

THE CANADIAN MUTE.

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

VOL. VIII.

BELLEVILLE, OCTOBER 15, 1900.

NO. 19.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
CANADA.



Minister of the Government in Charge:

J. R. STRATTON, TORONTO.

Government Inspector:

F. P. CHAMBERLAIN, TORONTO.

Officers of the Institution:

W. H. HARRISON, M. A., Superintendent.
W. W. WILKINSON, B. A., Director.
E. J. HARRIS, M. D., Physician.
MISS SARAH WALLEN, Matron.

Teachers:

H. J. ALPHEA, M. A., Head Teacher.
MISS MARY HULL, B. A.,
W. M. HILLIOP,
W. J. CAMPBELL,
D. J. HIRWAST,
E. J. HIRWAST,
M. J. MADDEN, (Monitor Teacher.)

Teachers of Articulation:

MISS MARY HULL, Teacher of Fancy Work.

MISS E. N. METCALFE, JOHN T. BURNS,
Printer and Typewriter, Instructor of Printing.

W. DOUGLASS, WM. NUNAN,
Printer & Associate, Master Shoemaker.

J. H. KRITZ, CHAS. J. PATTIN,
Supervisor of Boys, etc., Engineer.

MISS M. DENPHY, JOHN DOWNIE,
Seamstress, Supervisor of Girls, etc., Master Carpenter.

MISS S. MCNICH, D. CONNINGHAM,
Trained Hospital Nurse, Master Baker.

JOHN MOORE,
Farmer and Gardener.

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

Adult 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 \$40 per year for tuition, books and medical attendance will be furnished free.

Admission whose parents, guardians or friends are unable to pay the amount charged for books 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 the female pupils and instructed in general domestic work, Tailoring, Dressmaking, Sewing, Knitting, the use of the Sewing machine, and other 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 on the third Wednesday in June of each year. The regulations as to the terms of admission for pupils, etc., will be given upon application to the Director or otherwise.

R. HARRISON,

Superintendent.

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

INSTITUTION POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS

LETTERS AND PAPERS RECEIVED AND distributed without delay to the parties to whom they are addressed. Mail notices to go to the office in the office door will be sent to the office at noon and 2:45 p. m. of each day, Sundays excepted. The messenger is not allowed to post letters or parcels, or receive mail matter at post office for delivery, for any one unless the name is in the locked bag.



A Thanksgiving Song.

BY MARGARET L. SANSTEIN.

For sowing and reaping, for cold and for heat,
For sweets of the flowers, and gold of the wheat,
For ships in the harbors, for sails on the sea,
Oh Father in heaven, our songs rise to Thee.

For parents who care for us day by day,
For sisters and brothers, for work and for play,
For dear little babies, so helpless and fair,
Oh Father, we send Thee our praise and our prayer.

For teachers who guide us so patiently on,
For frolics with mates when our lessons are done,
For shelter and clothing, for every day's food,
We bless Thee, our Father, the giver of good.

For peace and for plenty, for freedom, for rest,
For joy in the land from east to the west,
For the dear Union Jack with its red, white, and blue,
We thank Thee from hearts that are honest and true.

For waking and sleeping, for blessings to be,
For God is our Father, and sends from above
To keep the round world in the smile of His love.



Dorothy's Prayer.

HOW A LITTLE GIRL'S TRUST IN GOD'S PROVIDENCE WAS REWARDED ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY KAREST OILMORE.

In the vicinity of Dorothy Lawrence's home (so called) no one had ever given much consideration to the needs and comforts of the poor. The house in which Dorothy lived made a home for many people. They were not all respectable—in fact the majority were just the contrary. Some heads of families carried long at the wine, and the fumes of the vile liquors they drank contaminated the whole house.

Dorothy and her widowed mother lived in two small rooms on the fifth floor back, a dreary place poorly lighted with small windows. Inside the rooms, were a few pieces of battered furniture. The view from the small windows was exceedingly limited. When Dorothy leaned out of the window and looked upward, she could see a strip of blue sky—only a little strip. When she merely looked out, and did not lean upon the sill, her view was confined to the backs of some wholesale houses, the bricks of which were dark with age.

Dorothy's mother had served in a "sweatshop," but that was over now. Nearly all day long she was obliged to lie on her cot in the little stuffy room. Dorothy was the wage-earner. All day long from Monday morning until Saturday night she was trotting about in Munroe Brothers' big store, as busy a little cash girl as you could find anywhere. Every one liked her because she was so ready and willing, and because she was so sunny-natured. And yet her heart was often sad thinking of the dear mother lying so lonely and sick and sorrowful in the dreary little room.

Dorothy was a dutiful child and a generous one. Occasionally some kind person remembered her in a small way, perhaps with a little gift—an orange, a bunch of violets, a "red, red rose." When this occurred Dorothy was joyful for two reasons—one because she was fond of fruit and flowers, and the other because dear mamma was.

The fruit or flowers invariably found their way into the hands of the sick woman. "Mamma first," was Dorothy's loving thought. At the close of the hot

summer Dorothy began to droop. She would not give up her place—she "could not"—she told herself bravely. But a day came when she was compelled to.

It was a very dreary October in the barren little rooms. Before the month closed the wolf of starvation was staring in at the door.

Occasionally a neighbor would step in to do some friendly service, but the neighbors were very poor, too, and bread, if it were to come at all, would not come from that source.

Mrs. Lawrence was almost in despair. "The Lord has forsaken us," she sobbed aloud. "The Lord has forsaken us."

Dorothy's heart ached. She wanted to sob, too, she was so weak and faint from hunger. It would be dreadful if the Lord had forsaken them, but had he? As with many another little child her faith was strong. Through a mist of tears she looked up to a faded little motto over the door. She had embroidered it herself, and her father had framed it proudly because she had worked it. She reached out her hand and stroked her mother's pretty hair.

"Mamma, dear," she said "look up over the door. Don't you remember what papa said when I worked that motto?"

No reply. The child went on. "He said, 'Mamma ye ever forget, I said, that the Lord will provide.'"

"But," sobbed the stricken woman, "do you not see that he doesn't provide? We're starving, Dorothy. Don't you know we're starving?"

She covered her pale face with her hands, and sobb shook her frame. Dorothy crept out of bed and knelt down beside it.

"Dear father in heaven," she prayed, "I know it's just so—as dear papa said—you will provide. We're so hungry, dear father, mamma and I—and—and we're so lonely. Please send us some thing to eat, and—and—a friend, and dear Father please make us well so that I can go to work again. I ask it all for Jesus' sake. Amen."

There was light on her face before she arose and crept into bed.

"My little Dorothy! My blessed little comforter," exclaimed her mother, drawing her close in her arms, "after all, I believe the Lord will provide—I will trust him."

I wish you could have seen the two faces after that. You would have remembered them always. They were just as pale as they had been, but were trustful.

A few hours after the prayer there came a gentle rap on the door.

"Come in, please," called Dorothy, her thin white face lighted up expectantly.

A plain white woman entered the room.

"Oh, Miss Glim!" cried Dorothy, "I'm so glad you've come. This is mamma dear. Mamma dear, this is Miss Glim."

Miss Glim's eyes seemed to trouble her, but a smile spread over her kind face making it really beautiful.

"I'm so glad I found you, Dorothy, dear," she said in a cheery little voice. "I just heard to day when I got back to Munroe Brothers, that you were very sick, and nobody had inquired. A shame, too, I think, but never mind, I am here now. What can I do for you, dear? And for you, dear Mrs. Lawrence?"

She took off her hat and wrap as if she had come to stay, and bustled about the little room, making good cheer with every move.

"See what I've brought," she said, uncovering a basket, "here's sugar and spice and everything."

Dorothy actually laughed. "Oh, Miss Glim!" she said, and then she cried.

"Here, none of that!" commanded Miss Glim, pretending to be stern.

"I'm crying for joy," said Dorothy.

"Oh, Miss Glim, how good you are." "Oh, the wonderful things that came

out of that basket. It was a picture to see Miss Glim making toast and tea and poaching eggs over the tiny stove. And it was another picture to see the famished mother and daughter partake of the delicious food and tea with cream and sugar.

Miss Glim called after that. "The Lord sent her," said Dorothy gratefully. "Dear Lord! Dear Miss Glim!"

In a couple of weeks the child was up and about the room, but the mother continued weak and pale.

"I wish she could get away," said Miss Glim one day. "Get away!" exclaimed Dorothy.

"Where to?" "Oh, somewhere away from this miserable tenement."

"There isn't any place, is there?" questioned the child excitedly.

"There are places enough," said Miss Glim, "yes, there are places enough."

"Oh, where?" asked Dorothy, her face radiant at the thought, "if mamma could go, I think—I think at least I'd try to stay here contentedly alone."

That troublesome mist came over Miss Glim's kind eyes again.

"If there should be a heart big enough to take your mother in, it would take you, too, Dorothy," she said, with a little quiver of her mouth.

In Dorothy's prayer she asked the Lord to "find a place and a big heart somewhere so that dear mamma will get well."

And the Lord found the place and the big heart very soon.

Just the day before Thanksgiving the landlord gave Mrs. Lawrence notice to move out; he had waited for his rent too long. As he was sputtering away, Miss Glim appeared, followed by a jolly-looking farmer with an exceedingly kind face.

"Mrs. Lawrence," she said, "this is Deacon Redpath; one of the best men that ever lived. He has come for you and Dorothy."

"Has he come to take mamma and me to the country?" cried Dorothy, her sweet face growing radiant. "Oh, have you, Deacon Redpath?"

The deacon was strangely stirred. Those pleading eyes started the tears down his own.

"Yes," he said heartily, "that's what I'm here for—to take you home with me for a long, long visit. Perhaps I'll never bring you back again," and then he laughed.

Thanksgiving day—at Deacon Redpath's was a day never to be forgotten. Mother Redpath was a motherly woman—everybody's friend—and welcomed the guests as if they were old friends.

"Oh, oh!" said Dorothy. "I never thought there could be such a good, good dinner in the whole big world."

It was indeed good—the steaming brown turkey and chicken-pie, the hot vegetables, the pumpkin and mince pie, the red apples, the crimson jelly, and all the other good things.

"Mamma," said Dorothy that night just as she was falling asleep in a soft warm bed, "the Lord did provide for us, didn't he? Oh, how good he is!"

Five years have passed since that happy day. It is Thanksgiving again. Dorothy is "sweet sixteen" to-day. We find her and her mother still at Deacon Redpath's both healthy, happy, helpful and thankful.—American Messenger.

Thanksgiving.

Let us be thankful:

1. That we live in a beautiful world.
 2. That the harvest has been bountiful.
 3. That we are to have a Thanksgiving dinner.
 4. That we have kind parents.
 5. That we have work to do.
 6. That the Father cares for us.
- For home, friends and native land, dear Father, we thank thee.



THE CANADIAN MUTE

Four, six or eight pages

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

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

OUR MISSION

First - Give a number of our pupils may learn type-setting, and from the knowledge obtained be able to earn a livelihood after they leave school.

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION

Fifty (50) cents for the school year, payable in advance, postage prepaid by publisher. New subscriptions commence at any time during the year. Remit by money order, postal notes, 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 other wire 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

THE CANADIAN MUTE,

BELLEVILLE

ONTARIO



MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1900.

Give Thanks for What?

For our glorious heritage. It is no idle boast that no land on earth can surpass, perhaps none can compare with ours in the richness, variety and inexhaustible magnitude of its resources. Where else can be found such vast reaches of fertile soil, such illimitable and valuable forests, such fabulous mineral wealth, such plenitude of products of the sea? There is scarcely an essential natural product which cannot be found here in abundance, while of several of prime importance we have a virtual monopoly.

For a bountiful harvest, the third or fourth in succession that has been vouchsafed us, so that our fields have teemed with plenty and our barns are overflowing with fatness.

For national prosperity, which, during the last three or four years, has been unprecedented in the history of this and perhaps of any other land. The total production of our farms, forests, mines and fisheries has increased enormously, while our foreign commerce has, during the past four years, increased about 70 per cent and is now considerably more than twice as much per inhabitant as that of the United States.

For a united people, living in peace and harmony together. Composed of diverse elements and of erstwhile antagonistic nationalities, yet by the wisdom of our statesmanship and the equity and liberality of our institutions, all classes and crowds dwell together in unity and concord and vie with each other in their loyalty and devotion to our country and Empire.

For the excellence and superiority of our political institutions. It is our just pride that in administrative and judicial methods we have combined all that was best in the systems of both the mother

land and the United States, with such innovations as our needs and circumstances required, and the resultant system is markedly superior to either of its sources.

For the triumph of justice and right conscience over tyranny and oppression in South Africa. War is a cruel and deplorable resource for the righting of wrong, but sometimes it is necessary for the vindication of human rights, the establishment of freedom and the advancement of civilization.

For the unification and exaltation of the Empire. A couple of years ago the British Empire consisted of several separate commonwealths. Now it is composed of one united people, world-wide in extent, irresistible in power, one in masterful and beneficent purpose, constituting not only the greatest civilizing agency and the most potent bulwark of liberty, but, what most impresses other nations, the greatest militant empire on earth. For, having accomplished what was beyond the ability of any other nation to do, and having demonstrated that her military resources are equal to any demand and having shown the world that not only the British Isles but the whole vast Empire must henceforth be reckoned with by any would-be antagonist, Britannia is to-day not only undisputed mistress of the sea, but is also the predominant power on land.

For the loyalty, heroism and patriotism of the Canadian people. Called upon suddenly to fight under the most trying conditions and side by side with the most famous British brigades—the best soldiers in the world—the Canadian troops have been equal to every emergency and have displayed conspicuous gallantry even in such heroic comradeship.

For returning peace. The great war has now practically ceased and the emblem of justice, freedom and equality now flies and henceforth will fly where a few months ago waved the symbol of cruelty, bigotry and oppression.

For a splendid national outlook. Never had Canada, never had the Empire, brighter prospects, and should our present rate of progress be maintained for a decade or two longer Canada will stand second to few of even the great nations of the earth in production and commerce and material wealth, as she already stands second to none in all the elements of true national greatness—political purity and equality, judicial probity and equity, splendid educational facilities, high intellectual status, exalted moral standards, perfect religious toleration, superior social rectitude and a good degree of that righteousness and justice that exalt a nation.

The National Conference of Principals and Superintendents of Schools for the Deaf was held in Talladega, Alabama, June 30th, and following days. The Conference was a very interesting one, and thoroughly enjoyed by all in attendance. Superintendent Johnson entertained his guests right royally. We regret that, owing to the Convention for the Deaf held here at the close of the session it was impossible for this school to be represented at the Conference. The following officers were elected: President, F. D. Clarke, Michigan; Vice President, N. F. Walker, South Carolina; Secretary, J. H. Johnson, Alabama; Assistant Secretary, E. A. Gruver, New York.

It is with sincere regret that we learn of the death in August last of Victor Fay, third son of Dr. E. A. Fay. He was a young man of much promise and Dr. Fay has the sympathy of ourselves and of his hosts of friends in the deaf mute world in his sad bereavement.

Lady Minto and her three children, accompanied by the Lieut. Governor of Manitoba the Hon. Mr. McFadden, the Minister of Public Works, and a Guard of Honor from the Dragoons, visited the Institution for the Deaf at Winnipeg on Saturday afternoon last. Lady Minto presented four medals awarded by the Lieutenant Governor for general proficiency, which had been competed for at the examination last June. Mary Lonsdale, Eugene Muller, Percy Ganner and Walter Mohsly were the fortunate recipients. Lady Minto and the Lieut. Governor took a great interest in every thing about the Institution and expressed themselves highly pleased with their visit.

The *New Era* has always occupied a unique position among the school publications, having been conducted as a private enterprise though printed in the Institution's office for a stipulated sum. The editors and proprietors, Messrs. Frank Read and Frank Read Jr., have now retired from the field and the paper has been turned over to the Institution. *The Era* has heretofore been one of the very best of our exchanges and was edited with ability, force and dignity, and we regret that the Messrs. Read have severed their connection therewith. We hope, however, the paper under its new management will be no less interesting and successful.

We are glad to notice that Mr. Gilbert Parker, the talented Canadian novelist, has been elected to represent the constituency of Gravesend in the British House of Commons. Mr. Parker is a Belleville boy, a fact of which he and the city are mutually proud, and he was for a time on the teaching staff of this Institution, where he rendered earnest faithful service. We congratulate him on the new honors which he has won and predict for him a bright future in the field of politics.

A late issue of *The Sentinel*, of Boulder, Montana, contains a picture and write-up of the School for the Deaf and Blind at that place, of which our old friend, Mr. McAloney, is the efficient superintendent. Many improvements have been made in the buildings during the summer, and several new features introduced which will add to the efficiency of the school. We hope Mr. McAloney will have abundant success in his now and enlarged field of labor.

There are four ex-pupils of this Institution now in attendance at Gallaudet College, Messrs. Heathwaite and Swanson, both in the senior class, and Misses Hutchinson and McPhail, in the Sophomore class. All have done well so far and we hope they will have even greater success in future.

WINDSOR NOTES.

From our own Correspondent.
Fred Ball, brother of Mabel and Fanny Ball, is a telegraph operator at Gloucester. Miss Sophie Lafferty visited Mrs. Laddy in Chatham lately. She has employment in the match factory in Walkerville. Miss Fanny Ball had an enjoyable time with her friend, Ida Koffman, near Chatham, last month. Mr. and Mrs. A. Seppner are prospering and have moved into a larger house. Misses Mabel and Fanny Ball attended the marriage of their uncle, Mr. Shirley Ball, of Buffalo. Mr. W. Gould was in London and Detroit looking for work, but failed to find it. He returned to his old home in London. Miss Mabel Ball is still employed in the large factory of Parko Davis & Co. During the vacation Fanny Ball called on friends in Chatham and Charing Cross. Mr. George Munro has a job as a core-maker at Walkerville, and Mr. Ed. Ball has a steady situation in the salt works, where he has been for several years.

The Day of Thanks

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE TO HOLIDAY

Today we may not roll our eyes and sound into the dark of forenoon every cause for sadness. The sorrow may entwine the heart, but none the less may we with our foreground softened by the sunshine of these closing days, every cause for rejoicing and thanksgiving is preeminent today. On this day of all others we gather around the table and make starlight and sunlight of our faces, it may be the round faces of little children, faces of patience, sweeter yet for which God's own sorrow has them, faces blooming with loveliness, faces looking on from their frames of silver hair, where the three generations—the merry children, the happy ones, the dearly loved, kindly grandmothers and grandmothers. But there is a strange incompleteness in the few the home circles that are from whose sacred enclosure the tender or venerable years have moved, from whence no light has out. But we may not dwell on the sense of loss as we think of the dear or loved ones who have gone. Right, our duty, our solemn joy, our great joys are serious—to think of them. And if but sweet faith comes to our ministrations we shall think of lost ones not as lost, but only as before us for a little. How short, it will all seem to look back when success comes to all our hearts as it has come to these! So let us heed of this Thanksgiving day, the chair around the Thanksgiving table vacant that was filled last year for years for

The touch of a hand that has been
And the sound of a voice that has been
surely you can bring to mind the realizing sense of the mercies that remain, but of the joyful meeting that awaits you whose partings are known.

There is that about Thanksgiving which separates it from every other day in the year, for not only is it the time of individual hearts to feel but to more. In our home relations and in those of the state and nation as well we go up as of old went the tribes on our vows and render our thanks to the Father who has brought us to this our way. We seldom—and not with pity—sit down and count the blessings we get from the skies. For the beauty of grove and field, for the blush of the apple of orchards, for the wealth of the golden grain, for the bursting of the ears of our garners, for the peace of our over discords, for the strength of our age and resource that finances have not wasted or broken, we lift up our hearts in the Thanksgiving prayer for the manhood of the country that bears and bears burdens without complaint for its pure and gracious warriors for the light of love and the assurance of faith in countless thousands of happy homes, we lift up the voice in prayer while for the churches whose spires climb one above another to the gilded fingers against the stamens from whose bellies climbing beams forth lots of sweetness in the crowded city and over hillside and valley and here and there by the belated dactyl of the solitary golden rod for us for all our mercies, we lift up the "Deum Laudamus," on this day of the "Gloria In Excelsis."

Thanksgiving and the Thanksgiving joy—let them now and ever be inseparable. On this day of joy whether sitting in shadow or in the sunlight, we surely may say with the man of God: "Although the sun shall not blossom, neither shall the vine, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield increase, and the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the fold. Yet I will rejoice in the Lord in the God of my salvation. In the chery, beautiful, thrice welcome day, that gathers to itself the charming memories and fills our own cap shod on the harvest of the year. Thrice welcome Thanksgiving day!—Christian at Windsor."

The longest days are those we have the least to do.

THANKSGIVING.

BY IDA REED SMITH

Thank Thee, Lord,
 for summer's heat,
 for rain, for sunshine sweet,
 these have made complete,
 for these,
 thank Thee, Lord

Thank Thee, Lord
 for nation's peace,
 for friends, for joy's increase,
 for wealth, for talents' grace
 for these,
 thank Thee, Lord

Thank Thee, Lord,
 for stroke and pain
 that have but waded to wane
 as chastening's not in vain,
 for these,
 thank Thee, Lord

Thank Thee, Lord,
 for that Thou rulest night,
 for these, more sure than sight,
 Thy art, thy love, thy might,
 for these,
 thank Thee, Lord

PUPILS' LOCALS.

Contributed by the Pupils of Mr. Coleman's Class.

This is beautiful Autumn weather. There are 10 girls and 10 boys in the high class.

The Dominion elections will take place on Nov. 7th.

The war in South Africa is over and our soldiers will come home soon.

Our lessons in our new classes are fun but we hope you will soon learn them.

School opened very successfully, and we went back to work as if there had been no vacation.

Thanksgiving Day will be on Oct. 15th. We hope that we will have a good time on that day.

The boys in the Sloyd class under Mr. Forrester are doing well, and take a great interest in their work.

One of the girls received a letter from Bertie Holt, saying that she is in good health and happy at home.

Robert Randall heard that Mrs. Lanny Chantler got a job at Woolstock. She likes to work at dressmaking.

The flower beds in front of the Institution are looking lovely, and the grounds are in splendid condition.

H. Randall visited in Simcoe on the 1st of Sept., and he met F. Harris and stayed at his place for three days.

THE CANADIAN MUTE is a good paper and we hope that all the old pupils will subscribe for it and get the news about us.

A Bellefonte soldier, Jack McNaire, returned from South Africa, and he was warmly received at his home in Bellefonte.

Eugene McCarthy worked with a forest last summer. He liked it very much. Raising flowers is a successful business.

Mrs. Moore, her little son and Miss Dady, of Toronto, made us a visit last week, and we were very much pleased to see them.

Nellie Mosoy was pleased to see Marie Leguille and stay with her for a week. She looked well, but she hasn't grown much.

Miss James got a letter from home saying that her father is better. She was much pleased, and she hopes that he will be strong.

All the children seem to have forgotten their homesickness and they look as if they are satisfied to stay here to learn their lessons.

Thanksgiving Day is approaching. We will be glad to have a grand dinner. If we eat too much, we will be sick. We must not be gluttonous.

John Zimmerman got word from home about his mother going to Hamilton to the funeral of Annie Griffin who was murdered by Pearson.

Thomas McKay got a letter from his brother who is working in a saw mill in Minnesota. He has been in Minnesota for three years.

We heard that Gen. Buller, and Lord Roberts will soon go home to England, but Lord Kitchener will remain in command in South Africa.

Our teacher received two newspapers containing a long and interesting report about the convention, by William H. He thanks him for them.

Hurray! Hurray! our plucky Canadian soldiers will soon be home again. We hope there will be a grand celebration in their honor throughout Canada.

Teachers' Chapel and Study Duty.

WEEKS	CHAPEL DUTY.	STUDY DUTY.	STUDY DUTY.
BEGINS	BOYS	GIRLS	BOYS
1900			
Sept. 23	Mr. Balis,	Mr. Campbell,	Miss Ball
30	" Coleman,	" Forrester,	Carlson
Oct. 7	" Denys,	" Stewart,	Linn
14	" Campbell,	" Campbell,	Ball
21	" Forrester,	" Forrester,	Carlson
28	" Stewart,	" Stewart,	Linn
Nov. 4	" Balis,	" Campbell,	Ball
11	" Coleman,	" Forrester,	Carlson
18	" Denys,	" Stewart,	Linn
25	" Campbell,	" Campbell,	Ball
Dec. 2	" Forrester,	" Forrester,	Carlson
9	" Stewart,	" Stewart,	Linn
16	" Balis,	" Campbell,	Ball
23	" Coleman,	" Forrester,	Carlson
30	" Denys,	" Stewart,	Linn
1901			
Jan. 6	" Campbell,	" Campbell,	Ball
13	" Forrester,	" Forrester,	Carlson
20	" Stewart,	" Stewart,	Linn
27	" Balis,	" Campbell,	Ball
Feb. 3	" Coleman,	" Forrester,	Carlson
10	" Denys,	" Stewart,	Linn
17	" Campbell,	" Campbell,	Ball
24	" Forrester,	" Forrester,	Carlson
March 3	" Stewart,	" Stewart,	Linn
10	" Balis,	" Campbell,	Ball
17	" Coleman,	" Forrester,	Carlson
24	" Denys,	" Stewart,	Linn
31	" Campbell,	" Campbell,	Ball
April 7	" Forrester,	" Forrester,	Carlson
14	" Stewart,	" Stewart,	Linn
21	" Balis,	" Campbell,	Ball
28	" Coleman,	" Forrester,	Carlson
May 5	" Denys,	" Stewart,	Linn
12	" Campbell,	" Campbell,	Ball
19	" Forrester,	" Forrester,	Carlson
26	" Stewart,	" Stewart,	Linn
June 2	" Balis,	" Campbell,	Ball
9	" Coleman,	" Forrester,	Carlson
16	" Denys,	" Stewart,	Linn
23	" Campbell,	" Campbell,	Ball

—We were pleased with Mr. Matheson for giving us a half holiday on Tuesday afternoon. We thanked him very much. We must have exercise and we enjoyed it very much.

—Miss Gibson got a letter from her cousin, who is in South Africa. He sent her three Boer cents. She is very lucky to have one as it will be a very rare coin. She will keep it always.

—John Bartley got a letter from our old pupil, John Shilton, about two weeks ago, saying that he sent his best regards to his old friends. We hope that his ankle will get better soon.

—Three players of our foot-ball team went home. Our first team are going to play a foot ball match with the Albert Collegoon Thanksgiving Day. We think they will have a hard battle.

—Last summer when Maggie Eason was at home, she was surprised and delighted to see her eldest brother, Duncan, who came to see her from Warren, Ohio. He only stayed three days.

—Miss Anna Allendorf got a box of chocolate-cocoa candies last week from her cousin, Miss Gertrude Holt, who left here last year. She was very much surprised that Gertrude made them herself.

—Sarah Brown received a letter from her old friend, Rose Moore, on the 23th of Sept., and she was delighted to get it. Rose said she was very sorry for not coming back to school, but she had to help her mother.

—When we returned to the Institution on the 19th of September, we noticed some changes, an old verandah at the lodge was torn down and a new porch was built, and a new boiler house was built to put a large boiler in.

—Nellie Mosoy was proud to see her dear sister's wedding on the 14th of June, when she went home. She was married to Mr. Eason Smith, of Mill, Ont. Nellie hopes that their lives may be as happy as their wedding day.

—Ettie O'Connor had a grand time at her sister's wedding on Sept. 11th. There were many guests and she got many handsome presents. Mr. and Mrs. Hurley made a trip to Toronto, Niagara and Buffalo and they had an enjoyable trip.

—Last Summer a deaf-mute old friend, Justus Gould, took Blanche,

Maude Pirocha, and Minnie Sager to visit in Odessa, near Kingston and they stayed there for one day. They had a nice time. Their friend, Mrs. and Mr. Vanluse, two sons and one daughter, live in Odessa. Their old friend, Justus, is always kind to them. Hattie went to see her uncle and grandpa in Madoc and stayed there two days.

CHATHAM CHATS.

From our correspondent

We are still enjoying August weather in this section.

Think of it, blooming home-grown peaches still selling at 25 cents per basket here.

All the deaf in this city and surrounding country are well and doing well.

Mr. Dan O'Gorman, who is now employed in the Malleable Iron Works, Detroit, paid us a visit a while ago. He looked well and is getting on first rate in 'The City of the Straits.'

During the summer our beautiful little city was favored with a visit from Mr. M. J. Madden, B. A., of your school. It being so long since the writer met the then curly haired little boy, that he could not really recognize the now fine and portly specimen of manhood that called on us, and the writer was dazed when we came face to face with each other, and immediately his right hand goes up and spells out "Are you Mr. so and so?" Being answered in the affirmative, the question is then hung at him. "Don't you know me?" Your humble scribe gave Mr. M. a closer survey for some moments and then confessed he did not know him and emphatically declared he never saw or met him before—that he must be a total stranger from the neighboring Republic. Then his right hand goes up again, with his face is all in smiles, and spells out "Madden." "Oh! Ah!" says your humble scribe, extending a warm clasp of the hand. "I do remember you well, you were my school mate from 1879 to 1884." Then the writer gets permission from the foreman to quit at 3 p. m. and escort Mr. M. home where, after introducing him to his wife and family, an enjoyable afternoon and evening is spent.

The other visitors who favored our city during the summer were, Miss M. Camp-

bell, Berlin; Miss S. Lafforty, Windsor; the Misses Mabel and Fannie Ball, Windsor; D. Bloom, Tharnewille; Mr. Wm. Terrill, Toronto, and some others whom the writer has forgotten.

The pavement of our principal thoroughfare which has been a long standing disgrace and eyesore to our otherwise beautiful Gato City has at length been replaced by one of the best modern up-to-date pavements known in this country and the neighboring Republic, that is Massillon, Ohio, vitrified brick, with concrete foundation and then a coating of Portland cement as a finishing touch, and now we can boast of our principal street being "as clean as a brick," for it is not only in name but in fact "a street of clean bricks." Massillon, Ohio, brick are about the size of two of our ordinary bricks put together and nearly as heavy as iron.

Mr. Laddy's mother's property was sold by public auction by the High Court in Chancery, not for the benefit of the creditors of the deceased, for there were none, but simply to get William out and give some one else a chance to get it at a bargain. The majority of the proceeds of sale in such a case going to pay High Court and lawyers' fees. Now, from bitter experience, I would urge upon all parents of the deaf, who have their unfortunate children's welfare at heart, and want to bequeath to them anything, be it large or small, to not put it off till the last moment.

Turrill - McKenzie Homestead.

From our own Correspondent

Upon my return from the late convention I was so fortunate to be in nice company, with Miss Georgina Linn, of your teaching staff, as far as Wyoming on her long trip to Chicago, the result of which will no doubt be of much benefit to her.

One day in December, 1870, according to Mr. McClann's instructions, I went to the old reception room, now Supt. Matheson's office, where I found a gentleman with a slate and a pencil, by which means he tested my sphere of knowledge and finally told me that he brought his son to the school, pointing at a small boy standing near the window, now Mr. Philip Fraser, the president of the Ontario Deaf Mute Association.

Seven of the old group taken in Hamilton 35 years ago and exhibited by Mrs. Terrill in your reception room, were present at the late convention, namely, Mrs. Wm. Sutton, of Simcoe; Mrs. Wm. Terrill, of Toronto; Mr. David Hamby, of Nobleton; Mr. Richard Slater, of Toronto; Mr. Chas. McLaren, of Raigan; Mr. David Pringle, of Staffa; and Mr. Wm. Kay, of Oil Springs. It was an interesting fact that Mr. Slater was accompanied by his grown up daughter, Minnie.

I was two days in Petroska hotel, the guest of Miss Ida E. Babcock.

Mr. Duncan Eason, of Rossford, Ohio, oldest brother of Maggie, spent four days at the parental residence.

Master Percy Scott was our guest here occasionally. His mother keeps house for Mr. Mulholland, six miles from here.

While we all were at Mrs. Irwin's place on one Sunday, with the Misses Showers, we were pleased to receive the first visit from Master Herbert Welch, of Bothwell, accompanied by his parents, who reside on a farm ten miles away.

Roderick McKenzie, after having completed building five dwelling houses, including one here, and three barns since April, returned to Glanville to stay with his parents for some time.

During civic holiday in Florence a foot-ball game was played between 14 men of Florence and 11 of Oakdale, the latter winning by three games to nil, among whom were Messrs. Kenneth McKenzie, Duncan Bloom and Master Percy Scott.

Mr. John Irwin, now father of the Misses Showers, now wears the mantle left by the late Michael Showers.

The most welcome visitor we had was Mrs. Kenneth McKenzie, of Glanville, mother of Kenneth, and the other interesting ones were her grandchildren, Misses Annie and Mary Showers.

For the first time in our history we all paid a visit to Mr. Willie Summers, of Wilkesport, who has been here several times and at one time accompanied by his father.

Taking advantage of the short route by means of the electric cars running along the American side, Kenzie went down to Detroit and surprised Mrs. James Roul, a sister of David Turrill, returning the same night.—W. K.

Report of Pupils' Standing.

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

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1900.

Table with 5 columns: NAME OF PUPIL, HEALTH, CONDUCT, APPLICATION, IMPROVEMENT. Lists names of pupils and their corresponding scores in each category.

Table with 5 columns: NAME OF PUPIL, HEALTH, CONDUCT, APPLICATION, IMPROVEMENT. Lists names of pupils and their corresponding scores in each category.

CHILDREN'S STORY COLUMN.

BY MRS. SYLVIA C. P.

How Harry Sailed his Boat.

(Grandpa gave Harry a small boat. It was about nine inches long... cold and his mother would not let him go to the pond to sail it... disappointed. He went into the bath room and saw some water in the tub... Harry was... Harry turned on the water... He put his boat in the tub... blow on the sails. It ran down the drain... calling him. He ran down the stairs... out of the house. He forgot to take his sail boat in the bath tub... ran for a long time and tiller was full, then it overflowed on the floor... soaked through the floor and... ceiling of the room down stairs... the ceiling was very wet and... dripped on the dining room carpet... mother saw water on the carpet... was surprised. She looked up at the ceiling. Then she ran upstairs to the bath room. She turned off the water... and pulled the plug from the bathtub... The water ran out of the tub... Harry's sail boat lying on the floor... knew Harry had been playing with his boat in the tub. She mopped up the water on the floor. When Harry came back she showed him the wet ceiling and scolded him... when his father came home... the wet ceiling he scolded Harry... How did Harry to bed without supper.)

A Thief

One day before Thanksgiving... hung two turkeys on nails outside of the kitchen window. In the evening... a lamp and put it on the kitchen table. She was making a cake. She put sugar and butter, eggs, milk, baking powder and flour into a large bowl and mixed them all together with a spoon. Her little daughter stood by the table and watched her. Out of doors it was dark and the moon was bright. The dog was out in the yard. A bad negro man came into the yard. He saw the two turkeys hanging by the window and he wanted one. He crept quietly up to the largest turkey and pulled it off the nail. The woman and little girl heard him. They looked out of the window but they did not see anything. The negro hid down under the window and kept quiet. The dog heard a noise. He ran to the house and saw the negro. He barked loudly. The negro threw stones at the dog. He ran and jumped over the fence. The dog could not jump over to follow. The negro ran away. When the woman went to get her turkeys the next day she was gone. She knew some things had been stolen. She was very sorry. She told a policeman about the turkeys.

The Robins.

Last summer two robins built a nest in a tree. It was a low tree and they looked in the nest. The mother robin made the nest nice and soft inside. She laid four blue eggs in it. She sat on the eggs a long time. She kept them warm. The father robin fed her. He brought her food and sang to her. One day a baby robin came out of the nest. They were ugly. They had no feathers. Their eyes were shut. They were always hungry. They cried all the time. The old robins brought them food. They stopped crying and grew big. They stopped under the leaves of the grass. They crawled under the leaves and hid themselves. They hid the worms into small holes. They carried the pieces to the nest.

An Aged Student.

Monarchs can never afford to leave off learning, whatever their subjects may do. A striking instance in point is furnished by an article in Pearson's Magazine, the proof-sheets of which were corrected by Queen Victoria herself. From this article it appears that in spite of all her duties and responsibilities, in spite of the fact that she has devoted so much time to the study of politics as to have been one of the greatest living authorities on the practical politics of Europe, Queen Victoria has, within the later years of her reign, acquired an intimate acquaintance with a difficult language spoken by a large number of her subjects. She makes it a custom, we are assured, to note in Hindustani the daily events of her life, keeping a diary for this special purpose. She speaks the language fluently, having devoted a part of every day for the last ten years to instruction in it, and to acquiring a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of the East. The queen has surprised many of her Indian visitors by making unexpected observations in good Hindustani. As everybody knows, she is always attended, when at home, by one or more of her picturesque Indian servants. It is not, however, so generally known that she always speaks to them in their own tongue. However small the remark, or however serious the command, it comes to them in Hindustani. Universal admiration has been expressed at the determination of the queen at an advanced age, not only to learn to speak Hindustani, but also to take an interest in the literature of India, and to acquaint herself with the ideas and aspirations of her Oriental subjects. If pride leads the van, beggary brings up the rear. We cannot give a reason for half the things we do.



HOME NEWS

Toronto and Ottawa correspondence received too late for this issue.

Some very fine specimens of our root crops from the farm and garden have been on exhibition in the store and would be hard to beat.

The girls were given an afternoon shopping down town a few days ago. Every one was well and had the cash to spend for the trip. They returned home in the evening heavily laden with parcels of purchases and of course much lighter in purse.

The new boiler has now been placed in position in the engine room. The boys were so much interested in the methods of getting it down there that they had to be kept at a distance while the work was going on. It took two strong teams to haul the boiler from the station and several men nearly three days to get it down in position. We hope to have it in complete order before cold weather sets in.

The following pupils have entered the sloyd department and spend two hours there after school on three afternoons a week: J. Kirk, M. Mapes, W. Elliott, I. Simsek, T. Russell, D. Boomer, J. Orr, A. Walton, F. Roth, S. Jones, W. Reid and F. Ford. When the boys are at work their shop is one of the most interesting places to visit and gives promise of much practical utility. Triple the number of boys could be profitably employed if there was room.

PERSONALITIES.

Mrs. Butherford brought her daughter Jessie back to school last week and spent a short time visiting the classes and shops.

Mr and Mrs R. M. Thomas of Oakville, visited Mrs. Arthur C. White, of Charing Cross, en route to the Falls, on their wedding trip.

Mrs. H. Moore and Miss Ogilvie, of Toronto, were visitors here last week. Mr. Moore and family have just returned from summering in New Brunswick.

John Crough, formerly of Peterboro, is now in Seattle, Washington, along with David Luddy, and they both have steady positions in that city and are doing well.

We lately received news of our former pupil, Moses Leblanc. He is married now and living at Lowell, Mass., and is making a good living at the shoe-making trade.

Miss Anne Butler, who has been spending the past two months visiting friends in London and Toronto, returned home last week and was warmly welcomed by her dear friends in the city.

Miss Brown, of Morrisburg, formerly a teacher here, sent a box of beautiful flowers to be distributed among the officers and teachers. She has the thanks of the staff for her thoughtful kindness.

Mr and Mrs. Weston Jenkins, formerly of New Jersey, are both teaching in the Alabama Institution for the Deaf. We are rejoiced that they are in positions where their undoubted ability can find free scope.

The Rev. Mr. Cowsett, Baptist, made a brief visit last week. He was accompanied by his guests, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Baker, newly appointed missionaries to Bolivia, and who leave shortly for their field of labor.

While Mr. McKillop was on his vacation tour through Manitoba he was pleased to meet our old pupil, John Fitzsimmons, who is located at Carberry, where he has built up a fine home. He owns a good shop and harness business and is prosperous in every way.

Mrs. Geo. Begg and her daughter, Edith, of Austin, Texas, spent several months of the summer in Belleville. Mr. Begg was formerly connected with this Institution but for fifteen years or more he has been a valued teacher in the School for the Deaf at Austin.

Charlie Johnson, of Swansea, little brother of Willie Johnson, a pupil here, met with a fatal accident on Wednesday, the 3rd. He fell out of a wagon and one of the rear wheels passed over his body, inflicting such injuries that he died inside of five hours. Willie and the friends at home have our sincere sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowrie have been called upon to endure more than their share of affliction the past few months. Shortly before the session closed Mr. Dowrie's mother died, during the vacation his father passed away and last week Mrs. Dowrie's mother also joined the great majority. Our warmest sympathy is extended to them in the three-fold loss they have sustained.

In a trip through the Canadian Northwest I should like to give you some of my impressions of the country through which I travelled, and I did the best I could in the six weeks at my disposal. I noticed many new buildings going up, a sign of prosperity, and think a great deal of the country well suited for mixed farming. I met a few deaf-mutes in the west who had been there for some time and they had good farms and seemed contented, happy and comfortable. They said they were proud of their farms and success as they could not have done so early as well in the east. They said the winter, although cold, was pleasant and healthy. I think the west a good place for young deaf-mutes who have a few hundred dollars ahead to go to, and shall be pleased to advise all such to go there. It might be best if they could settle in groups, as they might be less homesick or homesick and perhaps more likely to succeed. — D. J. McK.

When the September issue of *The Silent Worker of the New Jersey School* reached us it did us proud to see among the many fine engravings the familiar features of our old friend and former pupil, A. J. McLaren. The sketch of his character which accompanies the photo honors him highly and gives him a prominent position among the deaf of Brooklyn, N. Y. For the past two years he has been President of the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf Mutes with credit to himself and to the best interest of the Society. Archie was born in Kingston, Ont. in June, 1866, and shortly after leaving school here, removed with his parents to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he has since resided. He has been employed steadily for the past twelve years in the wire works of Howard Morse, and has given entire satisfaction to his employers and is well liked by them as well as by his fellow workmen on account of his quiet and genial disposition. While here at school he was a model pupil, highly respected by his teachers and officers, a leader among his school mates and prominent in all kinds of manly sport. Keep on in the good way, Archie, we are proud of you.

It is sad indeed to note at this time that even in our own small school there are a number of our pupils, who have been in school only a few years and some who are capable of taking a fine education, are detained at home this year and possibly forever because the parent does not care, or does not see the importance of educating the deaf child, but most certainly the responsibility rests on the parent and not on the head of schools for the deaf. — *Georgia School Helper*

The Scratched Face.

To forgive an injury and to hold no remembrance of it is not a common practice among people young or old. But a little girl showed this Christ-like grace the other day with a sweetness that her elders will not forget.

Lee was on a visit to a playmate of hers and they were getting on well together for Lee is incapable of quarreling—when the playmate tried to explain some wish which she had. She does not always talk plain, and in her anxiety now she could not make her meaning clear. Leo tried in vain to understand, till the other got into a passion of impatience and, flying at the puzzled girl, made an ugly scratch on her face. The sufferer was both astonished and grieved, and the angry little miss was frightened and sobered by what she had done. Leo saw that she was sorry, and at once began to comfort her.

"I shall be whipped when mamma sees it," said the culprit.

"We will not tell anybody at all," said Leo. She did not. So questions from the passionate girl's mother could get other reply than, "It is no matter, mamma. I'd rather not speak of it." At home Leo would not talk about the scratch, and was soon asking to visit her playmate again. This time there was no trouble. The playmate will be slow to get angry again with her sweet-tempered little friend.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

MANITOBA ITEMS.

Howard McDermid will attend Manitoba College this winter. He intends studying medicine.

Lulu Worth, who was a pupil at the Belleville school for three sessions, is with us. She is a very bright and well-behaved pupil.

Ed. Speers, formerly of the Belleville School, is now farming with his father near Boissevain, Man., and says he likes his present occupation better than painting pictures.

Mr. A. E. Shepherd, of Toronto, was a visitor to our city in August last. He came up in company with Mr. T. Bradshaw for a holiday trip, and to see for himself what Manitoba is like.

Mr. McDermid and Mr. Cameron returned from B. C. last week. They had a good time on their trip there. Mr. McDermid said that he saw a large whale. He will tell us all about his trip to the coast some evening.

Mr. D. J. McKillop, of the Ontario Institution teaching staff, spent his holidays in different parts of Manitoba and the territories. During his stay in Winnipeg he made us a very pleasant visit. Mr. McKillop has a host of friends out here, who were pleased to see him.

George Grant, living three miles from Elgin, Man., has sold his farm recently, and is now looking for a larger and better farm somewhere in Southern Manitoba. He and his wife (sister of Messrs. A. W. and H. Mason, of Toronto), are both graduates of the Belleville Institution.

It is likely that we will have more applications for admission than our accommodations will permit this term, as six pupils are to attend from British Columbia, as a result of arrangements made by the principal with the government of that province during his visit to the coast.

The new addition to our Institution is beginning to show up well, although it was started only three weeks ago. Mr. Mike Kelly, the contractor in charge of the work, is making things hum. He expects to have the roof on by Nov. 1st, under favorable weather. The work of finishing the interior will be carried on during the winter, and it is expected that it will be ready for occupancy early in the spring.

School reopened on Wednesday, Sept. 12th, with a fair attendance. There are still a good many who expect to enroll this term and it is to be hoped that every one will be on hand within the next few days. The way tardy pupils have been dropping in, one by one, for the past few days, is one of the worst annoyances the teachers have ever had to complain of. We hope this tardiness on the part of the parents in keeping their children at home will not be repeated in future.

At the Brandon fair were quite a number of old pupils from the Belleville Institution, among whom were Messrs. D. J. McKillop, of the Belleville school, who was spending his summer vacation out in this great west, T. Bradshaw and A. Sheppard, of Toronto, who were prospecting for farm lands, Ed. Speers, of Boissevain, Man.; Misses Annie and Lovilla Pettypiece, with their brother Clarence, of Souris, Man.; Ellen Grant, of Virden, Man., and Gertrude McPhee and her mother, living ten miles from Brandon, the latter lady being well known for her interest in the welfare of the deaf in both Ontario and Manitoba. It is rather strange to say that so many old Belleville "boys and girls" not together thousands of miles away from their Alma Mater.

Not a "Little Fault."

A Young man who was a pupil at Rugby school was noted for his bad penmanship. When his teacher remonstrated he replied: "Many men of genius have written worse scrawls than I do; it is not worth while to worry about so trivial a fault." Several years afterward this lad was an officer in the English Army, doing service in the Crimean war. An order that he copied for transmission was so illegible that it was given incorrectly to the troops, and the result was the loss of a great many brave men. So you see that it was not a small fault after all. "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is a good rule for everything in life.

He that waits upon the future is never sure of a dinner.

Ontario Deaf-Mute Association.

- OFFICERS**
- President: B. Mathison, Belleville
 - Vice-President: J. E. Slator, Toronto
 - Secretary: J. R. Byrnes, Toronto
 - Treasurer: Wm. Nurse, Belleville
 - Deaf-Mute: D. J. McKillop, Belleville
 - Deaf-Mute: W. J. Campbell, "
- ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION**
- President: B. Mathison
 - Secretary: Wm. Douglas
 - Treasurer: D. J. McKillop
 - Manager: Wm. Nurse
- BASE-BALL CLUBS**
- First Eleven: W. Longest
 - Second Eleven: E. L. Barnett
 - Third Team: J. Charlbonneau
 - Fourth: M. Cartier
- LITERARY SOCIETY**
- President: B. Mathison
 - Secretary: M. Macklin
 - Treasurer: D. J. McKillop
 - Manager: J. T. Shilton
 - Deaf-Mute: Wm. Nurse
 - Deaf-Mute: J. Charlbonneau

THE CANADIAN MUTE

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1900.

Published in many ways, and loyalty to the cause of the deaf is the chief aim of the paper.

Religious Denominations.

Standing of pupils in the Institution this term is as follows. English, 36; Methodist, 97; Presbyterian, 10; Baptist, 15; Roman Catholic, 10; Lutheran, 8; Mennonite, 2; Christian, 1; Jewish, 1; Disciples of Christ, 1; Children in Christ, 1; Evangelical, 1; Later-day Saints, 1; Deaf Mute Association, 1. Total 254.

Christmas Number—1900.

The Saturday Night, now completed in its thirteenth year, enjoys an enviable reputation and influence throughout the Dominion. As an outspoken, clean journal, it furnishes a vast amount of entertainment to its many readers. The Saturday Night of Toronto Saturday has become a great feature of the city season. It is a journal of sixty pages, printed on the finest coated paper, with a beautiful pictorial in colors. Its contents are mainly poems and sketches by Canadian authors, illustrated by beautiful engravings. The most artistic and expensive. To this large book is added a number of pictorial supplements some in subjects generally in twelve to sixteen colors, which, framed or unframed, are as handsome decorations for the home. This year will be given at a special price. The price of the Number is \$1.00. The publication has been the most attractive one issued in Canada or the United States. To be had at Scantlebury's, and Robinson's bookstore in Belleville.

The Farmer's Thanksgiving.

BY KENNY GIVING.

The earth is full of life, the birds are gay,
And the winds sweep the leaves away,
And the first white flakes of the coming snow
Are about in the frosty air,
But the sparrow chirps from the birch tree,
On the hemlock the first of the snow,
And the whistling of the rafter's line
To the bells and the fowls of the farm.

Thankful at Last.

BY MARGARET HOLMES BATES.



MADGE AVERY went to her room believing herself to be the most unfortunate girl in the world. Her room opened from her mother's. Since she was seven years old her nights had been so full of pain and wakeness that her mother would not allow her to be away from her, down the hall where her sister and her brother had their pretty, cozy rooms. There was another room that had been planned for Madge, but when the terrible spinal trouble came upon her, she was moved into the retained alcove so as to be near her mother.

Now she came to be alone while the rest of the family remained for an hour or two longer in the parlor down-stairs. Faithful old Nora, who had cared for all the Avery children, undressed Madge and patted her as if she was still a little child instead of a girl of seventeen years.

From below came the sounds of merry talk and laughter. Harry was home from College for Thanksgiving, and to see Helen married. This was the last evening that the whole family could expect to be together without Helen's husband. Madge had been as gay as any of them; as was her usual custom, they supposed she was tired. They were always watchful to see that she should not over-exert herself, always ready to excuse her from their midst. She was so surrounded by love and care that she felt it would be the most unexcusable ingratitude to complain. And yet, how unhappy she was!

While the disease was developing she had hoped that she might be cured; that some of the medicines given her, some of the treatments to which she was subjected, would work the wonder of stilling her pain and straightening her poor back.

Sometimes she had even laughed at herself when she was compelled to leave her play with other children and go to tell her mother that, like Dickens' little dolls' dressmaker, Jenny Wren, her "back was bad and her legs were queer."

But now she had ceased to hope, and ceased to laugh at her affliction. She was trying to accept it with at least outward cheerfulness. But try as she would, it was hard. Two years before, when Helen had graduated and looked so lovely, Madge had to face the fact that this was something she could never do. True, she was bright and learned her lessons easily but she could not attend school with sufficient regularity to keep up with her classes. Even if she could, how would she look in a class of girls, all tall and straight as lily stems, and she!—Oh! it was too dreadful to think of! All this she kept within her own heart.

Next, Harry graduated from the high school and was sent away to college. He and Madge had always been comrades in their books. As he was going away, and she watched him with such wistful, patient eyes, he supposed it was all because he was going. He said: "Never mind, little girl. You keep right on in the books. I'll write you the longest kind of letters, telling you about

my recitations, and you tell me of yours to father and mother; and you see, we'll both graduate twice."

And now this other great change was coming to Helen. For months the preparations had been going forward. Her girl friends had stitched and painted dozens of pretty and useful things to adorn the new home. Madge had been busy too, and while the light talk had gone on when several of Helen's girl friends had happened to call together, and when there was wonder as to which would be the next one to make pretty things for, no one ever hinted that it might be Madge. Oh, no! no one but her mother would ever love her. She dropped her head on her pillow with a sigh that had in it more of heart-ache than weariness. Nora patted and soothed her, as if she had been a baby.

"And now, deary," the nurse asked, "can't I do something for you?" "No, nurse, all I want is to be let alone." Then, fearing she might have been unkind, she half-raised herself and with a wan smile added, "My back's bad and my legs are queer."

"Poor little lamb! Nurse wishes she could take the bad back on her own self, so she does."

How long Madge had slept she could not tell, nor what had wakened her, but she was wide-awake. The curtains were drawn as usual across the opening into her mother's room, but there was a light, and her father and mother were talking. It must have been the light coming in a streak above the curtain pole that wakened her.

What in the world could be the matter? Mrs. Avery was crying and sobbing. Madge was about to slip out of bed when she heard her mother say: "I know it's only natural and what I might have expected, but it's very hard to let her go. You are away at business all day. You'll not miss her as I will."

"I know, dear," Mr. Avery said, "but you still have Harry and Madge." "Yes, but Harry will be away now for several years at college, and as soon as he comes home he must go into business or a profession. Then he too may want to marry and have a home of his own. Our house will be so lonely—I do not see how I can live in it."

"My dear, do you forget our loving, unselfish little Madge? She will always be with us; and while it breaks my heart to see her so afflicted, still it is a comfort to know that she'll always be here in the home nest with us. The other two will go out into the world, and we cannot tell what misfortunes await them. I hope Helen will be a good woman. I hope Harry will be a good boy and develop into a strong, reliable man. But we can't tell what may happen. He will meet many temptations. Little Madge we are sure of. She will be here, if misfortune comes to the others, to comfort us. If all goes well with them, still she will be all good well with them, still she will be our own sunshine. If her life is spared, as I hope it may be, she will be with us when we are old. The other two, with their cares of their own, as is only natural and right, will grow away from us. Gentle little Madge will always love us best."

"Forgive me, dear. I didn't forget Madge. She is a great comfort, even now while I grieve continually for her. I think she inherits your cheerful, hopeful disposition."

The curtains were swept aside, and Madge felt her mother's tear-wet face pressed to her own in the usual good-night caress; but her heart was too full to speak. She was comforted! She lay very quiet, pretending to be asleep.

Next day not one face was brighter, not one voice was rarer than Madge's. How pleasant her future looked! How sweet to know that she was so precious to her father! She was almost ready to say she was glad she was not like strong, healthy girls, if by being like them she must sacrifice a part of the affection that was given her. So she had her use, small, weak, misshapen as she was, and, after the wedding was over, the bride gone and the house quiet, if not lonely, she sat in her little chair by her father, leaning her head against his knee. As he smoothed her hair he said: "Well, little daughter, have you anything to be thankful for?"

And Madge answered: "Thousands of things; but most of all that I shall always live at home with you and mamma. My future looks so bright!"

Thanksgiving Day.

"Thanksgiving Day is coming! The children are in school, The children are full of joy, As they tempt you to be." "Do not say that they are loaded With plenty of cake and pie, Do not say that they are full With sweet and luscious pie."

Share your Joy with Others.

The pilgrim colonists shared the first Thanksgiving feast with Massachusetts and his Indian friends. We should invite to our table not only those near and dear to us, but some of those others who would eat in solitude if we did not remember them. To many minds this will seem an almost unjustifiable sacrifice of the coziness of the family party. The blessedness of giving and giving something more than of our material substance will compensate for it. Those who have never known what it is to be alone in the world or even temporarily divided from their own kindred cannot conceive what it is to the solitary one to be welcomed into a home. A far more substantial benefit would not give a tithe of the pleasure that is felt when its doors unclosed to them.—Exchange.

Important to Our Festival.

The importance of the Thanksgiving festival lies in the fact that on this day the people of Canada are called upon to attribute their happiness, peace and prosperity, not to the genius of Washington or Brock, nor to the victories of Wolfe or the astute statesmanship of this or that great president or politician, but to the love and mercy and power of Almighty God. We regard the yearly appointment of a day of national thanksgiving as the happiest, the most dignified, the best method that a country could resort to in vindicating itself from the charge of irreligion and placing itself on the same plane with other Christian nationalities.—Churchman.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Hood.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRAINS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: West 11:30 a.m., 6:30 p.m.; East 1:30 p.m., 12:00 p.m., 8:30 p.m.; MADON AND PETERBORO BRANCH—3:40 a.m., 12:10 p.m., 6:40 p.m.

Uneducated Deaf Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and post-office addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning this institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

MONEY TO PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address THE PATENT ROOM, Baltimore, Md.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday: West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m. and Y. M. C. A. Hall, cor. Yonge and Hill Streets, at 10 a.m. General Central, 115 stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 11 a.m. Ladies' Aid, 100 St. Nicholas Street, at 10 a.m. Blind and others. Blind Class Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. See A. Fraser, Secretary to the Deaf in Toronto, 38 Division Street.

Institution for the Blind.

THE PROVINCIAL INSTITUTION FOR THE Education and Instruction of Blind children is located at Brantford, Ontario. For particulars address A. H. DYMOND, Principal.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes: SCHOOL HOURS: From 7:30 to 12:30 p.m. on Tuesday and 11:30 to 12:30 p.m. on Wednesday. GIRLS' FACTORY WORK CLASS: One session of each week from 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. EVENING STUDY: From 7:30 to 9:00 p.m. for pupils and from 11:00 to 12:00 p.m. for parents.

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

Religious Exercises: EVERY SUNDAY: Primary and Junior pupils at 11 a.m. Class will assemble immediately after.

Regular Visiting Clergymen: Rev. T. J. Thompson, M.A., Rev. J. W. Crothers, M.A., Rev. V. H. Crothers, M.A., Rev. W. Maclean, Presbyterian, Rev. J. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. H. Locke. BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon, 2:30 to 4:00 p.m. National Series of Sunday School. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

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

Industrial Departments

PRINTING OFFICE, 2100 and 2102... Hours from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m. and 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. Those who do not from 7:30 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. each day except Saturday, when the office will be closed at noon. THE SEWING CLASSES... Hours are from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m. and from 1:30 to 3:00 p.m. for those who do not attend school. Those who do from 10:00 to 11:00 a.m. and from 1:30 to 3:00 p.m. on Saturday afternoons.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desiring to visit the institution, will be made welcome during any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holydays except the regular chapel exercises at 11:00 a.m. on ordinary school days is as usual. On the 25th of the afternoon as possible, no visitors are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children

When pupils are admitted and taken to them to the institution, they are advised not to linger and they are taking with their children. It is a discourtesy for all concerned, particularly the parent. The child will be taken care of, and if left in our charge will be quite happy with the other children, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils to visit them frequently. If parents come, however, they will be allowed to come to the class-rooms and allowed to see the children. We cannot furnish lodgings or entertain guests at the institution. Accommodation may be had in the Quinze Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen American and Dominion Hotels, at a moderate rate.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. Correspondence will be allowed in all instances and employees under no circumstances without special permission.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils or telegrams will be sent daily for the guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF GUARDIANS OF PUPILS MAY REQUEST AND WELL. All pupils who are capable of doing so are required to write home every day. Letters will be written by the teachers for little ones who cannot write, stationery as possible, their wishes. No medical preparations that are used at home, or prescribed by the physician will be allowed to be taken except with the consent and direction of the physician of the institution. Parents and friends of deaf children, against Quack Doctors who advertise cures and appliances for the cure of deafness. In no case out of 1000 deaf and only want money for which they get no return. Consult well known practitioners in cases of deafness and be guided by their advice. R. MATHISON, Superintendent.