKillop, Belleville.  
D. R. COLMAN, Belleville.

**INSTITUTION ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**  
Hon. President, R. Mathison.  
President, Wm. Nurse.  
Vice-Pres., Wm. Douglas.  
Secy. Treas., D. J. McKillop.

**FOOT-BALL AND HOCKEY CLUBS.**  
Captain First Eleven, J. Chambers.  
Second Eleven, D. Laddy.  
Hockey, First Team, C. Gilliam.  
Second, C. Gilliam.

**BUFFERS LITERARY SOCIETY**  
Hon. President, R. Mathison.  
President, Wm. Nurse.  
Vice-Pres., D. J. McKillop.  
Secy. Treas., Ada Jaines.  
Master-at-Arms, D. J. McKillop.

## THE CANADIAN MUTE.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1895.

A very evil to which we do not succumb is a  
defactor. We gain the strength of the tempta-  
tion to resist.

### TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date after your name on your paper tells when your subscription expires. If yours has expired, we would like you to continue taking the paper. Our terms are in every case STRICTLY IN ADVANCE, which plan is the best for subscribers as well as ourselves. Should you desire to renew, kindly remit your subscription at once, so that you will not miss any papers.

### The Delegates to the Y. M. C. A. Visit the Institution.

The Convention of the Y. M. C. A. was held in the city last week, and it gave us much pleasure to welcome a number of the delegates among us. Owing to the deep interest taken in the meetings their visit was necessarily very brief and they were only able to take a cursory survey of the class-room work. There were gentlemen present from nearly every part of Ontario, and they manifested a deep interest in everything, especially at the exercises in the chapel. Ten of our girls, ranging from the high class down to the one of the smallest tots in the primary, recited two hymns in the sign language which impressed our visitors very much. This is no wonder, for even those who have seen it often and to whom signs are a natural language, cannot fail to feel the beauty, expression and force of the sign language when it is well rendered. Mr. Mathison welcomed the delegates warmly and was only too happy to show them all possible. He noticed old friends among his visitors, one especially, Mr. Geo. Foster, of Brantford, was the friend of his youth and it gave him much pleasure to see him under the roof of the Institution; time was leaving its marks on both of them but their friendship was as young and buoyant as ever. Mr. Foster in reply could not express the pleasure that his visit had given him, and what he had witnessed that afternoon would never be effaced from his mind. He was proud to know that the head of this noble Institution was his friend of long ago and praised the well ordered arrangement of everything. On behalf of himself and fellow visitors he expressed thanks to the staff of the Institution for their kindness. A few kind, loving, Christian words followed and the pupils were exhorted to lead useful, God-fearing lives, to live for God and eternity and to hope to meet them all in Heaven. The meeting closed with the Lord's Prayer signed in concert by the pupils, and, immediately after, our visitors hurried back to the meeting in the city.

## The Superintendent Away.

The Superintendent, Mr. Mathison, left yesterday to attend the annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association in Toronto. He has been connected with the association for about thirty years and will enjoy greeting many of the old members, as the meeting this year is a reunion of all who have been connected with the association since its organization thirty six years ago. Mr. Mathison before his return may visit the Institutions for the Deaf in New York, Philadelphia and the National College at Washington. Dr. Chamberlain, our Government Inspector, will accompany him if his onerous duties will permit of his taking the trip. During Mr. Mathison's absence Mr. Coleman will be Acting Superintendent from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. each day, and Mr. Denys, Acting Superintendent from 6 p. m. each day until 9 a. m. the day following.

### Winter Sports---Hockey.

OUR BOYS WIN THE FIRST MATCH EVER PLAYED AT THE INSTITUTE.

Hockey is fast becoming a favorite winter sport and is growing in favor year by year. Our hockey team has had little chance for practice this season, our skating rink being in very poor condition from the frequent snow falls. The boys managed to get a fair sheet of ice at last, and on the afternoon of the 18th ult., the Y. M. C. A. junior team gave us a game. When playing commenced neither side showed much form, but as the game progressed all the players improved. Our boys were the first to score, much to our surprise, but the city lads soon made it even. Gilliam tipped the puck through again but the goal was a matter of dispute so we let it go, the city team then made an indisputable goal which placed them one ahead and that was the last of their scoring. The play then became fast, but our boys forged up and sent the puck through five more times, one of which was not allowed owing to the goal post being knocked down in the scrimmage, but little our boys cared for that as they wound up the match with a score of six to two in their favor.

The triumph of our boys was short lived; the very next evening they boarded Belleville's crack team on the city rink and it was a "Waterloo" for us. The game opened with our boys on the aggressive, and for five minutes our hopes ran high, but soon the long practice and excellent combination of the city team told its tale and the puck went through our goal for four games in short order. Our boys hoped to even the score in the last half time but could score but two, one of which was disallowed from Isabelle having helped it along with his skates; our opponents, on the contrary, added another to their score making it five to one. It was the old story—want of practice and lack of combination that lost the game. Isabelle and Smalldon rushed the wings time and again but there was no one at centre to help them. Had McKay, in goal, used his privilege and laid his stick to stop sliding shots, at least three goals would have been saved. We have lost a game but gained experience and hope with a week or two good practice to tell a different story. The game is fast and under the uncertain glare of the electric light our boys' loss of hearing told against them. They will never succeed until practice has taught them where to find each other at all points of the game. Our opponents were a crack team and deserved their victory but they had to work hard for it.

## HOME NEWS

—Mr. Langmuir, the assistant carpenter, is now in charge of the shop and fills the orders in that department.

—A set of Mullbach's works have been lately added to our library and are being perused with great interest by our teachers and officers.

—A couple of old crows were seen a few days ago and greeted as the first sign of our ever welcome spring. Now, who will see the first robin?

—We still miss Mr. Flynn from his post through illness. His inactivity is very trying to him and he is anxious to be back, but when sickness lays its grasp on us we must perforce be patient.

—We are often asked by visitors if we will sell them a pair of boots but the invariable reply is, we only sell to those connected with our Institution. Good solid hand made work is becoming scarce every year and it will soon be a rarity.

—Since Mr. McIlhew's illness, our messenger, Mr. Barlow, has sometimes been called on to assist in the engine room, when Mr. Middlemas is busy repairing broken pipes, &c. To make oneself useful is the way to get on and Charlie tries to do that.

—The members of our hockey club appreciate the kindness of the city players in admitting them free to the city rink whenever there is a match taking place with outsiders. Several of our lads attended the match with Port Hope and were as usual admitted free.

—Visitors to the printing office usually get a sample copy of the MUTE, when there is any left, a few copies of each issue being kept for the purpose. There is always a number of single hand alphabet sheets for distribution to visitors, which are greatly prized by them.

—Although it is late in the season, yet, new pupils still drop in. A little boy was brought in by his mother a few days ago, and has been placed in Mr. Stewart's class. It is too late to expect much to be done for him this term, but if he is bright, he will have a good start for next year.

—In common with the rest of the country we are just now blocked up with the largest amount of snow that we have had for many years, so bad is the blockade that the snow-plow is useless and our boys have been kept busy for many days opening up the approaches to the Institute with snow shovels.

—This has been a disappointing winter to lovers of ice boating, only once has the ice on the bay been in condition for the sport and only one brief afternoon was enjoyed by our pupils when another storm came and was hopelessly blocked up again, and the prospect for further opportunities seem dim.

—Every visitor likes to see the presses running, although there may be nothing doing on them at the time. We have only to turn the tap of the water motor to set both the news and job presses in full motion. A belt also runs through the wall to the bakery and drives the dough-mixer when it is required.

—The boys working full time in the shoe-shop are expected to cut to measure one or two patterns every day as well as practice on the machine and other work connected with the cutting branch of the trade, the rest of the time they are at the bench. A change of work prevents monotony and keeps them interested.

—We have admired the patience with which our boys have tried to keep the skating rinks clear of snow. The pleasures of skating are worth a little labor and the pupils have worked manfully to keep the ice clear. Mike Noonan interested himself especially in getting good ice on the pond but the snow falls followed so closely, he got discouraged, and threw up the work in disgust.

—Our pupils' library is well patronized and Mr. Douglas is kept busy exchanging books every Friday evening. A taste for reading is one of the most valuable that the deaf can acquire. While at school, time never hangs heavily, but we know the lonely void which the deaf find so difficult to fill when out in the wide world on the lonely farms and country villages of our land, when they are cut adrift from school associations, there, a taste for reading and a power to understand intelligently will be a priceless boon.

—On the evening of the 16th ult., a number of our officers and teachers attended the concert given by the Belleville Philharmonic Society—a local musical organization under the leadership of Mrs. York. The rendition was Handel's "Messiah" and it was a treat indeed. All who attended were loud in their praise of the beautiful music and the grand blending of the voices in song.

—We are just crossing the half way dividing line of the session. During the past four months much has been done, yet still the work presses and the time seems all too short for what we wish to accomplish. Progress, however, will be more rapid in the latter half, as much time has been spent in laying foundations upon which the experience of former years can raise a noble structure, bringing honor to the industrious and placing them in positions in advance of those who have not made the best use of their time in the school and study-rooms.

### PERSONALITIES.

—John Melkasee has opened a shoe-shop of his own in Lyndoch, and is doing well.

—William Jordan, a deaf painter, was killed on the C. P. R. track at Guelph a few days ago.

—A number of the friends of Walter B. Larkins would like to know of his present whereabouts.

—H. M. Davidson, who has been visiting in Belleville for some weeks, has returned to Kingston.

—Mr. Denys' birthday occurred on the 30th ult., and his pupils presented him with a kindly address wishing him many happy returns of the day.

—Mr. Burns, foreman of the printing office, was away for a few days attending the funeral of his nephew, in Port Hope. He returned on Tuesday last.

—A letter from Hannah L. Norman, of Althorn, gives the pleasing intelligence that she is prospering, and had several of her old school mates visit her lately.

—Charles Davis, so well known to many of the old boys and girls, is located near Windsor, Ontario. Since leaving school he has learned the plasterer's trade, and is said to be a first-class mechanic.

—George McDonald is working in the woods in a lumber camp twenty-five miles from nowhere, in the Muskoka District. His address is, George McDonald, Huntsville Lumber Co., Huntsville, Ont.

—We regret to learn of the death, on January 21st, of Mr. Frederick Zingg, of Hanover, Ont., father of Miss Eva Zingg, a former pupil at this Institution. Miss Eva was a great favorite while here and the officers and teachers of the Institution, as well as all her old school mates, sympathize with her in her great loss.

—Mr. George F. Ormiston died on Sunday, January 13th, in the Village of Raglan, and was buried on the 16th, at the Union Burying Ground, Oshawa. Mr. Ormiston was the father of J. J. Ormiston, a former pupil of this Institution. Those who were here at that time will remember Mr. Ormiston's visits, his warm Scotch hand-shake and hearty manner. He was highly respected in the community in which he lived, and was a kind and loving father.

—On December 5th, Miss Nellie Agnew, of Clinton, formerly a student here, was united in marriage to Mr. David Sours, of Northfield Centre, Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Clinton, performing the ceremony. Miss Mary McCullough, of Seaford, was the bridesmaid, while Mr. Robert M. McKenzie, of New Durham, assisted the groom. After a short honeymoon trip to London the happy couple took up their residence at Northfield Centre. We extend our congratulations, and wish Mr. and Mrs. Sours a long and happy wedded life.

—Much sympathy is felt for two of our attendants, Misses Nellie and Maggie Sweet. Both had been called home to their mother's bedside, she being ill with pneumonia and faint hopes of recovery being held. After remaining with her for some days a favourable change took place and the doctor considered her out of immediate danger, so they both returned to their duties at the Institution, having to drive twenty miles to the nearest railway station. Shortly after they left home heart complications set in and their mother was gone before they could be recalled. They sadly returned home next day to attend the funeral.

### Little Things.

A good by kiss is a little thing,  
With your hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
That you made an hour ago

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare  
After the toil of the day,  
And it smooths the furrow plowed by care,  
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,  
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;  
I love you, my dear," each night,  
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find—  
For love is tender, as love is blind—  
As we climb life's rugged height

We serve each other for love's cause,  
We take, but we do not give;  
It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
But we dole the love grudgingly, less and less,  
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

### Miss Jocelyn's Thanksgiving.

Miss Jocelyn sighed wearily, and ceased the steady click, click of her knitting-needles for a few minutes. It had been Thanksgiving Day, but Thanksgiving Days were never happy ones to her. She had, to be sure, cooked herself a small chicken, and eaten it with cranberry sauce. She had oven had a piece of pumpkin pie. But all this argued nothing except that Miss Jocelyn had a conventional streak of nature and wanted to be "like folks." She was not thankful, though she was a religious woman and honestly tried to be. All was quiet within her little shop, while outside there was bustle and confusion. She rose from her rocking-chair, and went into the back room to put the kettle on the fire. As she paused beside the stove, she glanced up for a minute at the gaudy calendar hanging over the little table, and realized with a start that Thanksgiving Day this year was her birthday. She walked slowly back into her little shop room, and sat down and gazed around her.

She was thirty-eight years old, and as she looked back over her past, each year seemed like the last—lonely, miserable and weary; and looking into the future, all was as desolate. Her life had always been the same. Nothing sweet and tender, which would make her heart now grow warm to think of, seemed ever to have entered it.

As her dark eyes, in which lay a world of sorrow and bitterness, roamed over each of her small possessions, her mind was busy living over again her sad and unsatisfied existence. She had been born with a beautiful straight body. She thought of this now with a pang of deep self-pity, for when a child of five years she had been dropped by her mother, in some way injuring her spine. Thus she had been deformed and crippled for life. Only five short years of life like other children! Only five short years with no pain in her side, and no lump on her back! She looked down at her poor little body with passionate contempt.

How like a bad dream had been her girlhood! Cursed and beaten, she grew up bitter, silent and morose, with nothing ever to give her any joy, no bright spot in all her weary days. Then her mother, to whom she had always been a grief and a mortification, had died, and Miss Jocelyn could still feel the thrill of relief which shot through her when she realized it. After that she had been enabled to set up this little shop. Then she had been only twenty, but old and careworn. Still, her heart had craved love and beauty and pleasure, with an intensity which frightened her. She remembered how wistfully she used to sit on the steps of her shop at night, and watch the girls with their lovers, what fun and laughter she heard! But she never had any lover; she never had even a girl friend. Oh! for something to love, to caress and cherish! Even the cats and dogs seemed to shrink from her.

She bent her poor head. Streaked with gray, down upon her counter, and let the tears of anguish, that were wrung from her lovely heart, slowly course down her sorrow cheeks. What indeed had she to be thankful for? Then the little bell jingled. A fat, rosy-cheeked boy entered, and demanded a stick of lemon candy. Miss Jocelyn took down the glass jar, and satisfied his desire.

After he left, she drew her wooden rocking-chair, with its worn straw seat and lace tidy, nearer the stove, and continued her knitting.

With her passionate love for beauty, she had tried in a blind way to adorn her little home. The lace tidy was one of her efforts. It was almost pathetic to see, scattered here and there in the plain rooms, evidences of a groping toward luxury, brightness and color,

such as was displayed in artificial flowers hung on the gas-fixture, and colored prints on the wall.

On the corner by the old cigar store the newsboys were gathered. It was their regular place of meeting, where they settled their little disputes, and discussed business and the events of the day. Now they were talking very earnestly and loud about what appeared to be a most important question. This question, in the person of a pinched little hunchback, was sitting wearily on the platform which supported a fierce Indian brandishing aloft a dangerous tomahawk. He was huddled up together, clutching his newspapers and looking from boy to boy with a hunted expression, as if he had small hope and did not much care.

The matter stood thus; the newsboys had formed a union, and no one outside was allowed to sell papers in that part of the city, so they were trying to keep the poor little hunchback from disposing of his stock.

"No, it ain't no use talkin'. Gim us yer papers," said Mike Flynn, advancing threateningly.

"You leave me alone!"—fiercely—"I ain't doin' no harm—" Then the hunchback's spirit died out, and his lip quivered pitifully.

"He can't sell them papers, any ways Mike. Them's mornin' papers," said another boy, feeringly.

"Well, let's leave him alone then, but lemme jest tell yer, young man, yer needn't be buyin' any more papers in this part of the town," and, after a few more words which fell heedlessly on the boy's ears, the crowd left.

He stood up a moment after they had gone, and called bravely, "Herald, Journal! All about the murder!" in a voice which quavered pitifully. No one heeded the small, misshapen figure slivering in its thin jacket. The lights were beginning to burn one by one, and everybody was hurrying home.

Billy gave a sharp sob of despair and seated himself on the platform again, hugging his useless papers. He leaned his tired head against the wooden Indian, and clasped one thin arm around that worthy's legs. He felt a great affection for this fierce savage, "Red Hand" he called him, after a hero in "Daro-Devil Dick." As he hugged himself closer to Red Hand's unresponsive anatomy, he felt that this was his only friend—this and something else which lay warm and purring in his pocket. It was a wee kitten which he had picked up in the alley. He snuggled it up to his face now, and rubbed his cheek against its soft fur, and then put it tenderly back in his pocket.

Suddenly the proprietor of the store appeared in the doorway and, fearing to be sent off, Billy raised himself and moved on. He paused in front of Miss Jocelyn's window, and pressed his little face against the pane. He was enchanted by the glittering display there. What lovely tops and balls and books and candy! Oh! if he only had some money! He forgot the cold, and began to choose the things he would buy.

Miss Jocelyn moved to the window to look out, and saw a small face, with the bright eyes peering in. She opened the door, drawing her little black worsted shawl closer about her thin shoulders.

"Do you want to buy anything?" she said. He slowly shook his head.

"Are you cold?"

He nodded.

"Come in, then, and get warm by the stove."

She was surprised at herself, but his wistful face touched her, and his deformity, so like her own, appealed to her strangely. He followed her in and stood warming his blue little hands while she went on knitting. He looked around with delight at the jars of candy on the shelves, the slate pencils, paper, toys and other fascinating things, and then he was struck with an idea.

"Ef I sing fer yer, will yer gimmo a stick of that ero red candy?" he asked shyly, shuffling his feet on the floor, and looking up at her.

"Yes, let's hear you."

Miss Jocelyn laid down her knitting. He clasped his hands behind him, tossed back his mass of bright, golden hair, which hung in close little curls to his face, and began to sing.

He was not a pretty child. His face was rather old and elfish; but he had beautiful hair, and gleaming blue eyes. As he sang, he seemed almost angelic. The hard, worldly look left his face. The sullen expression around his mouth vanished. He swung back his bright

hair, and, fixing his eyes upon the stick of red candy 'way up on the shelf, he sang like a little cherub, though his song was not exactly one that a cherub would have chosen.

The melody, sweet and clear and loud, came evenly through his parted lips and drew Miss Jocelyn's heart to him. It was an old street song that he sang, but he made it beautiful. When the last note died away, he looked at her, half-eagerly, half-questioningly. She rose and, climbing the ladder, lifted the jar down with trembling fingers and poured the contents into his hands. He looked up, with sparkling eyes, and began to suck a stick with an ecstatic expression.

"What is your name?" said Miss Jocelyn.

"Billy Blair," replied he with his mouth full.

"Where is your mother?"

"Ain't got none," he answered carelessly, lifting up a stick and looking at it fondly, with one eye shut.

"Where's your father?" continued Miss Jocelyn, nervously.

"Ain't got none," said he, jauntily biting off a big piece of the sweet stick in his hand.

"Ain't you had any Thanksgiving dinner to day?"

"Nope,—only but this." He pointed to the candy.

A red spot came on each of Miss Jocelyn's cheeks. She rubbed her hands together and began to talk. In his astonishment he forgot to eat the candy,—forgot everything but what she was saying.

To live in that bowitching shop with, over the door, the little bell which tinkled when any one came in; with the window full of such interesting things and the crowded shelves! Never to have to go tired, hungry and cold through the streets singing, or selling newspapers for a living! He could not believe it.

"Oh, yer foolin' me!" he said incredulously, but when she assured him again with tears in her eyes that she meant every word, his face worked pitifully, and with shining eyes he said fervently: "You bet I'll stay."

After a minute he put his hand in his pocket, half-drew the cat out and hesitated—then he pulled it quite out and, putting it in her lap, said disflidently: "Here's a cat fer yer." It was all he had to offer in return.

That night Miss Jocelyn stole into the next room, and, carefully shading the candle, looked down upon the little figure lying on the mattress. His eyes were closed. His mass of tangled, golden hair lay on the pillow, and one dirty, little hand was still clutching a peppermint stick.

She lifted a curl with awe, and then half-shamefacedly kissed it. Here was something at last to love and to keep and to caress and to be thankful for. Her heart almost burst with happiness, and kept for once a glorious Thanksgiving Day. She turned and went back to bed, and, though she did not know it, her heart was filled with a prayer that the angels heard and kept.—*Lita S. Wherry, in Romance.*

## GENERAL INFORMATION.

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### Classes :

SCHOOL HOURS.—From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 to 3 p. m.  
DRAWING CLASSES from 3.30 to 5 p. m. on Tues. day and Thursday afternoons of each week.  
GIRLS' FANCY WORK CLASSES on Monday and Wednesday afternoons of each week from 3.30 to 5.  
STORY CLASSES for Junior Teachers on the afternoons of Monday and Wednesday of each week from 3.10 to 4.  
EVENING STUDY from 7 to 8.30 p. m., for senior pupils and from 7 to 8 for junior pupils.

### Articulation Classes :—

From 9 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 to 3 p. m.

### Religious Exercises :—

EVERY SUNDAY—Primary pupils 9 a. m., senior pupils at 11 a. m.; General Lecture at 2.30 p. m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.  
EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are to assemble in the Chapel at 8.15 a. m., and the Teacher-in-charge for the week, will open by prayer and afterwards dismiss them so that they may reach their respective school rooms not later than 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble and after prayer will be dismissed in a quiet and orderly manner.  
REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN.—Rev. Canon Burke, Night Rev. Monsignor Farrelly, V. G., Rev. J. L. George, (Presbyterian), Rev. E. N. Baker, (Methodist), Rev. H. Marshall, (Baptist), Rev. M. W. Maclean, (Presbyterian), Rev. Father O'Brien.  
SUNDAY CLASSES, Sunday afternoon at 3.15. International Series of Sunday School Lessons, Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

### Industrial Departments :—

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CARPENTER SHOP from 7.30 to 8.30 a. m., and from 3.30 to 5.30 p. m. for pupils who attend school; for those who do not from 7.30 a. m. to 12 noon, and from 1.30 to 5.30 p. m. each working day except Saturday, when the office and shops will be closed at noon.  
SEWING CLASSES HOURS are from 9 a. m. to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1.30 to 5 p. m. for those who do not attend school, and from 3.30 to 5 p. m. for those who do. No sewing on Saturday afternoons.  
The Printing Office, Shops and Sewing Room to be left each day when work ceases in a clean and tidy condition.  
Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Departments, except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.  
Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work in hand to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

### Visitors :—

Persons who are interested, desirous of visiting the institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to the regular chapel exercises at 2.30 on Sunday afternoons. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 1.30 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3.00 o'clock.

### Admission of Children :—

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong leave-taking with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without delay will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

### Visitation :—

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents must come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging or meals, or entertain guests at the institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

### Clothing and Management :—

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

### Sickness and Correspondence

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

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as nearly as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the institution.

Parents and friends of deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 999 cases out of 1000 they are frauds and only want money for which they do no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

H. MATHISON, Superintendent.

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TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.  
RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows:  
Every Sunday morning at 11 a. m. in the Y. M. C. A. Building at corner Queen Street West and Davenport Road. Leaders: Messrs. Fraser, Boulton and Slater. In the afternoon at 3 p. m. in the Y. M. C. A. Building, at corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street. Leaders: Messrs. Nason and Birlin.  
The Literary Society meets on the first and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month, alternately at Y. M. C. A. Building, corner of Queen St. West, Davenport Road and Spadina Ave., at 8 p. m. President, C. J. Howe; Vice-Pres., J. T. Smith; Secretary, J. Wm. Boulton; Treas., H. Moore. All resident and visiting deaf-mutes are cordially invited to attend the meetings. The secretary's address is 66 Bally Street.